The Natural Progression of Us

by FandomShuffle

Summary

Eggsy has always been good at pretending.

(Alternative Title is: Harry Ships it.)

Notes

This is my very first A/B/O fic and first Kingsman fic! I'm excited to finally have the time to write for this fandom. I've always wanted to -since the first movie came out! But, I had other projects lined up back then.

Anyway...

I'll confess, Eggsy is a bit OC in this because he's experiencing slight depersonalization. It has something to do with the story flow. Please, be kind! I just borrowed Nigel because my brain couldn't come up with a slightly menacing OC. Tags may also change as the story...
progress.

I appreciate comments about the story or just plain comments. Thank you.

Also, this story is not Beta'd - please do pardon my mistakes. I proofread each chapter, but sometimes things get past me.

I hope you enjoy the story...

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter One

Eggsy has always been good at pretending.

He started at a very young age, you see. He always pretended that the demeaning words about him or his mother didn’t affect him. He pretended that it didn’t hurt whenever Dean would hit him. He would pretend that he didn’t ache whenever the morning comes and he needs to get to school.

But, it was when he presented did he only started to pretend to be someone else.

He remembers it clearly –the day of his presentation. The way his mother’s eyes widen in fear, and the way her hands shake as she hand him anti-heat pills and scent blockers. When Dean got home, the bastard made fun of him for being a Base Beta. Since then, he started pretending to be a Base Beta.

He didn’t mind really. He understands why he has to. Male Base Omegas were already rare –it’ll be like hitting a gold mine presenting to be a Male High Omega. Or, like his self, a Male Thoroughbred Omega. He didn’t want to be sold, he didn’t want to be raped and abused, and he didn’t want to be a prostitute. So, he took his pills on time, not once forgetting about it and was thorough in blocking his scent.

He also learned how to stomp down his instincts and take on the instincts of a Beta. To be level headed enough but still pose a threat to weak Base Alphas. All the natural grace he was using while he was still a gymnast –he reeled it in, and presented a rough upped chav that’s no different from every one that grew up in the estates.

Now, in Kingsman, his primary job is to pretend to be someone else.

An undercover mission that lasted for two months that he executed flawlessly and ended successfully earned him a name and a chair at the table. Jack London –the new Arthur, was certain that he has a seat on the table. They just needed to figure out what his name would be, because a Kingsman’s Codename –if not earned through training, should have a connection to an agent’s expertise.

He was told that his situation isn’t entirely unprecedented. There had been times wherein a trainee or an ex-trainee was needed in certain missions. If they managed to end the mission successfully, they are given the chance to be a Kingsman after a series of missions that would help the current Arthur think of a name for them. He was only mildly surprised when he found out that Merlin went through the same ordeal as he did.

(“How on Earth can you shoot a corgi?” Merlin asked them rhetorically. “I’m not fuckin’ heartless –nor desperate.”

“Are you saying I am one of those two things?” Harry asked pointedly.)

Arthur knighted him with the name Gaheris. The brother who was often mistaken to be Gareth or Gawain. And damn, wasn’t that just poetic.

Over his three years in Kingsman, he continued to pretend. He was a rich domineering High Alpha that demanded his every whim to be followed. A tool Base Alpha that could only run drugs and carry information for a gang. A High Beta that can break deals harmoniously or have people see reasons. A Base Beta that isn’t worth shit and could only follow what he’s been told. And not one has any bearings of similarity from one another.
It was all going well, until he had to be a chav Base Beta who does child trafficking.

His identity was Leon Victi, a child trafficker that wants to have dealings with the German mob. He had to be Leon for four months—the longest he had to be undercover so far, so that he can extract information about the dealings of the German mob. In these four months, he really had to traffic children.

(“We have to sometimes choose between two evils,” Arthur had told him. “And we could only hope that what we choose is the lesser one.”)

It messed him up.

He got back to their HQ after four months feeling sick to his stomach. He felt dirty. His mission was a success but he felt like he failed. And when it got worse, he was forced to talk to a psychiatrist.

Recovery took a while. His usual one month break turned into two, and he was given another month for his assessments—both physical and mental. When the psychiatrist was asked about his breakdown, it was chalked up to the cover being too close to who he really is. And that the children reminded him of his baby sister. Dr Stella told Arthur that he felt like he was giving away his own sister. So, they stopped assigning him to missions that involve child trafficking.

Eggsy continued pretending to be the chav Base Beta that they all think he was.

He’s currently making his way to the main servers of the company that was selling gadgets to terrorists. His cover is a High Alpha with an even higher intellect, but was on the spectrum. He decided to wear jumpers for the whole duration of his mission. It got Harry laughing, but it merely earned him a raised eyebrow from Merlin.

He passed by the security guards, bumping on one of them with a stuttered apology on his lips. The two didn’t really paid any attention to him—because a High Alpha that doesn’t use his honed instincts is worthless. No matter how high is his IQ.

He ran the key card over the metal lock and watch the light turn from red to green. He got in with not much hustle. With a tap on the side of his eyeglasses, he’s connected to his quartermaster. “Look alive, Merlin.”

‘I thought you wouldn’t make contact for another week.’ He can hear the older man typing on some keyboards.

“Aaron’s skin is going to give me an inferiority complex.” He walked to one of the bulking machines, took off one of the cords and replaced it with the flash drive Merlin has given him. “Besides, even when I can sell looking like a computer genius, it’s only a matter of time before people notice that I don’t sound like one—and I ain’t talkin’ ‘bout me accent, guv.”

‘If I remembered correctly, I did offered you a crash course on computer engineering.’ He can hear a trace of humour in Merlin’s voice.

“You’re talking like I can learn how to build an A.I. in a week.”

‘A student is only as good as the teacher.’
“Oh, Merlin, no one’s going to be as good as you.”

‘You flatter me so.’ Merlin was only quiet for a few seconds. ‘It’s done, lad. I have a copy of everything they have.’

He returned the cords back to its original place—wiping his prints off along the way. He pocketed the flash drive and mentally prepared his self in slipping back to Aaron’s skin. “Look out for me, Merlin.”

‘All clear.’

He slipped out of the door and into the empty hall, out of the building and into a car undetected. Merlin will scrub every record and footage with him in it clean. Aaron Everth will disappear and those who had ever interacted with him will be none wiser.

Since the whole Leon Victi fiasco, it has been mandatory for him to see and speak to Dr Stella after every mission and also before he goes to another mission. Different from the usual standard procedure from other agents. He wasn’t bothered by it much—he understands why it’s different for him. The mental strain on his mission is more than what a normal agent would experience.

He also doesn’t mind talking to Dr Stella. It gives him time to reacquaint his self with the Eggsy most of Kingsman know. Plus, she wasn’t what he expected from a shrink. She wasn’t probing or invasive. She asked simple questions and wasn’t irked by his simple answers.

“How did the mission go?”

He rolled his eyes at her, adopting the role of the chav that Harry picked up from the estates. “Yous read th’ file.” This is the person Kingsman expects from him whenever he’s not in missions. “’S a success. Got ‘n undetected, got what was needed ‘n out again—still undetected. No injuries what-so-eva.”

Dr Stella smiled at him. “And how were you during the two months of being Aaron Everth?”

He shrugged, walking around the room and playing with trinkets on display. “Wasn’t hard.” He knows what’s going to be asked next—because he has set the stage for that question.

“It is noted that you commented about having—or rather getting an inferiority complex in being Aaron Everth.”

“Christ, you got that.” He faked a grimaced. He learned a year ago that if he bounced back from every mission too clean after the Leon incident, people got suspicious. So, every now and then, he would stage a stumble—a blunder. “His insecurities felt…too familiar.”

From there, he let the doctor come up with assumptions and draw conclusions as she build connections between his personality and Aaron’s.

“It’s fine to have insecurities.” The doctor assured him. “Everyone has one. It’s one of the things that makes us. What’s important is fighting back those insecurities—not letting them consume us.”

“Well, Aaron’s a bit like in the spectrum. He can’t help but feel insecure twenty-four-seven. Bein’ like tha’ for two months ‘s hard, but not unshakeable.”
Dr Stella gave him a considering stare. “Do you need to leave something of Aaron to ease your transition?”

“Nah… I think a pint wit’ me mates would do it.”

“How would it?”

“Aaron doesn’t have friends, I do. Tha’ separates him from me.”

“I see you’ve been listening closely to what I’ve been saying.” The doctor gave him a proud smile.

“Well, can’t keep givin’ yours stuff, doc.” He gave her his signature cheeky grin. “Your office will be filled wit’ knick-knacks in no time.”

“If every knick-knack would mean I have done something to help you, then I don’t mind.” Her words were genuine. But, there’s fear inside of him that he doesn’t want to face. “I’ll see you in our next scheduled appointment, but should the need arise – don’t hesitate in calling me whenever.”

He rocked back and forth merrily on his feet as he held the door open. “Sure ffing, doc.”

Hamish is good at tinkering.

Despite his current position in Kingsman, he always sets aside an ample amount of time to work on his side projects. He knows he can send most of his ideas to R&D and have them make prototypes for him. But, tinkering is one part of his job that he thoroughly enjoys. Especially if he can create gadgets specialized for his agents for certain missions.

Ector and Morgan accuses him of spoiling Gaheris. He would never admit it. It’s just that – he feels a… kinship with the lad, having gone through the same thing that he did. That, and what they went through together during – what people referred to as, V-Day. There’s a desire in him to keep Eggsy safe.

With that desire, he would start working on Eggsy’s next mission even when the young agent is still taking his well-deserved one month break.

Looking at the file given to him by Arthur, he can’t help the feeling of wrongness bubbling at the pit of his stomach. It requires Eggsy to go undercover for six months. Three months to establish his persona and another three months to extract the much needed information from a crime group. It would set a new record for Eggsy.

Although the next cover won’t be like Leon Victi, he still has a bad feeling about the mission. Before starting to plan, he decided to call Dr Stella to inquire about the state of Eggsy’s psyche. The doctor was straight to the point. Eggsy can handle the strain, but it would be advisable he spent a longer amount of time off after the mission. He thank the doctor, but made no move to plan.

He picked up the file and headed to Arthur’s office. He immediately stated his case when he was welcomed inside. “Six months is too long – too dangerous. Not only physically but mentally as well. There has to be another way to extract the information.”

“Air tight.” Jack told him. “MI6 already tried cracking one of their men, their secrets died with them.”
The only way we can get what we need is if we go in.”

“Then why can’t MI6 or 5 do it themselves?”

“They have no available agent at the moment.” Ever since V-Day every intelligence agency in the world were forced to play nice with each other –independent or otherwise. This isn’t the first time MI6 asked assistance from them—it wouldn’t be the last. Arthur heaved a sigh. “I don’t like my knights being away for too long either. But as a Kingsman, we do what we have to do.”

“We can’t push our agents to their limits.”

“Limits needs to be tested.”

Hamish couldn’t help but stiffen at the familiar phrase. “Don’t tell me you’ll run Kingsman the same way Chester King did.”

“Absolutely not.” There was a sense of finality in Jack’s voice. “Still, the saying has its merits. We must go on with the mission.”

“Very well.” He inclined his head slightly to the side. “I shall call on agent Gaheris and brief him. But, if he ever feels the need to, he has the right to decline the mission.” He took a sharp turn –not waiting for Arthur’s confirmation. He feels like he’s going to have an ulcer.

Merlin’s office in the H.Q. is the strangest office inside the mansion in his opinion. Strange but very…Merlin. The coming together of old and new. Antique displays hiding high end technological uses. Monitors in paintings, tablets in clipboards, and a table with hidden drawers that are filled with equipment used in repairing and developing gadgets.

The older man was hunched over his desk –not typing on his keyboard nor reading a file. Merlin was focused on tweaking something he can’t really see. And it seems like Merlin himself was having a hard time since he has a magnifying glass in place and a scowl.

He’s half certain that Merlin knows of his presence but can’t give him attention at the moment. He casually leaned on the doorframe with his arms crossed over his chest. The older man will beckoned him to enter once Merlin’s done with whatever he is doing.

For a moment, he let his self observe Merlin. The man is a master of multi-tasking but would like to solely focus on one thing if given the chance. Especially if it is about the gadgetry or weaponry that he has to take with him. Merlin takes his position as the quartermaster quite seriously –as he should, but he always takes that extra mile for him. Eggsy doesn’t really know why, but he appreciates it all the same.

He sometimes wonder why an experienced man like Merlin would request a neophyte like him as his agent. Then, he remembers that they work quite well during V-Day. Perhaps that brought in enough familiarity for Merlin to choose him.

Finally looking up, Merlin told him to enter. He took his usual seat, the right chair in front of Merlin’s desk. There’s a window on that side. Though the sun doesn’t directly shine down on it, the
light is enough to illuminate Merlin’s face. He likes Merlin’s confusing eye colour. It’s brown with a touch of hazel and greys. With a different kind of light, he might see a peak of green and blue. It would intensify if the man gets passionate about something—or be filled with wonder and awe over some technology.

Merlin handed him a clipboard, he didn’t hesitate in reading what’s in it. Silence reign in for fifteen minutes. And when he looked up, it was to face a contrite looking quartermaster.

“You don’t like the mission.” He stated the obvious. The slight downward pinch on Merlin’s lips was a dead giveaway. “This is long, but not bad.”

“I’m aware.” Merlin still sounded quite displeased. “You’ll be away for six months, will only log in once a week for your report and can’t contact anyone else, besides the times you’ll have to face Nigel.” There was a beat of silence. “I’m not sure if I’m enough to ground you.”

He didn’t said anything right away. He has to consider his words carefully—has to reassure Merlin without rising any alarms. “You’ll be enough for Gaheris.”

“And this role you shall be…portraying for the next six months. Don’t you find it out of your league?”

“Bruv,” his tone held warning. “Don’t play tha’ kind of mind games wit’ me. Ain’t no Alpha, won’t take tha’ kind of bait.” He leaned forward and placed the clipboard on the desk. “I think it’ll be interesting.” He really does. “A male High Omega with a penchant of wearing female clothing.”

“Co-owns an underground strip club who’s looking into being a courier for certain crime groups.”

“I read the file.” He reminded him. “I’m not taking this lightly.”

“You’ve never posed as an Omega before.”

He leaned back, relaxed his body—letting go of both the chav and Base Beta mask he’s wearing. Tension alleviated his body, and natural grace flowed through him. He exude languid confidence as he smiled at Merlin just beneath his eyelashes. Once Merlin’s eyes was fixated at him, he bought a hand over his lips—not completely covering it, but making him seem shy as his smile grew bigger. Looking happy and content with the attention, he tilted his head to the side. Showing off the expanse of his neck that’s the ultimate come-hither.

At the back of Eggsy’s mind, there was a whisper of how it all felt right.

Merlin closed his eyes, taking a deep breath before opening it again. “You should start asking Lancelot on lessons on how to walk wearing heels.”

He tensed his body once again—mask back in place. He let out a loud and boisterous laugh. “Who said I hadn’t worn heels before?”

There’s something in the way Eggsy moves that makes him look closer. He has more than a fair amount of grace that isn’t usually found in Betas. He thought that it was bought on by Eggsy’s
experience in gymnastics—but, there’s something more to it. He just can’t seem to put a finger on it.

Then, Eggsy put on a display of his grace up close and personal.

It was unfair how he smiled at Hamish. It was as if Eggsy knew what his smile could do to Hamish. Damn the lad. The silent show of submission given whole heartedly with just a tilt of the head. It got the Alpha in him stirring awake. It was a good thing he was a Thoroughbred Alpha. If he was lesser than that, he would have jumped the lad that moment.

The door of his office opened and closed in quick succession. He could only raise an eyebrow at Harry. “Hide me.” The other man demanded.

“What is it now, Harry?” There wasn’t a cure all for Harry—though his resurrection was a miracle enough. His friend lost an eye, and therefore cannot go on his usual missions until he had mastered the change in his depth perception.

“Arthur wants to send me to a diplomatic mission.” The way Harry said it was filled with horror and disbelief. “Can you imagine me, talking to some royal whoever about immunities and well placed donations?”

Hamish rewind the footage of Eggsy doing a death defying stunt in one of his missions. Even the lad’s agility is unusual for a Base Beta—even for those who are in his line of work. “Actually, I can.” He said to Harry. “It would put your Thoroughbred Beta instincts into good use. It was smart on Arthur’s part to exploit that.”

“Let’s see what you’ll think once it’s your instincts being exploited.” Harry huffed still not losing his gentlemanliness. It’s honestly a wonder.

“I haven’t had a vacation in decades—I rarely go home, I’m the senior tech in R&D and the quartermaster, I also handle the only agent who specializes in undercover missions. Am I not exploited enough?”

“No. Arthur hasn’t parade you around to stack in donations.” Harry deadpanned. “Plus, you were the one who requested for Eggsy to be your agent.”

“When I did, I didn’t think that he would show proficiency as an undercover agent.” Harry stood next to him. They watched in silence as the Eggsy in the footage fight off five men while trying to escape. “Is it just me, or is he eerily graceful?”

“He was a gymnast.”

“Aye, and he’s also a Base Beta.” He paused the footage. “Don’t you think his…stature isn’t for a beta? He’s too…burly.”

“Are you suggesting that Eggsy’s secretly an Alpha?” It’s Harry’s turn to raise an eyebrow at him.

Hamish didn’t say anything in return—because somehow, it makes sense. Eggsy isn’t good at breaking up tension that arises, he’s always ready to protect and defend—unlike Harry who would try to reason with people first. He isn’t easily intimidated by any Alpha, never the one to impose superiority but also never backs down on a challenge. He also knows how to act as an Alpha—which should be difficult to pull off as a Beta. And, he knows what he must do—how he must act to placate an Alpha.

Harry let out an audible sigh at his silent contemplation. “Look, I wasn’t going to say anything—but it seems to me, you’re quite invested in Eggsy’s secondary gender. Let me just tell you, that it’s the
modern age now. It wouldn’t be scandalous for an Alpha to be paired up with a Beta – no matter their status are."

But, from a biological standpoint, it does matter. “The way he moves just doesn’t make sense.” Hamish insisted.

Harry rolled his eye. “He’s an agent that specializes in pretending to be another person. He can modify his movement at a drop of a hat.”

“It’s not that – you know what, never mind.” He can’t explain it to Harry because he can’t put his suspicions into words. He’s rarely speechless, and that’s often the state that Eggsy leaves him in.

“Just ask him out already!” Harry’s tone became exasperated.

“My interest in him is purely professional.”

“You drank the whole river.”

It is easier to deny certain truths. Still, a person has to be blind not to see Eggsy’s attractive qualities. It also doesn’t help Hamish that the lad’s competent, intelligent and dedicated. But what really has him staring longingly at Eggsy are his eyes – or at least a certain look the lad would have every now and then.

It’s filled with ruminations. Hamish wants to unearth whatever thought that is running on Eggsy’s mind. What has him staring off unseeing yet seemingly memorizing the constellations of the whole galaxy. But that look, only lasts a few seconds on Eggsy’s handsome face. It’s quickly covered up by cheek and mischief that seems like second nature but not at all natural.

“Six months.” Dr Stella clasped her hands over her knees. “How do you feel about that?”

He, for a moment, thinks of the proper answer to that question. “Nervous.” He faked a shaky breath.

“What are you exactly nervous about?”

“Extraneous variables in the field.” He tucked away a small thought behind the back of his head. He doesn’t know what keeps him from telling the truth. His thoughts are getting… messy, and now is not the time to be distracted. “Mafia bosses often want proofs of loyalties. I’m nervous about havin’ to doffings to complete the mission.”

“If you don’t feel comfortable of the mission, you have the option to decline.”

“I’m never comfortable.” He mumbled to his self, not catching the look the doctor threw at him. “Duty trumps discomfort.”

“But where is the line on the sand?”

“I don’ know it meself.”

“You better figure it out. We don’t want you losing yourself.”

He could only nod. You can’t really lose yourself, if you’ve never been yourself. But, he’s not going
to dwell on that. It is better not to at the moment.

After his session with the doctor, he went straight to his private chambers in the Kingsman estate. Every agent is given one. There, they can rest or do their reports. They can decorate the room. He kept it as it is, mostly because he has no idea what he thinks he would like to have in the room.

In his room, he creates the next persona that he would take on. Merlin gives him the basic information: name, date of birth, nationality, secondary gender, status and mission objective. A framework—but that is not enough to fool people. It is his job to create a whole new person from these information.

It was no hardship to soften his movement and relax his shoulders. If he were to be honest with his self, it felt freeing. The hat didn’t felt right on his head, he threw it at the other end of the room. His jacket felt itchy against his skin, he took it off.

He stretched his hands forward—steady, clasped it together. His skin felt so soft, he couldn’t help but run his palms and fingers to his forearms and arms. There’s a sting coming from the sides of his eyes. His vision getting a bit blurry. His hand moved to his lips, pressing gently. As he close his eyes, tears fall.

He felt the need to mourn, for what, he doesn’t know.

It’s been two months since Eggsy went back to field. With the reputation the lad has built, the news of the service that he offers travelled fast. It attracted a lot of organized crime groups, it wasn’t long before the group that they have their eyes on contacted Chérie—Gaheris’ current cover.

Tonight would be their first contact with the group and Hamish’s waiting for Eggsy to turn on his glasses. He would admit that he’s feeling anxious. Gaheris always did his reports at a time when the strip club have less people. And though the glasses are on, and Gaheris is looking at a mirror—Hamish hasn’t seen him as Chérie.

All his years working as the quartermaster, it’s his first time to outfit an agent with feminine clothes and gadgetry. He had to ask for Morgan’s assistance since she handles Lancelot. He can’t believe the ingenuity of Morgan’s creations. Hamish had never thought that a magazine clip can fit inside a high heel shoe. The lass deserves her place as his second in command.

A bathroom sink came into view. Hamish adjusted his mic and sat straight. He followed the movement of Gaheris’ eye sight, till it landed on the bathroom mirror. He never thought that his breath would ever be knocked out of him.

‘Merlin?’

Eggsy’s voice snapped him out of his trance. “Feed’s live.” He cleared his throat.

‘Is there something wrong?’ There’s concern in Eggsy’s face and voice. It leaves a twisting sensation on Hamish’s stomach.

“No, just running possibilities in my mind.” He lied easily enough.

Long golden hair frames Eggsy’s face, it’s parted to the side with curls cascading pass his shoulder
and just above his chest. It draws attention to his collar bone, suddenly Hamish all too aware of just how low the neckline of dress is. He bought his eyes back to Eggy’s face. The lad was wearing a light make-up –highlighting his eyes and making his blue eyes brighter than it really is. There’s also a touch of pink tinting his lips. Hamish could only swallow the lump on his throat as he lick his own lips wet.

‘He wouldn’t suspect a thing.’ Eggy assured him.

“It’s better to be prepared.”

‘I know.’ Eggy rolled his shoulders back. ‘Well, how do I look? Do I look irresistable enough?’

And because he just can’t help the fool in him once it has taken a hold of his mouth, he said. “You look striking.” He mentally kicked his self, but the blush the slowly crept on Eggy’s face gladdened him. A single person shouldn’t have that much effect on him.

‘You flatter me so.’

A soft chuckle escaped his lips before he could even hold it in.

There’s a smile on Eggy’s face that makes him look so delighted from making him chuckle. Hamish doesn’t know if it’s part of his act as an Omega, or if Eggy’s really delighted that he made him chuckle. It looked so real that was almost surreal. ‘Look out for me, Merlin.’

Eggy always says that –before he goes into the field, every after situation report, and as he makes his way home. He had heard it in a frantic voice that makes him feel nervous, a soft whisper that sends shivers down his spine, in a steady even tone that cements something unnamed between the two of them; but now, it sounded like a prayer. It made Hamish feel powerful. “I always do.”

With a nod, Eggy turned around. Business was in full swing inside the strip club. Neon lights didn’t provide enough light, but Hamish can see everything that is happening around Eggy. There are women in one side, and men at the other. Both were dancing to a music that’s more bass than tremble. Some strippers greeted Eggy, and some customers tried to make him sit with them. Eggy gave supportive words to the dancers and flirtatious ones to the customers.

There was a man at the bar smiling at Eggy –their target for the evening. The man –Nigel, passed a glass of scotch to Eggy. Hamish saw Eggy’s hand bring the glass up to face level, but the way his head moved suggest he didn’t drink it. ‘That wasn’t nice, Mr Nigel.’ Eggy’s voice came in flirtatiously reprimanding.

Nigel’s smile got bigger. ‘Just testing if you truly are a High Omega, Chérie. One can never be too careful –especially in our line of business.’

‘I’d like to point out that my secondary gender and status has nothing to do with my business, but let me indulge you. I sniffed out the drug you’ve put in the drink. Do you have any other tests for me this evening?’

Nigel leaned forward. Hamish saw him take a deep breath. They have foreseen this. He had given Eggy a perfume that mimics the scent of a High Omega. He told Eggy to place two drops of it on his sweat glands to make it seem like it’s being naturally being produced.

Nigel leaned back, his head tilted to the side. ‘I smell three scents on you.’ That got Hamish’s brows furrowing. The perfume only holds two Omega scents. ‘A fruit, a flower and-‘

‘Morning dew.’ Eggy ended it for him. ‘It’s my perfume.’
‘Why would you bother with a perfume? You already smell delectable.’

‘I like it.’

For a moment, Nigel merely stare at Eggsy. ‘The Polish were the ones to recommend you to our group. They like that you are secretive –they feel like you’re hiding a lot of secrets and won’t be pushed to speak.’

‘It’s the one rule I’ll follow all my life.’

‘And if I want to know something about you?’

It was Eggsy’s turn to stare. From Nigel’s expression, he’s taking Eggsy’s silence as contemplation. Perhaps, it is. ‘You can ask me one question.’

‘Is there an Alpha in your life?’

Eggsy gave away a soft laugh. ‘Of all the questions you could ask me, you’d go for that?’

Nigel smiled at Eggsy. Hamish didn’t miss the way his eyes wandered up and down at Eggsy. There was a growl clawing its way up his throat, but he fought it back. ‘It’s important. I have to know if I can mix business with pleasure.’

Hamish heard bubbly giggles from Eggsy before he spoke up. ‘I don’t mix the two, Mr Nigel.’

‘Come on, I can be persuasive if I want to.’

Eggsy turned toward the bar. Hamish can see his face through the mirrors behind the bottles. ‘There is someone.’ Eggsy’s voice turned soft –so did his eyes. ‘I’m afraid he doesn’t see me that way.’

They were back at looking at Nigel.

‘He must be an extraordinary Alpha to catch your eye.’

Eggsy gave away an over the top sigh. ‘I’m not sure if he’s an Alpha.’ Nigel raised an eyebrow in inquiry instead of voicing it out. ‘He has complete control over his –facilities and wears blockers all the time. He can either be a High or Thoroughbred Alpha, and the third option is a Beta.’

Nigel smiled –his thought process being broadcasted with how bad he is at keeping it hidden. He thinks he’s getting something from Eggsy. ‘I never thought you’d be one to fall for just the looks.’

‘Oh, it’s not about the way he looks. Though he has the most intriguing eyes I’ve ever seen.’ Eggsy leaned forward to Nigel, acting comfortable –as if Nigel had earned his trust through a simple conversation. ‘It’s his intelligence and gentleman like manners.’

That got Hamish thinking about something that is not completely related to their mission. Who does the qualities Eggsy mentioned apply to? Only one name –that would make sense, came to mind; Harry Hart. It’s obvious that the lad looks up to Harry. He just never thought it’ll be something more.

They would be a good pair, he thought –a bit bitter. But, that’s just for him to know.

‘Gentleman? Does he open doors for you?’

‘Don’t be silly.’ Eggsy said playfully. ‘Now, you got your answer. The night’s progressing on and I have to attend to my other duties.’ Eggsy got on his feet. ‘You know where to find me.’

Nigel reached for his hand, Eggsy let him and Hamish had to clench his jaws real tight. ‘I’ll persuade
‘I’ll look forward to turning down your methods of persuasion.’ Eggsy coyly walked back to his office without hurry. But when the door closed, Hamish can hear Eggsy breathing labouredly.

“Talk to me.”

‘Sulphur.’ Eggsy stated. ‘There’s a faint smell of sulphur on him. He’s a Thoroughbred.’

“What?” He pulled up every information given to them by MI6. They were all certain that Nigel’s a High Alpha. “What did you smell?”

‘Oak, moss and sulphur—the kind you smell in hot springs. It’s faint but it’s there.’ Eggsy let out a choked up noise.

“Breath, in and out.”

‘He picked up my scent.’ Eggsy whispered.

Hamish—even as a Thoroughbred, could never pick up Eggsy’s scent through his blockers. He can only imagine what kind of control Nigel has over his instincts to be able to pick apart three scents. There’s an irrational and ill-set jealousy inside him.

Morning dew—Eggsy’s scent is morning dew. He had always wondered.

Lapse of judgment. That’s the only reason he can come up with. He didn’t used the perfume Merlin has given him. Instead, he just didn’t use any scent blockers. And every time someone would point out his third scent, he would tell him that it’s his perfume. Most people don’t question it—they’re all Bases and Highs. He never thought that he would face a Thoroughbred in the red light district of Amsterdam. He could only sigh. What’s done is done, he’s just going to have to keep deflecting every advances Nigel would throw his way.

In their seven weeks of doing business, Nigel has been active in persuading him. He’d come to the club two to three times a week. Two out of those three times, it’s not even about business. Nigel would come in to speak with him or just stare at him as he does his duties as a hostess then go home but not without leaving a gift for him. Dresses, shoes, accessories—and one time, a lingerie. Everything high end and expensive.

Male Thoroughbred Omegas are rare. He’s not surprised that Nigel would do anything he can to have one.

And Chérie, he’s the ideal Omega to have. He’s not delicate—the muscles in his body proves any Alpha can be rough with him. Though, he was graceful and it can be seen in his every move. He sports enough effeminate qualities to look fragile and in need of protection. He is eye catching and pretty in his dresses. Any Alpha would like to show him off as if he’s one of their possession.

Keeping up with appearances, he has to go shopping every now and then. As Chérie, he would go to different boutiques that sells fashionable clothes, make-ups, and other luxuries that is often bought by
Omegas. Today, he finds his self strolling along the streets that attracts a large number of tourists.

It didn’t escaped his notice how some people would do a double take at him. He kept his self from preening. Though, if someone would stare a little too long, he would smile at them. He likes the way some of them would blush with just a smile.

He saw one store selling snow globes. He felt his self grinning at the display. He’s not one to buy souvenirs, but there’s no harm in looking around. He entered the store, and perused the shelves. When he sees an interesting globe, he would shake it and watch as the snow settle before placing it back on the shelf.

“Enjoying yourself?”

Startled by the familiar voice, he turned. Nigel was standing just a few inches away from him. He pretended to adjust his glasses as he turn it on. It’s a good thing he never goes out without it. He can hear the feed go live on Merlin’s end. “What are you doing here?” He didn’t have to fake the surprised tone in his voice.

“Just doing shopping. I was across the street when I noticed you, decided I should come and greet you.”

“Never thought you’re one to go to tourist destinations.” He walked around the place once again. This time making sure that he has a clear exit just in case a fight breaks out.

Nigel merely shrugged. “So, snow globes.” He smiled at him as if they’re sharing a secret. “Do you prefer these than the gifts I try to give you?”

“I told you, I would turn you down.” He reminded the man in a mischievous manner. “With what we do, it would be unwise to mix and mingled more than what is really needed.”

“Yes, but it would be fun.”

“Perhaps, but still…” Nigel looked at him with a tilted head. It was as if he was mentally trying to come up with a decision. It makes him nervous.

“You’re not like most Omegas I’ve met before.”

He found his self huffing a laugh. “I’m sure that line had worked on them, too. But, you’ve said it yourself, I’m not like most Omegas.” He was about to turn and walk away, but a hand stopped him from doing so. Nigel’s hand on his forearm got him feeling on edge.

“You’re full of contradictions.” Nigel took a step forward to him. “You like being an Omega, but you’re hiding your status. You like it, the attention given to you, but you stop yourself from seeking it out. A little more time with you and I would be able to see why. I won’t be wondering for long.” Nigel caressed his cheek. The man’s eyes are practically undressing him. “I’ll have you –every bit of you.”

“I’ll tell you a secret.” He can hear Merlin in his ear, asking him what is he going to do. While Nigel perked up at his words. He got into Nigel’s space, lips just a few inches from touching his ear. “Alphas like you are the reason why I hide.”

He pulled his forearm from Nigel’s grasp. He didn’t gave the man a minute to recover from his words. He dashed out of the shop. He walked in a quick pace, but his heart is beating quicker. After walking a block away, he hid in an alley way. Hand resting on the wall, and breathe shaky.
‘Are you alright, lad?’ Merlin’s voice was uncharacteristically gentle in his ears.

“He reminds me of my step-dad.” He didn’t hesitate in saying—and maybe he should have. But he’s just a mess of nervous energy and horrendous memory at the moment. Nigel is right, he likes being an Omega. He likes being who he should be—or should have been. But the way Nigel moves in on him—it reminds him so much of how Dean won over his mum. He’s terribly reminded why he constantly hides. “I think I’m going to throw up.”

‘Breath, Eggsy.’

“Please, don’t call me that.” He winced at his own stupidity. He has to recovery quickly. “I can’t be three persons right, now. Eggsy is tucked away at the moment. All you have is Chérie and Gaheris.” It was a weak excuse and it probably still raise a red flag. He’s just going to have to work around it when he’s back at the HQ.

‘Alright, then.’ Merlin’s voice is crisp again. ‘Gaheris, are there anymore activities that Chérie has to do in his itinerary?’

He grasped Merlin’s firm and stern voice. He let his self be anchored by it. “No, sir.”

‘Go back to the club.’ The order was clear. ‘Take the rest of the afternoon off. I expect you to have full control over yourself next time Nigel comes to the club.’

“Yes, sir.” He started walking again.

He really should have been careful with his words. There’s a reason why he makes everything clear cut. Give all of the personalities a clear distinction—from the way they move to the way they talk. The Base Beta Eggsy has a chav accent—thick and disturbing, and in his own words ‘a bit o’ rough’. Gaheris, when he speaks, it’s crisp and clear—leaving no room of doubt about his confidence, gentleman down to the very core. Leon Victi, a trace of Norfolk accent with heavy feet when he walks and heavier hands when crossed.

But, Chérie—is someone he wants to be. An accent that shows he’s well educated and moves freely—unhindered by his secondary-gender and status. Maybe he shouldn’t have patterned a personality with the characteristics that he wants to have. Now, he’s having a hard time…disengaging.

It’s Sunday morning, he lay completely still on his bed. He’s staring up at the ceiling tensely. He’s trying to remember where Chérie ends and where—he begins. Who is he? His brows furrowed, he’s Eggsy. The Base Beta chav? No. He’s Eggsy. Who’s Eggsy? That’s the only Eggsy everyone else knows about. Who’s the Eggsy he’s referring to? The one he hid the moment he presented? Who is that Eggsy? What is he like? What does he like? Is he like Chérie? Is he Chérie?

He shut down every question by hiding behind Chérie. He needs to continue on with his mission. Now is not the time to be having ruminations. It would get him killed.

He went on with his day—following Chérie’s schedule. He has to prepare for his meeting with the Polish. He has to prepare during day time because that’s when the customers aren’t present. He has some of his workers help him. They tease him that he only entertains the good looking ones. He would joke back that his fees are exponentially higher than theirs.

“Why don’t you ever accept Nigel’s gifts?” One of the strippers asked. “Every one of those are
expensive as fuck.”

One of them moaned out loud. “The shoes! They’re worth more than my apartment.”

“I can afford my own shoes.” He tells them as he place a tray of alcoholic drinks at the centre of the table. “And honestly, a lingerie? That’s very…ungentlemanly.” The strippers share a look. “What?” He crossed his arms over his chest.

One of them smiled at him. “You must like those…gentlemen, who seem so well put together but behind closed doors…” she ended the sentence suggestively.

The other ride along. “One who open doors and pull out chairs, take you out to romantic dinners. Then, by the end of the night, would knot you till you’re drooling on their sheets.” The two laughed teasingly.

He can’t help but smile at their antics. But the thought of a certain Scotsman got him biting his lips. And one of them noticed it. “Oh, my God! That is what you want.”

“No, I didn’t said that.” He turned and caught his own reflection on one of the mirrors. His cheeks were a bit flush. He knows that even though his glasses isn’t on in live feed, everything is still being recorded and sent to HQ.

“This is good.” One of them pointed at him. “You play coy all night, every night but the thought of a proper gentleman that would ravish you got you blushing. Oh, Chérie…you’re a special one.”

“Out with the two of you. We’re done here.” He ushered them out and closed the door behind him. He turned, he saw Nigel leaning back on the bar. He’s really not in the mood for mind games. He turned on the live feed of his glasses as per protocol.

“You do that whenever I’m around.” Nigel pointed out. “Is that a nervous tick?”

Damn the man. “If you’re not here for business, I suggest you go.”

He was about to walk pass Nigel but the man followed him. “Alphas like me, what do you mean by that?”

‘Gaheris.’ It wasn’t Merlin’s voice in his ears, it was Morgan’s. ‘Merlin’s pulling Percival through a rough situation at the moment. I’ll be watching you for now.’

He sent a quick affirmative message through the glasses and tried to walk faster away from Nigel. He felt a hand on his wrist and he quickly –forcibly freed his self. “Don’t touch me.” Nigel was just as surprised as he is with the trace of panic in his voice. He knows why he’s feeling panicky. Morgan can’t ground him the same way Merlin can.

“I –I’m sorry.” Nigel’s tone softened. “I just –I want to understand. I can be good to you, Chérie. I promise I will be, give me a chance.”

‘Now I understand the complication Merlin was talking about. The target’s ass over tits for you.’ Morgan said with awe. ‘This could be your chance to get all the information we need. Turn this into a honey-pot. We can send you an injection that can make a Beta’s body produce slick.’

The panic he’s feeling just doubled. He has never been with a male Alpha before –he has never been with anybody before. He can never really be with anybody without them knowing of his true secondary gender and status. “I’ve heard that promise before and had a front row seat on how it’s been broken.” Images of his mother flashes at the forefront of his mind. “Alphas like you talk sweet
beginnings, but the end…it’s always bitter.”

‘Oh, God. I’m going to gag. This is like watching some soap opera. Is the drama the reason why he keeps coming back for you?’

“Give me a name and I’ll ruin him for you.”

“Proves my point.” He can feel a throbbing pain at his temple.

“My violence will never be directed at you.” Nigel sounds so sure.

‘I need to watch more of your feeds. This is the most drama I have ever had in my life.’

He can hear his mother’s cry ringing inside his ears. His breath hitch, his hands shake. It feels like he is back at the two bedroom apartment. “Don’t, please…” Nigel called him by the name he knows him, as Morgan called him by his nickname. “Don’t call me that.”

The room started to spin as his memory blur his eyesight. He took a step forward, his knees failed him. He was caught by strong arms, voices calling for his attention –none of them enough to ground him. He slipped away to the darkness.

“Shit.”

Hamish heard Morgan hiss a swear as he entered the main control room. He saw Nigel’s face up close through the glasses. The point of view is all wrong, it got his brows furrowing. “What happened?”

“Eggsy fainted.”

“What?” He immediately got behind the keyboard and started replaying the last fifteen minutes while simultaneously watching Nigel carry Eggsy off to his room above the strip club.

He can hear how other people fuss over Chérie, and how they trusted Nigel to take care of him as the door of the room closes. Nigel took off the glasses and placed it on the bedside drawer. Hamish kept the feed on –he doesn’t trust Nigel that much is obvious. The irritation he felt reached a new height when he heard the things Morgan had said to Eggsy through the comms.

“When I tell you to watch over my agent that is all you are going to do.” He firmly said to her. “You do not change the mission objective nor suggest any changes to the mission. Gaheris being away for months already sets his life in danger, and you want him to cross the enemy lines and sleep with the enemy –repeatedly, that’s suicide.”

“He’s an agent, he can handle a honey-pot.”

“We do not do repeated honey-pots on one target and that is beside the point.”

“He is crazy over Eggsy, we can use that to our advantage.”

The two of them watched as Nigel sat on the bed beside Eggsy, staring down at him. “Let’s say we do that.” He said through clenched teeth. He doesn’t like the way Nigel’s eyes are running up and down Eggsy’s sleeping form. “And they find out about Gaheris in the middle of the night. Do you
think he’ll live to see the next day?”

Morgan was quiet beside him. Nigel caressed the side of Eggsy’s face. Hamish continued on. “How about extraction? How will you extract Gaheris that closely from the target without the target going on a man hunt?” Nigel’s hand trailed down to Eggsy’s neck. Hamish gripped the edge of his desk. “In this very moment, the target could take advantage of my agent. Gaheris could be exposed any minute from now and the extraction team is fifteen minutes away. What of the psychological trauma, Morgan?”

“He’s an agent.”

“I’m his handler—I’m his quartermaster.” Hamish turned to Morgan. “We monitor everything not only to ensure the success of the mission, but to also ensure our agents come back home —unscathed if possible, so they could continue doing their work. They are not mere tools—they are human. You need to understand that because one day, you’ll be Merlin—you’ll be quartermaster and you’ll be responsible for the life of every Kingsman agent.”

He turned back to the monitor. Nigel leaned into Eggsy’s space. Hamish can’t feel his heart beating double time, and lungs being pinched. He’s not a religious man, but he’s praying for Eggsy to wake up. Nigel’s lips touched Eggsy’s, Hamish’s pen was snapped into two —leaving his hand bleeding. Using his right hand, he typed the code for the extraction team. They are ordered to be on standby at the back of the strip club.

Nigel drew a deep breath, reeling from the ecstasy of having kissed Eggsy. The mic from the glasses picked up the rumbled of his voice. ‘You will be mine.’ It’s dangerous the amount of certainty that is present in his voice. ‘But not this way. You will be mine willingly. And I’ll savour every inch of you.’ They watch as Nigel got up from the bed and walk out of the room.

Hamish didn’t cancel the extraction team.

From the bottom of the table, he grabbed the first aid kit. He did a quick work of his hand. Once the wound was cleaned and wrapped, he pulled up the recordings from Eggsy’s glasses without turning off the feed. He is going to make sure his agent is safe while he rests.

“I’m sorry.” Morgan’s voice was soft. “I shouldn’t have said anything without knowing the full extent of the…complication and mission parameter.”

Hamish sigh as he pause the video. “I got Percival out.” He changed the topic. “You should check on him. You can even nag at him for not listening to you, but you should apologize to him for being…”

“A heartless cunt?”

He scoffed a laugh, it somehow lighten up the mood. “Go, your agent needs you.” Morgan left him to watch the recordings and the live feed.

It took almost an hour before Eggsy woke up. He shoot up straight from the bed with a gasp. Hurryingly put on the glasses. He noticed that the feed was still transmitting. ‘Eggs—Gaheris…’ He
could almost cry from hearing Merlin’s voice.

“Eggsy…” He told Merlin. “You can call me Eggsy right now, I don’t feel like Eggsy but the name—when you say it…it helps.”

‘Eggsy…’ Merlin’s voice had gone soft again. He could only close his eyes and savour it. ‘I apologize for not being present when you called for me.’

“Percival needed you.”

‘I’m not his handler.’

“You’re our quartermaster. I understand that I have to share.”

Merlin’s chuckle soothe something inside of him. ‘I’ll try not to be away from now on.’

“You’ll have to sleep, too.”

‘I’ll have someone set up a work station inside my chamber—or a cot in my office, that’ll be faster.’

“You’re being ridiculous.”

‘You fainted.’ The concern in Merlin’s voice is undeniable. He wants to wrap it around his self.

“I just…” He licked his lips wet. “I was reminded of my mother and Dean. It’s exactly how he presented himself to her. Same sweet words and same promises. Then, I heard her screaming. I know—I know it’s just in my head. I tried to—to push it back and then…” And then he’s feeling confused of who he is. He sighed, he doesn’t know what’s going on with him. “Then, Morgan with the honey-pot—I don’t want an Alpha like Nigel to touch me. I don’t want him to—to…Please, don’t make me.”

‘I already told Morgan off, you have nothing to worry about. You won’t ever have to lay with an Alpha like him.’ He heard Merlin sigh from the other side. ‘I do need to tell you that he—he kissed you while you were unconscious.’

His hand automatically reached for his lips. “He—He what?” Anger cleared away his confusion, his hands clenched to a fist. He can’t articulate how furious he is at Nigel.

‘Eggsy, I’m sorry. I…’ They both know that Merlin could only do so much for him whenever he’s in the field. ‘You can get extracted right now. I can talk to Arthur.’ Merlin sounded confident. ‘We have enough information to hand over to MI6 and 5.’

“No, I—I’ll finish this mission. I can finish this. I only have a month left anyway.” He said with faux confidence and nonchalance.

The truth is, it’s not the mission that he wants to finish. It’s the time allotted for the mission. While he is confused of who he is—or who he should be, it doesn’t change the fact that he likes not having to hide his secondary gender. He feels—and thinks, that it is how things should be. Perhaps, it is as it should be.

‘Eggsy, I think you should come back, now.’ Merlin spoke the words carefully, as if the man is afraid of spooking him. ‘Nigel’s obsession over you is…reaching dangerous heights, and your reaction to him is not making things better. You’re starting to say things that—that worries me, Eggsy.’
He’s going to have to lie, he realized, if he wants to finish the mission. Still, he asks his self how badly he wants to keep pretending. But, is it pretending if he’s just being who he really should be? He run a hand over his hair, messing it up further. He likes his smell—though he can’t name two out of three in it. He likes his natural grace. He likes the soft fabrics of his clothes. There’s comfort in it. The kind he wants to keep even for just a short amount of time.

“I need to finish this, Merlin.” The desperation in his voice wasn’t a lie, but the following words will be. “He reminds me so much of my step dad, and it feels like I’m in my mother’s shoe. I think…” He doesn’t want to lie to Merlin. “I think this will help me—personally, to help my mum get away from Dean. If I can understand and see through—through their manipulative nature, then maybe I’d be able to help mum see.” He’s going to have to slip his chav accent to give a completely convincing act. “Do yous get it? I’ll be able to take me mum away, and me baby girl Daisy.”

Merlin let out a breath. ‘This is highly inappropriate.’

“I know.” He closed his eyes tightly. He knows Merlin enough to know what that action means. “I’m sorry.” For lying. He didn’t voice the last two words inside his mind.

‘Be careful.’ Merlin told him. He got what he wanted but his heart broke a little that he had to get it through lying. ‘The moment it starts to get even more dangerous, you get out of there—no buts or ifs. Out of that place and out of Nigel’s reach. Do you understand me, Eggsy?’

“Yes, Merlin…”

‘The same orders apply on Gaheris.’

He winced at that. “Yes, sir.” For a moment they were both silent. Then a thought formed in his mind. “Don’t you have anything to say to Chérie?” He said it cheekily.

‘Chérie can have anyone he wants wrapped around his finger with just a smile. If he wants to toy with Nigel he can, but I suggest he doesn’t because it is never wise to play with ones feelings.’

“You have that much faith in Chérie?”

‘It’s not Chérie I have faith in, it’s the person who created Chérie.’

He held back a sigh. Merlin would never see him as Chérie—as an Omega. In the man’s eyes, he’s either Base Beta Eggsy or Agent Gaheris. Nothing more, but maybe something less.

They bid each other goodbye, and he let his self fall back on the bed. He took the glasses off and stare off into the ceiling. He wonders how Merlin would react if he would ever find out the truth. Would he distance his self, would he court him, or would he still remain—unimportant through his eyes, just another agent?

Outrageous, the way his thoughts are taking its turns.

Back then, he would never even dare to think of Merlin beyond being his handler, quartermaster and in the earlier days—his trainer. It was clear to him, what he was to Merlin and he never thought of wanting to be anything else—because he can never be anything else. Those thoughts kept him from wanting.

But questions and suggestions sparked an ember inside him. A fire that he knows he should immediately put out. Still, he like the fiery idea. He can’t help his self from fanning it. Let it bring to life burning fantasy that would eventually hurt him.
He won’t stop—at least not now.

For now, he’ll be an Omega and he’ll fantasize about kaleidoscope eyes, crooked nose and mesmerizing lips. He’ll think of words that will never be carried by baritone voice that is laced artistically with a Scottish accent. And he’ll think of long—meticulous fingers caressing him in ways he will never be caressed. He’ll think of the person he should have been with the person that will never be his.

It’s a beautiful daydream.
Chapter Two

Chapter Summary

Softened gazes, planned collisions and non-poetic thoughts...

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who had read this story, left comments, kudos and everything else. This is a project that is a bit far from what I am use to writing. I hope you guys give me feedback about the style of writing and/or about the story. Again, thank you for taking the time to read this story.

This story is not Beta’d, though I proofread each chapter -some might escape my notice. I hope you could pardon my mistake.

(May 28, 2019 - Edited minor detail.)

On to the story...

“I heard you haven’t been home for a week.” Hamish stopped what he was doing, he looked up and saw Harry by the door of his office. “What has got you worried, my friend?”

It’s been a week since he had last spoken to Eggsy. After their initial contact with their target, Eggsy hadn’t went radio silent for at least three days. So, it’s either Nigel hasn’t been to the strip club or Eggsy hasn’t been turning his glasses on whenever the man’s there. He’s praying it’s the former.

“Nothing.” He lied. “Just making sure that I’d be available anytime Gaheris calls for me.”

Harry hummed beneath his breath. Hamish doesn’t really know why people think that Thoroughbred Alphas are superior to Thoroughbred Betas. The man in front of him could probably sniff the lie in the air. Harry knows him well enough to be able to smell it.

“Ah, yes.” Harry walked inside his office. It seems that the Beta would not call him out on his lie for today. “Morgan has told me about it. It seems like the young lady has a lot more to learn about being a handler.”

“That she does.” He started clearing his desk, not wanting Harry to see his latest project. Lord knows that the Beta could be like a child when he sees something new and shiny. And right now, the new and shiny thing he is working on is explosive. He’d like to keep his office intact. He looked back up at his friend. “Is there anything I can help you with, Harry?”

“I just came back from my…diplomatic mission.” Harry shook off his frown. “I’d like to hear how my protégé is handling his mission.” Harry settle his self on the couch, crossing his legs and looking expectantly at Hamish.

The question wasn’t probing, but Hamish feels a little bit defensive. “I can’t tell you anything about
the mission.” He tried to deflect.

“But, you can tell me how he is.” Harry pointed out with a smirk. “How is he playing his…role? I
heard that he took up the mission because of the identity that was created. I find it quite intriguing. Is
he a passable Omega?”

“More than.” He paused, thinking about Eggsy’s excuse as to why he wanted to continue on with
the mission. He gave Harry a look. “Do you know how Eggsy’s mum is?” He kept his tone neutral.
The slightest change may give everything away. “The lad mentioned something about missing his
mum and sister. It’ll probably make him feel better if he hears how they are doing.” He saw an
opportunity and he took it.

The thing is, he doesn’t know much about Eggsy outside of missions. The excuse the lad made was
flimsy—but logical. Highly inappropriate, but still logical if he followed Eggsy’s behaviour, moral
and line of thinking. The lad quit the marines to be with his mother. It doesn’t surprise him that
Eggsy would go through incredible lengths to keep his family safe.

“Of course.” Harry smiled in approval. “They’re doing well. I heard that Michelle has been
promoted to a managerial position. Daisy has been progressing on with her studies as well. I do
check ins on them every fortnight when Eggsy’s away.”

He nodded. “And what of his step father?”

Harry’s brows creased. “He’s been in prison for the last two years.”

A shiver run up Hamish spine. Eggsy lied. He tried to come up with possible reasons as to why –
why would he want to stay as Chérie for a while longer? It doesn’t make sense. The lad does seem to
be fond of the workers inside the club, but not the courting that he receives from Alphas of differing
statuses. There’s not a lick of resemblance between Chérie and Eggsy that Hamish thinks would
make him want to take on that identity longer than he has to –his thought came to a halt.

Pieces came together. The grace and stature, the protective and nurturing nature, his signature
flexibility and agility. The ease in changing everything that he is and the knowledge to manipulate an
Alpha. It makes sense now. How Eggsy moved as if everything is second nature.

Then, an alarm came blaring at the top of his head.

“Shit.” He hissed as he moved to get connected with Eggsy. He has to get the lad out before
everything gets out of hand. Chérie may be the closest he has ever been as himself, but Chérie is still
not his true self.

As he was about to tap a key, Morgan burst into his office. “We have a situation.”

Eggsy’s feed went live before he could get a call through. The first thing he saw was Lancelot –her
hands were tied. “Bloody hell.” He took a quick glance at Morgan. “I’m guessing this is the
situation.” He turned up the volume for everyone to hear. Even Harry got up to his feet.

“You won’t have to do anything, Chérie.” Hamish wanted to punch the smile off Nigel’s face. ‘Other
than deliver the dead body that is.’

“This is not part of our deal.” Eggsy sent him a written transmission asking permission to rescue
Lancelot.

“Since that’s what you’re asking permission for, that means you’ve already sited an exit.” He said
through his mic. He pulled up other communication lines, sending coded messages to low level
agents. “I alerted the extraction team, ETA at ten minutes. They would be at the extraction point with change of clothes. They will take you directly to a private airfield where a jet would be waiting for you.”

It wasn’t their original extraction plan, but changes has to be made. The extraction team only has one passport which is only meant for Eggsy. And with how things are unfolding, they have to get out of the country fast.

‘We can easily adjust our contract.’ Nigel said, he approached Eggsy with a gun in his hand. ‘You have to understand me. She almost killed my right hand man.’

‘No means no.’

“Oh, dear.” He heard Harry murmur as they watch Nigel stood with his full height –using an intimidation technique on Eggsy. There are very few people who won’t buckle under the pressure of an intimidating Alpha. Hamish is sure that Eggsy can stand his ground.

‘I can easily sway you to see things my way.’ Nigel held up his gun, not pointing but brandishing it in front of Eggsy. He was trying to scare Eggsy because his intimidation technique wasn’t working.

He was expecting Eggsy to knock Nigel off his feet already and make a run to the exit with Roxy. Hamish was surprised when Eggsy slowly reached out for Nigel’s wrist. His grip seemed gentle –it must be, because the intimidating look that Nigel was giving him softened. He was soothing the Alpha’s bruised ego. ‘I thought you said your violence would never be directed at me. Is this you giving up?’ It was clearly a manipulative move, yet the Alpha didn’t notice it.

‘I never said that.’ The wooing tone Nigel uses is back.

‘Good.’ Eggsy brought Nigel’s hand down, making sure to caress his forearms along the way. Hamish shut the growling Alpha just behind his forehead. ‘I’m not saying you can’t kill her, I just want you to not do it here. Imagine the mess –are you going to make me clean blood off the floor?’

“What is he planning?” Morgan asked in a tense tone.

“He’s buying time and trying to find an opening.” Hamish supplied aware that Morgan is not aware how Eggsy runs his show. He saw the extraction team ping him a message that they are at the extraction point already. He leaned into the mic. “Gaheris, extraction team ready and waiting at the location. It’s time to stop playing with your food.”

‘Of course not.’ Nigel agreed readily, cooing at Eggsy. ‘We should take this at the back.’ He tilted his head to the side, a silent order to his men to pick up Lancelot from the ground. They did so –ever so roughly. ‘We’ll be right back with her head on a silver platter.’

They all saw how Eggsy wrapped an arm around Nigel’s. ‘Let me come with you.’

‘I thought you didn’t want to see blood.’

‘I didn’t want to clean blood. Big difference.’ He said it coyly. Hamish could almost imagine the kind of smile he was giving Nigel.

They saw Nigel’s men drag Lancelot to the strip club’s back alley with Eggsy trailing behind. Lancelot has minor injuries, but it wouldn’t hinder her from fighting. Two against ten doesn’t seem so dire if Lancelot was armed. But, Hamish doubts it at the moment. She wouldn’t be in that position if she has anything in her that she can use as a weapon.
The alley was dark and damp from what he can see. The darkness would provide enough cover for the two agents once they start running for their lives. They were forcing Lancelot to her knees. Before a knee could even touch the ground, Eggsy dislocated Nigel’s shoulder.

A shout can be heard and they can’t completely see the lightning movement of Eggsy. From the view of the eyeglasses they see him grabbing Nigel’s gun, aiming at the men holding Lancelot before turning it back to Nigel. He didn’t hesitate in shooting the Alpha in the head and wasn’t at all fazed by the splatter of blood. The rest of Nigel’s men shoots back at them as the two agent started running out of harm’s way.

They made a turn to a darker alley, Merlin activated the night vision in their glasses. Eggsy did a quick work on Lancelot’s rope and they proceeded to run again. They heard a car –honking, at the end of the alley. A signal of some sort for the rest to go after them. ‘Merlin, look out for us.’

‘Take a right.” Hamish ordered. “Go inside the car wash and cross the street from there.” He pulled up a map of the place and watched the traffic. He manipulated it so the agents have enough window to cross the street. He watched the movement of cars in his screen. They seem to be moving in a pattern –a tactical search. “You have to be quick, they’re rounding up the whole block.” He then notice more cars following the same pattern. “They seem to be calling in other groups to search for the two of you, too.”

‘Must be the right hand man finally doing his job.’ Lancelot quipped.

‘You can’t expect them not to get distracted when they see you.’ Eggsy is breathless with his cheek.

They did as they were told. Lancelot limping a bit and Eggsy keeping keen eyes on the street. There were shouts and a gun fire. Eggsy stumbled and Lancelot gasped, she turned and used the gun Eggsy was holding and shot one man dead. It created enough distraction for the rest.

She placed a supportive hand around Eggsy and tried to steady him. ‘Don’t stop.’ Eggsy told Lancelot. ‘We have to keep going.’ He tugged at her arm.

‘Gaheris’ been shot.’ Lancelot reported as they got to the other side of the street. They hid at the shadows for a moment. Through Lancelot’s eyeglasses they saw that Eggsy’s abdomen was bleeding.

“You have to move faster.” Morgan ordered sternly. “You’re a street away from the extraction point and more of their people there are being alerted.”

Lancelot cut the hem of Eggsy’s dress and wrapped it tightly around his abdomen. They all heard Eggsy hiss a curse. ‘A Street away, we can make it.’ Lancelot told Eggsy.

‘Fuck yeah, we can.’ Eggsy’s breathing is becoming more laboured by the minutes.

They stuck to the shadows –hiding quickly if they see a suspicious car. When they reach the cab, Lancelot lay Eggsy’s head on her lap. She took off his blonde wig and threw it on the floor.

He looked pale –lips almost blue. His yellow dress was now painted of red-ish brown, and it went from his upper left side downward and to the right. It was Lancelot who stated the obvious. ‘Too much blood loss. We’ll have to take him to the nearest hospital.’

“They saw Gaheris got shot, they would look for him there, too.” Hamish told her. “You have to take him directly to the jet, I’ll alert the medical team.” He turned to Morgan. “Clear their path ways, make sure they get to the plane field in record time.”
Morgan started manipulating the traffic while directing the driver of the cab. Hamish ordered a medical team to be prepared to welcome them. He stated the kind of injury that would need to be looked after. When the doctor asked for the secondary gender of the person they were going to treat, Hamish only hesitated for a second. “A Thoroughbred Omega.”

Harry gave him a bewildered look.

He changed up Chérie’s schedule a bit. He stayed in his room more, instead of going shopping. He’s savouring the moments he can be an Omega without putting on Chérie’s clothes. He enjoyed the comfort of not having to pretend and wonder who he is. He was simply being.

He scheduled less meetings. His objective has been reached already, he doesn’t have to further accept additional clients. He just has to maintain what he has till he needs to go back. Merlin said that they have enough information on Nigel’s group. He doesn’t need to impress any crime lord anymore.

He planned to continue on with just that. He just wanted to be—but the universe had other plans. Nigel rolled up at the strip club with Lancelot. Roxy’s face didn’t show any sign of recognition that would be obvious to the outside observer. But he has known Roxy for a good while now, they have bonded over their training and being the new recruits—so the slightest widening of her eyes told him that she was shocked to see him.

It was the first time their missions—crossed. It should never cross for variety of reasons. The end of all the reasons is simple—crossing of missions compromises both agents and their objectives.

It all went downhill from there. And when he thought that it wouldn’t get worse, he got shot. It was bloody fantastic.

He finally gave up on his consciousness when he saw the medical team waiting for them. He knows with certainty that the next time he would wake up it would be inside the HQ medical wing. He has nothing to worry about because Merlin’s looking out for him—looking out for them.

He thought that he would wake up alone, but at the foot of his bed—Merlin stood tall. He has his hands inside his pocket, and eyes closed. He didn’t seem to be in deep contemplation, he was just there. Then, he noticed the soft heaving of Merlin’s chest. Though his mind’s still a bit…foggy from the pain med, it was obvious that Merlin knows. Hell, all of Kingsman probably knows.

He tried to sit up quietly—readying his self for a discussion he never wanted to have, but a whimper escaped from his mouth. It ruined the silence that Merlin was basking in. Eyes hard as steel pinned him in place.

“You’re awake.” Merlin’s tone was clipped as he reached for the clipboard at the end of the bed. “The bullet went through, clean. The only problem that the doctor faced while you were on the operating table was bleeding diathesis. It was caused by your prolonged usage of anti-heat medication. Other than that, there will be no lasting damage—physically that is.”

After stating all of that, Merlin moved to get him a glass of water. The older man helped him take a
few sips. Once the glass was back at the bedside table, Merlin looked at him expectantly. “I don’t have any valid reason as to why I did what I did.” He admitted. “It was careless, reckless and stupid. It won’t happen again.”

“I don’t understand, Eggsy.” Merlin saw him winced at his own name. “Here in Kingsman we don’t discriminate secondary genders, there might be a discrimination on the statuses –it seemed reasonable to hire more Highs than Bases because of their heightened senses. But, you didn’t have that problem –you’re a Thoroughbred. Why?” Merlin’s usually impassive and calm expression is now wearing one of confusion. “Why did you hide that?”

“Out of necessity.”

“What?” It still hasn’t dawn on Merlin.

“Imagine livin’ with an abusive Base Alpha and presentin as a male Thoroughbred Omega.” He gave Merlin a sad smile.

“Baker’s been in prison for two years. Why are you still hiding?”

“Harry told you?” It shouldn’t come as a surprise.

Merlin let out a frustrated sigh. “Don’t…Don’t deflect my questions.”

He let a beat of silence pass before speaking. “It’s the only thin’ I know.” He whispered and Merlin looked at him like he’s not making any sense. “…The confession is bringing tears to his eyes. It hurts to voice it out loud. “I don’t know who I am.” He said it in small voice –there was fear in it, too.

“What –What do you mean?”

“I pretended to be a Base Beta to survive Dean and along the way I –I never got the chance to be who I am, or who I’m meant to be. I can be Gaheris, Aaron, Leon and everyone else –but I can’t be me, because I don’t know me.”

Realization shine in Merlin’s eyes, he would have appreciated it’s hue if he wasn’t in such an internal trauma. “I think we need Dr Stella.”

He couldn’t help the bitter laugh that bubbled through him, nor the hot tears that fell from his eyes. He placed his hands over his eyes and let the sobs shake his body. He spoke without thinking. “I don’t even know what I smell like. I don’t know the flower or the fruit, just the –the dew.” He sniffled as he roughly wipe away the tears. “It’s stupid.”

“Blackcurrant and thistles.” He heard Merlin say.

“What? How’d you know?”

Merlin guided him to lay down. “Grew up on a farm of Blackcurrants, I’m well acquainted with the scent. And, ye cannae really call yersel’ a Scots if ye dinnae know yer thistles.” Merlin said the last part lightly and he didn’t held his accent back. His eyelids were getting heavy –partly from the medication and partly from crying. “Rest…”

He could only whisper a soft ‘thank you’, before sleep took over him.
It’s never advisable to let patients fly after surgery, but he wouldn’t let anything to chance when it comes to his agents. The doctor from the medical team gave him disapproving glares as they settle Eggsy to a room in the medical wing. While his own staff stare at Eggsy like he’s a magical unicorn. He might as well be.

Hamish could already tell that there’s going to be changes in the dynamic inside the work place. Those High Alphas who had disregarded Eggy back then, would be pursuing the lad as soon as he would be able to entertain suitors –maybe even before that. Harry would be very protective of his protégé. Roxy –she wouldn’t hesitate in decking them all if they even think of disrespecting her best friend. And him. He sighed, he’ll have to double his effort in fighting back his instincts. Sometimes, being a Thoroughbred is more of a curse than a blessing.

Thoroughbreds react strongly to their kind. It’s one of the reasons why he and Harry had instantly found friendship in each other. The Beta in Harry might have found protection in the Alpha in him. The Alpha in Hamish found council in Harry’s Beta. Eggy might have affected them, too –cause even though they can’t smell the scent of the pheromones doesn’t mean it’s not getting in their system.

The Beta in Harry felt the need to guide Eggy’s Omega, while Harry only thought he was feeling guilt over Lee. The Alpha in Hamish felt the need to protect Eggy’s Omega, while Hamish only thought it was because he was his agent and he was doing his job. And Eggy –he always followed Harry’s words, assured that Harry would never do him wrong. He trusts Hamish that he would always protect him and look out for him, without realizing that it was the Omega in him making him do that. Or so Hamish thinks.

He stared at Eggsy one last time before he walked out of the room. To Hamish Eggsy didn’t just smell of Blackcurrant, Thistle and morning dew. To Hamish Eggsy smelled like home. And he has read enough books about their kind of know what it means. He doesn’t know what to do with that information at the moment. So, he’ll tuck it between the folds of his mind and focus on work for the time being.

He wasn’t at all surprised when he saw M inside Arthur’s office as he was beckoned to enter. The man was eyeing him with a displeased sneer and it didn’t affect him. The quartermaster of MI6 is a talented young lad, but Q wouldn’t be able to stop him if he decides to make M’s life difficult. “How is Gaheris?” Arthur asked.

“He woke up a few moments ago, but is now back to sleep.” He said. “Though he would need to talk to Dr Stella right away.” He proceeded on as if M isn’t in the same room as he is, but the man wants his presence known.

“He didn’t need to explain his actions during the mission. He let his five months progress go to waste.” He’s a High Alpha. He could probably tell Hamish’s secondary gender and status, but the lack of scent is leaving him confused.

“It’s not a complete waste.” Hamish turned to M, he noticed how the other man squirmed in his seat. M was trying not to buckle under his stare.

“Oh, really?” M raised an eyebrow at him –challenging him. “The Polish and Hungarian has been
alerted, and soon words will spread. Every address and name your agent had collected will change or be erased.” The man leaned forward trying to be intimidating. “Plus, the death of the target just created a power vacuum. I’m sure you can understand what that means. So, yes—a complete waste.”

“You can use the power vacuum to your advantage.” He stated. “Get someone inside from the very first round and make them work their way up. You have more men at your disposal, you can send someone on that type of prolonged mission.” He pulled up a file for everyone to see even without the aid of glasses at the painting. “Gaheris has made detailed reports on the personalities of the higher level crime syndicates. This can help your agent in approaching them and gaining their trust.”

“Very well.” M turned to Arthur. “I expect the file be sent immediately and I trust that your agents will receive the proper...disciplining concerning their actions.”

“Care how you speak about my agents.” Hamish growled. “Those two agents are the reason why the world didn’t suffer more than it had during V-day.”

“They saved the world.” M stated as he stood up. “Saving the world is a daily occurrence in our job. They’re not any different from my Double-Ohs. You don’t see me treating them like they’re made of glass or gold.”

“Maybe that’s the reason why they try to wheedle their way out of the program as soon as they can.”

“You have to be careful with your employees, Arthur. Fraternization doesn’t help the cause.” M exited the room without a by-your-leave.

“Oh, thank God, he’s gone.” Jack exclaimed. “I really think this position should be Harry’s. I just don’t have the patience for bureaucracy.”

“We shouldn’t even have to be dealing with them.” Hamish frowned, damn V-day and all the problems it brought in.

“Yes, well—the world’s spinning to a different tune now. Let’s just be grateful that they don’t have any say in how we run our agency.” Then, Jack smiled one of his excited smiles. “And, we don’t have any clause about fraternization. Just imagine, a Thoroughbred Alpha and Omega—working together. And let’s not forget about Harry. The three of you will be a force to reckon with.”

Ah, yes. The change in the work place dynamic.

Roxy visited him in during his stay in the medical wing. She limped to his bedside, still getting used to the crutch. She pursed her lips to the side. “So, you’re a Thoroughbred Omega.” She started. “Is Merlin the only one you kept on the loop?”

He gave Roxy a confused look. “I didn’t tell anybody.”

She rolled her eyes as he sat down beside him. “Of course he would be the only one to see right through you and not tell a single soul.”
“What?”

“When the medical team asked for your secondary gender and status, he provided them with the correct answer.” She informed him. “You really didn’t told him? You didn’t made any slip up while he was around?”

“No.” That got Eggsy thinking.

Merlin saw right through him but didn’t tell unless it was needed. He tried to recall every interaction they had. He’s sure that he didn’t give anything away. He moved like a Beta and made sure his scent is thoroughly blocked. What could have given him away?

“This actually explains why you’re so quick on your feet.” Roxy commented.

They chat about their missions and his experience with wearing dresses. There were a few teasing jabs from Roxy, but he gave as well as he gets. Roxy didn’t stay for too long, she has her own injury to mind and recover from. They promised to hang out together once they’re discharged.

After she had left, he tried to assess his emotions towards her. He thought that not knowing his self would affect his emotions about certain people. But, it seems like that’s not the case. He still feels the need to take care of Roxy despite her being a High Alpha.

He sighed and pushed the button that would call for someone. He thought that a nurse or doctor would walk through the door, but it was Merlin. Then he remembered that it was also Merlin who attended to Harry whenever he can. He thought it was just because they were friends, but it seems like Merlin is like that to every agent he personally handles.

“Are you in pain?” Merlin asked with a concerned expression.

“No.” He was quick to reassure the man. “Just…I know you’ve scheduled my appointment with Dr Stella a week from now, but it –I feel like I should talk to her already.”

“Very well.” Merlin inclined his head to the side as he tap on his clipboard. He noticed that Merlin always does that, he thought that it looks cute on the man. He felt his self blush at the thought. Who would ever use the word cute on Merlin? The man stare back at him. “She’ll be here in five.”

“Okay.” He nodded slightly. “Can you…cut of the audio of the room? Or somethin’ that won’t let anyone else hear what I’m goin’ to say? I know the rules, maybe I can wear my glasses so that the audio would be recorded there instead?”

Merlin raised a hand, signalling that he has nothing to worry about. “This case isn’t exactly unprecedented. We have protocol for this. Dr Stella would be the one to bring the recording device, while I will shut off the AV monitoring in this room. It will only be activated once the session is over.”

He let out a deep breath. “Thank you…”

There was a knock at the door, Merlin was the one to answer it. Dr Stella gave him a kind smile, and he could only give a weak one in response. “Well off you go now, Merlin. It’s time for me to work my brand of magic.”

“Of course, Doctor.” Merlin gave him one last glance before walking out the door.

“We have a lot to discuss.” Dr Stella didn’t sound mad or disappointed. She took the near-by chair and placed a small metal box on the hospital table. She pushed a tiny button at the top of it, crossing
her legs she held a pen and pad. She looked at him with a serene and encouraging expression. “Where shall we start?”

He could only swallow the lump on his throat. He knows he needs help. He is lost in his own damn mind and he can use a bit of direction at the moment. “How about when I presented?” Dr Stella gestured for him to go on, and he did.

He told her about his mother’s fear and his, because of the kind of Alpha his step-father was. He told her about putting up a front for everyone to see and for him to fit in—to meet what was expected of him. He told her that he pretended to be a Base Beta for a long time and never thought to be anything else. He told her about how pretending to be a Base Beta helped him pretend to be anything and everything else. Then, he told her about pretending to be an Omega.

“I—I let go.” He murmured. “Of the Base Beta personality that I’ve been hidin’ in. And it—it felt right. Then, I cried—I cried for the years that I wasn’t able to be…to be.” He licked his lips. “I created Chérie—the person I want to be. He’s soft and unhindered, and brave. I want to be Chérie, but I know I can’t because that means…livin’ Chérie’s life, which I don’t want. I want my life—here at Kingsman, but I also want to be.”

“To be what, exactly?”

“To be me.” He ran a hand over his now growing long hair. “I want to be me, but I don’t know who I am. Though, I want to know how I can be me—how I can get to know me.”

“In simpler words, you want to discover who you are.”

“Yes!” He exclaimed. “I want to discover who I am without any pretence.”

“Well, I have good news for you.” Dr Stella said to him. “Knowing what you want is already a start.” She capped her pen once again. “Besides that, all you have to do is to stop pretending to be the Base Beta that you created and start being the Thoroughbred Omega that you really are. The rest will follow, I believe.”

“That sounds simple enough.”

“You feel detached with yourself after years of pretending to be someone else, and now that you want to reconnect—it overwhelms you.” The doctor approached the small device and pushed its button again. “It would help if you keep a journal.”

“But, what would I write?”

“You can write the things that you notice about yourself now that you’re not pretending. Other than that, you can write what you feel—about yourself, others or and even objects.” She offered the suggestion. “I’ll have a talk with Arthur about your mental state.” He winced so she added. “You do not have nor are you developing any disorder, you have very little to worry about. I would just advise him—and you, to not go on any mission unless you have completely discovered who you are. Or—at least, have a more solid sense of who you are.”

“That sound reasonable.” He said.

“Of course it’s reasonable.” She pocketed the device. “I believe you’ll be a better agent once you get through this. You won’t be hindered by trying to be the person that you are not, hence you will be able to maximise what you can really do. Now, rest up. I can see your eyes drooping.”

This time, the smile he gave the doctor was more genuine.
He frowned at the feel of loose jeans wrapped around his waist and legs. They didn’t feel constricting, but they didn’t felt right for him. The trainers were comfortable and soft against the soles of his feet. The polo he used to wear felt itchy around his neck, so he switched it for a loose white-tee. He grabbed his hat and placed it over his head. The big bold lettered ‘DOPE’ written on it made it feel wrong, so he took it off.

He looked at himself by the mirror.

In six months of wearing wigs, his hair had gotten longer than he used to wear it. He finds that he likes it, the way it curls at the top. His skin also looked a bit creamier—not just pale. It seemed like being well rested for a whole week did him good. Though, his side still ache sometimes.

There was a knock on the door, he called for the person to come in. Merlin was the first to enter followed by Harry. “This feels a bit like déja vu.” He felt the corner of his lips turn slightly upwards as he face them.

“I haven’t been able to visit you while you were recovering here for some matters that needed attending.” Harry said as posh as he can. “I thought taking you home would make up for my absence. We can even share a meal if you’re amiable.”

His smile had gotten wider. “All you have to say is tha’ you want to spend some time wit’ me because you missed me, Harry.” He turned his smile to Merlin. “I’m free to go back to my flat?”

“That you are.” Merlin tapped something on his ever present clipboard. He realized how much he missed being under the older man’s gaze. “We are just going to have to discuss a few things before you are discharged.” He nodded for Merlin to continue. “Let’s start with your injury; the stitches will come out in another week. You’ll have to visit same day next week. It will heal around three to six months—in your case since you are a male in your prime, the maximum would probably four and a half months. No extraneous activities while you heal; no parkour, no heavy lifting or running for the next six to eight weeks.”

“So, just be lazy for four months?” He teased.

“It’s well deserved, lad.” Merlin glanced at his clipboard before continuing. “Now, your medication. I—would advise you to stop taking them.”

“Seems reasonable enough after what you’ve told me how my operation went. But, the thin’ is—I’ve never gone into heat. I have no idea what to expect once I just stop. Will I go into heat a week after or a month? Will it be just for two days or longer? Will it be quarterly or more to catch up on the lost time? If it is more, will it normalize after some time?” He asked in quick successions. “Receivin’ secondary gender education in a public school doesn’t give much information about this.”

“I had Morgan come up with a complete list of Alphas who works for Kingsman that may assist you during your heat.” He tapped his clipboard once again. “I’ve sent it to your email. But, to answer some of your questions; I run the numbers—it seems like it would take your body a month to detoxify all of the medication’s chemical compounds completely off of your body. It won’t be more than four times a year, but for the first year—it may take longer than two days. Might be three to four days,
then it will normalize itself.”

His smile slowly vanished from his face. “In my whole tirade of questions, did I asked for an Alpha?” He noticed Harry zero in Merlin, while the later gave him a somewhat confused expression. “I don’t need an Alpha, I just needed to know what to expect once I go into heat.” He moved pass Merlin.

He tried to busy his self by folding his clothes back to his sports bag that Roxy delivered just an hour ago. There’s a thumping inside his chest that he doesn’t like. He wasn’t sure what caused it. But, if he would try to name it—it would be akin to betrayal.

“Your heat will be painful.” Merlin pointed out.

He wanted to lash out at him the same way he would if he was still pretending to be a Base Beta. But, he can’t pretend anymore—no, he won’t pretend anymore. He zipped up his bag and turned to face Merlin. “I’m not new to pain—I’ve been punched, kicked, cut, stabbed and shot. Heat pain will just be another kind of pain for me to familiarize myself with.”

“You don’t have to familiarize yourself with it. You can have someone assist you.”

“I don’t want it, Merlin.” His voice raised a bit.

Harry cleared his throat and it got the two of them turning to him. “May I ask, Eggsy, why you don’t want an Alpha to help you through your heat?”

“Well, that answers his question if Merlin is an Alpha or not. His fantasies came back to life—maybe even with a twin this time. He shouldn’t be thinking about that now, but he can’t help his self. He glanced between Harry and Merlin. “If Merlin doesn’t mind, then I would accept his assistance.”

Harry then turned to Merlin. “What do you say?” From the way the two older men was looking at each other, he can tell that they’re having a silent conversation.

“I don’t mind.” Merlin finally said after a few seconds of silence. “But, if you do start feeling uncomfortable around me, tell me so we can quickly work it out.”

“Merlin, I trust you with my life.” He really does.

Setting aside his fantasies and unearthed feelings, he thought that it’s somehow, appropriate. Merlin is someone who holds multiple roles in his life. Merlin was his trainer, his handler and his quartermaster—each of it, always above his station. It’s not difficult for him to picture Merlin as his Alpha.
Placing back all his fantasies and unearth feelings, it would be a dream come true.

Harry can be quite convincing.

If he wants to, that is.

It’s one of the reasons why he’s the one who has the highest success rates in honey-pot missions. Though, he rarely used his skill outside of missions. He never found the appeal in using his strengths for personal gain. It will just be too easy. Also, it is not the way of a gentleman. He also admits that there’s a time to be a gentleman and not. He’s counting this one as a not.

Now that Eggsy is not denying the Omega in him, he can see Eggy and Merlin’s dynamic clearer.

Posing as a Beta, Eggsy would look at Merlin in a guarded manner –eyes not giving away anything. His stance –also guarded, tense the way a Beta’s should be but there’s distance that isn’t usually present in a Beta. It’s such a well-crafted façade that even he didn’t saw through it.

As an Omega, though, Eggsy’s more relaxed –still the signature Thoroughbred Omega grace is present. It was as if he was watching a ballerina. Eggsy’s eyes are also more expressive. Hurt flashed through his baby blues at the suggestion of an unknown Alpha to aid him in an intimate manner. Hopeful at the thought of Merlin being the Alpha that would lend him a hand.

As much as he hates clichés, he’d really thinks that the two would continue to gravitate towards each other –and only gravitate towards each other if not pushed to collide. As the self-assigned Beta of this Alpha-Omega pair, he would help them get together and be together. He can almost see little Hamishes and Eggsies running around. He would be the most awesome uncle ever and he would be insufferable when it comes to Hamish.

He opened the door of the cab for his protégé. Eggsy didn’t gave him any suspicious stare, because he had always done that for the young man. He sat next to Eggsy. “Is there somewhere you wish to go to before your flat?”

“Thinkin’ of buying new clothes.” Eggsy murmured –a little unsure. “The ones I used to wear doesn’t feel right to me anymore.”

“Of course.” He directed the driver to take them to a mall. “It must have felt like a cocoon for you.”

“And now, I’m what? A butterfly?”

He gave his self a mental pat on the back at managing to make Eggsy smile his small shy smile. “I was thinking more like a dragonfly. An agent of change –transformation and adaptation, also of self-realization.” Eggsy looked at him with awed eyes. “So, yes…a Dragonfly.”

“Thanks, Harry.”

“There’s no need to thank me.” Their cab stopped, he opened the door once again for Eggsy. “You’ve come a very long way, and all on your own.”
“You’ve help me lots.”

“I’ve helped you as your mentor.” They entered a store. People throwing them looks, and he knows most of those are directed to Eggsy. “I wish to help you now as a Beta. I’ve always felt the need to help you but only let myself to a certain extent because I thought you were like myself—a Beta. I didn’t want to impose myself on you.” He carefully explained. “Learning that you are actually a Thoroughbred Omega, it cleared a lot of things in my mind.”

He watched Eggsy picked up clothes that he usually don’t wear. Base on how Eggsy run his hand over each item, he’s looking for something soft. “Yeah?” Eggsy picked up a white long sleeve shirt. “Like what?”

“Why I always felt the need to advice and help you even if it’s already outside your training or our profession.” He handed Eggsy a green jumper. He knows a certain someone who likes the colour green. “The stunt I did when we first met is a testament to that.”

“You mean buggin’ me?” Eggsy accepted the jumper.

“Yes—highly inappropriate, but I still did it.” They paid for the items and moved to a different store. He wanted to take Eggsy somewhere classier, but he has to let the young man choose for his self. He can tell that the simple choosing of clothing items can be a character builder. “You see, Thoroughbreds feels strongly to their kind that’s why I often wish to advice you and Merlin, and Merlin goes far and beyond when it comes to protecting us.”

“Tha’ makes sense—I guess.” Eggsy took a few pairs of jeans. “So, I’m a part of your team now?”

He honestly doesn’t know the appeal of those skin tight jeans. “You’ve always been a part of our team, we’re just now being clued in as to why we act the way we do around you.” He quiet down as Eggsy try the fit of the jeans.

He’s thinking of how he would execute his plan. He could try the ‘honest at all fronts’ tactic. Tell Eggsy that the attraction he feels for Merlin isn’t one sided and vice versa. But then, if he does that—Eggsy wouldn’t get the chance to be courted properly. An Alpha and Omega of their status getting together without proper courtship, he scoffs at the thought.

He has to be subtle. He has to pull the right strings at the right moment. He’ll stage a collision that will form a neutron star and not just a black hole.

Eggsy emerged from the fitting room. Now, he can see the appeal of the skin tight jeans. “I think you should wear that with the green jumper when you head to HQ next week.”

“Really?”

“Yes, it suits you quite well.” He commented lightly.

After going through several stores and buying several other items, they decided to share a cuppa with pastries. They talked about their missions but nothing in detail and let each other rant about a thing or two. Overall, it was his usual afternoon with Eggsy.

They head to Eggsy’s flat with a considerable number of bags. He notices the slight guilt on Eggsy’s face from splurging, but there’s also a debate that’s furrowing his eyebrows. It seems that no matter what secondary gender or status, Eggsy doesn’t like spending too much money on his self. Eggsy thanked him for dropping him off and he headed back to HQ to pull a bit on Merlin’s strings.

“What were ye thinking?” Merlin turned to him with an angry expression. “Suggesting that I be the
one to assist him during his heats, are ye mad?” Merlin’s accent is slipping in.

“Well, I was thinking that Eggsy need not experience such pain but also deserves to be aided by an Alpha who wouldn’t mindlessly rut on him and abuse him in his heat vulnerable state.” He stated simply. As if it should have been obvious to Merlin.

“I can’t be with Eggsy while he’s in heat. It’s already a struggle being with him in the same room while he doesn’t have blockers on.”

He shamelessly rolled his eyes at Merlin. “Yes, poor you. A Thoroughbred Alpha who has complete control over his facilities and not suffering from any mental strain.” He patted Merlin’s cheek twice. “How could I ever suggest you help a young man who is just discovering his self? My actions are dreadfully selfish.” He finished dramatically.

“Oh, sock it.” Merlin placed both of his fists on his waist. His eyes show guilt and contemplation.

“Is your control around Eggsy really that horrible that you’d rather see him with another Alpha?”

“He smells like home.” The confession came in a small fragile voice –this time, thick with his Scottish accent.

The thing about Merlin is that –he has great control over his self, but all of those comes crashing down once he gets a taste of whatever it is he wants. Once he takes Eggsy in his arms, Harry is sure that Merlin wouldn’t be able to let the younger man go. He is still like every Alpha out there despite his impeccable control. “Then let him be your home for the time being.” That was the push, then he would pull. “If he finds someone else, that’s the only moment you should let go.”

If, not when –because he will make sure their ship will sail.

“Fine.” Merlin gritted his teeth. Harry can already see the struggle, it’s really a good thing that Merlin’s the quartermaster and not an agent. “But if this all goes to shite, it’s all your fault.”

“Oh of course.” He said with a smile and watch as Merlin walk away from him.

He let out a content sigh. The seeds has been planted. It’s time for him to start laying down the ground work for the next stage of his plan. He has to make sure that they spend a lot of time together –not just through the comms and live feeds. He hum a little tune as he make his way to Arthur’s office.

Three knocks and he was called in.

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He spent his free time the way he usually spent his free time –this time with slight changes.

His first visit as an Omega to his mum’s place, there were tears involved. Apologies were given and answered by forgiveness. Michelle let him scent her and Daisy, and she did the same to him. Michelle opened up more to him –perhaps it was due to the fact that they were both Omegas and he wasn’t hiding it anymore. His mother was so happy for him and wish he would never settle for an
Alpha like Dean. He promised her he wouldn’t. He also promised her to visit more often.

When he went to hang with his mates, they gave him confused looks. Ryan was rattled off about fooling everyone in the estates, while Jamal puffed up his chest jokingly and swore to defend his honour. The two didn’t really change the way they treat him. They still believe that the can pretty much lay to waste any Alpha or Beta that would come his way. The only change now is, they complain about the free drinks he gets from bartenders and everyone else that wants him.

Roxy visited him. They watched a romantic comedy to numb their minds from their previous missions while eating ice cream. They do that whenever they are both in the city and free from any mission. This time, Roxy also handed him a book about secondary genders and statuses.

Outside of his flat, people are now more courteous to him when he walks out of his flat and takes JB for walks. There were even Alphas that encourages him to cut lines in the grocery store. He’s pretty sure that he would punch the next Alpha that would offer him help when it’s not really needed.

He read the book in the morning and wrote everything that he can think of down in his journal. From what he liked and what he didn’t liked –even his small opinion on things that seemed trivial. He wasn’t so surprised when he saw that most of what he didn’t like were the Alphas attitude towards him.

He’s pretty much pissed off by the time he has to go back to the Kingsman Mansion.

“So, Eggsy. I heard about your mission, must have been tough for you to go out and start hurting people. It’s just against your nature.”

He doesn’t recall being introduced to the High Alpha that is now trying to chat him up. It is also not helping his patience. He gave the man an up and down glance, then asked; “Who are you?” It managed to wipe the smile off the Alphas face. He continued on and soon found his self in Merlin’s office. “All those Alphas tryin’ to chat me up is goin’ to drive me crazy, Merlin.” The man looked up from what he was doing and just stared. He felt the need to elaborate. “They keep offerin’ me shit – whether I want it or not.” He let out a frustrated noise. “Oh, God! I sound like those –those bratty over privileged Omegas.”

“You’re basically a unicorn shitting rainbow to them.” Merlin packed up his equipment and picked up his clipboard. The two of them made their way to the medical wing. “It’s understandable why they want to woo you.”

“They don’t really want me.” He told Merlin as he try to get a whiff of the man’s scent. Damn, he’s still wearing blockers. “How could they want someone they don’t know? That’s just not possible.”

“They like the idea of you.” They reached the medical room Merlin often uses. He watched Merlin reach for a pair of gloves and put it on. “The media had portrayed Thoroughbred Omegas as…dainty creatures incapable of any hard labour.”

“Don’t remind me.” He pulled his jumper off, unabashed since Merlin’s the one who always did his check-ups even back then. “I remember those afternoon shows my mum used to watch. The Omegas always needin’ savin’, and Alphas always there to save them –while the Betas were used for comic relief.” He scoffed. “I can never imagine Harry being a comic relief.”

“That just means you haven’t seen Harry drunk.”

Merlin crowded on his space and he tried not to move to much –and also think of...heated thoughts. He had always liked the feel of Merlin’s touch. It’s always gentle and careful. He rarely felt that kind
of touch in his life.

“I find it ridiculous.” He said, mostly to his self. “You can’t just want somebody because of their secondary gender and status. There has to be more to it.”

“You sound like a fantast.” Merlin’s words didn’t sound like an insult—it was more of an observation.

“Maybe I am.” The stitch was out and Merlin’s checking for infections. “I am just gettin’ to know myself.” Merlin straightened up again and took off his gloves. “How about you?”

“What about me?”

“Are you a fantast?”

Merlin’s brows furrowed. “I didn’t really thought about it before—but I think I’m too rational to be one.” Merlin threw away the strings. He came back with a small box. He held it up for Eggsy to see and gave it a light shake. “Contraceptive Pills.” Merlin paused to clear his throat. “There’s instruction there on how to use it. If you have any questions—”

“I’ll ask my mum.” He finished because it would be weird to go to Merlin if someone else could help him with something as trivial as contraceptive pills.

“Still, I’ll be available to answer any questions.”

He couldn’t help the huff of laugh that escaped his lips. “Yeah, no. You’re busy enough as it is.” He picked up his discarded jumper and put it on. He twist his torso to the left, then to the right. There’s not much of a twinge of pain anymore. “There’s one thin’ that I want to ask, though.”

“Ask away.”

“How did you know?” Merlin gave him an inquiring look. “I talked to Roxy, an’ she said you knew. I never told you or anyone. So, how did you know?”

“I’m your handler.”

“That doesn’t really answer the question.”

Merlin paused for a moment, clearly in contemplation. “You just move differently.” He started. “Others waved it off to your expertise, but–there are moments wherein you’d have this…faraway look on your eyes. Then, when you snap out of it and move—it didn’t seem natural.” Merlin took off his eyeglasses, wiped the dirt off using a handkerchief he pulled out from his pocket. “I only put the pieces together the same night you and Lancelot had to be extracted. Just in the nick of time, wouldn’t you say?”

Merlin has been looking at him–has seen right through his pretention. It shouldn’t have his heart beating to a rhythm that brings him delight. But, it does. It makes hollies and red carnations bloom in his chest. “I don’t think you know what tha’ means to me.” He can see through Merlin’s eyes that the older man doesn’t understand. He just gave Merlin a smile and head out of the room.

He did his best to ignore each and every come on by some Alpha that used to pay him no mind as he made his way to Dr Stella. This would be the start of his weekly sessions with the doctor. He isn’t really in a hurry to get back in the field. Though, he is excited to discover his self. It feels like a grand adventure to him.
Dr Stella opened the door for him. As soon as the doors closed, he started speaking. “I’m not bein’ treated differently by those people who are close to me.” He went to the sofa and lay there. “I never really worried about tha’ before.” He admitted. “I was more worried about –the possible abuse. But, I feel relieved that my comin’ out didn’t changed anythin’ much.”

“Please, come in and take a sit.” Dr Stella said. “Make yourself comfortable.”

He couldn’t help the wide smile that spread on his cheeks.

Hamish is not poetic. In terms of lyrical dexterity the Irish has a leg over them Scots. Still, seeing Eggsy moving freely –he wanted to write sonnets for the lad. Compare him to the sun, moon and stars –how his eyes complete the constellations in the night sky, and how his world revolve around the lad’s smile.

Or, how he makes Hamish feel the grass beneath his feet once again –running through a flower field with thistles on a knobby leg. How he can feel the blackcurrants roll in the palms of his hand –wet from the morning dew. How –by simply existing, Eggsy can bring back memories of his childhood.

Hamish is not poetic –not one bit.

He answered Arthur’s call and was soon on his feet and making his way to his office. He closed the door as he entered. The presence of Dr Stella didn’t go unnoticed. If he were to be honest, he’s not ready to talk about Eggsy’s current mental state. But, the world doesn’t revolve around him and his whims. So, he straightened his back and waited for Arthur to tell him why he’s been summoned.

“Merlin.” Arthur greeted him. “I thought it would only be appropriate that you’d be present as Dr Stella inform me of Gaheris’ well-being.” He gestured for the doctor to start speaking.

“After two sessions with Mr Unwin, I have come to determine that he is experiencing minor depersonalization.” She started. “I say minor because he doesn’t completely tick off the signs and symptoms of a person who truly has depersonalization. He feels detached to his self –that is true, but he can still identify what he is feeling. Towards the detachment and among other things.”

“Where does that leave us?” Arthur asked.

“It leaves you with an agent who needs time to reconnect with himself. I would advise you against sending him to any mission for the next months.”

“For how long?”

“For however long it takes for him to finally be connected and comfortable with his self.” She insisted. “I think you have an idea on what kind of disaster it would bring if Mr Unwin loses his self in an identity while on a mission.”

“I’m completely aware.” Arthur told her in a calming tone. “But, you have to at least give me a timeline to work with. Since we’ve acquire of Gaheris’ expertise, we’ve also stacked on missions that would require it. Some of it even coming from other agencies.”
Hamish frowned at that. “They’re being lazy.” Dr Stella gave him a somewhat funny look.

“Bench Mr Unwin for a year.” She then added. “Just to be on the safe side.”

“A year?” Arthur echoed in disbelief.

Dr Stella placed her tea down with a sigh. “I despise talking about my patients’ progress, but I think you have to know in order to completely understand.” She paused thinking of a way to explain it. “Mr Unwin is still at the state wherein he is just getting to know what he likes and dislikes. Trust me when I say that’s the very basic of knowing yourself, and what we’re trying to achieve is beyond that. He has to get to know his body, his personality, his core values –what makes him tick, his desires and aspirations. Until he has an idea about those things, it’s dangerous to let him go into missions.”

Hamish felt something constricting his throat and acid rising from his stomach. He doesn’t want to think what it’s like. All the faraway look that was etched on Eggsy’s face makes sense. It wasn’t ruminations –he was just lost. There wasn’t any secrets –just an empty void.

“A year.” Arthur agreed with a nod. “Do you think he’ll be amiable to…teaching what he knows about being an undercover agent?”

The doctor took a sip of her tea while she thinks about the answer to the question. “If you use his footages rather than making him take on the identities he used to have, it won’t hinder him from his progress.”

“Then that’s what we shall do.” Arthur turned to him. “Tell the agents they have two months to look for a candidate. I think it’s time we have a full table once again.” Merlin knows that they would be doing recruitments once after the other if that is the goal. “Make sure Gaheris is made aware of his new responsibility until he has completely recovered. Along with the rules regarding being a trainer.”

He understands the two months grace period. It was enough time for Eggsy to be cleared for enough physical activity that’s just well-suited for a trainer. Hamish gave Arthur a nod. “Understood.” He made a sharp turn and was about to head out –but Arthur’s voice call out for him.

“Don’t forget to submit your Heat-Rut Partnership form.” That stopped him mid step. “Gaheris already sent his –though, he didn’t write down your name. Just Merlin…”

Damn the lad.
Chapter Three

Chapter Summary

The whole, the half and the incomplete...

Chapter Notes

Here's an update!

Oh, my God! Thank you for every hit, kudos, comments, subscriptions and bookmarks. They mean a lot to a person like me. Also, thank you for saying that you guys like my writing style -I don't really have an idea what my writing style is, but I am thankful that you guys liked it! Oh, and also - Thank you for correcting me and doing it ever so gently. I'm open to criticism! I believe it's one way to improve my writing.

I'll leave a note at the end. Feel free to read it or not - it's kinda story related.

This is not Beta'd, I do proofread but some mistakes still passes my eyes. Please, do pardon my mistake/s.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Full disclosure, he’s taking things one step at a time. He doesn’t really think that there’s any other way to do it. There’s no short-cuts in discovering one-self. So, one step after the other – one day at the time, and all the other idioms and sayings that carries the same meaning.

He keeps on writing on his journal.

He likes sweets, he likes musicals and romantic comedies, and he likes George Michael and Elton John. He doesn’t mind going to museums – if the artwork is interesting enough, he prefers pubs than clubs and he really is a dog person.

Playing with Daisy is the highlight of his day. No matter what Roxy says, she still needs protecting – and that’s what he’ll do. Harry’s spending more time with him outside of HQ, which he finds enjoyable – but his mates find it weird. And, he still thinks about Merlin the way he shouldn’t be – or maybe he should be? It’s a bit confusing at times, but he has the time to figure it out.

Then, he woke up noticing his hips had gotten wider – so did his eyes at the sight of it.

He shuddered – his breath hitched. It feels like the air is being squeezed out of his lungs. It doesn’t make any sense – at the same time, it does. He fought back the rising panic that’s beating on his chest. He grabbed a very loose hoodie and sweatpants before running out his door and jumping in a cab heading to Saville Row.

His palms felt sticky with sweat, so does his armpits. He ignored Andrew and headed straight to the bullet train. He had gotten better at ignoring cat calls and other come-ons from Alphas, and he soon
found himself knocking at Dr Stella’s office door.

“Mr Unwin, what brought you here?” She asked a little surprised.

“My ass has gotten fat.” He could have phrased that better, but his brain isn’t really working at full capacity right now.

“Well, come in.”

The doctor opened the door for him and he rushed in. He started pacing back and forth, hands a bit shaky. “You said that discovering what I like and dislike is a continuous process.” He stopped and stare at her. Only to paced again. “So, I thought –maybe I should start reading books about Omega biology. You know, get to know my body –because that’s part of the process.” He is now rocking back and forth from the soles of his feet to the heels. “I read that when an Omega is close to their heat, their hips starts to widen. And my ass has gotten fat –my ass has gotten fat, doc.” He can feel the growing hysteria inside him.

“Tell me what you feel.”

Dr Stella hasn’t used that line before on him. He knows it’s the usual line shrinks often use at their patients. It’s the first time he heard it being used on him. “Excuse me?” He asked a little confused. The doctor –of course, saw his internal dialogue. “I know, not my usual line. It’s usually because you’ve never came to me without any idea of what you feel or think before. So, you’re going to have to clear it for me and you.”

“What?” He stopped moving all together.

“You always know what you think and feel –or to be more specific, you always know what you should think and feel. Now, it’s just time to understand what you think and feel. No pretentions, just comprehension.”

“I feel…I feel –nervous.” He started. “And a bit scared.” He started moving again. “I’m an Omega –like, I’m really an Omega. I know that I’m an Omega but now I know that I’m an Omega.” He let out a frustrated noise. “How do I make sense of this?”

“Take deep breaths and try again.” She gave him a kind smile.

He closed his eyes and let out a heavy breath. When he opened it, he started talking again –this time more carefully. “I’ve always known I’m an Omega –I trained myself to stomp down my instincts, but it’s still there. At the very back of my mind it’s there –lurking. But, this–” he gestured at his body. “This I have no control over unless I take medications –which is no longer advisable due to medical complications.”

“Loss of control, is that what you’re afraid of?”

“That’s a hard question to answer.”

Dr Stella raised an eyebrow at him. “It’s a yes or no question, which you can follow up with a reason. I don’t think it’s a difficult question at all. I think you just don’t want to answer it.”

“No, no. Don’t do that Jedi mind trick.”

“You’ve been doing the Jedi mind trick on me since we first started our sessions after V-day. It’s time to come clean for you to get better.”
He sighed. It feels like a payback for all the times he misled Dr Stella. But, he knows that he really needs to be honest with himself to discover his self. “My mum’s a High Omega, heats two times a year –completely out of it. Step-dad is a Base Alpha –has no control over his instincts when faced with an Omega in heat. They say biology doesn’t matter anymore –they’re liars.”

“You’re a Thoroughbred.” The doctor reminded him. “You won’t be completely out of it –you’d be uninhibited, but you would be aware and you’d be able to remember. Besides that, you won’t be completely out of control. You would have a say on who you would spend your heat with –the same as your mother had.”

“Don’t say that. My mum didn’t have a choice.”

“I don’t believe that, and I think you don’t either.”

He knows that his mother really had a choice, she just thought she doesn’t. It’s one of the things fear does to people. It cripples them –and that brings more harm than most people realize. “I already chose who would be helping me through my heat. He’s a Thoroughbred, too, so he won’t lose control.”

“Is that your main reason why you chose him?”

He stared at the doctor. “You know who he is.” He said to her. “I filed the necessary papers and any update to that would show up on yours, Arthur’s and Merlin’s.”

“Not an answer to my question.”

He let out a frustrated sigh. He decided to finally take a seat. “You’re obligated to tell them what we talk about.”

“I’m obligated to make psychological reports –findings on what we talk about. Not exactly what you tell me. And, sometimes our chats are quite long and winding –with your deflections, there are moments where I forget the exact verbatim.”

He didn’t expect that from the good doctor. He steeled himself. He hasn’t voiced out his attraction towards his quartermaster to anyone else that also knows the man. “Aside from the fact that I completely trust him…I find him…” He started fiddling with the hem of his sleeves. “Aesthetically pleasing.”

The doctor merely gave away a hum.

It got him furrowing his brows. “What?”

“Aesthetically pleasing.” She smiled at him teasingly.

“He’s right fit, okay.” He covered his face with his hands. He can tell he’s looking like a tomato right now. “But –honestly, it’s more because I trust him. He looks out for me and the other agents. Sometimes…” He hesitated for a second. “Sometimes, I think the reason why I’m attracted to him –is because I can trust him.”

“I don’t see any problem in liking people based on how much you trust them.” She said with a bit of a shoulder shrug. “But –I have to ask, why do you trust Merlin that much?”

“Parachute.” The doctor gave him an inquiring look. “During training, we were tasked to skydive and land on a mark. While we were doing aerial flips as we fall, he told us that one of us don’t have a chute.” Now, the doctor just looks appalled, but she let him continue. “I figure out a way to ensure
that everyone will land safely –relatively that is. After landing, I thought I was the expendable one –I voiced that out. Being pissed off while getting off the adrenaline high wasn’t a good combination.” He couldn’t help the small smile that appeared on his face.

Dr Stella cleared her throat. “I certainly hope there’s more to the story, because if you became attracted to him due to the fact that he endangered your life –we’re doubling our weekly sessions.”

“Turns out, we all have chutes. He told me to get the chip off my shoulder, then pulled my cord when I was about to complain up close.”

She looked at him, eyes conveying that he’s still not making sense.

“He’s not really one to sacrifice people –or leave them behind.” He told her. “I find that attractive.”

Hamish never runs out of things to do. If he is not inventing, he’s reviewing blueprints. If he’s not planning missions, he’s reviewing reports about missions. If he’s not filing reports about missions and activities in R&D, he’s observing prototype testing or handling missions. There’s not a doubt in anybody’s mind that his position in Kingsman is almost as important as Arthur’s.

Having all of that in mind, he honestly can’t think of the disarray that Kingsman will fall under if he takes three to four days off.

He sighed. Though Morgan’s his second in command, he can’t just pass everything to her. Not only would that be overwhelming, she’s also not yet ready to be responsible for more than two agents. He is going to have to assign her the blueprint reviewing and attending prototype testing, also filing of reports that’s related to R&D. With the exception of only handling the missions of her agents. He’ll think of ways on how he could slowly expose her to everything a quartermaster must do some other time.

He can let Ector plan missions, review and file mission reports. The man’s capable of making one plan after the other with the additional back-up plans if ever things go tits up. And would never let an agent go in the field without enough –if not more than the data needed. He’s quite concise in writing up reports, which he is sure Arthur would appreciate. He’s also not afraid on making the agents do their reports over again if he see anything wrong in it.

They have eight agents at the table, seven are active –out of those seven, only four are meant to be in a mission by the time Eggsy goes through his heat. He knows that he can easily give the handlers two agents each, but he knows he has to be prepared for the unexpected. He needs another pair or eyes.

It’s a good thing he knows someone from his staff that is interested in taking on a handler’s position.

He called up the two handlers. He gave them a rundown of what Arthur wants to achieve –a full table. It would mean that he wouldn’t have the time to handle more than one agent since he would be training recruits. With the increase in the number of agents, there should also be an increase in the number of handlers. That’s where Amelia comes in. They have two months before the candidates are called in, two months to train Amelia to become a handler.
He also warned the three of them that he might be called somewhere else during those two months. He was quick to reassure them that he will only be gone for four to five days. Morgan made a quip about finally going on a vacation. While Ector, he seemed more pensive.

Amelia has been present whenever they would be handling a mission. She always has a notebook and pen on her hand. Which Morgan commented about because — “we have tablets, for crying out loud.”

And Ector would butt in. “I don’t see any problem with that. It’s not like she has the same chicken scratch of a hand writing like yours.” He would let the two bicker as he sign off projects from R&D.

Now though, he’s handling Bors’ mission. “You have to know your agents well.” He said to Amelia. “It takes time and open communication. You have to know when to be gentle and when to push.” He leaned forward on his mic. “Agent, this is a stealth mission. Get in, take what we need, and get out.”

Bors grumbled. ‘Isn’t this Percival’s expertise? Why isn’t he here instead of me?’

“He hasn’t been cleared by the medical yet.” They watch as Bors move — quiet and alert through the hallway.

‘Lancelot?’ He got inside an office – locking the door behind him.

“Istanbul.”

‘Kay?’ He’s rummaging the desk drawers.

“China.”

‘Galahad?’

“America.” They both heard someone rattle the door knob. After a few seconds, it passed. He heard Amelia let out a relieved breath.

‘Got it.’ The agent held up a black notebook at eye level.

The rattling came back, and this time the door opened. They all saw the shocked face of the AVP of the top pharmaceutical company in Italy. There was a split second of silence wherein Bors could have used an amnesia dart on the man. But, the agent didn’t. Instead, he waited for the man to yell for the guards before knocking the AVP out and running out of the office.

“If ye blow up that place, I will make sure to send ye to the coldest parts of the world for the next six months, agent.” He growled at the mic as he let his accent slip a little bit for added effect.

He was given an affirmative and he gave his best in assisting Bors as much as he can as the agent try to escape, without having to jump out of a window of a skyscraper. He was looking at three screens, one for Bors eyeglasses, one for the building’s blueprint, and one for the building’s security mainframe. He was opening elevators for Bors while locking away some of the security personnel when he received a call from his eyeglasses.

He tapped the side of his glass, not really paying attention to the caller ID. “Now is not the time, Harry. I’m trying to make sure Bors wouldn’t blow up an entire pharmaceutical building.”

‘Merlin…’
His posture straightened at the whine. “Eggsy…”

‘It’s –uh…I’m…’

“I’ll be right there.”

‘No.’ Eggsy wheezed out. It got Hamish’s heart thundering over his chest. ‘Get Bors out first – get him to safety. I can wait.’

“Are ye sure?”

‘Merlin, need a little help.’ Bors was running out of place to run to.

“Get into the elevator.” He barked in the mic. “Eggsy, are ye sure?” He asked with a little bit more demand in his voice. He heard Eggsy whimper, it got the Alpha in him forcing him to get up and run to his Omega. Eggsy’s not his Omega, he reminded his self.

‘Get him to safety first.’ Eggsy’s voice was steady and strong. The lad’s made of tougher things and Hamish couldn’t help but feel proud.

“I’ll be there in thirty.” He ended his call with Eggsy and started typing away on his keyboard.

“Bors, looks like it’s your lucky day.” He sent a quick message to Ector. In under five minutes, Ector was beside him.

The elevator door closed in front of Bors but two security personnel got it. It was a tight space to fight it, but the agent made it work. Instead of going down, the elevator started going up. ‘Not feeling lucky at the moment.’

He got into the security easily and made the elevator go down. “We would need a reason for the authorities to be alerted. That means, you’re going to have to create a reason for them to be alerted.”

‘I thought you said I couldn’t blow up the place?’

“I changed my mind.” He unabashedly said. “I’m going to open the elevator on a floor with no people, so you can use the hand grenade. Then, I’ll sound their alarm. It’ll cause panic, but the rush of people will give you cover. Plus, the security personnel will be forced to focus on evacuation. Once you’re on the ground floor, make a quick exit. And I mean quick, Bors. None of those sightseeing shits that you do.”

‘Copy that, Merlin.’ Bors did as he was told. He didn’t commented on the manic cheer that Bors let out as the grenade explode in one of the control room of the building. The agent quickly blended with the panicking mass.

“I’m going to hand you to Ector.”

‘So, Eggsy…’

“Shut it.” He could hear Bors cackle as he turn to Ector. The other man didn’t show any expression on his face. Unlike Amelia who was looking at him with wide –and disbelieving eyes. He was almost out of the main control room when he heard Ector speak.

“You should wash off the blockers or else Eggsy will see you as a threat.”

He turned his head back. “I actually know what to do.”

“Oh, yes.” Ector said mockingly. “You weren’t at all in a hurry.” He gestured to the screen that
Hamish could only run a hand over his head before heading to the shower room.

When he was still starting out in Kingsman, he didn’t use to wear blockers. He did not feel the need to hide his secondary gender or status since it actually helps him in reigning in unruly candidates. But then he noticed some staff were afraid to get close to him or be alone in the same room with him. They were afraid because his scent; pine, ash and the sea. He smelled like shipwreck or a burning ship in the middle of the sea. Whichever people have in mind, the conclusion they always come up with is that he is a threat. Dangerous enough to be deadly.

He is –in some way, dangerous. All of them in Kingsman are, but they treat him as if he is an uncontrolled Alpha. Stigma, it’s always present and a bit of a hindrance in the work place. So, blockers.

He got out of the locker room and remembered he left his motor keys in his office. He grimaced at the thought of walking through the whole R&D before getting to his office. He knows no one would be brave enough to comment on his clothes –well, except for Morgan.

He mentally fortified himself before taking a sharp left turn to R&D. Instantly, heads turn to his direction. There was a choking noise –somewhere, which he didn’t pay any attention to. He got in his office, got his keys and ready to head to the mansion’s garage to get his motorbike.

“Merlin?” Morgan called out his name. He can feel the headache coming along.

He sighed. “Yes, Morgan? Do you have any questions before I leave?”

“You look hot.” She gave him a once up and down –eyes focusing on his leather jacket.

He refrained from replying to her statement. “If you don’t have any questions, I’m leaving. Keep the fort up while I’m away.”

“Go get some!” She hollered.

Shaking his head slightly from side to side, he sent a quick text to Eggsy. The lad’s reply was a message about where he hides his spare key. He pocketed his mobile and got on his bike. He tucked his eyeglasses safely inside his shirt and zipped his jacket before putting on the helmet. The garage door wasn’t even fully open yet as he zoomed pass it.

He told Eggsy he’d be there in thirty.

He felt hot all morning. It wasn’t even the flattering kind of hot –just the…sweating kind. He turned the AC on and felt like he was aching all over. He found that strange since he hasn’t been doing any exercise at all. He kicked off the duvet and let himself fall asleep again –hoping that when he wakes up again, he would feel better.

He woke up and the ache he was feeling now has a definite location on his body. Both his lower
back and lower abdomen hurt like a bitch and he can’t keep back the whine that escaped his lips when he moved. He mentally fortified his self from the pain. Mind over matter and all that, he thought. He tried to think of reasons why he would be in pain. Then, it occurred to him.

“Fuck me…” He muttered to no one but his self.

He reached for his mobile and saw the time. He spent all his morning and most of his afternoon sleeping. Unlocking his phone, he saw a message from his mother. He read it and made a quick reply about him undergoing his heat and how it would take longer than it usually does compared to other Omegas.

The next thing he reached out for was his Kingsman eyeglasses. One tap and he would be connected to Merlin. He felt himself be wrapped up in both nervous energy and excitement. Such a strange combination for him.

He gave his glass a tap and Merlin’s voice rung through. ‘Now is not the time, Harry. I’m trying to make sure Bors wouldn’t blow up an entire pharmaceutical building.’

His whole body shuddered with just Merlin’s voice—and it would be perverted to say so, but it felt delicious for him. The command in his voice grows stronger with each roll of his tongue over the ‘r’s. “Merlin…”

‘Eggsy…’

Now, he would never get tired of hearing Merlin say his name. “It’s –uh…I…” He never thought that he was a shy one. But, there is something a bit embarrassing in telling his quartermaster that he’s in heat. Which is just ridiculous, because it’s just one of his bodily functions. There’s absolutely nothing embarrassing about it.

‘I’ll be right there.’ He can almost be thankful that Merlin didn’t wait for him to say it.

Though his minded is a bit cloudy, it doesn’t mean that his common sense is out the window. “No.” He told the older man. There’s no way he would let his quartermaster abandon an agent just because of him. “Get Bors out first –get him to safety. I can wait.”

‘Are ye sure?’ Bors might have said something from the other line. He heard Merlin barked an order at the other agent before asking him again. ‘Eggsy, are ye sure?’

It’s wrong to feel flattered that Merlin would drop Bors if he says so. Still, he may be feeling flattered, but he’s not a selfish person. And he’d never put any agent in any more danger than they’re currently in. “Get him to safety first.”

‘I’ll be there in thirty.’ Merlin was the one who disconnected their call.

Now, all he has to do is wait.

Thirty minutes isn’t that long of a wait, he assures himself.

He took a look around his room. It wasn’t exactly messy. It was just…bare. Like his chamber in the Kingsman mansion, he didn’t put much thought on decorating his space except for a few picture frames of him and his family. Though, there were a discarded shirt or two that he doesn’t really know if it’s dirty or not. He also needs to feed JB.

He assessed the pain that he was feeling. It was no different from falling wrong from a jump that’s not really high. He would still be able to move. So, he did. He picked up his clothes and changed the
bed sheet. He winced as he did his chores. After he was done he picked up his mobile to check the
time. Merlin sent him a text saying he is on his way, and he sent a quick reply. He still has to wait for
eighteen minutes.

“Bloody hell…” He sat back on his bed and remembered that not keeping busy while waiting would
just make it seem like time is being stretched longer. He reached for his Omega biology book and
leaned on the bed’s headboard. He decided to read about heats again, to try and see on which stage
of the heat cycle he is on already.

The pain is still bearable, that means he’s still in the early stages –meaning that a simple skin to skin
contact can help alleviate it for a moment. It’s the stage where the Alpha would be advised to help an
Omega eat or drink, so they wouldn’t pass out. He should probably try and make himself eat as he
wait. The thought made him pout. He didn’t want to eat alone.

The sweat forming on his brows is letting him know that he’s temperature is rising slowly but
steadily. He knows that once the pain dial up further the discomfort of the sweat would mean
nothing. He wondered if a shower could help keep the peak of his heat from coming soon. The book
doesn’t give much about how heats should be handled. It’s mostly the science of it.

He picked up his phone once again. He still has five minutes on the clock. Five minutes isn’t that
long anymore. Five minutes is…well, five minutes. It could pass by in a blur. And it did. But the
door of his flat remained closed.

He couldn’t help the whimper that forced its way out of his throat. He lay on his bed, grabbed a
pillow to hug and curl on himself. He knows Merlin hadn’t abandon him –would never abandon
him. But his Omega mind thinks so –worse, the Omega in him thinks he has been rejected.

Finally, the door of his flat opened and closed. He heard the soft click of the lock, and Merlin’s voice
calling out for him gently. “Room…” He informed the older man without bothering to fix his self
from his position. He wanted Merlin to see what he’s doing to his Omega.

The older man walked in –wearing something that he would never thought Merlin would wear. And
smelling quite familiar to him, but he can’t quite place it. “I was only late for two minutes.” Merlin
told him like he was being ridiculous.

It made him pout more. “I know.” He said. The position he’s doing is akin to telling everybody that
he is a hurt Omega and the one that hurt him is his Alpha. “I mean, my rational mind knows but the
other part –not so much.”

He saw the slight up-turn of Merlin’s lips. He doesn’t see anything funny about how his Omega is
acting, but it seems like Merlin wouldn’t agree with him. “Have ye eaten?”

He shook his head from side to side. “Didn’t want to eat alone.”

“Do ye want to come with me as I make something for us, or stay here?”

He likes this. Merlin asking for what he wants. “With.” He reached out his hands like a petulant child
–never in a million years did he think that he would act this way in front of his quartermaster. “Jacket
off an’ hug.”

This time, Merlin did really huff a laugh but did as he was told. He tried not to drool at the sight of
Merlin’s arms –because really, that’s just pathetic. The man looked good in a black short sleeve tee.

Merlin crouched down in front of him after placing his eyeglasses on top of his drawer. For a
moment, they just looked into each other’s eyes. Merlin reached for one of his hands, palm to palm.
The simple movement—the simple touch unfurled small overwhelming delights from his chest, making his breath hitch and his heart beat thunder.

“I can’t exactly hug ye if ye’re lying down.” There’s humour in Merlin’s voice that isn’t always present. He’s still trying to keep his heart in check and couldn’t give Merlin a quick response. “Does it hurt too much?”

Concern shouldn’t look appealing on someone’s face. “No—not yet.”

Merlin tilted his head to the side—a very familiar gesture to him. “Up ye go. Jacket’s off, I’ll give ye a hug then I’ll make something for us.”

As he got up, Merlin got up with him—their hands now completely intertwined. They stand in front of each other, hand connecting them in a way that’s deeper than it should. Merlin slowly raised his hand, placed it on his shoulder along with the other. He felt a hand sliding around his waist, as if they were a puzzle piece to be being put together. He took a step forward—closing in the gap between them till their chest were rising and falling in time. He could only wish their hearts to beat in time, too.

He’d heard about heats, read about them and witness it once. It seemed so…mindless, the act and the people. It seemed so primal. He thought that it’s the only way it is.

Standing and being embraced, feeling both hunger and pain but still capable of rational thought—it feels like…there’s more.

Merlin let go—took a step back and placed a hand on his cheek. He gave him a worried look as he wipe away the single tear that rolled down from his eyes. “Talk to me, Eggsy.” Hot breath fanned his face.

“This is…overwhelmin’. I can’t decide if it’s the good kind or…bad.”

“Any moment ye feel unsafe or uncomfortable with me, tell me. I have good control over the Alpha in me. I would never—never hurt ye.”

“I’m not overwhelmed by you.” He needed to be clear. “I’m overwhelmed by me. But, if I would feel uncomfortable, I wouldn’t hesitate on tellin’ you.” He can already tell that the next few days will be some sort of revelation to him. “Cook me breakfast?”

“Breakfast?” Merlin echoed—sounding a bit dumbfounded. “It’s closer to dinner time.”

Eggsy moved around him as he cooked them dinner. Hamish tried his hardest to fight off the smile from his face—but it was just…impossible. “Sit, lad.” He told him. “I’ll bring the food over.”

“I’ll wash the dishes.”

“Nae.” They decided to have breakfast for dinner. “I’ll do it. Ye should shower.”
Eggsy gave him a look. “Are you sayin’ I smell?”

He sat down and started eating as well. He saw the lad’s free hand twitching on the table. He reached for it and Eggsy let out a relieved sigh. “It would help with managing yer temperature. See, if it gets too high, it might cause swelling in yer brain that may lead to hallucinations. I’m certain yer don’t want that.”

“I’ll do the dishes, then shower.”

“Nae.” He said it firmer this time. “Yer hand’s twitching and yer sweating more. Ye may have a higher pain threshold, but I know all yer tells.” There was a soft pink blush that crept on Eggsy’s cheek. “Ye need to be cooled down before the peak, I’m not risking yer brain.”

“You say the sweetest things.”

If he was anybody else, he wouldn’t be able to tell that Eggsy’s battling pain. But, he knows the lad well enough to be able to tell if the kind of pain he’s hiding is either tolerable still or not. He can still remember the earlier days of medical check-ups and the headache.

When Eggsy staggered getting up, he was quick to steady him on his feet. The shuddering breath that Eggsy let out can be felt through the fabric of his shirt. “How much pain are ye feeling now?”

“Six.” Eggsy wheezed.

“Don’t lie.” The lad flinched away from him, but his hand made it impossible for them to be completely separated. “I need ye to be honest with me so I can help ye.”

“Eight.”

He unceremoniously picked Eggsy up, the lad could only wrapped his arms around his neck. He took Eggsy to the bathroom, settling him down the lidded toilet. He opened up the faucet –water cold as it fill the bathtub. He crouched down, making sure their eyes are levelled. Eggsy’s eyes were dilated, and though his skin was flushed –it didn’t look like he was close to suffering from a fever.

“Do ye need help with yer clothes?”

Eggsy could only nod.

He took off the lad’s clothes and stopped himself from sniffing the slick that stained the sweatpants. He kept Eggsy steady as he step inside the bathtub and until he was submerged in the water. “Stay here.” He ordered. “I’ll be back.”

Most Alpha-Omega pair that aren’t Thoroughbreds ignore the heat cycle. Hamish can’t really blame them for that. Base and Highs can be easily taken over by their secondary gender, unlike them. While the Alpha in him wants nothing more than pin Eggsy down and take him in every way he knows and then some, the rational part of him can hold his Alpha back.

He also knows that he can’t just ignore the heat cycle. He’s aware that the cycle is there for a reason. The human body isn’t equipped to just…have sex for forty hours straight. The cycle offers rest for both the Alpha and Omega without breaking the…intimacy between them.

The Omega will feel tired and sore at the first stage of the cycle, then the Omega will feel pain and heat. Both will continue to increase till the Omega reaches the peak. Once the Omega comes down from the peak –hopefully sated, the Omega will be able to rest and the cycle will continue on till the whole duration of the heat is over.
The Alpha will provide anything and everything the Omega needs during heat. If tired and sore, the Alpha will give the Omega rest—and a massage. If in pain and overheated, the Alpha will give his comfort to relieve the pain and bathe the Omega to keep the temperature in check. If the Omega’s at their peak, the Alpha will provide relief.

He sighs as he loads the last plate on the dishwasher. JB was curled on a dog bed and watching him silently. He doesn’t have the time to walk the dog, he thought.

It’s all too domestic, if he were to be honest. Domesticity is the kind of intimacy most people brush off. There’s nothing romantic about it, but it cements two people together in the most profound ways. It was a bit scary for him, how he could easily and willingly take over the role of an Alpha to and for Eggsy.

He picked up his bag containing his change of clothes for the following days and went back to the bathroom after dropping it off next a drawer. He can see that most of Eggsy’s haziness is gone. “Any hallucinations?”

“None.” Hamish felt relieved that Eggsy managed to speak. “It helped a lot.”

He nodded before asking his next question. “Pain?”

Eggsy remained quiet for some time—hesitant. “Nine.”

“That’s good. Ye will peak and be able to keep yer consciousness. Ye will be able to tell me if I do something ye don’t want or simply want me out yer flat.” He didn’t comment on the fact that Eggsy’s pain tolerance is off the chart. A nine—some people would curl on themselves and probably be bawling their eyes out, but Eggsy could still hold a conversation with him. Then, he remembered Dean Baker—prison seemed far too kind of that man.

“I…I’ve never.” He gave Eggsy a look that communicates his inquiry. “I’ve never.”

He could only show his understanding with raising both his eyebrows. Hamish guess it makes sense now, how no one ever figured out that Eggsy was an Omega. Then it got his brows furrowing when he remembered the kiss Nigel planted on Eggsy. “So, the kiss with…the target.”

“Yeah, I’d like to think tha’ tha’ wasn’t my first since I wasn’t really…participatin’.”

“I won’t do anything without yer consent.” He felt the need to say that.

Eggsy gave him a smile. “The reason why you’re here right now is tha’ you have my consent. You’re the only one who has my consent, an’ I don’t think that would be changin’ any time soon.” He straightened up on the tub. “Let’s take this to the bedroom.”

Hamish held out his hand to Eggsy and the lad took it. He didn’t let his eyes wander anywhere else besides Eggsy’s face. It was a struggle but he had complete control over himself—the Alpha inside his mind is making huffing noises.

He steadied Eggsy until the lad’s sitting down the bed with a towel wrapped around his waist. “So, how do we…you know, start off? I know the process, but it’s just…I think it’s weird if we would just get into position and start fuckin’. You get me?”

Hamish doesn’t want that. He doesn’t want mindless fucking—not when it comes to Eggsy anyway, but he knows that he is in no place to demand a deeper level of intimacy from Eggsy. Still, that wouldn’t stop him. He had always wondered about the lad’s lips. It’s featured in some of his dreams. “How about a kiss? One wherein ye’re conscious. We could start there.” He suggested. “Exchange
of saliva can also help ye to produce slick.” He saw Eggy’s eyes move to stare at his lips. Hamish can’t tell if it’s the Omega in Eggsy that’s making him…less reserved.

Eggsy moved to face him, tucking a foot under his weight as he fold his legs on the bed. “I’m fine wit’ tha’.”

He lowered himself to Eggsy, head tilted to the side –too aware of his pointy nose. Hamish let their lips touch the moment Eggsy’s eyes fluttered shut. He waited –for his kiss to be answered. And when it was, he moved his lips the same way a painter’s brush would move over a blank canvas – careful yet sure.

At first it was all lips. It only changed when Eggsy fisted on his shirt, tugging him down and closer. He followed the silent instruction. Eggsy was quick to match his open mouthed kisses with his own. Caressing tongues move to paint each other in a languid pace. A hand on his nape made him kneel on the bed, caging Eggsy between his spread legs.

To say that Eggsy tastes divine would be an understatement. Hamish wouldn’t do the lad a disservice like that. Eggsy tasted like hot honeyed milk –rests sweet on his tongue, soothes his throat but warms his stomach. Eggsy’s tongue and lips doesn’t spell out ravenous lust and ruining sin. It speaks of unknown devotion and passion that should be envied. It’s a kiss that can only be found in Eggsy and only Eggsy could give.

The Alpha in him was urging him to have a taste of Eggsy’s skin, he fought back which resulted in him growling softly. It made Eggsy whimper. Hamish had to put distance between them. “Sorry about that.” He stare down at Eggsy –blue eyes clear and lips a red mess. “The Alpha in me wants to have more.”

“You can have all.” He said almost frantically.

“Such a bold declaration.” He went down on Eggsy –kissing and nuzzling his neck as he let his hands wander. He took in a deep breath. When he entered the flat, it was as if temptation was in the air –now, he can smell Eggsy’s slick. He wants to discard the fabrics that keeps their skin apart.

Eggsy groaned and thrust his hips upward –Hamish could only grind back. “Ten.”

“I’m going to turn ye over.” Eggsy whimpered a complaint. “It’ll be painful this way and uncomfortable when I knot ye.”

“But I want to kiss you.” He doesn’t really want to try and know what that could mean –at the moment he can’t. “You can turn me over when your close.”

“Eggsy…”

“Please…”

Eggsy had always managed to get under his skin –send static between the fibres of his muscles, and that was before he smelled the lad’s scent. Now, Eggsy could simply stand in the middle of any room and his insides will be rearranged. His lungs becomes so small, he can hardly breathe. His heart jumps up to his throat, making it impossible to speak. His brain—it stays in place but it works on overdrive, he wants to solely focus on Eggsy and provide for his every whim.

He covered Eggsy’s lips with his as he remove the towel. He parted Eggsy’s legs using his knees, one hand following the soft curves and sharp edges of Eggsy’s muscles. “More –more skin.” Eggsy panted as he pull Hamish’s shirt off. Eggsy let out a pained groan. “Ten, ten, ten.” He repeated again and again and Hamish can see the tears threatening to fall.
Eggsy was squirming badly beneath him—not really fighting to get him off but trying to lessen the pain that he is currently feeling. Hamish licked his hand and reached for Eggsy’s cock. The lad gave a bit of a jolt at his touch but moaned when he started moving his hand to a steady pace. He can lessen the pain Eggsy’s feeling if he can make the younger man cum.

Nails were digging on his shoulder to the point of breaking skin. Eggsy pulled him close and he took a dive for a kiss. He caught every moan and every groan that Eggsy would try to voice out. Eggsy’s body is starting to tighten—to get tense, his cock was twitching on Hamish’s hand. He moved faster when he noticed that Eggsy’s unconsciously trying to hold himself back from coming.

Hamish nuzzled on the patch of skin just below Eggsy’s ear. “Let go, leannan.”

Even with the searing pain that’s taken over his body—he’s still has control over his mind. He heard Merlin’s whispered command and he let go of the tension that built up inside him. It didn’t take away all the pain, but it took off the edge—the bite of it.

He felt the weight of the bed shift. Merlin was getting off, he held on. “No…”

“I’m just going to wipe off the cum on yer stomach and strip.” Merlin kissed him full and tender on the mouth. “I won’t go far.”

Merlin really didn’t. In wiping off the cum, he just reached for the tissue box that’s on the bedside table. Still gentle in cleaning him, he couldn’t help the content noise that he made. In striping, Merlin merely stood up and removed each article of clothing that’s on his body. The older man didn’t seem shy in showing off his body—there’s no reason for him to be anyway. Merlin may not be built like a rock, but his muscles were well defined. He can appreciate it—he’s openly appreciating it.

Merlin got back on the bed with him—he sat up and initiated a kiss. Inside his mind, he’s listing off all the things that he likes about Merlin. He likes Merlin’s eyes, nose—and now, lips. He likes Merlin’s touch, voice—and now, scent. He likes Merlin’s intelligence, protectiveness—and now, mindfulness. He can’t wait for the whole ordeal to be over so that he could write it down his journal along with the reasons why.

He let out a whimper. The pain is getting sharp again. It seemed like he didn’t have to voice out a number, Merlin’s hands started to wander. He let himself be pushed down and turned to his side. He watched Merlin expect his body—he doesn’t know if it’s the heat making him blush or if he’s just feeling bashful.

“I’m going to prep ye.” Merlin informed him. “It’s going to feel strange at the beginning.”

He nodded. “Please…it’s—it’s gettin’ too much again.” His voice sounds strange to his own ears. It was too soft—almost airy, and a bit shaky.

Merlin’s lips only left his to either breathe, tell him what he’s going to do, and ask him if he’s hurting from the older man’s administration. He breathes when Merlin breathes, he listens when Merlin talks and he answers questions asked. Then Merlin touched something inside him that made him produce
the filthiest noise he could ever.

Merlin gave away an acknowledging hum. Merlin brushed it again, and he could only close his eyes and let his head roll back. Merlin did it again and again till he’s as tense as a tight rope and snapped by cumming. “If I can make you cum multiple times, your peak will pass faster and with more ease. But, a knot is the only thing that would take the pain away—and being locked would give us time to rest.”

Merlin kept his fingers inside him—pushing in and out to a sluggish pace, placing enough pressure for the feeling of pleasure to linger. The pain remained though, it has a constant presence inside his body. Cumming only gave him brief relief, and though it’s not as painful as it was just a few minutes ago, (or, has it been hours?) he can’t stand it anymore. By the fourth time he came, he reached out to Merlin’s hand. “Want the pain gone, please…’s too much.”

Merlin settled himself between his legs, hiking one on his shoulder. There’s a growl of approval than came from Merlin, his Omega answered it with a purr. He felt the blunt head of Merlin’s cock breaching him, his heart wanted to escape his ribcage. His breath hitched, and his muscles became taut.


“He reached out for Merlin’s hand and grip it tight. He willed his body to relax by taking deep breaths. Merlin continued on entering him, inch by inch—careful not to hurt him more than he is already.

“Tha mi ag ùrnaigh gum bi thu na dhachaigh dhomh.” He didn’t understood the words that came from Merlin’s lips, but it sounded so—whole-souled and true. He could only answer it by nuzzling on Merlin’s neck.

Once completely inside him, Merlin didn’t move right away. They stare at each other, breath fanning each other’s faces and connected intimately. It seemed like something arcane is being forge between the two of them. It felt like the inevitable just happened.

Merlin started moving and pleasure came in in waves. He felt like he was drowning—no, it felt like he was breathing underwater. It was the most opportune time to remember what Merlin smells like. He reached out and cradled Merlin’s cheek between his hands. “Campfire.” He voiced out. “By the sea.” He moaned when Merlin’s thrust touch the sensitive part inside of him. He placed a kiss on Merlin’s lips before articulating clearly. “You smell like campfire by the sea.”

The revelation made Merlin move faster—more frantic. It got him feeling heady. And when he came, Merlin turned him on his stomach before plunging in. They were locked through a knot—chest heaving in time.

Merlin set them both on their sides to get more comfortable—he let himself be manhandled. He placed his forearm above Merlin’s—anchoring himself from the waves that he can feel inside him. “There’s a muscle inside ye that clutches when ye’re in heat.” Merlin informed him, words came slow and low. “It’s why heat hurts—it clutches on itself without a knot.”

It was both an appropriate and inappropriate thing to say that he couldn’t stop the giggle that bubbled out of his chest. He intertwined their fingers and fell asleep with a smile on his face.
Hamish was the first one to wake up. It’s a blessing for him that he was. He got to watch Eggsy sleep –slack jawed and without worry.

His heart is beating to a steady tempo –but it was heavy. The moment their lips touched, he knew he wouldn’t be able to let go. Still, somehow he knew that even before the kiss he was already doomed. There are some forces in this world that are inescapable. He believes Eggsy’s one of them.

Eggsy scoot closer to him, murmuring in his sleep along the way.

He ran a hand over Eggsy’s tousled hair. “I’m going to make breakfast. Do want anything?” He asked in a form of whisper.

“Don’t yet…”

“Ye peaked around eight in the evening, Eggsy.” He let the lad bury his nose on his neck. “We slept around one in the morning –it’s already eight. Yer cycle will start soon –probably in an hour. I need to make ye eat before ye grow tired.”

Eggsy’s brows furrowed. “Too much…words.” He rubbed his eyes and forced it open. “You did all the work, how are you not tired or at least sleepy.”

He sighed. “I’m going to make breakfast and ye’re going to eat it. While ye eat, I’ll change the sheets and wash it. I’ll wait for ye to fall asleep before I walk JB.” He untangled their legs and sat on the bed as he search for his boxers.

“What? No.” Eggsy sat up, too –privates covered by the stained bed sheet.

“I know ye love JB like he’s yer bloody son, but ye will not be the one to walk him.”

“I’m not daft –I’m in heat, goin’ out would be dangerous.” He pointed to the boxer by the foot of a chair. “I can be the one to do the sheets.”

“Nae.” He got up and got dressed.

Eggsy said, firmer this time around. “You do breakfast, I do the sheets. Then, while I sleep you walk JB and buy grocery. I want ice cream.”

He turned back and saw that Eggsy’s wearing his determined face on. He’s well-known for his intelligence, counting his ability in knowing when to argue and not. “Aye, ye win.” Eggsy gave him a paralyzing smile –more lethal than anything they can come up with in the R&D.

Wearing only a pair of trousers, he entered the kitchen. JB perked up at seeing him, crowding him by his feet. He checked the cabinets for the dog food. It didn’t escape his notice how little food the cabinets contained –and most of them canned food. He could only let out a disapproving sigh as he reach for the dog food and fill up JB’s bowls both with food and water.

He remembered that there were enough eggs from last night for one person, and few slices of bread. He scrambled the eggs and toast the bread with butter. He was done as soon as Eggsy walked in the kitchen, freshly showered and clothed. He grabbed the box of cereal at the back of the cabinet and started munching on it as he wait for the coffee.
“Aren’t you goin’ to eat?” Eggsy asked as he settled on his seat.

“Ye don’t have enough food in the fridge.” The lad’s eyes widen and his cheek turned a wonderful shade of rose. “That’s understandable, ye live alone.”

“I should have stocked on food.” Eggsy said. “I knew I was goin’ to go into heat.”

“Don’t worry about it.” He pour himself coffee and handed a cup to the lad. Before he could even think about it, he leaned down and gave Eggsy a peck on the lips. Now, like every Kingsman agent, he knows how to play it cool. He straightened up, and walked to the direction of the bedroom while casually saying. “I’ll take a quick shower before walking JB.”

He didn’t runaway –he didn’t.

He saw the bed made up –the same way they were trained in the marines. Habits, he’s familiar with it. He took a quick glance around the room. He didn’t really get the chance to observe the room yesterday, due to his…preoccupation. It wasn’t what he thought Eggsy’s room would look like. It was quite plain, yet neat.

But, what does he know about Eggsy anyway?

He never really tried to get to know the lad more than he thought is necessary. He actively try not to in hope to not act on the attraction he feels for Eggsy. All of it was futile –because here he is. Their scent mingle and mix inside the room along with the heavy aroma of sex. With half of his heart missing from his chest, a corner of his mind dedicated to get to know the real Eggsy and his soul would never be satisfied if he couldn’t do anything and everything for the lad.

“Yer dog’s fat.”

He quickly covered JB’s ears. “Don’t be an arse to my dog.” He put on JB’s leash and handed the other end to Merlin. The taller man was –again, wearing his leather jacket. It made him look threatening –especially without his glasses. “The grocery two streets down lets dogs inside. JB’s familiar wit’ the place and would most likely not eat or gnaw at anythin’ there.”

“Aye.” Merlin’s lips spread to a smile. “JB’s quite a good dog.” It got the pug wiggling, trying to wag its curled tail as much as it’s can. “Do ye want anything else besides ice cream?”

He shrugged. “I’m not picky.”

Merlin was about to walk out of the door when the urge to kiss the man hit him. He stretched his hand and tugged on the jacket, making Merlin face him again. His kiss differ from what Merlin gave him earlier. With the meeting of their tongue, the smell of ash tripled in the air.

He released Merlin. “Go.” He said. “The neighbours’ goin’ to think my flat is on fire.” He teased and watched as Merlin close the door behind him with JB trailing along.

He closed his eyes and fill his lungs with the scent of Merlin. Behind his eyelids, he can see the
shade of green of the forest that stands out against the grey rolling clouds. He can hear the waves crashing against the rocks under the cliff. He can feel the warmth of the fire his father made.

His mother wrapped around his father’s arms. They looked at each other with so much love his heart fell apart. They looked at him with so much love it was enough to piece his heart back together.

They didn’t see a shiny dot in the sky. Still, they had a laugh and a good time. They were together with an unspoken promise to always be together, and to always be happy no matter what unfortunate event comes their way.

The promise didn’t last –so did the happiness.

He opened his eyes and moved. He planned on writing down all his thoughts inside his journal. He started with how familiar –yet unfamiliar heat pain felt. He cited the times he fell wrong when he was still starting to learn parkour. He then wrote about Merlin. He was detailed in writing the feel of his kiss, touch and…him, knowing that no one other than him would ever read his journal.

He hesitated in writing down the scent of Merlin. He doesn’t think he can write it down without recalling the memory. He realized that he needs to write it down due to that fact. And so, he did. He wrote about the memory and his memories that followed after it.

His father’s death, Harry visiting them, the nights his mother did nothing but cry and the loneliness that bathe him. Dean and his hollow promises, his mother’s desperateness, the days on end that were filled with shouting and screaming, and the pain that seeped through his bones till it was the only thing he can feel.

‘Maybe I should thank Dean.’ He wrote. ‘Because of him I can take on any kind of pain thrown at me. I survived his abuse and grew strong.’

He turned the page of the journal, starting a new paragraph. ‘My parents’ memory reminded me of happiness, now I’m wondering about it. I’m not exactly miserable, but in my mind I can be happier. I think that’s a wrong thing to say, too –or write down. Thinking about it real hard, maybe I’m just looking for a specific kind of happiness from a specific person.’

He chewed on his lips. He’s going to leave it at that for now. He capped his pen, closed his journal and placed it on top of his drawer just next to Merlin’s eyeglasses. He’s starting to feel tired and sore again. He took off his shirt before laying back on the bed.

He wonders if he can –if he can tell Merlin. Where could it lead him? He run possibilities inside his head.

Merlin might reject him. He can’t imagine things getting awkward between them during missions, they’re professionals. But, Merlin might pass him to another handler to avoid the awkwardness and conflicts that may come along.

Merlin might try to like him back. He can imagine himself trying his best for Merlin to like him back. But, he’s afraid that in trying he might configure his personality to suit Merlin’s. He can’t imagine being happy with Merlin if he has to pretend to be someone he’s not.

Merlin might already like him back. Not to sound vain, but he knows he’s attractive. He has enough heads turning his way whether he’s wearing a suit or not. But, he knows attraction isn’t enough to keep a person. There has to be something deeper between them.

He heard JB scurrying, letting him know that Merlin’s back. The sweet pug entered his room and licked his hanging hand as a way of greeting. “Hey, boy.” He ran his hand over JB’s head. “Had fun
on your walk?” The dog gave away a content and happy bark. “I hope you didn’t gave Merlin a hard
time.”

He saw Merlin lean on the doorframe, he was eating an apple while looking at them. “He was a
good boy.” JB yipped then exited the room. “He’s well trained.” He stare at Merlin –just stare.

What is he willing to risk for a mere chance to happiness?

“I’m attracted to you.” His proclamation got Merlin pausing mid bite. “I’ve been attracted to you for
a very long time and I just didn’t act on it.” He sat up. “Maybe I still shouldn’t—wit’ you bein’ my
handler an’ superior an’ all tha’. But—I…You smell like happiness to me. I like to have tha’.” He
watched as Merlin’s face closed off.

“I don’t think now is the time we should talk about this.”

“When should we?”

“It’s the heat talking, Eggsy.”

He searched Merlin’s face even though it’s closed off. He likes to think that he would find something
—and he did. Merlin really believes that his confession is…not genuine. “That’s not a date or time.”
He tried again.

“After yer heat is done you’ll be back to yer normal self. Ye will forget about this.”

Maybe Dean had forgotten to teach him how to shoulder through this kind of pain. “I—I don’t know
which one to address first.”

“Eggsy…” Merlin let out a heavy breath. “It’s just the heat talking. Plus, ye are not exactly —ye
can’t…” He trailed off.

“Tha’s a bit insultin’.” He honestly said. “An’ hurtful. Still, I understand. I should have thought
about that before I even thought of tellin’ you what I feel for you.” There’s a chill that’s spreading
through his chest. “If I could just clear a few things.” He started. “Heat doesn’t cloud a
Thoroughbred Omega’s mind. It cuts off the brain to mouth filter but doesn’t put ideas tha’ wasn’t
already there.” He pointed out. “An’ as for me not bein’ myself—”

“I didn’t mean to—”

“I may not know who I am, but tha’ doesn’t mean I can’t want —tha’ doesn’t mean I can’t feel.”
While his chest start to feel cold, his eyes were starting to feel hot.

“That’s not—I’m just trying to look out for ye.”

“I know, tha’s why I understand. But it doesn’t change the fact tha’ you are belittlin’ me an’ my
capability to know what I want—to recognize and comprehend what I feel.”

“Can we talk about this sometime else?” Merlin asked in a tired voice.

“I asked tha’ same question just seconds ago, you didn’t give me a definite answer.” He knows he’s
being mean now. “Well, I have one—I don’t think I want to anymore.”

“Eggsy…” He didn’t notice the slight shake in Merlin’s voice.

“Please, leave.”
“What?”

“You said tha’ the moment I start to feel uncomfortable I should tell you so we can quickly work it out. I feel uncomfortable an’ I want you to leave.”

A suffocating pause reign in for a few seconds.

“Is there any other Alpha ye want me to call?” Merlin asked.

He can’t help but laugh in the middle of feeling forlorn. “Just please leave…”

“But-“

“Please…” He can’t keep the vulnerability from his voice and tone.

Merlin took his eyeglasses and his bag and left.

Chapter End Notes

So, I kinda suck at giving names. There's going to be trainees and I need help on naming them. Are you willing to lend a hand in naming them? Pretty please? You can comment the names -like full names. (I suck that bad) Thank you!

And, Scottish Gaelic is brought to you by; Google Translate. So, sorry if it's not accurate!
Chapter Four

Chapter Summary

Principles and trust issues...

Chapter Notes

So, here's another chapter! I want to say thank you to everyone who read the story, left kudos, bookmarks, and comments -especially to those who offered up names. I am so thankful for that.

This story is not Beta'd, I do proofread it before I post the chapters -but I sometimes miss a couple off errors. Please, pardon my mistake.

On to the story...

He can finally run.

It was a welcomed relief. He’s been feeling down the whole weekend and the days that followed after that. He really needed to let loose and to just –not think.

Handling his heat alone was –not only acquainting himself to a new type of pain. It’s also learning how to take care of himself in ways he never really thought that he ever would. It was a good thing that Merlin often imparts information when he babbles. He learned to listen, because he might just be able to use whatever information Merlin would share.

He didn’t bother with calling a cab this time around. He walked out the door of his flat, took in a deep breath and made a dash for it. He jumped over stairs and metal bars and gates. He scaled up a three storey apartment building –few people screaming complaints at him. He jumped over one building to another through flips.

His lungs were being set afire, his legs burn –and his heart finally beat to a fast paced rhythm for the first time in days. Everything was moving fast from his line of sight. He knows it’s only an illusion because all these buildings and houses are steady and still –he’s the one that is moving. Still, it beats the steadiness that was left inside his flat ever since Merlin closed the door.

He scaled down a five storey apartment building using windows, balconies and emergency staircases. He slowed down to a jog as he approaches the tailor shop. He took a deep breath before walking inside –this time he didn’t ignore Andrew. “Sorry ‘bout the last time I went in.” He said. “I was in a bit of a panic.”

The man smiled at him with understanding. “Happens in all of us.”

He went inside one of the fitting room and let the descending floor take him to the bullet train. He was murmuring a tune while walking to Dr Stella’s office. He didn’t feel as excited as he did the past
few weeks. He didn’t burst through the door and started rambling about all the things he learned about his self. He knocked three times, and let himself in when the doctor told him to.

Inside, he picked up a stress ball and started playing with it. “It’s been a slow week.” He muttered.

“I’m sorry, but I’ll have to ask you to further elaborate on that.”

“Everythin’ feels so slow.”

Dr Stella paused in contemplation. She licked at her lower lips before speaking. “Speed has always been related to tempo, and tempo to music. If we’re talking in…a musical abstract –if such thing exist, slow music relates to ballads. And most ballads are –well, sad. Do you feel sad, Eggysy?”

He swallowed a lump clogging his throat. “I vaguely remember a happy slow song somewhere.”

“And I vaguely remember telling you something about your deflections.”

He winced at that, habits and all that. “I don’t technically feel sad.” He started. “I just feel like I’m missin’ somethin’.”

“Do you have an idea what that something might be?” He gave the doctor a look that got her raising an eyebrow at him. “You don’t only have an idea, but you already know what you think you’re missing.” She paused, waiting for him to share.

He knows he won’t win this…waiting game, and that not talking about it won’t help him. “I want a specific kind of happiness from a specific someone.”

“What kind of happiness?”

“The kind my parents had.” He spit out then groaned. “I know, it sounds so fuckin’ Omega –but fuck it, I want to be cherished, too!” He let himself fall on the blue Cleopatra sofa. “I thought I can have it –an’ I did…for a few hours. It didn’t even last for twenty-four hours.”

“And why did it not last?”

He sighed. “You need the full run down, doc. Sit tight, you are in for a ride.” He then started telling the doctor about his first heat. The thoughts that run through his head, what Merlin smelled like and how his want to have the kind of happiness his parents had bloomed in his chest. Then, he told her about how it was received, how he reacted and how it ended before it even begin. “Tha’s tha’…” He said with a resigned sadness.

“You know this is a breakthrough, right?” He gave Dr Stella a confused look. “You have desires – aspirations. No matter how Omega you think they are, they are yours. And you were firm with it – you didn’t let Merlin’s words get to you. You didn’t waver and question yourself.”

“Oh.” He murmured. “But, happiness, doesn’t everyone want tha’? Isn’t tha’ –like, just a given?”

“When you were posing as a Beta, did you ever think about your happiness?”

Since he presented, he was too busy making sure not to get caught to think about happiness. He tried to think back to a time he thought about what would make him happy and not just through another day. It was so long ago, he can’t recall anything.

Dr Stella didn’t wait for his answer and instead continued on. “And you acknowledged the fact that you do know what you want and how you feel.” She smiled at him. “You’re already laying down
ground works for your principles.”

“What would my principles be?”

“You’re going to have to find out on your own.”

He groaned. “Doc, you’re killin’ me.”

He had always lived his life with certain rules. Rule number one would always be to keep a secret – hence, never grass on anyone. That got him into Kingsman –or he likes to think so. Second would be to care for his mum and sister –it’s a hit and miss on that, but he always tries his best. Third would be to trust only a few –and only those few could get close to him. Only those few could touch him. As so far, the permission to touch him intimately has only been given to one person.

He doesn’t regret giving himself to Merlin. He couldn’t imagine any other man to give his virginity to. He doesn’t trust any other Alpha the way he trusts Merlin. It was also trust that made him ask Merlin to leave him that day –it wasn’t the insult or the hurt it brought along. It was trust –or the lack of it from Merlin’s part.

While he trusts Merlin with his life, the same can’t be said for the man.

He upon further…ruminations, he realized that there are different kinds of trusts. Trust that you give to your co-worker, trust that you give to your friends and family, and trust that you give to your significant other. He understands now that he had misconstrued the three.

Merlin was really looking out for him. And he repaid the man by dismissing him harshly. If he wants to salvage their working relationship, he has to do something about that. And if he wants something more with Merlin, he’s going to have to do more, too.

He and Harry sat on a bench, Pickle and JB sitting obediently by their feet. “Merlin trusts you.” Harry assures him. “He wouldn’t have picked you as his agent if he doesn’t.”

He didn’t shy away from opening up to Harry. The man did say he wanted to give him guidance – whether it be professional or personal. He wouldn’t turn that down. Especially since he’s mind is still half a mess.

“He trusts me as his agent –as a Kingsman.” He pointed out. “He doesn’t trust me the same way I trust you or Roxy. I can’t even consider myself as his friend. Can you imagine how fragile a relationship is if it’s base on attraction an’ attraction alone?”

“What are you saying? Of course, he’s your friend.”

“I don’t even know his name.” He said. “I know everyone’s name –hell, I know Arthur’s name.”

“Most of Kingsman don’t know his name.”

“But those who he considers his friends knows his name –like you an’ Percival.”

“It’s just a name.”

He gave Harry a look. “You an’ I both know tha’ a name is never just a name.” Harry sighed dejectedly. He’s happy that the older man is supportive of his attraction towards Merlin. Still, he
knows he can’t force himself onto the quartermaster. Staring at the vast park, a thought occurred to him. “You know, I can’t even call myself Eggsy in my own head. I’d better check that out with Dr Stella.”

“You should probably do.” There wasn’t much worry in Harry’s voice. He was pretty much confident in his ability to get through his psychological problem. Harry brought Merlin back to their conversation, and he really has to give it to the man. Harry is not Harry if he is not persistent after all. “What are you going to do with Merlin?”

“Besides apologizin’ an’ bein’ honest, nothin’.”

“What do you mean nothing?” There was disbelief in Harry’s voice.

“I’ll focus on recoverin’ first.” He may had a breakthrough, but along with that breakthrough he noticed that he has some misconstrued ideas about certain things. He has to clear those first. “Merlin would never take me seriously if my mind’s still…fucked. He’ll always think about lookin’ out for me even outside missions. It’ll always be a handler-agent relationship and tha’s not what I want. I want somethin’ more.” He confessed.

“You’re in for the long haul.” Harry observed.

“If you find someone who you really want in your life, wouldn’t you be, too?” There’s no use in denying it—and he doesn’t really want to. There’s something between him and Merlin—something true and lasting. He just has to level out the field between the two of them.

“I wouldn’t know, I’m a Beta.” He sniffed haughtily. “We’re less complicated than you are.”

He scoffed a laugh at that. “Come on, I got a meetin’ with Merlin an’ Arthur.”

They made their way to the shop with their dogs strutting along.

There’s…thrashing inside Hamish’s mind—and he knows what caused it. He really hates the Alpha in him right now. He reached for the bottle of pain killer inside his drawer and took a pill. He didn’t need water to wash it down. He let the growl rip through his throat since he is alone in his office. No one would hear his displeased noises.

The Alpha in him had pronounced Eggsy to be his—he’s not particularly against the idea. He just knows there’s a long road ahead of them before they could actually be mates. He knows he still has to fix the misunderstanding between him and Eggsy. And the stropping of the Alpha inside him is not helping at all. It keeps him from formulating a way to properly explain himself and apologize.

Eggsy’s confession blindsided him. It also tempted him, but he knew he has to do right by the lad. Otherwise, they would fall only to fall apart. He doesn’t want that for them. The fires of passion can easily burn them. They need to fan the flame for warmth that will keep the cold breeze at bay during the night, but not burn the house down.
He understands this, but his Alpha does not. The way they parted also hurt his Alpha. His instincts saw it as a rejection—and he is just as Alpha as they come. Instead of keeping distance, his Alpha wants to prove his worth. It’s not really a question of worth, more of timing.

He checked the time, ten minutes before his meeting with Arthur and Gaheris. He’s dreading it because of the Alpha in him. He took a deep breath, closing his eyes as he tighten his control over his instincts. He grabbed his clipboard before heading to Arthur’s office.

Unexpectedly, Gaheris was already there—leaning back on an arm of the sofa as he stares out of the window pane. The lad’s focus was only broken when Arthur called him in. He half expects to see the second nature movement from Gaheris, but it didn’t come. What he saw was the natural fluid motion that has been hidden for years. It—somehow, made him breathe easy.

“Gaheris.” Arthur was the one to lead the conversation. “Dr Stella had advised us to take you off field for a year. While I agreed to that, I think it would simply be unwise to let the year pass without taking advantage of your…medical leave.”

“I didn’t expect that I would simply…dilly-dally for a year.” Gaheris said with a smirk.

Arthur nodded before continuing. “It has been years since we had a full table, I think it’s time we start filling the empty chairs. I wish you to be an assistant trainer for the upcoming candidates. You will have to discuss with Merlin how you would share the responsibilities of being trainers. But, I do wish you to teach them your expertise. I won’t lie to you, we need more agents that are as equipped as you are in terms of doing undercover works.”

“Understandable.” Gaheris has a face of contemplation on. “I, of course, accept the position. Are you going to pass on the same codenames or give them new ones?”

“I—I don’t think passing on the names would be…ideal.” Arthur was having a hard time choosing his words. Perhaps the names could be passed on if two of them didn’t commit suicide after killing their families, and the other two having a brawl to the death.

“If I may?” Gaheris asked, and Arthur gave him a nod in lieu of a verbal permission. “How about completing the brothers?” He suggested. “The three were always mistaken to be the one or the other.”

“We’ll have too many G’s in our table.” Hamish spoke up.

Gaheris turned to him with a confused expression. “Would that be a problem?”

“No.” Arthur was already into the idea. “I like it. It would be poetic.” He turned to Merlin. “Don’t you think?”

“Poetic, yes—as also a bit of a giveaway.”

“I’ve never really introduced myself as Gaheris to anyone.” Gaheris said. “I only get called by my codename by you and other Kingsman. But, during undercover?” He shook his head. “If they knew of my codename, then the mission would be a fail on my book.”

Hamish never really noticed it before, but Eggsy holds his codename close to his chest. It was obvious that it’s special to the lad, he isn’t really sure why or to what extent. But, he can relate. “If we’re collecting the brothers, does that mean you’re willing to be an assistant trainer for the following two recruitments?”

“I wouldn’t have suggested it if I wasn’t willing.”
“Excellent.” Arthur exclaimed. “Now, moving on…” That got Merlin’s brows furrowing. He wasn’t informed that they would be talking about anything else. “Usually, it would be HR who would do this, but they confide to me this time around—in consideration of your positions.” Hamish had forgotten about the post-heat check-ins. How could he forgot about that? Arthur cleared his throat. “Now, this is just a standard procedure to make sure no employee under the care of Kingsman is being…neglected.” They put up that protocol to make sure that no Omega under their care would be abused. “Gaheris, did Merlin did his responsibility as your heat partner and did not…overstepped his boundaries?”

Hamish saw the slight downturn of Eggsy’s lips before speaking. “Merlin did his responsibilities and did not do anything untoward against me. But, in terms of overstepping boundaries, I believe it is I who has done that.”

Arthur threw him a questioning look. “What do you mean by that?”

“I have…” Gaheris paused, searching for the right word to use. “…failed to compartmentalize.” Arthur encouraged him to go-on and Hamish wouldn’t lie—he also wants to hear what Gaheris has to say. “Merlin came to my aid as my handler, and I overstepped my boundaries by…taking things a step too personal.” There was something sour rolling around Hamish’s mouth. Gaheris continued on. “If I may, I’d like to discuss that personal matter with Merlin in private.” Gaheris turned to him. “If you would permit me.”

“Aye.” His voice came out rougher than he expected it to be.

Arthur glanced at him then at Gaheris, giving away a noncommittal sound. “Would this personal matter affect your professional relationship?”

“Nae.” He said—a bit too quickly that it got Arthur narrowing his eyes at him.

“No.” Gaheris seconded.

Arthur gave them a considering look before nodding. “Well then, go and settle that personal matter.”

They both headed towards the door. Gaheris just a step behind him. Inside his mind, there’s a whirlwind of thoughts that don’t exactly make sense. Everything Gaheris said was true—but the way he said it. It was far too detached for Hamish’s liking. Even when the lad was carrying the grace he used to hide, it felt like he was wearing a mask. A mask too smooth that when painted on nothing would stay permanently. A heavy feeling was rolling around his stomach. Quite unpleasant that.

He turned to face the agent. “Shall we head to my office?”

“No.” He shook his head lightly. “If we’re going to talk about a personal matter, I’d like it if we were somewhere…” He looked out of one of the windows on the hall. “Neutral ground.” He voiced out. “Somewhere I can be.”

Can be what? Hamish didn’t voice out, he merely nodded. “Lead and I shall follow.”

The lad tilted his head to the side, gesturing to the tree just outside the ground of the mansion. “I’ve always been partial to that tree.” He said with a small smile.

They walked to the tree in silence. He doesn’t know if it’s the presence of the lad or the pain killer, but the Alpha in him is behaving. He finds small relief in that.

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They stopped just by the shade. The lad leaned on the tree trunk and took off his glasses. A change happened before his very eyes. Gaheris turned into Eggsy. It should have been obvious, but it still
took him by surprise. Eggsy’s redefining of himself has also redefined Gaheris. The agent has turned into a mask –impenetrable and cannot be dirtied, not letting any of Eggsy slip and not letting anything slip into Eggsy. If he wish to, that is.

Eggsy noticed his realization. “I couldn’t face you wit’ Arthur as Eggsy after what happened between us. I felt the need to put Gaheris at the very front just until the meetin’ is over.” He explained. “Now though, I have to talk to you as me an’ not as your agent. Although, I don’t really know you other than as my quartermaster.”

Hamish doesn’t have the right to feel hurt by the last statement. It was merely the truth. He could only clear his throat to keep it from tightening further.

“I want to say sorry.” Eggsy started. “For how I…dismissed you when you were just lookin’ out for me. An’ also, I’m thankful tha’ you looked out for me –till the very end you did. Well, at least tried – Lord knows how stubborn I can be.”

“I told ye I would always.”

Eggsy’s eyes narrowed at him, and with a tilt of his head –Hamish felt like he was a puzzle being solved. Eggsy nodded slowly before speaking. “You’re right. My mind is fucked up an’ it’s normal to not want to touch it even wit’ a ten foot pole.”

“I dinnae mean it as an insult. I apologize if I made it seem that way.” He was quick to say. “Ye’re still…in a stage where ye are easily influenced.”

“I’m not gullible –nor am I easily manipulated. You are correct to assume that I am at the stage wherein I am easily influenced, only not in the way you think. But, tha’s not the point of this.” They stand facing each other, giving the other the attention they need and deserve. “I…What I want hasn’t changed.” Eggsy admitted. “I just realize tha’ you won’t be comfortable to let me pursue it unless I’ve my mind fixed.”

“It’s not that I’m not comfortable. It’s just not right at the moment.” He insisted.

“Trust is the glue of life.” It got Hamish looking at Eggsy in a confused manner. “It’s the most essential ingredient in effective communication. It’s the foundational principle tha’ holds all relationships. I read tha’ somewhere.” Eggsy added. “As much as I trust you wit’ everythin’ I am – though there’s not much at the moment, you don’t trust me in the same way.” Hamish hates to admit it, but it’s true. “I lied to you –for years I pretended to be someone I’m not, it’s only natural tha’ you won’t trust my words.”

Eggsy continued on. “Right now, you can trust me as Gaheris but you can’t trust me as Eggsy. I want to be wit’ you as Eggsy –though I haven’t fully discovered who I am yet. An’ it’s a simple equation, you don’t trust Eggsy –you don’t trust me, so you wouldn’t want to be wit’ me.”

Hamish wants to correct him. He wants to be with him so bad he can feel half of him aching. Still, he can admit that his line of thought does have merit. “It was yer lie about yer step-father.” He admitted. “I understand –everything ye went through, I really do. I knew ye were hiding something, I just never thought that ye would lie to keep a secret. It’s irrational, it shouldn’t be about me.”

“The moment I confessed, I made this about us.”

“Perhaps, but still…” Eggsy is leaving him speechless again.

“A lie is a lie –whether it’s white or simple omission, it leaves cracks if it doesn’t completely sever the trust.”
“Where did ye read that?” His light teasing got Eggsy smiling at him.

“I wasn’t lyin’ when I told you that you smell like happiness to me.” Eggsy’s tone turned soft and his smile wispy. “I want to be happy with you. But I want you to be happy with me, too.” Hamish can burst right where he’s standing. “I know I have a lot to work on –wit’ myself an’ wit’ you. If you give me the chance, wit’ us –once I get my…bearings.” Eggsy said the words in a hopeful yet inquiring manner.

“I’d like that.”

Eggsy’s smile widen, it showed off his dimples and made him look so handsome. Hamish couldn’t mind missing half of himself. They were about to set foot on the mansion before Eggsy put on his glasses, When he did, there was a bit of Eggsy bleeding out of Gaheris –just enough to show off the agent’s giddy feeling. Before they parted, Eggsy gave him a cheeky wink.

Once again, he was blindsided.

To say that it was…an unforeseen turn of events was an understatement, Harry mused. Oh, no –not really. Eggsy did voiced out that he was going to be honest to Hamish. So much so that it got his best friend going on a…tizzy. And if he were to be honest, he’s a bit…confused himself. “I don’t see the problem.” He voiced out as he watch Hamish clutch the bottle of scotch a little bit tighter and a little bit closer to his chest.

“Nae –Nae, of course ye won’t.” A few more swigs and Harry is certain that Hamish will start crawling under the coffee table.

“Perhaps you can explain what it is you are fretting on about, instead of…trying to drink yourself into oblivion.” He grimaced at his own description. “You’re drinking as if you are mourning a loss.” He watch his friend took a particularly large swig. “Jesus Christ, Hamish, put the fucking bottle down.” If the man holds the bottle any closer to himself, it would become one with his skin.

“I am –I am.” Hamish declared. “I am mourning a loss and drowning my fears. I loss half myself the moment my lips touched his –and there’s no getting it back. It’s his now. I’m his now. That scares the living shite outta me.”

Harry could only roll his remaining eye at Hamish antics. “You’ve now relinquish your rights to call me dramatic.” He tried not to be too disturbed by a haggard looking Hamish –jumper discarded along with the neck tie and his button up shirt crumpled with a few buttons undone. “You’re acting as if what you feel for the lad is unrequited. If there’s anyone who should be acting like…this, it should be the boy. He confessed to you and stated his intention loud and clear –twice, if I may add. And all he got in return was an ‘I’d like that.’ For shame!” He tutted.

Hamish blew raspberries at him. “We can play Alpha-Beta-Omega stereotypes all day, Harry –but it will never change the fact that we are not our instincts.” He took another swig, and Harry swears to the higher powers that he will snatch that bloody bottle if he won’t put it down. “Eggsy –he’s brilliant! He wasn’t…wasn’t all there before but he was magnificent all the same. Imagine what he’s
going to be –how he’s going to be once he’s whole.”

“I believe I have an idea.”

“Nae, ye don’t!” Hamish was about to take a swig, Harry has enough of it –so, he snatches it. Hamish continues on. “He’ll be the light –he’ll be the measurement of the passage of time. He will warm and shine through everything, including me.” Hamish said in –not in disgust, but something akin to fear. “He’ll give and give till he explodes and he’ll be nothing but a –but a dead star. And I’ll be cold in the darkness…with half of me missing –gone and can never be retrieve.” With a shaky voice, he added. “I can’t lose my home again, Harry.”

Hamish is right –they are not just their instincts, they are also their acquired experiences. The two came from a similar background, but it breed different people in them. Eggsy’s heart grew strong, and Hamish’s mind grew sharp. Though they both have courage in their hearts, and determination in their mind.

“Is this what this is?” Harry asked, looking for a bit of clarity. “You’d rather not have it for the second time around due to the possibility of losing it?” Hamish’s silence was an answer enough. “While I understand your fears, I feel the need to tell you that the circumstances are different and therefore cannot exactly be compared to one another.”

“It would be worse, since both of us are working for Kingsman. If we die, no one will be left behind to care for the kids.”

“You know, for a man who wants to turn away from his possible mate –you’ve thought about your future quite in detail.”

“That’s what happens when Eggysy’s in front of me. I think about the past and the future, but forget about the present altogether.” Hamish reached for the bottle of scotch again. Harry voiced out his displeasure but he was ignored in preference for another mouthful of the drink. “And who says I’m turning Eggysy away? I’d be a feckin’ idiot to do that.”

“Then why are you drinking like a god damn loon?” Harry asked in a frustrated tone.

“Told you, mourning a loss and drowning my fears. Then tomorrow…” Hamish sighed. “Tomorrow I’ll start working on being a wee less selfish.”

Harry stared at his friend for a long time. He needed a minute to digest what Hamish is trying to say. Tomorrow he’ll be less selfish, because being with someone would mean one has to be selfless. The two of them would have to share everything –the good and the bad. For a solitary man like Hamish, Harry can see the struggle.

Hamish has always been the one to never voice out a problem unless he has already found a solution. And a problem between two people can only be solved by communicating. Though Hamish is honest and frank but still tactful, opening up to someone might pose a problem.

It was Harry’s turn to sigh. “You’ll be hangover tomorrow.”

“I know.”

Well, at least Hamish knows that he has a little bit of adjusting to do if he wants to be with Eggysy. Harry would count that as a win.
He’s glad that he’d be doing something now. He enjoyed his break but he’s just naturally a restless person. He enjoys moving far too much. Though, he’s not moving too much right now.

He’s in Merlin’s office, occupying one of the tables and reading the supposed lesson plan for the upcoming candidates. With a pencil in hand, he started marking a few lessons and adding what he thinks would be needed. He’s also made a list of things that they should change in their obstacle course and in their gym. He’s thinking that maybe he can even take the candidates for a run around a city –make it a…catch the flag kind of game.

Turning his focus on what he’s really needed to teach, he couldn’t help but sigh. He doesn’t have a lick of idea how he would teach taking on a personality for a mission. He twirl the pencil on his thumb for a moment before deciding to grab a notebook and head for the library. He’ll be in charge of teaching NLP, too. Might as well review the lessons Merlin had taught them.

Inside the library, he placed down his notebook on his and Roxy’s usual spot before heading to the bookshelves. He got the same books he got back then. This time he’s not searching for an answer, he’s making a lesson plan. He could only pause for a moment to let the thought settle inside his mind. He’s really come a long way.

As he jots down notes and think of ways to present lessons after lessons, a chapter on the book caught his attention. It got him look back at all the chapters of the book. They’d been using NLP to manipulate people so much that he forgot that it can be used for self-improvement, too. “Typical…” He murmured to himself as he pick up all the books he took from the shelves.

“Woah…” Tim –the book keeper because “I’m not a librarian, dammit!” –greeted him the same way he did before he was even an agent. “I see the news that travelled far and wide were true.” He was waiting for the jibe about his secondary gender. “Assistant trainer! I’d congratulate you, but we all know what we should be saying is ‘good luck’.”

He didn’t expect that from Tim. He’s thankful that not all High Alpha that works in Kingsman are making come-ons at him. “Oh, come on, it can’t be that bad.”

“Two words; Charlie Hesketh.” Tim told him with both eyebrows raised.

“He won’t be coming back.” He pointed out.

Tim rolled his eyes at him. “You know that I mean the likes of him. Our Arthur’s not running the place like King, but you have to admit it –bigot candidates can’t be avoided.”

He placed the books down the counter so Tim can scan them to be checked out. “Let’s just hope that the working –or training, environment change them.”

Tim could only huff a laugh as he finish scanning the books. “You know the rules –and please, stick to them. You wouldn’t want to set a bad example now, Agent Gaheris.” He was given a mocking salute.

He collected the books. “Thanks for not making a bloody come-on at me.”

Tim gave him a funny look. “You should probably file a complaint at the HR if the cat calls continue.”
“Cat calls, I can take. If they start getting physical though, that’s a whole new ball game.” He walked out of the library and back to Merlin’s office. He should probably have a desk set up inside his private chamber. It won’t do if they share offices.

He doesn’t have anything against sharing, but a little distance between them would help him focus more. He’s not saying he’s completely distracted by Merlin –he’s not a teenager experiencing his first crush. He just doesn’t feel like he belongs inside the office.

He could only sigh as he started packing up his things. He doesn’t know who to ask about these kind of things inside their organization. He’s been working in Kingsman for years –has he really been that caught up in pretending that vital details escaped his notice?

The door of the office opened, Merlin walked in with his usual composure and ever present clipboard. He eyed the books on the desk. “I see ye’ve had a productive day.”

“Not as productive as I want it to be.” He admitted. “Still need to get a hang of how I should manage my time.” He rolled down his sleeves, and put on his blazer. “Though, I see why you guys wear jumpers an’ cardigans. A bespoke suit is aces an’ all, but it’s not for long hours of sittin’ behind a desk. I wonder how Arthur does it.”

“Like ye, he takes off his blazer.” Merlin got behind his own desk, hands immediately moving to the files on the top of it.

“Hey, can I just ask…” Merlin’s eyes were focused at him. “Who can I talk to about settin’ up a desk inside my private chamber? I appreciate tha’ you’re willin’ to share your office, but it’s yours an’ I feel like a misplaced ornament here. No offence meant, swear down.”

“It’s normal to want privacy when ye’re working.” Merlin tried to reassure him. “And a place for yerself might increase yer productivity. Ye better call HR.”

“Thanks!” He picked up the books he checked-out. “I’ll do tha’ tomorrow. I promised me mum I’ll pick up Daisy from school. Have a good night.” He called out before walking out the door.

A rapport, he reminded himself. He needs to have that with Merlin and without him hiding an inch of him or pretending to be someone else.

The smallest detail can reveal a lot about a person. They’ve been taught that much. They can build an entire mission plan with just one small detail in hand. So, Hamish takes a good look around the office that was provided for Eggsy.

It’s only been a few days since Eggsy had occupied the space, but he can see the slow bleeding of his character in it. On his desk picture frame with his sister and mum’s photograph, colourful post-its, calendar that has marks on it, and pens –black, blue, red and green, contained in a cheap mug and at the centre a sleek modest looking laptop is open.

There were also books, on the topics that he’s going to teach. A few post-it notes were tucked in
between pages. Besides that, an open notebook with a pencil resting between the open pages. Under the notebook there was a small stack of folders carefully placed on top of one another. On the floor, at the side of the desk –there was a small round dog bed.

There was a homey feel to the mess. It was very…Eggsy.

They were discussing the lesson plan in detail this time. Throwing ideas at each other while polishing some of what they think would really work for the next batch of candidates. The ideas Eggsy pitches, they were all worth hearing. They were also cost efficient and the changes he thinks should be added to the obstacle course and gym have multiple uses.

“I mean –yeah, runnin’ fast is good an’ all but it’s worth shit if you can’t use your surroundings properly.” Eggsy voice out. “I can’t count the number of times free runnin’ saved my ass, guv.”

“I can.” He told the lad –because, he really can. As much as free running makes him nervous, he can see its effectiveness on the field. “I agree on teaching them this, but I’m not really equip to teach the following batches.”

Eggsy stared at him as if he was being offended. “You guys could schedule my missions in a way tha’ would allow me to teach free runnin’.”

“Are ye sure about that?”

“I wouldn’t suggest it if I wasn’t.”

Hamish could only inclined his head to the side and continue on. “Ye want to change the honey-pot mission.”

“Not entirely.” Eggsy pointed out. “Just give them aliases or covers an’ different targets. They’re bein’ trained to be an undercover agent. We have to really see if they’ve taken their NLP seriously.”

“I see yer point. But, where will we put the interrogation test?”

“In the free runnin’ finals.” Eggsy gave him a wicked grin. “Let’s have Harry talk to an important someone an’ have them let us do free runnin’ on some foreign city. There, we could take them one by one. It’s amps up the suspense.”

Hamish couldn’t help but reflect the grin. “And they say I’m the mean one.”

“Oh, come on. It ain’t tha’ bad.”

They also talked about the tasks that they wouldn’t change. Hamish wanted Eggsy’s input on why he thinks they shouldn’t be changed. “The first task is like…it’s like a wake-up call.” Eggsy said. “It humbles the candidates, makes the lot a little less cocky, and a whole lot smarter and careful. I don’t think it should be changed. Though, since Amelia’s trainin’ to be a handler, who’s the one tha’s goin’ to drown?”

“Anyone who takes up the task, gets a two days off.” Hamish answered as he tap a few keys on his clipboard. “By the end of the week, we’ll see if someone’s interested. If no one answers my email, I’ll be forced to assign someone.”

“Give the one you’d assign a sweeter deal, yeah?” The lad was on his feet, constantly moving here and there –opening a book, a folder his notebook. Throwing JB’s ball at the empty wall, or at the air and catching the ball.
“What’s sweeter than getting two days off?”

“I don’t know –add a care package or somethin’.” Hamish gave Eggsy a look. “I’m kiddin’.”

He looked back down at the lesson plan. “The sky diving test.” He gave away a hum. “Ye wouldn’t want to change it?”

The lad gave him a smile that he can’t quite place. Eggsy’s completely unaware how…mesmerizing he looks. He didn’t have to be well put together to catch anyone’s eyes. With the sleeves of his button up rolled an inch below his elbow, and tie a little askew –he can still stand next to any aristocrat and have people vying for his attention.

“Fear of heights is one of the most common phobias there is. It’ll help us see who among the candidates have the same fear as Roxy an’ if they can pull through like our Lancelot. It would show us who among the candidates can think of a plan under pressure and stay calm enough to execute it. It would also show us who among the candidates can play well with others –Rufus will forever be a goddamn wanker.” Hamish snort a laugh at that. Eggsy stopped moving for a moment, just stood and looked at him before continuing. “Plus, it’s my favourite task.”

“Of course, it would be. Ye and Lancelot set a new record for that.”

“Tha’ –an’ my quartermaster taught me an invaluable lesson tha’ day.”

Hamish didn’t blush –he really didn’t. He is an old man. Old men do not blush under the gaze of younger men.

They finished the lesson plan that afternoon. Eggsy smiled –unhindered and proud. He can see that Eggsy could flourish as a trainer.

Growing up the way she did –Roxy knows the value of caring.

To say that her parents were neglectful would be kind. Roxy knows she was only born in the world so that her mother wouldn’t be divorced. She hardly sees her parents in the same room –correction; she hardly sees her parents at all. She was more familiar with her nannies than her mother.

At a very young age she learned not to care –to be cold and calculating. People could call her names and she’d still stuck her nose up in the air. Their words wouldn’t –couldn’t hurt her. Some people think that she tries her best to excel to make her parents notice, they were wrong. She’s proving her worth to herself.

So when a gentleman came up to her and told her of a promising job if she passes the job interview, she only hesitated for a second before grabbing the opportunity.

She didn’t really expect to meet Eggsy and get to know about him. His life, much worse than hers but she feels like he’s a better person than she is. He went through so much, but he can still find it in him to care. And he cares about her. He made her feel the kind of support that she never felt from her
parents. He said the words she never thought that she would ever hear from anyone.

Still, when Eggsy breached HQ, she didn’t hesitate on aiming a gun on him as she waited for Merlin’s orders. She realized that she’s really a cold hearted bitch –especially when Eggsy still gave her a pep talk after the stunt she pull through. As she descend from the bloody stratosphere, she decided that it’s only fair that she starts caring for Eggsy, too.

That doubled when she found out the truth about Eggsy.

Don’t get her wrong. There was a moment wherein she doubted Eggsy’s feelings for her. But, after spending some time with him, she noticed that his caring nature didn’t change. She realized that his actions and smell might be different, but his heart was the same.

She just got back from her mission that lasted for two weeks. Her communication with Eggsy during that two weeks were continuous. She knew that he got a promotion, and that he got an office. She went straight there after during debrief with Arthur and Morgan.

She pushed open the door and was only half surprised when JB greeted her. Eggsy looked up from what he was doing and gave her a smile.

“Swanky office, Sir Gaheris.” Eggsy rolled his eyes at her, but from the prominence of the sweet smelling scent, she can tell that he’s glad to see her. She held up a paper bag. “I got you something.” She entered the office and closed the door behind her.

“Please, tell me it’s not a courting gift.” Eggsy voiced out with a little whine. “I had enough of tha’ from the other Alphas here.” He pointed to the trashcan. It was overflowing with boxes wrapped in ostentatious colours –some were glittery.

She crunched her nose at the sight, feeling a bit bad for Eggsy. “As you say, you’re fuckin’ aces, but I’m more inclined to the female physique.” Eggsy chuckled as she placed down the paper bag on his table. “I notice that you’ve already read the books I gave you, and you bought a few for yourself.” She revealed the books she bought for him. “I didn’t really saw what genre you’re interested in, but maybe you’d be interested in myths about Thoroughbreds.”

That got Eggsy putting down the pencil he was holding. “I didn’t know there’re myths about Thoroughbreds.” He reached for the books and started reading the titles, flipping through some to check the table of contents.

“She pointed out to one of the books she got.

“Scents and Meanings.” Eggsy read aloud. “Well, tha’s certainly interestin’.”

“So, how many courting gifts have you received and answered?” She asked innocently –trying not to give away the fact that she would do a very thorough background check on the person Eggsy will enter courtship with. She might even enlist Merlin in that particular endeavour –and Harry could be the lie detector. The three of them, they can break anyone and find out anyone’s real intention towards Eggsy.

“Received, a fuck ton. Answered, none. Ain’t interested in anyone else.”

His last statement got her tilting her head to the side. “Anyone else?” She echoed. “Now, I just have to ask, who are you interested in?”

“Oh, haven’t I told you?”
“I would have remembered if you did.”

Eggsy gave him a sheepish look. “Ah…its –its Merlin.”

“Merlin.” She echoed a bit detach. Then, as if she remembered who Eggsy was talking about she repeated the name. “Merlin –as in Merlin, our Merlin? Your handler, our quartermaster Merlin?”

“Yes, our Merlin.” He stated clearly. “Do you know any other Merlin?”

Well, that puts a damper in her plan. Maybe she can enlist Morgan –or Ector. She might even look for another Beta to be the lie detector. Harry’s quite partial to Merlin –but Harry does genuinely care about Eggsy. Maybe she can trust him to value Eggsy’s well-being as she does.

She put her planning into pause because she just has to know “-Since when?”

There was a pregnant pause before Eggsy speak up. “The skydivin’ test.”

That got her thinking, so it wasn’t a recent development. Eggsy liked Merlin before he even revealed his true secondary gender and status. That got her furrowing her brows. “You’ve liked him for that long? And you didn’t do anything about it?” This just reinforces her realization about his heart.

Eggsy shrugged. “I wasn’t really thinkin’ much about myself back then.”

“What does that mean?”

“I was too busy hidin’ tha’ I forgot to live my life.”

She could only frown at that statement. To forget to live a life –how taxing a task must be? Every waking moment must have been a struggle for Eggsy.

Eggsy must have misinterpreted her frown because he continued on. “Doesn’t mean I’m doin’ anythin’ about it now. I mean, I kind of am –I’m buildin’ a rapport wit’ Merlin but tha’s just about it. An’ I did confessed, but he turned me down. Still, I’m not sendin’ out gifts just yet –not until my mind’s fixed.”

“He what?” She half asked and half yelled. “I am going to crack open his bald head.” She was about to storm out of his office, but he stopped her.

Running a soothing hand up and down her arms, he said. “It’s cool –it’s okay. We talked about it already. Besides, he has every right to turn me down. I’m not exactly stable, Rox.”

“Mentally, yes.” She admitted. “But your heart didn’t changed, Eggsy. It’s still as big as before!” She pointed out. “You’d still rush to your mother’s aid, you’d still play with Daisy and spoil her rotten, you still look up to Harry, you still like Merlin and you still care about me. Your heart stayed true.”

Eggsy looked at her wide eyed and a bit in awe. “I –I never really…I didn’t realized.”

She huffed and roll her eyes at him. “Of course, you didn’t. Caring comes so naturally to you –sometimes, I think it’s the reason why you were messed up after going undercover as Leon Victi.” She gave her two cents.

Eggsy ushered her so they could both sit down on the sofa. He gave her a kiss on the temple. “You’re a great mate, Rox. But, there’s no need to crack open Merlin’s bald head.” He smirked when he used her words. “An’ we really did talked about it. He’s not exactly…against it. It’s just – not the right time, yet. We have to have somethin’ solid between us. So we won’t shatter at the first
ordeal tha’ comes our way.”

She took a good look at Eggsy. There was a slight tinge of pink dusting his cheeks as he talk about the simple possibility of being with Merlin. She had heard tons of Omegas talk about Alphas, but she’d never heard of them talk about wanting and Alpha with this much certainty—with this much care. “Merlin is one lucky fucker.” She went in and gave Eggsy a tight embrace.

Roxy realized that Eggsy doesn’t just care about them—he cares about them in a way that they need the most.

“Wow.”

Hamish tried not to be obvious at staring at Eggsy’s amazed expression. He also tried not to remember the breathy moans that he once had heard from the man’s pink lips back then. He placed that at the very back of his mind as he adjusted the clipboard in his hands and clear his throat. He saw Morgan smirking from his peripheral view. He just knows the woman is up to something.

“I’m guessing that the gym now meets your satisfaction?” She asked—voiced dripping a little sweeter than it usually does.

“More than.” Eggsy gave another breathy reply and Hamish thought about a naked Chester King to keep himself from getting hard. “This place is awesome.” He walked in and stare at the new equipment they had brought in. Eggsy walked to the start of a long mat. “I don’t remember requestin’ a twenty-five meter spring track.”

“Oh, that.” Morgan said in a tone like it should have been obvious to Eggsy. “Merlin was the one who added that.” Hamish wanted to cage her in a head lock. “Do you want to try it?”

Eggsy looked back at them—eyes wide and almost pleading. It reminded Hamish of puppies. “Can I?”

“Of course, you can!” Morgan exclaimed the same way she would to a puppy. Hamish knows, Hamish has seen it. “In fact, you’d be the very first one to try all of the new equipment—to make sure they work, and also the new obstacle course. You guys have to give the candidates a record to break—to make it more challenging.”

“Fuckin’ aces!” Eggsy beamed at them. “I’m goin’ to go an’ get changed.” He started heading for the shower. “Kingsman suit is great for all the action but I’d like to wear somethin’ more comfortable to set records.” He sent a wink to both of them.

When Eggsy was finally out of sight, that’s only when Merlin spoke up. “You’re a little shite.” He turned to Morgan.

She turned to him, forcing her face to seem innocent. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

The lad came back after five minutes, wearing a black tight vest and a pair of loose sweatpants that
did not hide his rich behind and well sculptured thighs. Hamish absolutely did not zeroed in on that – no, and he definitely didn’t use his glasses to zoom in for a better look. That’s just ungentlemanly. But, he did gave Morgan a slight nudged when she gave away a wolf whistle at Eggsy.

Eggsy –being a bundle of energy that he is, started testing the equipment. Hamish and Morgan followed along and made notes on their clipboards. Eggsy shared some of his observations about the new equipment and how they could be used to develop things other than what they were actually meant for. Morgan seemed quite impressed by Eggsy’s inputs –like Hamish himself.

They went back to the twenty-five meter spring track. “Well, this one’s pretty straight forward, yeah?” Eggsy gave them a grin. “Not many people can use this –but maybe, if someone want to learn tricks for free runnin’.” He toed off his shoes and spread chalk on his hands before getting on the mat. He clapped his hands and rolled his shoulders back. He took in a deep breath then dashed forward, lunching himself to a series of flips that Hamish never thought could be possible.

Eggsy was light on his feet, he can note that there wasn’t a heavy thud that landed on the spring mat. There’s an advance sense of proprioception within the lad that takes years to master. His command over his body –the very little twists and turns, intrigues Hamish. Both sexually and scientifically.

Eggsy landed firmly on his feet and Hamish finally let out the breath he didn’t know he was holding. Morgan was quiet –only for a few seconds, then she started clapping like crazy seal. “Spectacular.” He breathe out. It got Eggsy turning towards him and smiling shyly.

“Uh –Thanks, guv.” Eggsy ran a hand over his nape.

“Well.” It was like Morgan was born to ruin a moment between him and Eggsy. “I’m sure the two of you would like to move on to the obstacle course?”

The giddy smile was back on Eggsy lips as he jump at the balls of his feet –getting ready to run the obstacle course. He quickly got his shoes on and run out of the gym, yelling back; “Last one would be the one to file the report on the results of the trial run!”

Hamish and Morgan stare at each other for a minute before the woman run off, too. “Oh, for fuck’s sake.” He wouldn’t run –he’s the goddamned quartermaster! But, he did walked briskly.

When he got to the open field of the Kingsman estate, Morgan was wearing a smug smile as Eggsy get in position. The new obstacle course is more diverse –and because of its diversity there is more than one way to get through it. It’s not as straight forward as the course that Eggsy ran when he was still a candidate –it’s certainly a far cry from the course he ran when he was one.

He wonders where Eggsy got the idea for it. He liked best the moving parts of the obstacle –it has its own algorithm, that way its movements wouldn’t be predictable. It would help the future agents to always be on their toes. Something that they couldn’t develop in the agents before they were sent in the field. Now, Eggsy had given them the opportunity to produce better prepared agents.

He tapped a few keys on his tablet –pulling out a timer. “In three!” He shouted to Eggsy’s direction. “Ready…Set…Three!”

Hamish had watch Eggsy since he was a trainee. He knows that the lad is capable and competent, has a creative way of seeing a solution when faced with difficult problems. But, Eggsy run the course in a way that Hamish hasn’t seen before. It made his past runs –mediocre. Then he thought, maybe Eggsy was holding back before –to keep face.

Now though, it seemed like Eggsy has been unleashed from his chains. He’s moving faster than he
ever did. He wasn’t working against the obstacle course, he was working with it. He can look at a structure and see parts he can exploit about it. And when the pieces of the obstacle course started moving, Eggsy smiled and wasn’t at all bothered by it.

Hamish was glad his glasses recording was on, he wouldn’t like to miss a moving—a living artwork.

Eggsy finished the obstacle course, the time—impossible for any candidate to break. Hamish was sure of it. But, he wonders if… “Excellent work.” He told Eggsy. A breeze past by them, and Eggsy’s scent dance beneath his nose. Tempting and seductive.

“Tha’…was amazin’, guv.” Eggsy dishevelled his hair with one hand. “The best run I ever had—hands down. Maybe some agents should run it, too.” He suggested to Merlin. “It’ll be a new challenge to them.”

“Well, we’re just going to have to ask Arthur if running the new course should be mandatory.” He sent the footage from his eyeglasses to his clipboard. Being the one to write up the results report doesn’t seem so bad any longer.

He started asking Eggsy questions about the new obstacle course, and to hear the lad tell him of ways to improve it more got him…feeling things. Nothing tickles his fancy more than a person who doesn’t shy away from innovation.

He’s also been a wee bit greedy in getting to know Eggsy. He used to use his eyes to look for clues as to why Eggsy moves the way he does. Now, he uses his eyes to capture even the smallest detail that would help him get to know the lad. He noticed similarities and differences between the person that Eggsy used to pretend as and who he is now—also between the two of them.

They put family in very high regard—from the picture frame and how often Eggsy talks about his baby sister. They operate on a level of organization that only makes sense to them—the pens and post-it notes. They like to be prepared—the books on the topics Eggsy’s going to have to teach. They also see don’t stop innovating just because something works perfectly to its full capacity.

He can see it—the possibility of them working out without much sacrifice being done between them.

Eggsy excused himself, the lad still has a session with Dr Stella. He finished writing up the report inside his own office. He sent it to Arthur along with the video file of Eggsy doing the trial run.

For a moment, he just sat there behind his desk—staring at folders upon folders waiting for him to open them up. He took a deep breath and drummed his fingers on the table. He wonders if…

He got up—he has to end his wondering. He went to the locker room and got changed. He soon found himself facing the new obstacle course. He’s aware that he won’t be as graceful as Eggsy, but he’s backed up by strength that he himself holds back. He wonders if…

He tapped on his wristwatch and run.

He moved like he weighed nothing—he jumped high and pulled himself up from the walls. He used his height to his advantage—one long stride after the other. His critical eye finding strategic ways and his body applying them. When he reached the moving pieces of the obstacle course, he stumble for a second before he found his footing. Once he did though, he didn’t face any other problem. He reached the end and tapped his wristwatch twice.

He’s point two seconds slower.

“Damn…” He murmured to no one in particular. He couldn’t fight down the smile that stretched on
his face.

He started making his way back to the locker room, planning on taking a shower before heading back to his office and continuing his work. He was approaching the wing of the mansion where most of the private chambers can be found. He heard a familiar voice—two familiar voices. It got him stopping from his tracks.

“I told you, I’m not interested.” He crept slowly at the edge of the hall to take a peak. He’s correct in his assumption that it was Eggsy who spoke up. He watched his agent pass a present back to an Alpha with another familiar voice.

“You should open it before deciding.” If Hamish is placing the name right, it’s Paul—from maintenance. He’s the one that’s always sent to R&D when they blow up a computer or two—perhaps a laboratory or two would be more accurate.

“I’m not stupid.” Eggsy’s voice was edging to frustration. “Opening the gift would mean accepting. I’m not accepting anything from you.”

“Oh, come on.” Paul was trying to crowd on Eggsy. Hamish knows that wouldn’t work. “You’ll need help on your next heat.” Paul pitched his voice low to sound sexy. “Babe, I got the knot for you.”

“I can deal with my heat on my own.” Eggsy now sounds frustrated. He kept his distance, he wants to see how things would go.

The lad turned to walk away, but Paul lay a hand on him. It wasn’t a surprise when Paul was soon facing the ground. He winced, but also smiled. Paul deserves that.

“Enjoyed the show?” Eggsy called out to him.

Of course, he sweat so much from the course it rendered his blocks useless. He showed himself and Paul gave him a scarred look. “It was quite entertaining.” He admitted.

“Aren’t you going to save an Omega in distress?” Eggsy asked.

“You’re an Omega, but it would take a lot for you to be in distress.” He leaned back on the wall, he continued on as if Paul wasn’t being held down—painfully from the way Eggsy’s twisting his arm. “They’re thinking with their knots. They’ve forgotten that you’re an agent—capable in defending yourself and eliminating unpleasant people.”

Eggsy gave Paul’s shoulder a last twist before letting him go. The Alpha pathetically retreated—leaving the gift behind. “They’re havin’ trouble understandin’ ‘no’.” Eggsy informed him.

“I know ye can deal with them on yer own, but I can collectively make them back off. Would ye like that?”

“Are you offerin’ as my handler or…somethin’ more?”

“I’m offering as…yer possible Alpha.”
Hiya!!! I am back with an update. Whew! Thank you to everyone who had given me name for the candidates. I really -and I mean really appreciate them. I only used eight out of all of it -I'm sorry! And I may have gender-bend one name? Don't get angry! I just thought we should have more female candidates this time.

Oh, by the way, I live in a country where the start of the semester is in June. So, my updates may come in once or twice a month. Hopefully, it's the latter! But, you guys can be sure that I am not abandoning this story nor putting it on hiatus.

Thank you once again to those who took the time to read my story, leave kudos and comments -also for bookmarking it, or simply subscribing. It fills me with energy!

Well, that was long. This story is not Beta'd. I do proofreading, but sometimes I still miss some errs. Please, do pardon my mistakes. If you do feel the need to correct me, please do it kindly and gently as to not break my heart.

(June 10, 2019: Edited minor detail)

On to the story...,

“That’s quite...” Dr Stella tried to look for the proper word to use, but all she could think of was “… alarming.”

“Yes, it is.” He didn’t deny it. There’s no sane person in the world that wouldn’t be able to call themselves by their own name inside their own head. “But, Roxy made me realize certain things – she wasn’t even aware of my…internal turmoil.”

“Conversations with friends often help clear our minds.” She seconded kindly. As if to say that he can welcome the thoughts of others to aid him.

“This will sound sappy as fuck.” He said with a whine. “She said that, my heart didn’t changed.”

The doctor looked at him, waiting for him to elaborate. He felt like he need to back track how Roxy’s words became valuable. “The thin’ is, I’m havin’ a hard time thinkin’ of myself as Eggsy because I didn’t think I have any remaining qualities that would connect me to Eggsy. Does tha’ make sense?”

“In certain levels, it does.”

“I know I’m Eggsy, I just don’t know the qualities tha’ makes me Eggsy.” He paused, confused at
his own sentence. He shook his head to clear it. “She pointed it out. The qualities—or the things about me tha’ were the same as before but are true about myself—true to myself.”

“And, did that help you in relating yourself as Eggsy?”

“It really does and I didn’t see it.”

“The view is often clearer from the outside.”

He hesitated for a moment but then added. “Sometimes, I think I’m being ridiculous—or my situation is.” He shrugged. “Most people don’t have the problems I do—the issues I do. I just feel…so stupid at times.”

“Most people didn’t experienced the things you’ve experienced. Most people don’t have the same demanding job that you do.” Dr Stella reminded him. “Just because the answer to the problems or questions that have been bothering us are simple and we missed it, it doesn’t mean we’re stupid. We’re sometimes too focused to find the answer that we’re looking for that we tend to experience an oversight.”

“But, if I don’t focus, how would I finally…be me?”

“The journey to self-discovery is endless.” She paused in contemplation. “Think of it as if you’re building a house. What we’re doing right now is building the foundation—making sure that the house would endure the changes of seasons. But once that is done, it doesn’t stop there—we don’t stop there. You would then take steps to turn the house into a home. Fill it with small trinkets that will be a part of you or that will represent you.”

Following her metaphor, he added. “Homes can be renovated and the foundation can be changed if they tear the whole thin’ down.”

“Only if you don’t protect your home. I can be very certain that you can protect your home.”

“Thanks, doc.” He said. “Sorry about tha’…maudlin crap I just pulled on you.”

Dr Stella shrugged. “I’d be more worried if you don’t have one.” She told him honestly. “Recovery isn’t always direct nor continuous. We sometimes experience a step back or phases wherein we think we’re hopeless.”

It irks him—how there’s no real time frame in recovering from psychological problems. His irritation pulls on the darker parts of his mind—his insecurities, and it gets on his nerves. He finds it awful—how it affects his mood. A moment ago he was happy—bouncing on his feet after acing the obstacle course. Now, he’s feeling low because if it wasn’t for Roxy, he still wouldn’t be able to call himself Eggsy inside his own mind.

He took in a deep breath and tried to brush it off. It’s normal. This is normal. The ups and downs of recovery is normal. A person can’t be happy and positive every single day. That’s just impossible.

Eggsy psyches himself up as he walk out of the doctor’s office. He’s telling himself that he’s just having a bad afternoon. That’s all. He soon found himself walking along the halls leading to the private chambers of the mansion. Maybe Harry or Roxy’s there, he doesn’t think he should be alone with his dark thoughts at the moment.

He’s just two doors away from Roxy’s room when he saw an Alpha standing just outside the door of his. Eggsy could only ask for patience from above as the Alpha approach him like his very existence should give Eggsy some kind of purpose. The Alpha was carrying a gift in his hands, smiling
“Hi, agent.” The way he said the last words was almost mocking—as if he was just humouring Eggsy. As if he didn’t really earned his position.

He finds no point in beating around the bush. “I told you, I’m not interested.” He saw the Alpha’s left brow twitch. “I told everyone I’m not interested.”

“You should open it before deciding.”

Eggsy can’t believe the man—he was not above tricking an Omega. He felt a whole new level of disgust. “I’m not stupid. Opening the gift would mean accepting. I’m not accepting anything from you or anyone else who keeps sending gifts when I have openly expressed my disinterest.” The Alpha was losing his grip on his patience. Eggsy just knows he’s going to try to intimidate him.

“Oh, come on.” Just like every other stupid Alpha, the man crowded in on him. “You’ll need help on your next heat.” He was trying so hard to sound sexy it was hurting Eggsy’s ears. “Baby, I got the knot for you.”

He decided that he would just walk away. There’s no point in standing there and try to make the Alpha understand that he’s not interested. “I can deal with my heat on my own.” He turned his back on the Alpha and he immediately felt a hand on his shoulder.

Eggsy has had enough. He took the Alpha’s hand and held it in a firm grip, twisted it. Forcing the Alpha’s knees to buckle and making him face plant on the carpeted floor of the mansion. He then smelled a familiar scent in the air. Ash—looks like Merlin likes his feisty side. “Enjoying the show?” He didn’t have to look up to know that Merlin is just around the corner.

The Alpha on the floor looked at Merlin with scared wide eyes. Merlin didn’t scolded him—didn’t reprimanded him. Instead, the older man called out the Alpha’s stupidity and reminded him of Eggsy’s ability as an agent.

He gave a last twist on the Alpha’s shoulder—just to prove a damn point, before letting him go. The scent of fear was in the air but there was also a prominence of pine, ash and sea. He focused on the last three. “They’re havin’ trouble understandin’ ‘no’.” Eggsy hopes it came out calmly enough.

Merlin was looking at him with a serious expression. “I know ye can deal with them on yer own, but I can collectively make them back off. Would ye like that?”

Eggsy would very much like that, but he wouldn’t accept it if Merlin’s just offering it to him out of professionalism. “Are you offerin’ as my handler or... somethin’ more?” He tried not to sound too hopeful.

“I’m offering as... yer possible Alpha.” It was said tentatively—almost unsure.

He has to look up at Merlin to make sure that the man is being serious.

In shedding the Beta pretence he once wore, he knew he had to learn about being an Omega—not just in a physiological level, but also the social and courtship practices. He did it mostly because he knows it would be expected from him. He can’t exactly explain to people what he had been through. And not everyone would be understanding of his situation.

He recalled that in modern courtship—the courtship practice that’s mostly used to this day, an Alpha shows his or her interest by giving an Omega a gift, and vice versa. If the Omega or Alpha opens the gift, it means that he or she shows his interest, too. It means that they are willing to be courted or to
court each other and see if they can have a relationship.

It’s not as strict as the traditional courting – there’re less rules. Nowadays, it’s merely considered as
dating. The Alpha-Omega pair can end their courtship whenever. They could even see other people
outside of their courtship. He doesn’t like that – not at all. It’s one of the reasons why he doesn’t open
anything and send anything out. There’s only one person he wants, anyway.

What Merlin’s offering is a Promised Courtship. It’s an understanding between and Alpha and an
Omega that they’re both interested in each other, and that they’re serious in their interest. It has more
rules, but there’s certainty in it. It doesn’t have a time frame – just certain activities that an Alpha and
Omega must do together to strengthened their… relationship. And unlike the modern courtship, it
can’t be easily broken off. There would first be… an intervention from family and-or friends before
anything is broken off.

It would also help keep the others away, because it prevents others from courting the Omega. The
other Alphas are given the chance to pose a challenge to the Alpha in the Promised Courtship, for the
hand of the Omega. Each party in the challenge can pose conditions that must be honoured by both
sides. It can even be a battle to the death, if they choose so. It’s quite… Neanderthal.

With Merlin standing in front of him, all sweat and muscles, he can see the appeal.

It is also exactly what they need. It puts a label on what they have. It would help them both feel
assured. It would make it easy for them to keep an honest and open communication. While their
family and-or friends be the support system that could help them wade their way in the relationship.

Eggsy realized that Merlin had thought this through before presenting the idea to him. He appreciates
it, but he can’t help himself from teasing. “You know, it’s traditionally used when an Omega is
younger and less experienced than the Alpha.” It’s created by the aristocrats in hope to unite families
for certain business ventures. But, over the years, it has been used romantically by more traditional
couples.

“Then we’re following traditions accordingly.” Merlin replied with a grin of his own.

This is turning his bad afternoon around. “How are we going to tell people we’re going to be in a
Promised Courtship?” The first part of the courtship is to announce it.

“Easy, we’ll file the proper paperwork. I’m sure HR has one.”

HR didn’t have one. They had to go to straight to Arthur. But, it really did made Eggsy’s afternoon
better.

Harry went to HQ that morning and opened his email to see a message from Arthur addressed to all
of them. Curious, he opened it. Shocked, he read it twice. Amazed, he went to Merlin’s office. “You
sly dog.” He commented. “A Promised Courtship? Is that what you’ve cooked up in that head of
yours as you were drinking yourself to stupor?”
In his opinion, it’s a brilliant plan. It gives Eggsy time to figure himself out and for Merlin to get himself together while they both work on their relationship in a sedate pace. They’d slowly integrate one another in each other’s lives. It also shows that Merlin’s earnest in his devotion towards Eggsy. And, it would appeal to Eggsy’s Omega. No matter how advance society has become, a certain level of savagery is still…appreciated when it comes to courting. An Alpha who can’t defend his or her Omega is not a capable Alpha.

Merlin didn’t bother looking up at him. The other man just collected his clipboard and a tablet before walking out of his own office. “Ye’re going to be our main chaperone.” Merlin informed him.

“Of course, I’m going to be your main chaperone!” He exclaimed. “To think otherwise would be a betrayal to our friendship—and my friendship with Eggsy.” He doubts that they need a chaperone, after all, Merlin’s a gentleman. But, he will be damned if he doesn’t have a front row seat to witness this courting. He will also need that front row seat to stir the couple if they start straying too far from each other.

In the old times, chaperones are mostly for underage Omegas that are engaged to older Alphas, when they wish to spend some time together in private. It’s to make sure that the Alpha wouldn’t take advantage of the younger Omega. While Eggsy is certainly younger than Merlin, he’s not exactly…defenceless. But, Arthur did said that all practices regarding the traditional courting will be observed. There wouldn’t be much problem in them training candidates since there’re presence of other people in that. They can also make an excuse for his presence during training.

Merlin mostly ignored his dramatics. “Whenever ye’re not here, it’ll be Roxy. And if Roxy is not available, it’ll be Ector.”

That’s a long list of possible chaperones, but he can see the need for it. Still, he felt the need to ask. “Not Morgan?”

“If Roxy is not available, that means Morgan is also not available because Morgan is Roxanne’s handler.”

Harry shrugged. “Very well.” He walked in time with Merlin till they reached another office. Merlin knocked on the door thrice and he heard Eggsy called on them to come in. They entered and saw the younger man staring at a trashcan.


“Would you kindly elaborate on that, my boy?” He held back the concern from bleeding in his voice.

Eggsy turned to them with a wide smile. “No fuckin’ gifts, no fuckin’ Alphas waitin’ by the door, and no fuckin’ catcalls!” Harry’s brows slowly rise through the rant. “Do you know what this means?” He and Merlin merely looked at Eggsy, though the Alpha is not sharing his concern. “I’d actually have more time to do actual work.”

“Oh, fucking hell.” He turned to Merlin accusingly. “You’ve turned him!”

Merlin barely reacted to him as Eggsy rolled his eyes at him. “Off it, Harry.” The boy moved around his desk and collected a few folders. “Merlin’s been doin’ half my work –don’t think I didn’t noticed tha’.” He said pointedly at their quartermaster. The tips of Merlin’s ears turned pink. Harry mentally made a note of reminder that next time he’ll be bringing a barf bag. “Because I’ve spent more time turnin’ down Alphas instead of doin’ actual work. I’m his assistant for cryin’ out loud. I should be assistin’ him in his burden and not bein’ an addition to it.”
“Nae, lad. It’s not really a burden.” Merlin was quick to assure Eggsy. “Ye’ve helped me plenty enough.”

Harry watch as the two settle on the sofa –facing each other, and started working. Merlin handed the tablet to Eggsy, informing the younger man that it’ll be easier to monitor candidates’ progress using that than paper and pens. The two were merely finishing the last touches in the courses that they will be teaching and reading some of the candidates’ profiles.

He busied himself with serving them tea and simply observing them.

Every now and then, Eggsy would give away a cheeky comment and it would draw a small quirk on Merlin’s lips. Harry can see how Eggsy would focus on that while Merlin would turn his head to the side in an attempt to hide the smile. Whenever Eggsy’s not looking, Merlin would stare –as if it’s the first time and last time he would have the chance to stare at Eggsy.

Harry’s aware –completely aware how easy it would be for them to get together. But, devotion that’s heavier than gravity itself should be channelled wisely. Love will fail if it’s not guided by the mind. That’s why the brain is placed higher than the heart.

A knock on the door pulled him out of his musings.

The man at the other side of the door didn’t wait to be called in. Rude, Harry’s mind supplied. With an eyebrow raised, he turned and saw a young High Alpha was standing by the door –with a gift on his hand. It was big and pink –and, in his opinion annoying. He stifled the smile that’s threatening to blossom on his face. He didn’t think someone would actually be stupid enough to challenge Merlin.

“The very first…shall we say challenger? Yes, challenger.” He announced. He tried not to sound too delighted. From the look that Merlin gave him, it was obvious he failed to hide his delight. Oh, well.

He saw Eggsy bury his face on his palms and give away a pained groaned. “This is…This is ridiculous.”

Harry saw Merlin shifted his focus to Eggsy, eyes laced with concern. When Merlin turned towards the young Alpha, his eyes became cloudy –a silent threat. “I’ll give ye a chance to walk away, boyo.” Harry noticed the change in the accent. It wasn’t just Merlin accepting the challenge –it was also Hamish. He found that interesting.

“With all due respect, sir. I don’t think you should hold your –seniority and position above us.” The Alpha said. “It’s not fair for you to bound Agent Gaheris to yourself by using your status as his handler.”

Harry tilted his head to the side. “Did I –Did I heard that right?” From Eggsy’s shocked expression he must have. “Did you just accused Merlin of abusing his authority?”

Merlin reach for his tea, Harry can see the barely contained rage from the slight shake of his hand.

“Merlin would never do anything like that!” Eggsy exclaimed. Harry found it adorable how Eggsy was quick to defend Merlin’s honour. “He offered, and I accepted because-“

“Leannan.” Merlin stopped Eggsy from speaking further. “We don’t need to explain ourselves to them. They wouldn’t understand.” Merlin placed down the cup and stood up. He turned towards the young Alpha. “Where shall we commence this challenge?”

“At the gymnasium at thirteen hours, sir. The conditions shall be stated then.”
“Very well, then out you go.” Merlin said –holding his accent back once again. “We have work to do.”

The young Alpha did as he was told, Merlin’s jibe flying over his head.

“Right.” He crossed his legs as he sip his tea. “Do you think there’s a betting pool?” He asked Merlin.

“Harry!” Eggsy chided him.

Eggsy feels guilty in putting Merlin in a position that would endanger him. Then again, was it really him that did that? Merlin was fairly sure about what he wants, just like he is. Maybe his guilt mentality is doing a disservice to Merlin’s decision. He won’t do that to the Alpha –no matter how nervous he feels. He would never insult Merlin’s intelligence and choices.

He and Harry decided that they’d stay in HQ for lunch. They didn’t expect the number of people that were present in the mess hall. Eggsy felt a slight discomfort from all the staring. No one has to tell them –it’s pretty much obvious that everyone was informed of the challenge.

Morgan walked up to them with a tray at hand and sat next to Harry. She would usually sit next to Eggsy, but it seemed like she’s one of the High Alphas that respects him and Merlin. “We have a pool.” She informed them, and Harry was already pulling out his wallet.

“You shouldn’t be makin’ bets about your boss.” He said –he knows they wouldn’t listen to him, but still.

“Hush you.” She passed a sandwich and a bottle of juice towards Harry and Harry passed those towards Eggsy. Another show of respect. He’s not surprised that she knows the rules of a courtship that’s almost out of practice. “Everyone in R&D placed their money under boss, and so did the agents. The administrative workers placed their money under Allan.” She rolled her eyes at that. Eggsy took a tentative bite on the sandwich. He half wonders how Morgan knows the other Alpha’s name. Then again, it’s part of her job to know things. Allan sure as hell didn’t introduced himself to Eggsy –before or after he out-ted himself. “Most bets under boss says ten minutes tops, the others were divided between three and five.” She turned to Harry. “What’s your bet?”

“Fifteen to twenty.” Harry pulled out a hundred. “He’ll make a show of it so everyone else will think twice before challenging him again.”

Morgan nodded. “Makes sense, he wouldn’t want to fight too often because of his age.”

“Not his age.” Eggsy piped up. “He doesn’t like bein’ disturbed during work hours.” Merlin values his time –values time, it’s one of the reasons why he’s an efficient quartermaster. An agent may only be a second away from living or dying.

Morgan took a moment to consider what he had said. “Yeah, that sounds like Merlin.”

Roxy came running towards them –looking a little bit rumpled. Eggsy remembered she just got home from a mission last night. “First challenge.” She said –panting she sat next to Harry. “Wouldn’t want
“You’re our second chaperone.” Eggsy pointed out petulantly. “You can sit next to me.”

Roxy ignored his protest. “What do you think the conditions will be?”

“Whatever it will be, I just hope it won’t be a battle to the death. I don’t think HR will be happy about tha’.” He forced himself to finish the sandwich even when it tasted like paper on his tongue. He washed it down with the juice. Roxy participated on the ongoing bet, thinking that Merlin would end the guy within five minutes.

Eggsy understands why most people think Merlin would end everything quickly. The Scot is a no nonsense kind of guy. As a trainer, he’s kind of an arsehole brute. He can still remember the times Merlin flipped him on the mat with ease, too. But today, Merlin’s not fighting to train –he’s fighting to keep Eggsy. He just knows that Merlin will see to it that everyone will know that he has the ability to keep him. He doesn’t know how, he just does.

When the clock hit twelve-fifty, most of the people in the mess hall started to make their exit. There wasn’t a doubt in Eggsy’s mind that they’re all heading to the gymnasium. God, he prays they would fit in there and no equipment would be damaged.

He sighs as he got up –the fight wouldn’t start if he wasn’t there since he’s technically the price. He hates that thought. It’s not really a step above how most Alpha view him now, but still. At least Merlin sees him –and everyone important to him sees him.

Inside the gymnasium, people quiet down as he entered. He saw the Alpha that challenged Merlin in workout clothes, doing stretches, punches and kicks in the air. Morgan didn’t hold back a snort of laugh when the Alpha waved at him. He really finds this ridiculous –and not in a humorous sort of way. It’s in a ‘people are being idiots’ sort of way.

Merlin was nowhere to be seen –and according to traditions, if the Alpha in Promised Courting with the Omega doesn’t show, he forfeits his rights. Now, Merlin is a busy man and can easily be distracted by work and shiny new technology. Eggsy’s praying this isn’t one of those days, because he really doesn’t want to be courted by anyone else but Merlin.

That’s why when the quartermaster walked in the gym, Eggsy couldn’t hold back the tiny –“Oh, thank God,” that escaped his lips.

He felt a hand land on his shoulder. He turned and saw Harry –trying to steady him despite the nerves he’s feeling. “Never doubt, Merlin. You trust him in the field, know you can trust him with your heart.”

“I know.” He said. “I just…can’t help bein’ nervous.” Harry gave him a solemn and understanding nod.

“The conditions.” Merlin demanded as he take off his jumper and tie –merely rolling the sleeves of his button up shirt to his elbows. It was a silent show that Merlin has very little opinion about his opponent.

“First to draw blood.” The young Alpha said. “You lose, you release Gaheris from being promised to you.”

“And if you lose consciousness before I draw blood?” Merlin asked –almost mockingly.

The young Alpha bare his teeth. “First to draw blood.”
“If you’re sure.” Merlin made it seem like he was talking to a kid. Maybe he is, Eggsy thought. “My condition, you wouldn’t attempt to court Gaheris ever again.” It got the younger Alpha nodding tersely.

The two Alphas turned to Harry’s direction. “The conditions has been set. You may begin.” Harry’s tone was bordering on bored. Eggsy knows that the two older men were doing it on purpose to get a rise from the young Alpha. It wasn’t a surprise that Allan was the first to attack.

The first few punches that Allan released, Merlin dodged with ease. The older man is showing that he’s quick on his feet. The roundhouse kick Allan sent Merlin’s way was blocked with one hand. It’s a show that Merlin can take a hit. The man looks lanky in his jumpers but he’s solid underneath those layers. Eggsy knows –oh, how he knows.

It’s obvious that Allan can fight –and could probably win most bar brawls. Merlin though, Eggsy knows that the Thoroughbred had perfected several fighting styles and is quite knowledgeable with more. He can go toe to toe with the agents and probably beat some of them. He trained some of them. Eggsy’s sure Merlin can beat him and Roxy due to experience.

After blocking a few more punches and kicks, it’s time for Merlin to show his strength. An uppercut to Allan’s side and it sent the young Alpha stumbling backwards. It wasn’t even half the force he used when he was still training them. Eggsy finds it almost unfair how Merlin is taking it easy on the young Alpha. He never went easy in training them. Then he sighed, Allan probably does administrative work and does boxing a few hours a week. It would be unfair if Merlin didn’t take it easy.

“I almost feel bad for the guy.” Morgan murmured.

“Don’t.” Harry told her. “He didn’t even waited to be called in before walking in Eggsy’s office when he challenged Merlin this morning.”

“For shame.” Roxy didn’t sound scandalized at all.

Another punch from Merlin and Allan was on his knees –wheezing. Merlin stood in front of the young Alpha, waiting for him to stand up. All the young Alpha could do was hold on Merlin’s pants. Merlin shook him off. “This is not a challenge.” Eggsy knows Merlin is being purposely mean.

Merlin bend down to hold up Allan by the collar. A punch on the face and the young Alpha was unconscious, but there was no blood. Merlin angled his punch, breaking Allan’s nose and drawing blood.

Merlin let go of the unconscious body –a soft thud was the only thing that echoed inside the gym.

Eggsy knows that this moment could be used to establish not only Merlin’s strength, but also their… connection to each other. He understands why Merlin thinks they don’t need to explain –and he half agrees. But, if showing a bit of what they have would make everyone else back off, he’s not opposed to the idea.

He walked to where Merlin’s discarded clothes were and picked up the older man’s tie. He approached Merlin and meticulously –slowly, did his tie. A kiss would be too loud –too obnoxious and can be easily faked. This though, is a subtle show of affection that can only be earned through years of knowing each other. It’s his way of saying that what they have has always been there –they just didn’t showed it until now. It’s not exactly a lie, not on his part anyway.

Once he had secured the tie, he placed a hand on Merlin’s chest. “Do you need ice for your
knuckles?"

“Nae.” Merlin held placed his hand over Eggsy’s, tilting his head slightly to the side to meet his eyes.

He could only nod at Merlin before turning and walking out of the gym – knowing that eyes are following him. He knows that won’t completely deter everyone who plans on challenging Merlin. But, it would certainly stop the rumours of Merlin abusing his authority over him. The man doesn’t deserve that.

It’s been a relatively quiet week – Hamish is thankful for that. There hasn’t been any challenges yet. He’s sure that those who do plan on challenging him are training before facing him. He finds that he doesn’t mind it – he would really like to be challenged. He wants to prove to Eggsy that he’s a capable Alpha. Capable in every aspect.

Now, it’s only been relatively quiet because even when there aren’t challenges being thrown left and right, that doesn’t mean people had shut their mouths. It’s the rumour mill that’s been clamouring that week. It was Eggsy’s show of domesticity that got people yapping about – theorizing about their relationship.

He understands that the lad doesn’t want his name be dragged in the mud, but he can’t really appreciate people making speculations about them. No, they didn’t fall in love on the day of the V-Day. (“That’s possible.” Roxy gave him a funny look, but spared Eggsy from it.) No, he wasn’t seduced by Gaheris when he was still a trainee. (“I will have the head of the person who suggested that.” Harry furiously said to them.) No, Gaheris wasn’t his paramour before the boy became an agent. (“Clearly this people don’t have any clue how time consuming it is to be the quartermaster.” Ector said with a huff.) And no, they didn’t came from a rich family that wants them to be married for money. (“Oh, my God!” Morgan exclaimed. “This is the best one yet.”)

It also doesn’t help that those who are close to him don’t deny or confirm any rumours. Even Amelia – who’s been constantly asked about him and Eggsy, kept quiet. He’s now half certain that Amelia has what it takes to be an effective handler. He could only hope none of those reach the candidates. He doesn’t need them undermining him or Eggsy.

“Look what Roxy got me!” Eggsy walked straight inside his office – these days the lad doesn’t knock anymore. He doesn’t really mind, especially if Eggsy would walk in with a blinding smile on his face.

He looked up and saw Eggsy wearing a navy blue cardigan over his button up shirt and tie. At the left side of his chest, the Kingsman logo can be seen in white. With his glasses on, Eggsy looked like a nerdy college student that is just down right adorable. His dimples also didn’t help Merlin from feeling all mushy inside.

“I look like one of you now.” He said with cheer.

Hamish noticed the changes in Eggsy’s speaking pattern. The lad’s grammar isn’t as… bad as it was when he was pretending to be a chav, and his pronunciation is better. He still drops the end letters of
a few words, but it doesn't seem forced. He also uses words and phrases that he didn’t use back then. Hamish just knows Eggsy is slowly knowing and showing his true self. He also loves how pouty he can get whenever he talks.

“Ye look quite…non-threatening wearing that.” He used another word instead of the initial cute that popped up inside his mind. Now, that’s a word he’d never thought he would use on Eggsy. Cute, he tried it again in his mind. It suits Eggsy. “The candidates would have a hard time believing ye’re an agent.”

Eggsy rolled his eyes. “Yeah, that would be their problem. I ain’t wearin’ a bespoke while trainin’ them and doin’ paperwork. This thin’ is soft and comfortable –and I just might buy more cardigans and some jumpers.”

Hamish would certainly like to see Eggsy wearing his jumper. An Image of Eggsy engulfed in one of his green jumpers and sporting sweater paws came into mind. He gave away a hum to cover up the beat of silence. “Are ye ready to welcome the candidates?”

“Excited even.” Eggsy’s smile is infectious. Hamish wants to cup Eggsy’s face and pepper it with kisses.

“I’m disappointed in the two of you.” Roxy walked in with a smirk. “Not following proper traditions, quite ungentlemanly.”

“I knew you were followin’ me, Rox. Ain’t my fault you were bein’ slow.” Eggsy said.

Hamish got up and got his clipboard. “I’ll be in the main control room as you welcome the candidates.” They’ve discussed it before, but he wants everything to go accordingly.

“And the feed will be open –you will hear everythin’ and see everythin’.” Eggsy continued on for him. “We’ll make them wait a few minutes before you walk in and do your most dangerous job interview speech.” The lad looked up at him, clearly not minding his attitude towards his tasks.

The three of them walked side by side in the halls of the mansion. Soon it was time to part ways, Roxy headed to the shop –to meet her candidate, Eggsy to the dormitory and him to the main control room. Morgan was already there with Amelia, pulling up feeds of the security cameras inside the dormitory and the feed for Eggsy’s glasses. He got behind his desk and tweaked a few things to get a better view of the inside of the dormitory.

Eggsy didn’t have to wait long, Lamorak walked in with his candidate. ‘Lamorak.’ They heard Eggsy greet the other agent. ‘First one to arrive. Hopefully the others are already on their way.’

‘Gaheris, we all know who’s going to be late.’ Lamorak gave Eggsy a smile.

Eggsy turned his sights on the candidate who was looking at him with an awed expression.

Morgan gave away a hum. “He’s not wearing blockers, is he?” She asked him.

“Blockers are only required during missions, if we’re in HQ it’s optional.” He told her.

“Still, it would affect how they would treat him.”

“And how they would treat him would affect their training.”

Amelia’s brows furrowed. “You can’t boot anybody just for being attracted to him.”
Hamish turned towards her. “I don’t plan to.”

Morgan spoke up again. “Some Alphas tend to show off, and some tend to not listen to those they deem lesser than them.” She explained to Amelia. “It could be their down fall.”

‘In you go.’ They heard Eggsy say. The candidate –Thomas Newport nodded at him and went inside without saying anything.

Lamorak looked amused. ‘At least we know that one won’t have any problem listening to you.’ With that, Lamorak went his own way. The agent still needs to get ready for his mission in Greece with Ector.

Percival was the next one to arrive with Elijah Dominic Tyler. Elijah’s eyes were wide at first, then a blush crept on his face. He all but run inside the dormitory. Arthur came in with Rupert Edward Murdock-Tithe, the candidate nodded at Eggsy and seemed to be very excited at the prospect of being a spy. Rupert’s as excitable as Jack, Hamish thought. Bors was with a snobby Andrew Broton, he looked at Eggsy the same way Charles Hesketh did. But Kay’s candidate –Hugh Rowan Tyler, was worse. Hugh gave Eggsy a flirty –bordering on filthy, smile while looking at him up and down. Hamish decided to keep a close eye on that one.

Hamish called in Anastasia to head to the dormitory already –she was the one to volunteer to drown. She gave Eggsy a high five and told him that she can’t wait to spend two days just lazing about.

Tristan walked in after her with Bernadatte Harding. She looked at Eggsy in a confused manner, as if the lad was an out of place piece. Lancelot brought in their second female candidate, Rose Falize. Rose greeted Eggsy with a friendly wave of hand before disappearing inside the dorm.

Thirty minutes pass the call time, Galahad walked in with his candidate. ‘Late as always, Galahad’ Eggsy greeted his mentor amicably.

‘Galahad is my codename.’ The older man explained.

Zeke Gallagher looked at Eggsy nervously then at Harry before grabbing the doorknob to the dormitory. The two agents share a look. ‘I’m sensin’ a type here.’ Eggsy joked.

‘Oh, hush you.’

With all the candidates inside the dormitory, he observed how they interacted with each other. After noticing that the candidates are slowly forming their cliques, he turned on the audio feed of the dormitory. It wasn’t such a surprise that the two girls were sticking together with Anastasia, Zeke and Elijah tagging along. Excitable Rupert got along well with quiet Thomas, and it seemed like they have a smaller group of snobs this year with Andrew and Hugh.

Hamish expected the variety of candidates. They have a larger pool to choose from now that Chester’s gone. He’s pretty sure that if Bors weren’t from a family of arseholes, he wouldn’t choose his own nephew. While Kay still believes in certain standards, he wasn’t as discriminative as Chester. If Kay’s candidate fails, he wouldn’t put the blame on anyone else but his candidate. And, Hamish is certain that the agent wouldn’t hesitate on throwing his candidate in the streets if he’s too much of a bigot.

‘Were we all greeted by the same Thoroughbred Omega?’ Hugh asked the whole group –just as Eggsy walked in the main control room. Talk about timing.

‘Do you guys think he’s an agent?’ Bernadette asked –there was pure curiosity in her voice. She wasn’t being discriminative.
‘He must be if he’s here.’ God bless Rupert, Hamish thought.

‘As if.’ Andrew countered. ‘He’s probably just a low grade welcome committee.’

‘Whatever he is, he did something to be a part of this…whatever this is.’ Zeke said. ‘He shouldn’t be underestimated.’

“I like Zeke.” Eggsy voiced out.

“We can’t play favourites.” He reminded the lad –but, he likes Zeke, too.

Eggsy picked up his clipboard and handed it to him. “It’s time for your speech.” He’s starting to like having Eggsy as an assistant.

Zeke didn’t feel like he was meant for an average kind of living.

He recognizes that that’s an arrogant thing to say. He just really feels like he’s meant for something more. But, being a Base Beta –people think that he should be happy with average.

What a load of horse shite!

He knows that he’s not the only Base Beta who feels that way, but most people think that that kind of thinking came from the fact that Betas can’t have the same connection as Alphas and Omegas. Yeah, no. He’s not looking for a star-cross lover to kiss under the rain and marry in a magical forest. What he’s looking for is a life purpose –something that would give meaning to his very existence. He knows that’s deep as fuck, but it’s the truth.

It’s the reason why he went to military, but after two years of service –it still didn’t felt right to him, he dropped off. He went to uni and got a useful degree in mechanical engineering, but things still doesn’t feel right even with his diploma. He was about to give in and give up. Live that average life that people seem to think he deserves –the only life they think he deserves, when a posh Thoroughbred Beta approached him about a dangerous job interview.

Listening to the man –Harry Hart, was like listening to a very convincing sales man. He’s pretty sure he’d buy anything the man would offer him. But, besides that, something inside him is telling him to go with this man and do this interview, no matter how dangerous it may seem.

He was surprised to see that most of the interviewee were posh blokes. Then for a moment he asked himself, why was he even surprised? Harry Hart is the posh-iest bloke he’d ever met. At least most of them are nice, he thought to himself as he got ready to sleep. He can’t imagine surviving the interview completely surrounded by snobs. That’ll be a nightmare.

He was woken up by a wet feeling –it wasn’t even the pleasant kind. Then soon the room was filled with screams. They started brainstorming, then he remembered basic physics. “Unlimited supply of air in the U-bend!” He yelled and everybody started moving. He saw Rose and Bernadette helping Anastasia.
It took not even a minute for the water to fill in the room, with everyone having their own supply of air. He noticed Elijah looking around, then focusing on the mirror. Elijah gave his tube to Rupert before swimming to the mirror. He thought the man was bleeding insane when he started punching the mirror. But, when a crack appeared all he could think of was – ‘holy shite’.

The rush of water pulled them out of the room. Gasping and coughing, they saw Merlin standing at the corner with his clipboard and the Omega by his side. “Congratulations, you passed your first test with flying colours.” In Zeke’s mind, Merlin didn’t sound happy at all. “Zeke, good thinking with the U-bend. Rose, Bernadette, kudos for making sure no one is left behind.”

“Elijah.” The Omega called out with a smile. “Sharp eyes for spotting the two-way mirror.”

Elijah blushed – redder than a tomato, and feeling the need to explain himself. “I was only questioned once.” He said hurriedly.

He’ll never understand what’s up with Alphas tripping over themselves for Omegas. Yeah, the Omega seemed like a fit bloke – got a smile like a million megawatt, too. But, other than that… Zeke, shook his head from side to side.

“Good thing then, otherwise you wouldn’t get any sleep and tomorrow you have an early start for your drills.”

“Candidates, this is Agent Gaheris.” Merlin introduced the Omega. “He’s also your trainer.” There was a variety of reaction that the two trainers didn’t pay any attention to. “Now, back to bed.”

“Uhm… sir?” Rupert even raised his hand. “The bed’s all wet.”

Merlin merely gave them a deadpan look before walking out with Gaheris. He could only wonder what other fuck up things they have to do. Still, it felt right being there.

It has been decided from the very start that Eggsy will join the candidates for the first two days of their morning drills before they introduce the puppies. He thought that it’ll help boost morale – make the candidates work harder since they’re doing drills with an actual agent. It worked for most of the candidates – key word, most.

Andrew kept huffing at him, Hugh kept his eyes somewhere it shouldn’t be kept, and Elijah – the man’s going to trip over himself if he doesn’t keep his eyes on the track. Rupert, Thomas and Zeke doesn’t seem to have any problem with doing the drills nor with his presence. Rose was the slowest, she’s having a hard time carrying the pack. Bernadette was wary – it was like she was waiting for the ground to open up and swallow them whole.

Eggsy kind of feels bad for Anastasia – since she was rescued, she’s going to have to wait for the second trial to be booted out. So, drills for her. He’s thinking about talking to Merlin about giving her additional days off.

“That was a good first run.” He told them. He’s trying to be the more positive trainer since he’s
pretty sure Merlin would be his impassive and intimidating self. “I’ll give you five and then we’ll run it again. Now that you have an idea how the drill goes I expect that you’ll finish it faster the second time around.”

“We’ll be a lot faster if we don’t wait for the slower ones.” Andrew voiced out as he eye Rose.

“Relax, I’m just showing you the ropes of the drill. Soon you’ll be able to show off.” They did the drill again after five minutes, everyone performed better except for Rose. She was slower the second time around. He let the others go, but made Rose stay behind. “The test for the drills is in three weeks.” He informed her –it’s not really against the rules. “It’s rare for someone to be eliminated that early in here, but there’s always a possibility. Use your three weeks wisely, Rose. I’d hate to see any of you leave that early in this interview.”

Eggsy projected calm and encouragement towards her. It got her looking up at him with grateful eyes. “Yes, sir.”

“Now, go hit the showers.” He pat her shoulders.

They’ve divided the training activities almost equally. Merlin took on most subjects that needs to be taught inside the classroom, and the hand to hand combat –since he knows more fighting style than Eggsy. While he took most of the drills and subjects that requires more practical application –except those that involve heavy science.

It’s a bit of a shame, in Eggsy’s mind. He would definitely like to see Merlin teach NLP again. What can he say? The man can flirt. Maybe he can ask for the man’s help while he teaches the candidates. Free opportunity to flirt.

After showering and changing back to his work clothes –opting for cardigan again. He went to his office to jot down his observations about the candidates. What their strengths and weaknesses are, and how they could help them improve more.

He knows he shouldn’t be playing favourites, but he thinks that some are more suitable than the rest. The way Andrew and Hugh acts –it’ll be almost impossible for them to take on a role that is below their social station. They’d despise having to act like a low life. Rupert’s too excitable, it’s clear that he had quite a sheltered life and Eggsy would hate to see that spark in his eyes disappear once he sees certain realities. Bernadette’s too wary –too suspicious that she can’t manage to hide it. Rose has a level head on her shoulders, but she has to work hard. He’s hoping that Elijah could shed his shyness –or cover it up if he survives long enough for the honey-pot task. He still doesn’t know what to think of Thomas and Zeke. The former’s too quiet, and the latter’s quite…reserved.

It wasn’t all that shocking for him to realize that he’s taking on his role as a trainer better than he expected. Probably better than anyone expected. He can say that it’s in his nature to be nurturing. But, he thinks he just likes it –being able to share what he can do. And the fact that he will have someone to share the burdens of being an undercover agent is a plus, too.

His afternoons for the following two days would be free. He’s thinking of calling his mum so he would be the one to pick up Daisy from school. He was just about to reach out for his phone when a message popped up on his tablet. It’s from Ector, requesting him to come to the main control room. A little bit puzzled, he got up from his chair.

The moment he walked in the room, Morgan gestured at one of the screens. “The puppies arrived a day early.”

“Okay.” He saw the van enter the gate of the estate. “Is the kennel ready?”
“No.” Ector told him. “I already called the service department and they’re opening up spaces for the new comers.”

“Then, why am I called here?” He asked them tentatively.

“You’re going to have to be the one to talk to the guy who delivered the pups.” Ector informed him –almost using small words. “Part of your job as the Assistant Trainer.”

Then, it occurred to him, just because he and Merlin had planned everything down perfectly –doesn’t mean nothing unexpected would pop up. He guesses this is one of the reasons why Merlin’s good at improvising during missions. “Yeah, okay.” He tapped a quick message to Merlin –informing the man about the early delivery of the puppies and telling him that he has it handled. “Thanks for tellin’ me.” He told the other two handlers before rushing out to the puppies.

He greeted the driver of the truck and the man asked him to sign some papers. He read it twice before actually signing it. He has to make sure that the dogs delivered were the breed that Merlin requested, and that the dogs had all the shots needed. The driver was also understanding in waiting for the kennel to be fixed –well, the driver used the time to flirt with him. Eggsy just gritted his teeth and suffered through it.

There were less cat-calls after the challenge –but that doesn’t mean he doesn’t suffer from lewd stares, and whispered comments when they think he can’t hear them. It took him a while to find a word that properly summarize what’s he’s experiencing under lecherous eyes; objectified. It –somehow, breaks his heart. As a Base Beta, he didn’t have much value. As a Thoroughbred Omega, his value is sexualized.

He got the puppies settled in their indoor kennel, finding the task enjoyable –because, puppies. He gave each bowls of water and food as he coo at them. He thank the keeper and apologized for the added work before making his way back to the mansion.

“Hey, Omega!”

The holler got him stopping mid-step. It’s an insult –to call not call an Omega by their name. It made his blood boil. He let out a breath and decided to keep on walking. He doesn’t have to listen to those bastards.

“I’m talking to you!” The Alpha jogged up to him. “Don’t be disrespectful.” He didn’t stop. He didn’t turn. He kept on walking. “You’ll regret this, Omega!”

He highly doubts that.

Elijah thought that he already knows every kind of training.

Turns out he’s wrong.

He has no problem with the drills and most of the lessons. For him, it’s like being back in uni while
training for her majesty’s corps –not including the dog that is. Though, he’s sure that there’re parts of their training that are for certain specialized units in the military.

He’s sweating and his hands are shaking –never a good start in defusing a bomb. While the trainer – Merlin, stands in front of him with scrutinizing gaze. The man had been teaching them what feels like all subjects under the sun –including proper etiquette for gentlemen. He fucking dreads the day the man teaches them to dance, because –fucking hell! The clock started counting down faster.

He breathe through his mouth. He has this. It’s been taught to them, he passed the written exams and everything. He stared at the blue, green, red and black wires –trying to mentally recall all the bomb blueprints that they were assigned to study. It’s the black wire. The clock’s at nine seconds. He cut the wire at seven and closed his eyes.

Nothing happened.

He opened his eyes once again with a relieved breath. Merlin’s eyes were once again focused on his clipboard –tapping away. “Congratulations.” The man greeted with no cheer at all. “You’ve pass the practical test for disarming explosives.” Merlin gave him a nod before walking out of the room.

After gathering his wits, and making sure he didn’t wet his pants, he got up and walked out of the room, too. Just by the door, he was greeted by Zeke, Rose and Bernadette. They've been training for two months now, and so far Anastasia has been the only candidate that’s been booted out. Since then, the training’s been getting harder and harder.

The four of them made their way to the mess hall. Lunch time isn’t as busy as they initially thought before. It’s mostly filled by administrative staffs. There could be agents, but they simply wouldn’t know. They’re not really allowed to react to the agents that offered them the candidacy.

They got their usual meal and sat in their usual table. The rest of the candidates were already there. Andrew and Hugh kept mostly to themselves while looking down at the rest of them. They don’t pay the two much mind. Elijah admits that they’re good candidates, but he honestly doubts Kingsman would allow anyone with the attitude like theirs into their fold.

“Anyone has any idea what we have this afternoon?” Rupert asked excitedly –he almost envies the other man’s energy. He’s knees still feels weak from defusing the bomb.

“Running with Sir Gaheris.” Zeke told him with grimaced. “Do you notice how much running we do with him? It’s not a bloody wonder why his thighs are that thick, Jesus.”

“It’s only appropriate.” Bernadette told them. “He’s a Thoroughbred Omega, they’re known for being quick. If we can keep up with him, means we’re getting faster, right?”

“Runnin’ and Free runnin’ are different things.” Thomas spoke up accent and intonation thick.

“It’s just running.” Andrew scoffed. “Everyone can do it.”

Two other women sat at the very end of the table they’re at. Chatting quite amicably –and loudly. Their voice being carried to their side. When the eight of them heard a familiar name, all of them perked up. “Just imagine being Gaheris.” One woman said. “Being away for months at a time, not being able to contact anyone except Merlin.” She paused with a smile. “It’s only natural they start liking each other.”

Now, with their brows raised, they all share a look. Their own chatter died down, in hope to hear more.
“But.” The other woman countered. “They’re decades apart, doesn’t that just seem –I don’t know, a bit fishy to you? It’s more likely that their families are doing it for the money.”

“So what if they’re decades apart? They’re both Thoroughbreds. That doesn’t matter.” The other one insisted. “Whether it be for money or not, I think they’re well suited for each other. I mean, have you seen how they are with each other?” The woman let out an inhuman squeal.

The two women then continued on their discussion that slowly turned into work talk. While they all sat with disbelief written on their faces. Rose’s alarm went off, alerting them for their next lesson. They scramble to get up and clean their trays.

“Do you think –Do you think what they’re talking about is true?” Bernadette asked them.

“It could just be office gossip.” Rupert told them.

“We’ve never even seen them together.” Rose pointed out. “Well, except the time when Merlin introduced Gaheris.”

“Look, they like each other or not, it’s none of our business.” Zeke told them. “As long as it doesn’t affect our training, it doesn’t matter to us.”

“I’m with Zeke on this one.” He seconded as they head to the open field and face a new course from where the drill course were once was. Elijah isn’t sure if his knees had recovered enough strength to run the course.

“Candidates.” Gaheris greeted them with his usual smile. Elijah tried to fight down the blush that’s creeping on his face. “Today, you’ll be learning free running. I know Thomas knows it –I’ve read his file. I hope you don’t mind giving me a bit of an assistance.”

Merlin and Gaheris liking each other –their personalities are like night and day. It’s definitely office gossip.

It’s been two weeks since Eggsy started teaching the candidates free running. So far, none of the candidates had acquired any grievous injuries. Thomas is leading in the course –that’s a no brainer. Followed by Bernadette –being a High Omega, then Zeke, Elijah, Rose and Rupert. With Andrew and Hugh being often in the last place.

He just knows that if he doesn’t help the last two, they would be the first to be eliminated.

As much as he hates the snotty and flirty looks, he honestly thinks he wouldn’t be doing his job as a trainer if he doesn’t properly –well, train them. Besides that, there isn’t really anything else that they’re bad at. And they’re not technically bad at free running. They’re just too…stiff.

It’s late afternoon, they keep it free to give the candidates time to work on the subjects or activities they’re not good at. He remember himself using most of his free afternoon training JB and perfecting his marksmanship. In this year’s candidates, it’s Rose who’s using her afternoons quite productively.
He’s glad that she listened to him.

He called on Andrew and Hugh and met them in the gym. He could have used his afternoon for paperwork—or picking up Daisy from school so he can spend his evening with his family. But, he wants the two to learn free running.

He was already jumping up and down the trampoline when they entered. He did a single flip in the air before steadily slowing down and getting off. He sat at the edge of the trampoline and looked at them. Hugh looked at him hungrily and Andrew looked a bit uncomfortable. There’s something there—he won’t pry it open today.

Eggsy clasped his hands together. “You two suck at free running.”

Andrew scoffed. “There’s really no point for it. If an enemy is running after us, we wouldn’t have the time to roll around on the ground.”

Both of Eggsy's eyebrows raised at that. “Do you really think that?”

“Give me a proof that this…thing can really be used in the field, and I’ll start taking it seriously.”

Eggsy can see traces of Bors in Andrew. They pay little to no mind to details they deem unimportant. But, they both have the redeeming qualities that they can be taught and corrected. God knows how many times Merlin had to explain missions to Bors in a way that he would see the importance of the details in it. Apples and trees, he guesses.

He got down on the trampoline and approached Andrew. “Do I have your word?”

“Omega.” Hugh called out to him and he didn’t bother turning his head. Eggsy saw the colours from Andrew’s face be drained. “We both know you didn’t called us for training.” Hugh said the last word in a mocking manner. “I mean, perhaps. But, certainly it’s not for you to train us—rather the other way around.”

It seems like respect to those with authority over them are instilled deep in the Broton family. Eggsy stuck his hands out for a shake. “Do I have your word?” Andrew looked at him then at Hugh. Eggsy can tell that he’s confused by Eggsy's reaction to Hugh’s words.

Andrew looked down at his hand, and gave it a shake. “You have my word, sir.”

“Good.” He moved to pick up his sports bag. “You’re dismissed.” He directed the order to Andrew. As he walked out of the gymnasium, he can hear Hugh calling out for him.

It wasn’t a surprise. He knew it was only a matter of time before Hugh make a lewd comment or say something indecent to him. He can’t have the candidate removed. He figures he can just treat Hugh the same way he treats all the other Alphas that doesn’t address him by his name. He wouldn’t acknowledge their existence. It’s only fair, right?

He made his way to the main control room and was greeted by—a now growing familiar sight. Merlin on his swivel chair, typing away and talking to whoever it is at the other side of the line. “No, you blithering idiot.” Eggsy fight back a shiver at Merlin’s frustrated growl. “Do not engage 007—do not even look his way, Lamorak.” Merlin sighed heavily. “I expected this from Galahad with his peacock tendencies, but not you.”

He placed his sports bag at the foot of Merlin’s desk, it got the older man glancing at him for a moment before turning back to the screen. Eggsy leaned back at the edge of the table, and turned his head towards the window that shows the whole of R&D. He noticed a few heads ducking down–
trying not to get caught staring.

“Sitrep at twenty-two hundred BST,” Merlin turned his microphone off before shifting his attention to Eggsy. “Is there anything wrong?”

“Andrew and Hugh,” He started. “I talked to them –was about to help them wit’ their free runnin’. Andrew doesn’t see the point of it –told me tha’ if I can come up wit’ a proof tha’ it’s useful in the field, then he would start takin’ it seriously. While Hugh…” It was his turn to let out a heavy sigh.

“What did he said?”

“Nothin’ I haven’t heard before.”

“Ye shouldn’t down play this.” Merlin told him.

“We can’t boot him out just because of a suggestive comment.” He pointed out. “Plus, he wouldn’t last. If he wouldn’t be able to pass the intermediate course for free runnin’, he wouldn’t be able to move forward. Unless, he would be willin’ enough to learn from Thomas –which, I highly doubt.”

“The boy’s prideful.”

“At least Andrew can be taught –hopefully,” He turned to Merlin, placing his hand on the table. The older man stared at his hand. He placed it palm up, a silent invitation. Merlin took it. There’s a silent support and encouragement in their joined hands. “We’re goin’ to be the talk of the town.” He teased, and it got Merlin smiling. “Look at us bein’ naughty.”

The older man chuckled. “Oh, heaven might struck us, lad.”

He turned back to the mirror –heads ducking down again. “I’m thinkin’ of showin’ the candidates a few of my missions that utilizes free runnin’.” He suggested to Merlin.

“I’ll search the footages and compile them.”

Eggsy could only grip Merlin’s hand tighter. He misses Merlin’s kisses. He doesn’t know what to do with that thought.
Chapter Six

Chapter Summary

Eggsy informs his family and friends. While Merlin hopes the candidates are not as perceptive as he is.

Chapter Notes

Here's an update! Woooh!! I hope you guys didn't wait so long for this one -or I hope that the wait for this one is worth it. Thank you for all the hits, kudos, comments, bookmarks and subscriptions!

This chapter is not Beta’d. I do proofreading but some mistakes still get pass by me. Please, do pardon them.

On to the story....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Between recovering and training –on Eggsy’s part. Training, handling, and being a quartermaster – on Merlin’s; the two haven’t taken the next step in their courtship. They simply have horrible time management skill, in Harry’s opinion. It’s time for him to step up and take action in all this… inaction.

It was Roxy’s time to be the chaperone for the…couple. With her presence inside the room, he thinks that it’s the perfect opportunity to talk about the next step towards completing the couple’s courtship. He knocked on Merlin’s office door, and pushed open the two door with a bit of a flourish. It’s the best way to get people’s attention.

Roxy was seated on one of the armchairs with a book in hand –probably to keep herself entertained. It can be quite –drab chaperoning for two workaholics. Now, that’s a word he never thought he would use on his protégé –but, you learn something new every day.

Eggsy was typing away on his tablet –glancing at Merlin’s tablet every now and then. Cross checking, perhaps. While Merlin was hunched on a table tweaking on something –Harry has no idea what, with soldering iron in hand. None of them stopped whatever they were doing to even look up at him or greet him. He let out an unimpressed huff –so much for getting people’s attention.

“Do you spend your time together doing mostly work?” He asked the two. Now, that got a reaction from Roxy. The lady raised an eyebrow at him. He can only interpret it as ‘what do you think?’

“Deplorable.” He commented as he stepped inside and close the door behind him. “How are the two of you getting to know each other if you’re always working?”

“I dinnae know if ye’ve noticed, Harry, but it’s rare that I ran out of things to do.” Merlin told him – still focused on what he was doing.
“Yes, but not all of it needs to be done right away.” He pointed out before turning to Roxy. “How long have they been together in the same room but not talking to each other that’s not related to work?”

“Does a morning greeting count?” Roxy asked rhetorically.

“Oi, we’re not tha’ bad.” Eggsy told them —typing and swiping away still, with his brows furrowed. Then muttering to himself as he read something from the bloody clipboard.

Both of his friends are dedicated to their work—it takes great dedication to be a Kingsman. That’s for sure. He can see that they both enjoy what they’re doing—he can honestly say that Eggsy’s a remarkable trainer. The candidates are greatly improving and learning under his care. While Merlin has always been an exceptional quartermaster. But, he can also see that work is also starting to become a hindrance between them.

He took in a deep breath. “Both of you, put whatever you’re doing down.” He used his Beta tone to get their attention. He’s successful in doing so—not many Thoroughbred Beta’s can use the compelling tone. It doesn’t come as natural as a Thoroughbred Alpha’s strength and a Thoroughbred Omega’s speed. It takes more practice—but he wouldn’t be Harry Hart if he couldn’t use it.

Eggsy put down his tablet—a bit flush on the cheeks, like a school boy caught doing something he shouldn’t be. Merlin paused for a minute—compelled, but also weighing the words carefully. An Alpha doesn’t have to listen to a Beta, but a smart Alpha would listen to his council. Merlin placed down the soldering iron and the piece of whatever it was down, and looked up from what he was doing.

“Ye have our undivided attention.” Merlin told him with a slight inclination of head. A silent gesture that says he will listen to a dear friend.

“I think it’s time to take the next step towards completing your courtship.” He stated simply. “It’s been two months since you have announced the Promised Courtship between the two of you. So far, you’ve only been challenged once. While I have no doubt that there would still be future challenges until you’ve fully committed to each other, I think it’s time for your friends to meet each other.”

His words had Roxy leaning forward—clearly interested. Harry wonders if she can see the dynamic between the four of them. The friendship that was cultivated between her and Eggsy is more on the protective side of the spectrum. While his friendship with Hamish has a touch of consultation inside the protection.

Merlin leaned back on his chair. “I only have ye and Percival. It willnae be much of a fun fare.”

“It’s not about fun fare.” Harry reminded him. “It’s about the two of you coming together with the support of friends—and hopefully in the future, family.” Harry knows that’s going to be tricky on Hamish’s part, but they’ll cross the bridge when they get there.

“I’m nae saying I’m nae going to do it, Harry. I’ll do it, of course I’ll do it.” Merlin said. “I’m just saying that in this particular meeting of friends, it’ll be ye and Percival who would face Eggsy’s friends and try to help me win their approval.”

Harry realize what Merlin was trying to imply—generation gap. God, what do people in their twenties listen to nowadays? Where do they ‘hang-out’? Is a dinner in a restaurant too formal—too flashy? It seems like they would be facing quite a problem.

“I haven’t told them.” Eggsy piped up—looking guiltily at Merlin. “It’s not tha’ I don’t want to tell
them—it’s just…we haven’t had time to meet up. Jamal’s picking up where he left off at the
college. An’ Ryan’s got a job as a nursing aide at the local hospital. I haven’t had the
time to tell them about—well, about us. I don’t think tellin’ them through text would be…
adequate.”

“You’re right, Eggsy.” Harry quickly said, before Merlin could open his mouth. “A simple text or
call would not do. It’s not at all that unfortunate. We’d have time to properly plan this meeting of
friends—hopefully we can make sure that everyone is present.” He said the last part meaningfully at
Merlin, since he knows Percival’s schedule. He turned back to Eggsy. “When do you plan on telling
your friends?”

“I’ll text them tonight. Hopefully they can meet me in the weekend.” Eggsy sighed. “I’ll tell them,
then.”

“Will you be meeting out in public?” Roxy asked—a hint of protectiveness in her voice. Harry
appreciates that most about her.

“Probably in our usual pub.” Eggsy answered with a shrug.

“Excellent.” Harry voiced out. “Kindly inform me right away once you’ve told them. It’s about time
your friends—” he pointed at Eggsy—“meet his friends.” He pointed at Merlin.

Harry could only pray it wouldn’t turn into a disaster.

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His sister is getting heavier day by day—and he’s glad for that, it means she’s been getting the proper
meal she needs. Still, he’s going to carry her as often as he can while he still can. He wonders if his
mum feels the same way he does—she must be. He knows Michelle isn’t a bad mother—a bad
person. It was her grief that made her—susceptible to abusive Alphas. It was fear that made her turn
to drugs, and it was the drugs that made her—forget—certain things. But, she was never indifferent
towards their pain. He knows the tears she shed back then wasn’t just for the pain she felt—but his,
too.

So, he talked to Arthur about his contract with Kingsman. He couldn’t—he won’t let his mother
spiral down the way she did before. He knows she has to know about his real job. He can’t leave her
and Daisy with just a medallion and a promise of help.

Michelle was invited to the shop and they had a meeting with Arthur. The man explained Kingsman
to her—and their role in the world. Arthur told her of Eggsy’s first mission and how he had earned
his place in the organization. Eggsy’s request was also explained to her.

His mother looked at him—eyes wide with emotions he can’t define. She reached out for him and
asked him if he’s sure. Then he remembered, she didn’t really stopped him from enlisting. She
always let him do what he thinks is right for him. Her only slip was when she panicked after learning
that she’s pregnant with Daisy. But, she never doubted his ability—just always asked if he’s sure. He
gave her a nod and she agreed to all the conditions Arthur placed in her knowing about Eggsy’s real
job.
Merlin walked in that moment with a bunch of NDAs. Michelle will know the nature of Eggsy’s job—but nothing in detail. Kingsman will place them in a house with appropriate security, and some agents will visit them every now and then whenever Eggsy’s away. Arthur even throw in medical benefits for Michelle and Daisy and a promise that whatever happens to Eggsy—they will be taken care of.

With the medical benefits Arthur given them, Eggsy immediately signed Daisy for speech therapy. It took them a few months to get her talking the way her age should be talking. Even longer for her to shed her shyness. Now, Daisy’s turning into a happy kid with a smile that could light up the darkest parts of the universe. She’s still a bit shy, but she’s growing confident—especially in her ballet class.

He kissed the top of her head. “How was class, little flower?”

“Fun.” She said as she wrap her arms around his neck. “Learned somethin’ new.”

“Are you goin’ to show it to mum when we get home?”

She nodded eagerly. “And Uncle Harry, too. And Roxy, when she visits.”

“I’ll make sure Roxy visits as soon as she can, yeah?” He got another eager nod.

The moment they stepped in inside the house, Daisy went running to their mum. She’s not as talkative as those kids in her age, she still has her moments. His mum gave an enthusiastic cheer when Daisy executed the new move she learned, even when they have no idea how it was supposed to be. He remembers his mum cheering him the same way when he was a kid—only it was gymnastics that got him all excited.

“Stayin’ for dinner, babe?” Michelle asked him with a smile and a kiss on the cheeks.

“Yeah.” He took off his jacket and hat, throwing it on the sofa. “Need any help?”

“You could peel the potatoes for me.”

The two of them started working inside the kitchen side by side. They would look up every now and then to check on Daisy as she lay on her stomach—splayed in front of the telly. It wasn’t long before the three of them were settled in the dining table and tucking in.

Eggsy would listen about how their day went—not being able to share his own. But, Michelle would ask how he’s been doing—especially after he got back from his missions. She wouldn’t ask what he had to do—not ask if he’s hurt in front of Daisy, but she would once they’re alone. She’d ask if he wants to stay with them for the night or a whole week to months. And he knows that if he accepted her offer, she would fuss over him. He does accept sometimes—when he needs to. He had learned a long time ago that recuperating isn’t just a physical trial.

He let Michelle tuck Daisy to bed as he wash the dishes. It is strange how his mum knows him—knows when he needs to tell her something. He wonders what his tells are.

“How long?” She asked quietly—grabbing the dish cloth along the way.

“Not bein’ sent away.” He told her honestly. He can’t even find it in himself to be annoyed at his mother’s assumption. She worries, she cares and she’s trying to be supportive and strong. “How… How did da courted you?”

That got her pausing for a minute before continuing the mindless action of wiping the dishes. “We didn’t do what most people did, that’s for sure.” She started with a smile. “Before he went away for
his first deployment to Middle East, he told me, he would court me once he gets back because at the moment he has nothin’ to give me but his word.” They finished what they were doing and Michelle turned the kettle on. “He got back an’ went straight to the café I was workin’ in at wit’ a small box in hand. He proposed, I said yes.” She turned to Eggy with eyes a bit watery. “An’ then, he courted me.”

She made them both tea as they settle in the living room –sat on the sofa facing each other.

Michelle continued on. “Now, I know you didn’t simply asked out of curiosity. What brought this on, babe?”

“I’m in a Promised Courting wit’ someone.” He thought that there’s no other way of telling it but directly.

His mum looked at him with wide eyes –clearly, she did not expected that from him. “Now, I don’t want you to be offended but I’m worried. You’ve only been yourself for a few months –are you sure about this? About them?”

He can’t blame his mother. “It’s a legitimate concern, I can see where you’re comin’ from –but, yeah. I’m sure about him –about us.”

His mum looked at him for a long time –searching for something he doesn’t know. Whatever she found, it got her talking in a voice that seemed like it was holding a secret. “Your da once told me somethin’ about Thoroughbreds.” She started. “He told me tha’ Thoroughbreds can find their true mates by scent.” Now, that intrigued Eggy. “He told me tha’, if someone’s scent made sense to a Thoroughbred, it means tha’ tha’ person is their true mate. Tha’ they’re compatible in all aspects tha’ it would seem like they’re made for each other –like they’re soul mates.” Eggy remembered the book Roxy bought for him. “So, babe, does his smell made any sense to you?”

“It does…”

“Then, I can’t wait to meet this Alpha of yours.”

Eggy felt himself blush at the thought of Merlin being his. “Not mine.” He protested half-heartedly. “An’, you’ve sort of met him already.”

“Is it your boss?”

“Wha- No! Not Arthur.” He saw his mum let out a relieved sigh. “But, he’s –like, he has a higher position than me in Kingsman.”

“Babe, just spit it out already.”

“Okay, okay.” It was his turn to sigh. “Remember the man who set up the security system of this place?”

“Bald an’ intimidating even wit’ the glasses and jumper.” His mother confirmed. “Isn’t he like… Voldemort or somethin’ Harry Potter related?”

Eggy rolled his eyes. “Merlin, mum. His name is Merlin an’ he’s a Thoroughbred Alpha –and we’re in a Promised Courtship wit’ each other.”

There was a pregnant pause between them. Eggy’s starting to feel nervous. Michelle’s shoulder started shaking.
“What?”

“Can you –Can you imagine him hangin’ out with Ryan an’ Jamal?” His mum was almost breathless –wiping away the tears from her eyes.

“Fuck me.” Eggsy felt both relieved and bothered at the same time. His mum doesn’t seem to be against Merlin, but he hasn’t told his friends about the courtship. He knows he’s going to have a lot of explaining to do.

Hamish didn’t have much trouble with compiling footages of Eggsy doing free running and scaling buildings. He even inserted footages that weren’t just about Eggsy’s death defying escapes. He put in a few of Eggsy using that particular skill to get inside of certain places to steal certain information. There’s also one of Eggsy putting on surveillance around the area of the targets.

If Eggsy thinks that Andrew can be persuaded to learn, then he wouldn’t go against the lad’s insight. He wouldn’t be ashamed to admit that Eggsy has a closer relationship with the candidates than he does. He’s also not blind –he can see how their differing treatment over the candidates help in their training.

Hamish is the cold hearted trainer. He has clear expectations and would not hesitate to boot out anyone who couldn’t meet these expectations. He has no time for hand holding and snot wiping. It’s either they grow a spine or they get out of his sight.

Eggsy’s the cultivating trainer. He doesn’t expect perfection, but he does expect everyone to work hard to improve. He’ll be sad if someone is booted out, but Hamish can bet he’ll have encouraging words as they depart. He doesn’t hold anyone’s hand, but he would show everyone the ropes –make the candidates see the value of the things they are learning. Eggsy will help the candidates grow confident and proud.

He reminds everyone that Kingsman has a standard to uphold, while Eggsy makes them see that they can always get better.

The candidates fill out the room. Their eyes moving from him to Eggsy, and then back. It’s only the second time they were together in the same room with the candidates. He let the silence reign in for a few moments before speaking up.

“You’ve all been learning about free running from agent Gaheris.” He started. “It is a skill that not every agent in Kingsman have. In fact, you are the very first batch of candidates to ever receive a training on it. Since that is the case, I will show you footages of our very own and I want you to do an analytical essay on it and write how you would have traverse the same plain as agent Gaheris did. Is that understood?”

He and Eggsy have talked about how they will present the footages in the class without calling out on Andrew’s behaviour. They didn’t want to make him seem like a bad guy. Okay, it was Eggsy who didn’t want Andrew to seem like a bad guy –Hamish could careless in all honesty. Presenting it as an activity is what they thought to be the best way to do it.
The candidates gave a collective affirmations –except for Hugh.

The two of them stepped aside and let the screen turn on as the candidates take out pens and pads. He started with something simple –Eggsy’s first undercover mission. The agent played the part of a wealthy High Alpha that party hard. They made Eggsy attend different parties that’s located at places that needed to be under their surveillance. They couldn’t simply send an agent to bug the place because of the tight securities in those places. They had to get creative.

‘I’m sorry, luv.’ They all heard the Gaheris in the footage. The next thing they were seeing was an unconscious lady being laid down on the couch.

‘You can’t keep using amnesia darts on everyone.’ They heard the Merlin on the footage. ‘You’ll soon run out of it.’

‘I don’t want to waste time.’ The Gaheris on the footage walked out to the balcony –looking out to see if there were security personnel walking around. ‘I’ve got everything needed inside in place.’ Gaheris huffed as he used windows and pots to get to the roof. ‘All’s left is this transmitter.’

‘After that, you can truly enjoy the party.’

Footage-Gaheris got into the roof with a soft thud as his foot land. ‘Yeah –no, thank you. Not my cup of tea.’ From the glasses, they see Footage-Gaheris looking around –finding a discreet spot to place the transmitter. Once he found one, he stuck the transmitter there and turned it on. ‘How’s it looking?’

‘Transmitter’s live.’ Footage Merlin confirmed. ‘It is now sending AV of the place. Your work is done, agent. Congratulations.’

‘I’m not done till I’m home.’ Footage-Gaheris traverse down the roof. Inside the room, the lady was still asleep. Footage-Gaheris planted evidence of a night spent drinking around her, so she wouldn’t wake up suspicious of her headache or the loss last night’s memories. ‘Look out for me, Merlin.’

‘Car’s already waiting.’

The footage ended with Gaheris entering the car.

Hamish gave a moment for the candidates to write down what they needed to write down before queuing the next footage.

‘There were last minute changes in the target’s hotel reservations.’ Footage-Merlin spoke up.

Footage-Gaheris made a show of answering his phone. ‘Hello, sweetheart.’ He was in a high society party. It would look suspicious if he’s mumbling. ‘Having trouble finding the place?’

‘His secretary changed hotels. He dropped off his things to the one a street away from the one we expected him to be staying in.’

‘Of course. How long till you get here?’ Footage-Gaheris started walking around the crowd –making it seem like he needed to find a quiet place to continue his call.

‘Five minute walk –probably three if you run.’

Footage-Gaheris got inside an elevator –eyes quickly catching the security camera. ‘Sweetheart, will you be needing directions? It can be difficult to move around the city coming from a different route.’
‘Rooftop?’ Footage-Merlin asked with a bit of disbelief.

‘Certainly, it’s no problem.’

There was a beat of silence before Footage-Merlin spoke up again. ‘It’s four buildings away from you. They’re all differing in heights –I’m not certain if they have securities on their rooftops. Once you get to the fifth building, go down to the penthouse. You just have to insert the drive into the laptop and I’ll get what we need.’

‘Be safe for me?’

‘Oh, the security of the entire building is under my control now. You can talk and move freely.’ There was a trace of cheek in the voice.

Footage-Gaheris pocketed his phone. ‘Thanks for that, sweetheart.’ The sweetness in his tone didn’t changed.

They were soon watching Gaheris running and jumping from one building to another without much difficulty. Hamish remembers feeling queasy during this mission because of the leaps and jumps Eggsy managed to land. He couldn’t breathe properly until Eggsy was finally back inside the previous hotel he was in. The footage ended with Gaheris asking Merlin to look out for him once again.

Hamish realized that he should have cut the footages in a different way. Well, it’s too late now. He queued the next one.

They immediately heard panting –the view was shakier than the first two they’ve watched. It was obvious that Gaheris was running and leaping to and fro. They saw a view of a car speeding by and they all heard Merlin’s voice. ‘Don’t ye even fuckin’ think about it’

They watch Gaheris swung from an object they couldn’t identify. The next thing they saw was the night sky, then the roof of the car. There was a loud thud and a pained groan. The car swivelled, Gaheris’ hand shoot out to hold on and keep himself from falling off. Gaheris manoeuvred his body to get inside the car. He was greeted by a barrel of a gun. A shot rang out followed by grunts and swearing.

‘The car’s going to go straight to the river.’ Footage-Merlin alerted Footage-Gaheris.

‘Aware.’ They saw consecutive punches being given to the opponent. ‘Completely aware.’

‘Don’t tell me the driver was shot.’

‘I wasn’t the one who pulled the trigger.’ The opponent was finally down and pushed out of the car by a kick.

‘Ye have shite aim.’ There was an easy banter between them –trying to keep the feeling of trepidation at bay.

Footage-Gaheris was trying to get the dead driver off the driver seat, but it was proving to be a more difficult task. He instead removed the feet away from the accelerator and put it over the brake. The car wouldn’t be slowing down to the rate that it should, but it was slow enough that he can jump out. He break his jump with a roll, and staggered as he got up. Police and ambulance sirens got him running again –this time to flee from the scene.

‘Look out for me.’ Footage-Gaheris voice sounded exhausted. There’s a bone deep weariness that
was carried over. ‘Merlin.’

‘Cross another street and take a right.’ His voice was still cold and stern –but a touch of softness bleeds in it.

He cut the footage there.

There was a deafening silence that took over the room that cannot be penetrated by the scratches of pen over paper. It seems like the reality of things are starting to settle within the candidates. It’s one of the reasons why he agreed to showing the footages. It’s a way of easing the candidates to watching missions and how –unsparing it is.

The next footage started with gunshots and shouts. The Gaheris in the footage fearlessly run to the gun men. Jumping, rolling and leaping made it hard for the gun men shoot Gaheris. It also confused the gun men –they didn’t notice that their guns were being aimed at each other once Gaheris duck or move out of the way. Soon, it was a close combat with the enemy holding a knife and Gaheris armed with his fists.

‘Ten more are coming your way.’ They heard Merlin’s voice. It was tense. ‘They’re going to try and surround the place.’

‘Where’s the spot with the least of these fuckers?’ Gaheris voice remained calm. Somehow –Hamish knows that everyone can feel that it’s the false sense of calm. ‘We both know we can go up against an army, but we’re a bit pressed for time. Plus, I need to look completely unruffled when I get back.’

‘East side of the building.’ Footage-Merlin informed. ‘There’s also a fire escape from there that can lead you to a rundown building.’

‘Fuckin’ aces.’ The footage then started to get shaky once again. Three gun men were quickly eliminated and a view of the ground from a high distance can be seen. They watch as Gaheris traverse the longest path they had ever seen in record time. He only stopped once he reach a certain alley to even out his breathing.

The footage ended with Gaheris speaking the same words he did from the previous footages. It’ll take a deaf person not to notice it. He knows that the candidates will draw certain conclusions from it.

The string of footages came to an end. Hamish took the centre of the room and Eggsy remained to the side. “We have a few minutes left before your break, you may ask questions to either myself or agent Gaheris.”

It didn’t come as a surprise that Rupert’s hand was the first one to shot up. Hamish let him be the one to ask the first question. “Do you think it’ll be better to develop our speed or the strength of thighs?” The question was directed to Eggsy.

“Well.” The candidates share confused looks. Eggsy started to explain. “Free running isn’t about the runs or leaps, it’s about traversing. It’s better to have a well-developed spatial perception. You have to look at a street or a building and see how you can get to point A to point B the fastest way possible with the least amount of effort.”

Rupert jot it down with his tongue sticking out to the side.

Rose raised her hand and asked. “Can you use it in a fight?”

“I use it in evading bullets. It’ll be difficult for the enemies to get a clear shot at me if I keep moving
—but it’s not really advisable.” Eggsy answered.

Elijah piped up from the back of the class. “I noticed you don’t do much of flips –unlike Thomas. Is that like a preference, or is there a real difference between the two.”

“I told you, get to point A to point B in record time with the least amount of effort.” Eggsy said. “I do flips to evade bullets, but if I’m going to have be somewhere or escape –it’s better to keep it simple. It’ll also help in preserving energy and that can be used in fighting.”

Thomas was a bit hesitant in raising his hand, but an encouraging nod from Eggsy got him clearing his throat in preparation to ask his question. “This isn’t really abou’ free runnin’.”

“Merlin said you can ask questions, he didn’t specifically told you that you can only ask questions about free running. Go ahead…” Of course, Eggsy caught that slip.

“Are the two of ye…partners?”

“I am his agent and he is my handler.” Eggsy said simply.

“Isn’t there supposed to be a rotation?” Zeke asked. “To avoid over familiarity –or something like that?”

“There are moments wherein an agent has to be passed to another handler.” Hamish was the one to explain. “But, in Kingsman, we try and let the handlers work with the agents that they think they could work well with. It helps with the mission success rate.”

“What about the agents?” Bernadette asked. “Don’t they have a say about it?”

“An agent can request to be transferred to another handler if he or she wishes to.” Hamish told her. He saw her eyes move from him to Eggsy. It was clear what they’re wondering about. He’s waiting on who would have the guts to voice it out.

“How many missions have you failed?” Hugh asked Eggsy with a smirk that says he thinks Eggsy had failed many of them.

“On record, one.” Few of the candidates’ eyes widen. “Personally, two.”

Hamish might just have a hunch on which missions Eggsy was referring to. But, he has to stop the question and answer portion, before the candidates could get too cosy with them. “Now, I want those analytical essays sent to me before midnight. Tomorrow, you’ll start your lessons on mission analysis. Dismiss.”

The candidates cleared out the room. They both know they shouldn’t be left alone, but this is the first time they’ve really experience privacy in months. They merely stood there in silence –just basking in it. He was about to say something to Eggsy when a message appeared in both of their glasses.

‘Clear the room –E’

The two of them could only turn to the security camera in the room. Hamish shamelessly flip off Ector. It got a laugh from Eggsy. He still thought of speaking his mind. “Ye set yersel’ to a higher standard than others do.” It got Eggsy looking at him with brows furrowed. “Ye should be kinder to yersel’.”

“I…” Eggsy’s eyes softened. “Thank you –for seein’ me.”
“Thank ye for letting me.” Hamish knows that Eggsy can easily cover up who he really is – especially now that he has an inkling of who he is. It’s what he does to everyone else who doesn’t respect him or their courtship. He knows that it is an honour to get to know the real Eggsy – and he would cherish him. All of him.

Nobody born poor wants to stay poor, but they play with the cards they’ve been dealt with. Sometimes, they win – a triumph over poverty. Sometimes, they don’t – and the cycle continues on to the next generation, if there is. That’s the God awful truth, yeah?

Jamal’s family had always been poor – from his grand-da to his great grand-da, so on and so forth. To the point where their whole family tree believes they couldn’t escape poverty anymore. He almost believed it, too. But, then he thought, if Eggsy Unwin can break the mould – why can’t he?

So, he got back to college to finish his degree in computer engineering. He’s on a scholarship and working two jobs. He’d apply for student loans and is living on ramen noodles and pizzas. It’s mental – he feels like he’s going mental, but he remembers where he’d grown up and all the shit he and his friend had to do for a single quid. Bruv, he’s not giving up on this – but shit! His laptop did.

Now he’s frowning at the dinner that Eggsy brought for them – being the only one with the stable high paying job, he said it’s his treat. Though, he and Ryan ain’t stupid. They know something else is going on in that tailor shop but they know Eggsy won’t grass on anyone. Ain’t no tailor would be gone for months at a time only to come back bruised and wincing as he move.

Eggsy came back from his room with his laptop. His friend was handing it to him. “No way.” He was quick to refuse Eggsy’s help – because he had helped him more times than he can count.

“Take it.” Eggsy insisted. “You can give it back when you’ve bought yourself a new one.”

“No, man!” He exclaimed. “We both know it’ll take me a long – long while before I could even buy steak for dinner. I ain’t takin’ your laptop.”

“Don’t be daft. I don’t even use it often – it’s wasted here.”

“How are you goin’ to send emails to your clients then? Or, do your paperwork?”

“Do tailors even do paperwork?” Ryan asked and Jamal just had to kick him in the shin.

“We do have paperwork an’ I’ve been given a tablet at work.” Eggsy told them. “I can use the tablet for those things.” Jamal still didn’t took the laptop from his hand. Eggsy sighed. “Come on, mate. It’s the least thin’ I could do.”

“It really isn’t. You’ve been helpin’ us a lot, yeah? An’ it’s gettin’ too much.” He admitted.

“We’re all that we have.” Eggsy told him – and ain’t that the truth. People from the estate thinks the three of them are being silly with trying to get out of the place. People think they’re dreaming the impossible dream. “We gotta stick together. Let me help.”
It was his turn to sigh. “Fuckin’ hell, mate.” He reached for the laptop and Eggsy gave him a big smile. He can’t fight down his own. “I’m takin’ you out fo’ a pint in my next pay.” He announced. “It’s the least I can do.”

Eggsy finally sat down with them. He grabbed his own carton of take out with a look on his face that tells them he has something to tell them, but ain’t sure how to. He and Ryan exchanged looks, and let Eggsy simmer on it as they eat their meal. Usually Eggsy would be able to voice out whatever it is in his mind halfway through their dinner. But, this time their friend was quiet till the very last noodle was eaten.

“Jus’ spit it out already, mate.” Ryan said to Eggsy. “You ‘ave us feelin’ anxious, too.”

“Yeah.” He seconded. “This ‘s like –the quietest dinner we ever had.”

Eggsy placed down his carton of take out, then cleared his throat. “When are you guys goin’ be free again?”

Ryan’s eyes narrowed at Eggsy. “Saturday night till Sunday night next weekend. Why? Thinkin’ o’ hittin’ the pub?”

“I’m only free on the Saturday night.” He told them. “An’ I can’t go drinkin’ too much. I ‘ave a shift on the convenient store Sunday mornin’. So long as we’re not drinkin’ too much, I can come wit’.”

“There’s really no easy way of sayin’ this, so I’m just goin’ to say it.” Eggsy said with a bit of hitch in his tone.

Jamal’s instincts are telling him to comfort Eggsy –but he stopped it. His friend is not really in pain or whatever –he’s just nervous. His brain can’t really filter out the difference even when he’s a High Alpha. He never really had the chance to hone his instincts because they didn’t have money for those lessons.

“I’m in a promised courtship wit’ someone.” Eggsy told them.

“Uh –isn’t tha’ only in films?” Ryan said –and he had to stop himself from smacking his friend behind his head.

“It’s real.” Jamal told him. “It’s an old practice tha’’s usually used by rich folks. Parents givin’ away their Omega teens to rich Alphas–”

“Wait.” Ryan sounded alarmed. “Give away? It can’t be broken off?”

“It can be broken off.” Eggsy informed them. “But, it’s difficult –there’s a…process to it.”

Jamal had no excuse but his brain is tired. It’s only now did Eggsy’s words finally sunk in. “You’re in a promised courtship wit’ someone.” Alarms inside his head are going off. “Are you in trouble? Is it tha’ Harry bloke? Is he forcin’ you? I knew he’s trouble.”

“What? No –No! Not in trouble.” Eggy was quick to explain. “It’s not Harry –Harry’s a Beta, an’ – again, no. I wasn’t forced.”

“Wasn’t forced.” Ryan repeated it for their sakes. They’re both trying to calm themselves down. “Are you sure you’re not been’ forced.”

“A hundred percent.” Eggsy said. “The Alpha asked me if I want him to be my possible Alpha, an’ I said yes.”
Jamal was quiet for a moment—trying to gauge the situation. “What’s the connection o’ this news to our free day?”

Eggsy rubbed his neck with a sheepish look. “So…” Jamal’s impressed with how long he held on to that one syllable word. “There’s these…The Courtship’s a little bit traditional—quite old school.”

His friend then continued telling them about the outta date courtship practice that was mostly used by nobs back in the eighteenth-something-something. Explaining to them that the courtship has these phases that the Alpha-Omega pair have to go through before they could be pronounced as mates. And the role that friends and families play in the whole thing. It honestly sounded so complicated that Jamal isn’t at all surprised that no one uses it anymore. But, he is wondering why Eggsy’s and Eggsy’s—uhm, Alpha is.

“Lemme get this straight.” Ryan took a swig from his bottle of beer. Jamal’s a bit jealous, he has classes tomorrow and drinking beer makes him a heavy sleeper. “You want us to meet your Alpha.” There was a slight blush present on Eggsy’s cheeks as the mention of ‘his alpha’. Looks like their friend has it bad. “Why didn’t you jus’ tell it to us straight, mate? Yeah, we’ll meet your alpha.”

“Cuz, Ryan.” He got up to make tea—because really, he needs something to settle his nerve. He can’t fucking believe he’s starting to be that tea person. “We have to approve o’ this Alpha before Eggsy can bring him or her home to his mum an’ Daisy. If we don’t approve o’ the Alpha, then the said Alpha can either break it off—since there’s still no solid support from friends. Or, do whatever he can to make us approve o’ him.”

“Yeah, but we’re not really in the position to tell Eggsy who he can or can’t date.” Ryan pointed out—it’s a good one. But, Jamal’s worried.

He and Eggsy’s been friends since they were six. The feeling of protecting and being there for each other is strong between them—even before he learned that Eggsy’s actually an Omega. He still thinks that Eggsy’s capable of protecting himself better than he could ever protect him—physically. But, with the courtship it means that he would have to share his protective responsibility over Eggsy with someone else. For a moment he thinks if it’s really a bad thing?

Jamal then realized that his responsibility won’t exactly be shared. He’s just have to shift his focus a bit. He’s going to have to make sure that this one particular Alpha would treat Eggsy the way he should be treated. That’s the whole point of the support system of the Promised Courtship. He guesses that the nobs could get shite right every now and then.

“Yeah, okay.” He said before taking a sip of his tea. “We’ll meet your Alpha an’ his friends.”

Eggsy let out a heavy breath. “Thank you.” He paused. “Don’t—Don’t judge them by the way they look, yeah?”

“So long as they don’t judge us for how we look.”

We all have that one person who we look up to and wish to never disappoint. To Andrew it was his
Uncle Damian –much to his parents’ and grandparents’ disappointment. He never really understood it –especially since Uncle Damian’s job is like an open secret inside their family. He’s continuing on what their ancestors started. What’s so disappointing about looking up to a man who saves the world in secret every now and then?

It’s a funny thing being in a family that has too much money, too much secret and a reputation to uphold. You’ll learn that no matter what you do, people will be disappointed at you. His only choices were to disappoint his Uncle who’s often never around, or his parents –who could hurt him with their verbal assaults. He became what a Broton was expected to be.

“I’m going to give you an opportunity.” His Uncle told him. “And in all honesty, if it weren’t for the changes that happened inside –I would have given this to your brother. Even though I know he would fail, just to placate your mother and father.” Uncle Damian then looked at him straight in the eye. “But these changes –it suits you. And I know, even if you fail, you’ll learn from the experience.”

“I won’t disappoint you, Uncle.”

Uncle Damian shook his head lightly from side to side. “Don’t disappoint yourself.” Andrew was taken aback by that statement that he almost physically reeled back.

He didn’t have the time to internalize and introspect his Uncle’s words. He was quickly taken to the tailor shop. They hopped on a train and he was ordered to enter a dormitory with eight other candidates that got filled by water before midnight even stuck. The first day was a shock to his system, but he soon found rhythm to their routine.

The drills were challenging enough. The lessons were interesting. The other candidates probably came from a white collared family. Except for Hugh –he can tell they came from the same background. Hugh’s just as condescending as his brother but with an added…cruelty in his words. As long as it wasn’t directed at him, he doesn’t have any problem with it. He doesn’t really think that he’d get along with the other candidates. He’s too…He doesn’t fit them.

His Uncle’s words rang inside his mind once again when Hugh disrespected their trainer. Thank God it was mandatory for them to wear blockers as trainees, because he’s sure what kind of treatment he would be getting from Hugh if he wasn’t wearing blockers. His family may have their nose stuck so high up the air, but they would never aim to hurt anyone no matter what their secondary gender is. It’s one of their silver linings. It got him pausing.

Is that it? Will that be the only thing that would separate him from the likes of Hugh? What’s the point of training his arse off?

Now, he gets it –self disappointment is worse than disappointing other people.

“Hey, Thomas?” He called out tentatively.

The Scot looked up from where he was sitting. If Thomas isn’t with Rupert, he can be found at any foot of a tree with his dog. “Aye?”

“Sir Gaheris told me that I suck at free running.”

“Ye do.”

He could only grimaced at that. “I was…I just…”
“Can I ask ye somethin’, Andrew?” Thomas asked him—and it got him feeling anxious, but he nodded anyway. “Can ye help me wit’ me accent?” Andrew didn’t expect that. “I’m nae near soundin’ posh an’ I’m sure even if me an’ Merlin hail from the same country, he willnae cut me some slack. In turn, I can help ye wit’ yer free runnin’.”

That’s a most he had ever heard from Thomas—he’s actually quite…He felt his face heat up. “I’m honoured to help and would be very glad to accept your kind offer.”

Thomas got up from the ground and dusted the grass that clung into his trousers. They walk with their dogs and headed to the free running course set out. Thomas then started explaining a few things he already knows about free running. He started with correcting Andrew’s form, and suggesting how he should land—repeating mostly what Gaheris had already told them. But, he received it better when it was Thomas saying it. And—oh, buggering shit.

“That was a good first run.” Thomas told him before downing the bottle of water.

“That was a good first run.” He repeated with cheek. “You don’t have to clear your accent away, just sound the consonants firmly.” The left corner of Thomas’ lips quirked a little. It wasn’t quite a smile—it didn’t seem like a smirk either. It was…something.

“That was really a good run.” Andrew almost jumped out of his skin as he turn to see Sir Gaheris looking at them with a wide smile. “I’m glad to see the two of you working together to improve yourselves.” He lifted his chin to Andrew’s direction. “And I’m glad you kept your word.”

“It was Thomas’ idea.” He thinks it’s just right to give the credit to whom it should really be given. “He offered to help me with free running in exchange that I help him with his accent.”

They both saw Gaheris’ brows furrowed. “Is that why you’ve been quiet?” Andrew didn’t think of it that way—he just thought that Thomas is a man with few words. Thomas only gave their trainer a nod. “Well, yous not the only one ta enter candidacy without a posh accent, bruv. But, lemme tell ya wot me mentor said ta me—being a gentleman has nothing to do with one’s accent. It’s being at ease with one’s own skin.” There was a pause, to let them ponder on the given wisdom. Then, Gaheris spoke up again—this time with more playfulness. “I suggest not to lose it completely. Merlin uses his to scare other agents. Maybe you can use yours the same way.”

Thomas smiled this time. Andrew noticed that he doesn’t trip over himself the same way Elijah does. “I’ll keep tha’ in mind, sir.”

Andrew can tell that a broader smile was about to break on their trainer’s face. It was aimed at him. He realize that he might be able to fool his fellow candidates, but he would have a hard time fooling his trainer. Gaheris bid them good-bye with an element of teasing being sent on his way. If he weren’t standing next to Thomas, he would have let out a pained groan.

It’s one of those days, Hamish thought as he look at screens from left to right.

With permission from Arthur, he sent Galahad and Percival to a mission in Prague. This way the two
would be free on the following Saturday night, in order for the three of them to meet Eggsy’s friends. He made sure that the mission is simple –just reconnaissance. They can’t meet Eggsy’s friends with bruised faces. There’s no doubt that that would send the wrong image.

From the screen, Galahad was looking at Percival and vice versa. It gives Hamish the view of their backs. He wasn’t at all pleased when he saw a face that’s starting to grow familiar. “MI6’s favourite is in the restaurant.” He warned the two. “I’ll try to get connected with their quartermaster. We need to be sure our operations don’t cross one another.”

Three rings passed before his call was answered. ‘Who are you after?’

“I was about to ask you the same question.” He deflected the question as he pull up the security of their servers. He wouldn’t be surprised if M would order Q to try and hack their system. M’s the kind of man he doesn’t like, so he would take it up to himself to be sure.

‘I can’t tell you.’ In all honesty, they can’t tell each other. ‘It’ll compromise the mission.’

Hamish misses the days when they were a secret even to secret organizations. “How about we exchange physical identifiers? No names, just that.”

Q huffed. ‘We might as well yell out the names of our targets. We won’t be in our position if we wouldn’t be able to pin them down with that.’

“Yes, that is true. But, we need to find a way to solve our dilemma –if we don’t, we’ll be in a standstill. Our target or targets may get away and leave us all empty handed. From one quartermaster to another, why don’t we just play nice?”

‘And if we do have the same target?’

“We share information with each other, and try to get our bosses in the same room long enough to discuss who has the rights to dispose the threat.”

‘Fine.’

They do have the same target; Gabi Montello, wife of a weapons dealer. He couldn’t let out the curses running inside his mind. They made a play of letting 007 approach the target first. He doesn’t have surveillance over the man –except from what he can see from Percival’s glasses. The two were seated at the bar and having a drink. From the way the target’s posture is, it seems like he doesn’t care much for 007’s presence. She’d rather the agent be gone.

He let out a hum before talking to Q. “It’s time for your agent to back away.” He kept his tone pleasant. “Let Galahad take over before the target walks out of the place.” He heard Q order 007 to back off, but it seems like the agent has a hearing problem.

There was a curse coming from Q’s side. ‘He took off his earpiece.’ The young quartermaster admitted –tone a bit embarrassed. That told Hamish that it’s a repeating occurrence.

“Permission to engage your agent, Q?”

Q let out an exhausted sigh. ‘You have it, just don’t kill him. Maybe you can, he has a nasty habit of resurrecting.’

“Really? Mine, too.” He switched to his agents’ comms and told them to engage.

Percival spilled a drink on 007’s shirt, he pulled the man off the chair and started dapping napkins
after napkins at him. When they were at an inconspicuous distance, Percival used a sleeping dart on 007. Hamish would never say it out loud, but he felt a slight twinge of gratification on that. Galahad then moved in, a seat away from the target and ordered his own drink. It wasn’t martini – no, Galahad has a different tactic in place.

There was a beat of silence before the target spoke up. ‘You did that on purpose, didn’t you?’

‘I didn’t mean to interfere but he seemed like – he was a bit…let’s just say too much.’ Oh, of course. If suave didn’t work, then perhaps a sweet older gentleman who’s a little unsure of himself would? Hamish can see it appealing to a woman like Gabi. It would certainly pull on her Base Omega instinct.

He saw Gabi smile from Galahad’s glasses. ‘That’s putting it lightly.’

‘Well, I’m never one for extremities.’ Galahad said back. ‘I hope I wasn’t – being… I hope I haven’t overstepped my boundaries.’

Gabi’s smile turned saucy. ‘What would your guy do to him?’

‘Nothing harmful – I promise. My bodyguard has strict instructions to just take the man out of this place – as to not make anyone else uncomfortable.’

‘You’re a right ass, Galahad.’ They heard Percival huff. From the other agent’s screen, Hamish can see him hauling 007 body inside a car.

“Is that MI6’s?” Hamish found himself asking.

‘I don’t know, and I don’t care.’ Percival closed the door with a bit much force. ‘I’ll wait in our car.’

From Galahad’s side, everything is sailing smoothly. Even with a bloody eye patch the man can charm women as easy as breathing. The difference between Galahad and 007 is that, Galahad knows when to change tactics. With the information they’ve gather, Galahad already knows that the target is sick of Alphas and their domineering qualities. What the target’s looking for is someone who’d be a little bit unsure and insecure to – as to say, cleanse her palette.

Galahad presented just that. An unassuming middle aged man who’s attracted to her but doesn’t want to impose himself on her. While still being posh enough that she doesn’t feel like she’s taking a step down her usual – forays.

As the target lay asleep on the hotel bed, Galahad moves around the room in search for the flash drive that they were certain she’d be carrying. He connected it to a device that would transfer everything it carried to a protected Kingsman server. Once it was done, Galahad got dressed and meet Percival by the parking lot.

Inside the car, Percival let out a displeased noise. ‘You smell like sex.’

‘Sex did occur, you know.’

“Don’t start bickering now.” Hamish stopped the two before they get really started. “Just get back immediately.”

‘Yes, of course.’ Galahad said. ‘We still have to prepare for the meeting of friends. Have you gathered all the information needed?’

“We are not treating this like a mission.”
Percival huffed a laugh. ‘You know, we’d do our best if we treat it as a mission.’

“Yes, well…that’s not completely being honest to Eggsy’s friends.” Then he pointed out. “And I’ll be a hypocrite if I do that.”

‘What do you mean?’ Harry asked. Hamish knows he is now talking to Harry and Michael now. They shouldn’t be talking about personal matters through the comms, but he can easily erase this bit in the recording.

“The reason why I didn’t immediately accept Eggsy’s affection is because I didn’t know the real him.” He explained. “Now, if I –if we meet his friends pretending to be someone we are certain they would like, wouldn’t that just be hypocritical?”

‘I see your point.’ Harry said with a sigh. ‘I guess I’m going to have to get drunk?’

‘Jesus, Harry…’ Percival piped up again. ‘We need them to like us, not get into a bar fight with us.’

Hamish could only snort a laugh.

He never really thought that it was possible to miss a gesture from someone. What a strange thought, Eggsy’s mind supplied.

He finds himself alone in his office when usually –by this time, he would be with Merlin. Wherever the older man may be. Still, with the whirlwind of thoughts going through his head, he finds it inappropriate to be with the man for the time being.

He stares unseeing out the window and through trees after trees that surrounds the Kingsman estate. He thought a little distance will help him gain a new perspective, but it seems like he’s just missing Merlin more and more. Isn’t that just odd? He’s with Merlin almost all the time –and in those times, he can’t stop himself from staring at Merlin’s lips. He’s starting to feel frustrated with himself.

He let out a ragged breath. He needs to figure this out. Since distancing himself isn’t working, maybe being closer to Merlin would. He sent a quick message to Merlin asking where he is. It only took a few seconds before a reply was sent to him. He’s soon making his way to R&D.

Eggsy stood outside the glass window of the testing room and watched as Merlin and a scientist test a new form of fabric for their suits. He finds it fascinating –how Merlin’s face would light up at every test that is successful. There’s joy and wonder in his eyes that’s almost child-like, and he wonders how Merlin have come to love this job.

The longing he felt took a turn for the painful. It’s just down right absurd. How can he miss someone who he sees every day? How can he long for someone he doesn’t really know? How can he crave for a kiss so addictively when he’d only had it once? Emotions are messy things –especially if he can’t make sense of it all. It’s only bound to get messier if he acts before he thinks.

He also dislikes the gloomy filter that’s inside his head. Missing Merlin doesn’t have to be a sad
thing, it should just reinforce the fact that –yes, what Eggsy feels for him is true. Longing for Merlin doesn’t have to be seen in a negative light –longing is a part of wanting to know and be with someone. Wanting to kiss the only man he wants to give himself to isn’t wrong –it’s perfectly acceptable. He doesn’t have to beat himself up for this.

All he has to do is reach out to Merlin for him to be…

He didn’t think it through. When he’s too deep in thought, he rarely does. Eggsy reached for the intercom that connections the laboratory to the outside, and pushed the button. “Would you say that I am yours, or that you’re mine?”

His question got Merlin looking at him –carefully putting the gun he was holding down on the table. His eyes shine with an unspoken question; what are you on about? Why are you doing this?

Now, by this time, Eggsy had realized that it’s neither the time nor place to ask such question. But, it’s already been asked –he had asked Merlin a question that should have only been whispered between the two of them, in the middle of R&D with more than two dozen people buzzing about.

Merlin seemed like he’s in contemplation while simultaneously trying to get a read on him. The older man must have seen nothing. After a few seconds of silence –instead of answering, he asked a question of his own. “What brought this on?”

Another question that –if answered, would reveal too much of them. But, Eggsy doesn’t see the need to hide what they have. If Eggsy were to be honest, he’d like to flaunt what they have.

That’s what he’s going to do. “It’s because I see you every day, but miss you. We’re on our way to being together, but still long for you. I look at you and can only think of kissing you.” He blush creeping slowly on Merlin’s cheeks. Eggsy couldn’t fight down the smile blooming on his face. “So, I have to know. Am I yours, or are you mine?”

Eggsy doesn’t have to look back to know that people are staring. They are waiting for Merlin’s answer, just like he is. Would the ever stoic quartermaster show a bit of humanity in front of other people, to answer a question that should have only been asked behind closed doors?

“Leannan.” Merlin started –Eggsy swears he heard someone from the back squeak like a frightened mouse. “I am yours as much as you are mine.”

“Such a diplomatic answer, sweetheart.” Eggsy cheekily commented. He saw Merlin’s lips twitch as he try to continue on with what he was doing. He watched slender fingers slide a magazine in the gun, check the safety and cock it, before aiming for the fabric and pulling the trigger twice.

He released the button for the intercom and continued on simply watching Merlin. Eggsy may have said it cheekily, but it’s still the truth. From the outsider’s perspective, it may have sounded romantic –but for him, he knows Merlin’s answer is a diplomatic one.

He is Merlin’s as much as Merlin is his.

Merlin would only take what is given, but would only give as much as he’s been given. And at the moment, Eggsy doesn’t have much to give. For he is still incomplete –or so he thinks. Then again, he wouldn’t give Merlin all of him. He couldn’t. There has to be a part of him left for himself –for his family and friends.

But, he does know that Merlin has a part of him already. A part of him that he never thought he would have. A part of him that he knows only Merlin could have.
That thought got him furrowing his brows. He had never question the certainty that he only wants Merlin. He never really thought to. But, now…His certainty brought up two different conversations in his mind.

His realization was slow on the up take. He was almost upset at himself because he didn’t realize sooner, but he was kind of busy trying to…piece himself together. He can cut himself some slack.

Merlin grew up in a farm of blackcurrants, somewhere in Scotland where thistles are rampant. His scent makes sense to Merlin. And Merlin’s scent made complete sense to him.

Eggsy wonders if this is how the planets feel when they’ve finally aligned.

Damn, he is a fantast.

Chapter End Notes

How do you think the story's going? Just -you know, a bit curious.
Chapter Seven

Chapter Summary

Thomas, Ryan and Rose...

Chapter Notes

I finally found the time to update! Jesus, it's been a busy week. Well, how are you, lovely people of AO3? What's good? Did you wait too long? I sure hope not! Thank you to everyone who had taken a time off their day to read this story, leave kudos and comments, bookmark it and even subscribe. It keeps me going! I hope everyone is having a wonderful day -or night. I hope you enjoy this chapter,

This story is not Beta'd, I do proofread but some mistakes still get pass me -please, do pardon them.

Now, on to the story...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

V-day was a wake-up call for Thomas.

He was just another one of them teens trying to fit in by pretending to be a ned. His Mam never said anything –she knows how the neighbourhood can be. His Da tries to tell him to be better –that he has so much in him to offer the world. Offering anything to the world wasn’t his primary concern back then –it was just fitting in. It was as if it was the only thing that mattered.

After high school, he took a year off his studies. He did nothing but waste his time and ability. While trying to avoid getting arrested with the amount of shite he does with his so called friends.

They were scaling houses while the boaby chase them. It was all fun and games till the rage took over. He remembers it coming over him twice. Both times he woke up with his friend’s fist over his face, and his hands around their neck. The second time he woke up from the rage, blood was already spilled and a life gone.

There was a rush of panic inside him and pushed himself to move. He ignored the pain he was feeling as he ran back home. He was relieved when he saw his Mam uninjured. Then he remembered his Da –his Da works as a cook in one of them fancy restaurants. He told his Mam that he would check in on his Da and tried to reassure her that everything’s going to be fine. His Da’s a tough one.

With one hand left, his da wouldn’t be able to cook no more.

With his Da’s injury, they had to use his college fund. He remembered his Da apologizing to him about ruining his future. He knows his Da did nothing of sorts –it was him. He was ruining his own life –his own future. Even with a missing hand his Da just wants him to live up to his full potential –
and somehow, give something to the world.

Thomas cried that night—kneeling in front of his parents and promising them that he would start doing better. He’d do something with his life. He’d give something back. He thought that enlisting would be the way to go.

Military did him good—he won’t lie. It strengthened him and straightened his head. He did his best to excel. He’s not going to waste a single breath that would come out of his body. He’d do his Mam and Da proud. He’s sure he can’t give much to the world, but he can give all of him to Scotland.

Three years in, and he’s getting recognition. He’s thinking of climbing up the ranks. Then, his CO calls him in for a private meeting with a gentleman wearing an expensive suit. The man introduced himself in an Irish accent as Luke Kelly, but he should be called Lamorak. Thomas thought that the nickname was strange, but he didn’t voice that out.

The man then proceeded to ask him about his life while reading—what seemed to Thomas, his file. “I apologize but I find the need to ask, did you lose anyone during V-day?”

“Nae.” He cleared his throat. “I was one of the lucky ones. Mam was uninjured, jus’a headache in the aftermath. Da was –Da loss a hand.”

“Why did you join the military?”

Thomas thought about it for a moment. He usually answered that question the same way the others did when he first enlisted. Now, he finds himself wanting to tell the truth. “Before V-day, I was jus’—wastin’ away my life. I did bunch of stupid shite that’s jus’…stupid. After, me Da loss a feckin’ hand, our savings gone, an’ he’s still—he still thinks I should do somethin’ with me life.”

“So, you just thought of not wasting it anymore.”

“My Da always told me that I could give so much to the world.” He said with a laugh. “I dinnae think I can, but maybe to Scotland, ye ken.”

Luke Kelly—aka Lamorak, closed the folder he was holding and stared directly at his eyes. The man was gauging him—for what he has no idea. The silence stretched on what felt like hours, before the man spoke up again. “I can give you an opportunity to give to the world. But, you have to pass the job interview first.”

It’s an opportunity he’s not going to waste.

They’ve already had four tests, and he topped two of those. The other two, it was Zeke. While the third place often varies. If he would try and analyse their exams and the subjects that Zeke topped him. He can say that Zeke’s smarter than him, but he’s more physically able.

He doesn’t consider being a High Alpha as an advantage before until now. The only way Zeke could top him in their intermediate free running test would be if he’s an Omega—which he kinds of doubts. That doesn’t mean he’ll slack off.

They just finished warming up when their trainers arrived.

They all fall in line. It was Gaheris who was first to speak up. “Today, you will be having your intermediate free running test.” He then informed them. “You all will have to traverse a new course.”

Thomas tried not to give any reaction. A new course, are they mad? He asks himself as the two trainers lead them to it. The moment his eyes landed on the said new course, his mouth almost
It was complex with its moving pieces and tricky landing spots, but it was a thing of beauty. At the very end of it, there was a screen with a time written on it. Three minutes and thirty-seven seconds. He couldn’t hold the whistle that came out of his mouth.

Merlin caught their attention—and Thomas remembered himself. “You’re all given five minutes to traverse this course. If you fall, you’ll go back to the starting line without restarting your time. If you don’t finish the course within five minutes, you’re out.” Merlin looked at them through his glasses. “Are there any questions?” They all give their collective ‘no’s’. “We will begin according to your test results last time.”

Zeke went in position. He didn’t hesitate on starting with a jump when Merlin yelled go. Zeke was doing well. He kept it simple—like Gaheris had advised them. It could be because he didn’t want to risk showing off, or he doesn’t know what manoeuvres he can use to give him a better spring on his steps and jumps. Whichever it was, Thomas is certain he’s going to have a hard time beating his time. Then Zeke got to the moving pieces, stumbled but didn’t fall. It took Zeke a second too long to get his footing back and finishing the whole thing. The screen showed four minutes and twenty-two seconds before turning back to the time it originally has.

Before going to the starting line, he turned to their trainers. “Will the time in the screen change if we beat it?” He’s getting better at handling his accent with the help of Andrew. His vowels are still long, but his sounding his consonants better.

Gaheris gave him a bright smile. “Of course.”

Thomas gave them a nod, then gotten in place. When Merlin yelled go, he started with a sprint. He run the course the same way he would run away from a boaby. He did complicated moves that would boost his speed, and would close longer distances. He didn’t stumble on the moving pieces, but he did had to hold on to them for dear life. The bloody thing didn’t move in a patterned way—which made it all the more difficult to use them to get to the finish line. Once he landed, he break his speed by rolling on the ground. When he looked up, the screen read three minutes and fifty-three seconds.

He stood next to Zeke. “Bloody hell, mate.” Zeke looked at him teasingly. “You trying to show off?”

Thomas could only huff a laugh as he drinks his water. “No more than you.” They gave each other a pat on the back as they watch their fellow candidates.

Bernadette passed, a second faster than Zeke—they gave her a moment to lord it over Zeke. All in good nature. Elijah stumbled twice, but finished it within four minutes and thirty seconds. Rose gave them all a scare with finishing the course in the nick of them—four minutes and fifty-five seconds. Rupert finished the course in five minutes and three seconds. They all tried to be comforting towards him.

As Andrew got on the starting line, Thomas can’t help but feel nervous. The two of them have been working hard—Andrew doubling his efforts to catch up with the rest of them when it comes to free running. During the times they were together, he had gotten to know Andrew.

In all honesty, Thomas thinks that he’s not such a bad guy. Andrew’s posh, there’s no doubt about it—but he’s not condescending like Hugh. Thomas can see how Andrew’s trying to get along with others, too. He appreciates that.

Andrew started in a way that he never thought of—grabbing the nearest bar and catapulting himself to a block with a land and roll. Within five seconds, Andrew just traverse one-sixth of the whole
course. Thomas could only yell a cheer. “Giein it laldy!” Heads turn to him, but his eyes focused on Andrew.

When Andrew got to the moving pieces, he simply sprint past it whilst avoiding whatever might hit him. They were collectively holding their breaths as the number on the screen changed. Four minutes and five seconds.

Thomas cheered on top of his lungs and enveloped Andrew in a tight hug. “Ye feckin’ showed us.” His vowels got longer with his excitement. He let go of Andrew and didn’t notice the blush that crept on his cheek. “Amazin’!”

“Thanks.” Andrew said meekly.

They got back to the group and Thomas noticed that Zeke’s eyeing them. Rose was the first to break the silence. “You did great, Andrew.” She sounded genuine, too.

“I wouldn’t be able to do it without Thomas’ help. So…”

“You asked for help?” Zeke asked with disbelief in his voice.

“Yeah. I know –it’s not…I’m…” Andrew’s words were cut off.

“There’s nothing wrong with asking for help.” Merlin spoke up. “It’s one way of improving.” Thomas then straightened his posture when Merlin’s eyes landed at him. “I commend you for sharing what you know with others. It takes a greater man to do so.”

Thomas never thought that he would hear approval in Merlin’s voice. He was nothing short of amazed. He thank the man for his compliment and saw Gaheris holding back a wide grin –and failing spectacularly.

Hugh’s turn was…a disaster. Three minutes in and he hasn’t even traverse half of the course. Then he fell into the mud. He just doesn’t have enough time to finish the course with two minutes with the rate that he’s going. Thomas half feels bad for the bloke –just half.

Merlin called Hugh to join their group. As soon as the candidate was at a talking distance with Gaheris, he started raging on. “This is all because of that Omega’s incompetency in being a trainer. He is not fit to train an agent!” Hugh was about to get too close to Gaheris. “All he had us do was run around in circles.”

Though Thomas knows that the trainer can handle the threat, his Alpha instincts got the best of him. He grabbed Hugh by the hand and twisted it behind him –making Hugh stand still in front of their two trainers. “Ye dinnae talk to Omegas like that, ye ken.”

“Trying to have a turn at him, Newport?” Hugh taunted him.

Thomas couldn’t stop the growl that burst out from his throat.

“That’s enough.” Merlin barked at them. Thomas still didn’t let go of Hugh. The older man stared at Hugh with so much distaste in his eyes. “Pack your bags.” His tone held no room for argument. “You will be escorted out of the Kingsman estate immediately.”

Thomas let go of Hugh with a push.

Rupert was about to follow Hugh when Merlin called out to him. “Rupert, you’re with me.” That got the younger man straightening his posture. “Your sponsor would like to speak to you before you
“Right.” They got in attention as Gaheris spoke up. With a smile, he congratulated them. “You all did great. Each one of you took my advice and tried to execute the course according to your ability.” He sighed, expression getting serious. “Tomorrow, you enter the second half of your training. It will be more demanding. Aside from the practical lessons that I’ve been teaching you, Merlin will start training you in hand to hand combat. And, aside from the lessons you’ve been receiving from Merlin, I will also start teaching you inside the classroom.” In a very grave tone, he added. “From here on out, it’ll only get harder.”

Thomas let out a breath with a promise of not wasting it.

It was an unspoken agreement between him and Jamal that they would wear—something that would make them—somewhat presentable. It won’t do them good if they walk up to Eggsy’s work friends wearing a tracksuit and a snapback. So, Ryan wore the only decent trousers he has and his sky blue button up shirt—that he ironed down, under his open black jacket and foregone the snapback.

Let it never be said that he didn’t do jack shit for his friend.

He met with Jamal a street away from Eggsy’s flat—because they all decided they would head to the pub together. They stared at each other for a moment, appraising each other’s look. Jamal isn’t wearing a button up shirt, but he wasn’t wearing a tracksuit either—so, that’s a win already. Plus, Jamal’s a college student. They’ll probably cut him some slack.

They could only give each other a nod before making their way to Eggsy’s door. Before knocking, Jamal spoke up. “How’re we goin’ to do this?” His friend sounded distressed.

“What’d you mean?”

“How’re we goin’ to know if the Alpha tha’ Eggsy likes is a good one? How would we know if they’re not just after Eggsy because he’s a Thoroughbred Omega?”

Far be it from everyone thinks, Ryan’s not stupid. Yeah, he didn’t excel in school like Eggsy and Jamal. He wasn’t athletic and charming. He knows he’s nothing special. But, he does know how to tell when a person is being untruthful—even if he’s just a Base Beta.

Most people when they hear that someone’s a Base, they automatically think that they have no control over the very little instinct given to them. That’s the case with Alphas—and only Alphas. Omegas can naturally access their instinct—though only the nurturing one. While Betas—well, his family had learned the trick of the trade.

Base Betas can only access one instinct inside them and they have no choice which it is. They can hone that instinct—not in the same way Highs do, and it will take longer time. Ryan can detect a lie—well, more like the sincerity of a person’s statement. It took him years to hone it and he doesn’t always use it. He doesn’t use it as often as he did before—ever since Dean’s gang had been arrested.
Ryan looked at Jamal with raised eyebrows. “You know what I can do, right?”

“Yeah, I know tha’ –but, aren’t you worried?”

Ryan scoffed a laugh. “Tha’s the Alpha in you talkin’. This is Eggsy, he’s more capable than the two of us combined.” He raised his hand and knocked. They heard a girl’s voice, and Jamal was ready to bare his teeth at the scent that Ryan’s still trying to place.

“Hi!” The girl greeted them. “I’m Roxy.” The girl extended her hand –first to Jamal, to calm him down. “I’m a friend of Eggsy’s from the shop.”

Jamal fight down his instincts and shook Roxy’s hand. “Sorry about tha’.” He cleared his throat. “I’m Jamal, Eggsy’s friend from the –old neighbourhood.”

Ryan rolled his eyes at him, then extended his hand to Roxy. “I’m Ryan, the more relaxed friend.”

Jamal threw him a light punch to the shoulder and he knew he just broke up the tense situation between Alphas. What would the world be if they rule the world? He wondered mostly to himself. Eggsy showed himself –wearing a simple white shirt over an oversized grey cardigan and black trousers that shows off his thighs.

He let out a whistle. “Well, someone wants to make an impression.”

“I’m sure he already did that when we were still training.” Roxy commented. Ryan and Jamal gave her questioning looks. “Oh, didn’t Eggsy told you.” Their expression grew more confused. “The Alpha who’s courting Eggsy used to be our trainer.”

“So, he’s your boss?” Jamal asked with a certain amount of disquietude. “He has power over Eggsy.”

“Well…” Roxy’s long pause is causing Jamal to have a mental break down.

They stopped in the middle of the pavement. Ryan grabbed Jamal by his elbow, forcing Jamal to face him. “Mate, do you honestly think tha’ Eggsy would let anyone use their authority over him?” Jamal scrunched up his face. “Exactly.” He pointed out. “Stop your overprotective act –you’re half way to insultin’ Eggsy.”

“Sorry, mate.” Jamal said to Eggsy –his tone is sincere. “You know, I know you can take care of yourself –it’s just my instincts gettin’ the better of me. I’ll get a tighter hold of it.”

“It’s okay.” Eggsy told them with a bit of a smile. He gave Ryan a grateful nod which was easily returned.

As they walk to the pub, Ryan started asking Roxy about their job. It’s his way of getting in touch with his instincts once again. He can tell that the female Alpha is a skilled liar. No one would ever notice her lies through her tone or movement. The only tell Ryan can find is her slight hesitance in what words to use.

But then, Eggsy noticed it. “You’re usin’ it on her.” He was called out on. Ryan merely raised his hands in surrender. Then, realization dawned on Eggsy. “You guys know.” Roxy became as taut as a violin string.

“Know what?” Ryan kept his whole body relaxed so Jamal wouldn’t react violently.

“About my job.” Eggsy said.
Ryan nodded. “Yeah, you guys are tailors.” His answer got a laugh from Jamal and it got Roxy relaxing again. Eggsy stared at him and he only gave his friend a smirk.

“Are you a Thoroughbred?” Roxy got his attention once again. She sniffed the air. “You don’t smell like a Thoroughbred.”

He shrugged his shoulders as he pushed the door of the pub open for them. “Tha’s ‘cause I’m not.” And learning from Eggsy that this would be the perfect moment—he winked at Roxy and ushered them all inside.

They found a booth where all of them would possibly fit. As Jamal order their first pint, Roxy started bombarding him with questions and testing his skill. After a series of detecting lies in a statement, Roxy gave him an approving look and nod. She took a large sip from her glass before speaking. “This is excellent!” She exclaimed. “We’ll find out if the Alpha’s intentions are true.”

“Oh, God. There’s two of you.” Ryan couldn’t help but feel bad for Eggsy. But, looking at his Omega friend—he looked like he was finding amusement in the two Alphas. He could only shake his head due to their antics.

They were half way through their first drink when the door of the pub opened once again. Three middle aged men walked in—one of them was the posh bloke who gave Eggsy the job at the tailor shop. He noticed Eggsy straightened up in his seat—so did Jamal. He quickly scanned the two with his eyes, then asked Eggsy. “Which one of them?”

Eggsy gave them a careful look. “The bald one.”

“Fucking hell, mate.” Jamal breath out and Ryan can understand. “He looks like a fucking mob boss.” Jamal’s comment made Roxy snort her drink through her nose—coughing and laughing at the same time, as she reach out for some tissues. Her giggling fit made one of the newly arrived men turn towards them.

It was strange seeing the man named Harry Hart wear a simple button up shirt with a jacket but no tie with his hair not styled in its usual way. He can’t help but notice the wild curls that made him look… Ryan decided to first focus his eyes on the bald one. With the simple black shirt, leather jacket and scowling face—he did look like a mob boss. He noticed the way the man carried himself—nervous. He turned his eyes to the one wearing a waistcoat over his button up shirt. There was disinterest in his eyes—Ryan knows it’s completely practiced.

Harry Hart walked towards their table with the two men, and he thought—might as well have fun, right? “Mr Hart.” He greeted, the way Eggsy kicked him under the table told him that his friend knows the shite he’s going to pull. “Are you also here to meet Eggys’s…promised Alpha?”

“I am here in support of both the Alpha and Omega.” Harry told him with a slight inclination of head. Ryan knows it means something—but he doesn’t really know much about formalities in social settings such as this. Harry must have sensed his…apprehension because he took it to himself to introduce the men he’s with. “This is Michael.” He gestured to the one with the waistcoat. The man gave them a genial smile and nod. The four of them made space for the new comers as Harry gestured to the Alpha with them. “And this would be the Alpha engaged in courting Eggsy, Merlin.”

Merlin gave them the stiffest nod Ryan had ever seen in his life. Being the Beta that he is, he couldn’t help himself. “Merlin.” He echoed—sounding the name in contemplation. “Tha’s a unique name.”

“One name that stuck.” Scottish—Ryan took note. “I go by it now.”
“You an’ Eggsy ‘ave one thin’ in common already.” Ryan pointed at himself. “Ryan.” Then pointed at his friend. “Jamal.” He introduced themselves as he threw Jamal a look that only Eggsy could decipher.

It’s one of the things they do to get information from someone—whether it be Dean’s dog or a neighbour of someone they’re going to rob. Ryan would ask the easy flowing questions—get the person to relax. Then Jamal would be the one to ask the necessary question as subtly as he can. Ryan would try and sense if the information is true or false. If it’s true, Eggsy would be the one to case the place. Thinking about all that, he just realized how effective they are as burglars. He guesses one learns new things every day.

Jamal started with the very obvious one. “So, you’re all tailors.” It was a statement which was directed to Merlin. Ryan hid a smile behind his glass as he drinks.

“How Harry and Michael are.” Merlin answered—from the way he said it, Ryan can tell that he had said this a thousand times before. “I’m just the IT guy of the shop.” Definitely practiced. “I run the website and answer emails.”

“What’s tha’ like?” He asked in a faked curious voice. He saw Harry stiffen in his seat. Ryan held in a deep sigh. This would have been easier if he’s the only Beta at the table.

“It can get boring some times.” That was a perfect lie coming from Merlin. Suddenly the thought of pulling a prank escaped his mind.

Ryan looked at Eggsy, his friend avoided his gaze. He thinks he should change tactics. “Yeah?” He tilted his head to the side. “Why don’t Jamal an’ I get everyone drinks? You guys get comfortable. What’d you guys drink?” The one out of three went for the lager while the rest asked for a simple pint. He tapped the table and got moving—knowing fully well that Jamal would follow after him. He ordered their drinks and waited for it to be serve to them as they both leaned forward on the bar. “Well, they’re lyin’ about their jobs.” He said to Jamal. “I don’t think we’ll get what we need if we do it this way.”

“Then how do you suppose we do it?” Jamal sounded a bit pissed off.

“We’re not plannin’ on robbin’ a place.” Ryan reminded him. “We’re here to make sure tha’ those people have Eggsy’s best interest at heart. We’re not goin’ to find out if we keep askin’ questions about their job.” He grabbed two of the glasses. “We gotta ask them about them.”

Jamal grabbed the last glass and they walked back to their table. Their seating wasn’t changed and they pass out the drinks. He gingerly sat next to Roxy again. She’s giving him a sly smile—which means they’ve talked about them, too.

Changing tactics, he thought of just ripping the band-aide off. “This is awkward as fuck.” Eggsy hissed his name. “It is.” He insisted. “We’re here to meet you, you to meet us—but we don’t really know how we should start a conversation, because obviously your job is off the table as a conversation starter.” Four people immediately tensed up, but he continued on. “So, let’s just get on wit’ it, yeah? Tell me somethin’ real about yourself.” He said to Merlin.

“Jesus Christ, Ryan.” Eggsy breathed out and rubbed a hand over his face.

Jamal then piped up. “I thought we were goin’ to ask them about them?”

“It’s because if we ask any other question, the answers could just be lies.” Ryan told them in a sensible manner. “Best be just upfront.” He added a shrug.
Eggsy blew raspberries at him. “We wouldn’t lie to you about us.” Ryan gave him a look that says he doesn’t completely believe Eggsy.

“How can you be certain?” Harry asked –curiosity bleeding in his tone.

“Mr Merlin already lied four times.” He pointed out. Michael eyed him warily. “You an’ Michael aren’t tailors, he doesn’t run the shop website an’ answer emails, an’ his job is definitely not borin’. Now, I’m not an expert –but, lyin’ about how borin’ your job it says a lot about a person.”


Ryan gave them another shrug. “You can say its trick of the trade. Came from a family of Base Betas.” It’s his go-to answer when asked that question.

Merlin threw Eggsy a look that got his friend shaking his head. “No. No, no, no. No.”

“Yes!” Roxy exclaimed with passion. “He’s better than Harry in detecting lies. We still have a shortage in our…staff and you wouldn’t have to lie to them anymore. Plus, a stable job with a bloody good income.” Eggsy threw her an annoyed look, but it seems like nothing can put a damper on Roxy’s excitement.

“I don’t lie to them.” Eggsy said.

Jamal huff. “It’s because we know better than to ask.” Another one of their unspoken rules.

“Are we really discussing this here?” Michael asked –unimpressed. “Though, I do agree with Roxanne’s reasons –and it is quite impressive, this is not what we’re really here for.” He turned to Merlin. “Answer his question.”

Merlin stared at Ryan and Jamal before speaking. “I’m Scottish.” Jamal huffed a laugh. Harry gave Merlin an exasperated look. Michael rolled his eyes. “I’ve served in the military, I’ve a degree in medicine and engineering, with PhD on the latter, and I work with Eggsy.”

“An’ you’re an IT for a tailor shop?” Jamal asked with no little incredulity.

Ryan gave away a hum of contemplation. It seems like Harry has an idea what he was thinking about, but was waiting on him to say something. “Look, as I’ve said to Jamal, we can’t tell Eggsy who he can an’ can’t date –but this…courtship you got goin’ is…”he thought hard on what word he should use.”...complicated. Or, maybe tha’s just because we ain’t posh, but whatever –not the point.” He made a vague waving gesture in front of them. “You want our support in this relationship to –strengthen it, an’ make sure all parties are treated equally an’ all tha’ shite. Eggsy explained.” He added the last part because of the looks he was being given. “I can’t find it in me to support you guys, if you can’t or won’t be honest wit’ me.” He said it to both Eggsy and Merlin. “An’, I’m speakin’ only for myself. Jamal may have different terms.”

“He poses a valid point.” Ryan was only mildly surprised when Harry seconded his opinion. “They wouldn’t be able to safeguard Eggsy’s interest if we can’t be honest with them.” Harry then directed his gaze to Roxy. “Not that I’m belittling Roxy and Eggsy’s friendship.”

“No.” Roxy said with tilting her chin forward. “It’s only fair. They’ve been friends for longer than we had.”

“But, we have to set some…boundaries in this honesty –clause.” Harry said. “We’re tailors.” The man smiled at them. “We’re entitled to our little secrets.”
Ryan has a feeling that the man’s just as invested in the relationship as Eggsy and Merlin are. He’s sure that they would be the one to come up with something that would work. Perhaps Mr Hart isn’t so lame after all, Ryan thought.

Harry then turned to Jamal. “What would be your terms to give support to this lovely couple?” Ryan couldn’t help the snort that came out of his nose.

“I get the point of the whole courtship thin’.” Jamal started. “I’ll follow Ryan’s lead on this one.” Jamal nodded at him. “He’s a better judge of character.”

That got Ryan pausing for a bit—he just realize that his friends considers him as their official Beta on their dynamic. Well, would you look at that? He and Harry shared a look, a smile formed on their faces. “We need shots!”

“Oh, bugging hell.” Michael hissed.

The meeting of their friends was successful due to the two Betas that lead the conversation armed with shots. They’d agree that they would willingly divulge information regarding Eggsy and Hamish’s relationship if the soon to be mates permit it. And, if they have a fight big enough that they would need the help of their friends on fixing it. Both parties agreed with it and it was sealed via—you guessed it, shots.

They all walked out of the pub—thankfully, not kicked out. With Harry and Ryan’s arms slung over each other’s shoulder and singing a drinking song—Roxy laughing at them. Jamal and Michael—two he didn’t thought would get along, were talking about college programs that could help Eggsy’s friend. The two of them were walking behind their friends, a few feet away.

Hamish pushed his right hand into his pocket, grasping the small box that contains his first courting gift. It has been his plan to give his first courting gift after their friends meet. And now, here they are. Their friends had met and are getting along just fine—better than fine, he can tell by the way Harry slurs the lyrics of the drinking song.

He turned towards Eggsy. Their eyes meet and a small pleased smile appeared on the younger man’s face. “So…” He had to clear his throat. “That went well.”

“You sound like you couldn’t believe it.”

“No, well…I may have been worried.” He clasped the box inside his pocket tighter. “A lot of variables had to be taken into account.”

Eggsy raised his eyebrows at him—not meanly nor judging. “Like, age an’ social standin’.” He said it with enough amount of understanding, but Hamish can tell that there’s a trace of disappointment in it.

“I didn’t mean it to be—”

“I understand.” Eggsy’s words were clipped. “We’re young an’ grew up poor, we can be stupid an’
“No.” It came out with a little bit more force than he intended it to. “I wasn’t – We weren’t thinking that at all. We were worried that we’d be – too old and too fucking posh that we’d be seen as snobs. I mean, just…” He let his words trace off when saw Eggsy’s face crunch up into a laugh. Hamish could only smile at the lad.

“Differences.” Eggsy said in between laughs. “We’re worried about our differences.”

“Not really.” Eggsy looked at him curiously. He could only give a barely noticeable shrug. “I’m worried about our friends’ differences.” He pulled out the box from his pocket. “The two of us, we’re not that different.” Hamish presented Eggsy the box by simply holding it up on his palm. The lad’s face showed surprise. The two of them stopped walking. “The first of the many gifts I shall give ye.”

“What is it?” The question came in the form of a whisper. Still, Eggsy didn’t reach out for the box.

“Well, ye have to take it from my hand and see for yersel’.” Eggsy reached out and Hamish moved to pass the box to his other hand behind him, only to hold it out again for Eggsy. “Ye have to be quicker than that, leannan.”

Eggsy wore an excited smile as he try to grab the box. By the fourth time Eggsy moved to get it, Hamish let him. He felt like he’d will the mountains to move just to see a triumphant expression on Eggsy’s face every day.

The lad spared him a look before opening the box. Eggsy’s hand shook a bit and he held in his breath. The moment the box was open, the moonlight made it seem that the silver pendant was shining. Hamish has been holding on to that necklace for such a long time. He honestly never thought that he would ever give it away. It’s one of the very few things that still connects him to his past –reminds him of his journey from being a boy to a man.

He had the honour of witnessing Eggsy’s transition from being the boy that he was, to the man he is now. He even had a hand on it – if he may say so himself. He also gets to witness the lad accept a part of himself while discovering his true self. The experience is nothing short of amazing – better than watching the changing of the seasons and the blooming of any flower.

Hamish thinks that it’s only appropriate for Eggsy to get to know the person that he was – in order to get to know and understand the person that he is today.

Eggsy slowly pulled out the dog-tag and focused on what’s written on it. “Hamish O’ Cain.” He read out loud in awe, then looked up at him.

“It’s been a long time since someone called me by my full name.” He said with a pleased smile. “I think it’s just about time we get to know each other beyond the… superficial.”

The lad surged forward. Hamish felt soft lips on his, and strong arms around his neck to keep him in place. He sighed – almost dreamily, as he kiss Eggsy back. His own arms seemed to have a mind of its own and wrapped itself around Eggsy – pulling him closer in the process. He tilted his head to the side to deepen the kiss. Their tongues greeted each other shamelessly that the greeting got Eggsy moaning for the entire street to hear.

“Oi!” They heard someone call out. “Do you want the cops to arrest you for indecency?” The slurred words informed Hamish that it was Harry.

“Let them ‘ave a few kisses.” That was probably Ryan. “It’s not like they’d fuck in the middle o’ the
“You have no idea.” Harry said with a dramatic sigh, then added. “That old geezer’s going to corrupt my protégé.”

Hamish had to break the kiss and turn his head towards their friends. “You’re older than me, Harry.”

Harry huffed. “I’m better looking anyway.”

Hamish was about to retort something but was stopped when he felt a warm hand on his cheek. He looked back at Eggsy –noticing his now moist and pink lips. He placed another kiss on Eggsy’s lips –he kept it chaste. “Attraction is subjective.” He murmured. His statement got Eggsy giggling.

Staring up at him, Eggsy started speaking. “I won’t take this for granted –your trust.”

There was such conviction in Eggsy’s words that Hamish knows it’s the truth.

“Your progress has been steady for the past seven months.” Dr Stella told him after he had told her – basically everything that went on for the past week. She pulled out a piece of paper from her desk and handed it to him. “This would be our very first exercise in this therapy.”

Eggsy took it and read what was written on the paper. There was three columns on the paper. Each column was headed by simple phrases; Who I was, Who I am and Who I want to be. “I read about this.” He said to the doctor. “Ain’t this some NLP exercise?” A part of him thought it funny –he’s currently teaching the candidates about NLP at the moment, too.

“It is –well, it usually is.” Dr Stella informed him. “I think it would give you a clear outline about yourself. It would give you an idea about you. Then, we’ll slowly work on creating a way to –for the lack of a better term, protect your true self.”

“I’ve been thinkin’ about tha’, too.” He said. “Since I became the Kingsman’s expert on doin’ undercover missions, I’ve always felt like I was just a blank slate. I was no one therefore I can be anybody kind of thinkin’.” He confessed. “Now, tha’ I’ve an idea who I am an’ like who I am –I’m startin’ to feel afraid of walkin’ in the shoe of someone else.”

“And that’s understandable.” The doctor assured him. “We’ll take things slow –create the proper environment and safeguards. But, I will tell you now, that we would have to recall your –former method of becoming the covers you used.”

He nodded at Dr Stella. He doesn’t have any clue how he would be able to use his former method. Eggsy’s certain that there would be changes in how he takes on another identity. It’s the same as the change he felt when he puts on Gaheris again.

Back then, he felt like Gaheris is another identity inside him. An identity he has to presume the moment the name is called. The person who earned his place on the table. The better part of himself. That’s why he makes sure that no one he ever encounters during his missions would know his
codename. Gaheris is everything that is good in him—he doesn’t want to share that to criminals and strangers.

But now, he realized that Eggsy earned the title. It’s him. It’s his skill and intelligence that made it possible to sit down with the other knights. Gaheris didn’t lend him the determination inside Valentine’s bunker. It’s him. Gaheris wasn’t the one who made it possible for him to bring to life the covers Merlin had given him. It’s him. He’s the reason why there’s a Gaheris in the list of knights.

With that in mind, Gaheris is no longer another set of identity that he puts on—rather, another facet of him. The professional part of him that believes in the cause of Kingsman. With that thought, it’s easier now for him to navigate himself inside HQ. He can be playful and still keep his posh accent. He can be serious and use his chav accent. He can use Gaheris as a barrier to keep others at bay. Especially to those pesky Alphas that don’t understand the word ‘no’.

“So, I have to fill this up?” He held the paper up. “I have a feelin’ this won’t be as simple as it seems.”

Dr Stella gave him one of her proud smiles. “Nothing is ever as simple as it seems.”

“You got tha’ from a fortune cookie.” He accused her jokingly as he got up and out the door.

Checking his watch, he still has a few hours before his class starts. He took the longer route to get to the candidates’ assigned classroom. Another sharp left and he would be facing the longest hallway inside the mansion.

Even when he was still a trainee he liked walking along that particular hall. He liked how the windowpanes were lined one right after the other, with the clear sight of trees and beyond it is the city. He felt like he was the ultimate outside observer by merely standing at the very centre of the hallway and looking out from its vast window.

He was just about to reach his usual spot when another figure emerge from the other side of the hall. Merlin—with his ever knowing eyes focused on him. Eggsy suddenly has a feeling that Merlin had always known that he had spent quite some time in this hall.

They met each other in the middle. Eggsy can’t help but think that it might be a metaphor. “Is the AV active?” He asked.

“The V, yes. The A—not so much. Eggsy…”

The way his name was called out, he knows. “Hamish…” The older man’s chest moved up and down—relishing the fact that his name had been spoken. “Is this a secret rendezvous?”

“It’s not so much of a secret if Ector’s watching us.”

Eggsy took a step closer. “Enough privacy so we can talk freely.” He looked up at Hamish and reached for his glasses, then hanged it on the man’s sweater. “Did you know about the scents?” He asked. “About compatible mates an’ soul mates?”

“Used to read about it.” Hamish started. “When I was a child. My parents are…were, what most people consider, perfect mates. Like every other kid, I dreamed and longed for what they have.”

“I told you, you smell like happiness to me. What do I smell like to you?”

There was a significant pause before Hamish spoke up.
“My father was a Kingsman agent –one of the very few that managed to find a life outside of Kingsman and retire.” Hamish ran a hand over his lips, turned away from him to look out the window. “To not get into too much detail, let’s just say that Kingsman wasn’t like it is now. It was easier back then, to get back on people who had done you wrong. And my father…” He cleared his throat. “From the files that I’ve dug up, was a good agent. Not like you, or Harry, or Roxy –but, good enough to have people coming after him.”

Eggsy doesn’t need to ask what happened to Hamish’s father. “An’ your mother?”

“They were bonded.”

He felt his heart shatter. Michelle experienced the same thing. They needed a bite of another to stabilize them. Otherwise, they’d perish, too. Omegas at that state are vulnerable. It’s one of the reasons why bonding had become so rare.

Hamish continued on. “When my mother got stabilized –we left the farm. To follow a man we barely knew to a city we’ve never stepped in.” Eggsy can feel simmering rage behind his words. “From then on, it was a series of colours –of black and blue. On me and on Mam.” He crossed his arms over his chest. Eggsy knew that stance very well –he’d done that stance for a very long time. It felt wrong to see it on Merlin –but on Hamish… “I presented as a Thoroughbred Alpha and thought, I should join the military –use all that natural strength for good and earn some money in return.” Eggsy’s almost afraid to hear what happens next. “The difference is –your mother called you when things were getting tough for her. Mine –well, mine didn’t…couldn’t.”

Hamish turned to him. Eggsy wanted to erase the hurt in his eyes, but he didn’t know how. Then he thought of confessing. “I didn’t left marines for me mum. I left because of the baby –because of Daisy. I couldn’t let her –I...I’d rather bear the black an’ blues. I know my mum can carry her own pain –she’s strong in her own way, but Daise…” It’s not that he doesn’t care for his mum. It’s just that he knows how Dean’s mind operates.

The older man looked back at him –raw emotions swirled in his kaleidoscope eyes. Eggsy felt like he could drown in it. “You smell like home, Eggsy. My home.”

He can hear how tired Hamish is. He could only wonder how long Hamish journey had been. “Then, I hope you find respite in me –with me.”

“I also want to be your respite, leannan.”

Eggsy decided to stand closer to Hamish. He himself leaned on the windowpane. A soft expression took over Hamish’s face –it seemed like the other man had been wanting to share his burden for quite some time now, and only found the person to share it with. This is it. They’re slowly voyaging beyond the superficial.

He found himself feeling the need to ask. “What’s your favourite colour?”

He noticed the slightest upward quirk of Hamish’s lips. “Green. You?”

And, they went on like that. Asking each other questions about each other –preferences and opinions. Sometimes, their tastes even clashes from one another. Eggsy would reply along the lines of; are you takin’ a piss, mate? Hamish would give his own retort; clearly you need to learn more. When they did ventured again in their respective pasts, they decided to share the happy memories.

They had had enough of sadness.

They had had enough of weariness.
Rose can never carry her father’s last name—but, she would always carry the burden of his expectations.

As an illegitimate child, she has to be better than the most yet never be good enough to stand next to her half sibling. It’s a balancing act—she supposes. She has to be good, but never great. She has to call attention to herself, but not enough that people would get suspicious of her ties towards her blood relatives. She has the honour of knowing the truth, and the curse of keeping it from everyone else.

Not to sound arrogant, but she knows that she’s good at this particular balancing act. To the outside world, she’s Rose Falize; the girl the Morton family supports in her academic career because her mother is a loyal servant of the family.

(“She definitely deserves the support—she’s quite exceptional for being a daughter of one of the maids.” Rose once heard someone say to Lord Morton. She recalls smiling at the bastard and forcing herself to take it as a compliment.)

Inside the Morton estate, she’s Lord Morton’s dirty secret that Roxanne should never know about.

She doesn’t really care much about Roxanne—that might be a terrible thing to say, but it’s the truth. They didn’t grow up together—not even in the guise of playmates. No, Lord Morton made it certain they never cross paths. If they do—well, nothing good would come out of it from Rose’s standing.

So, she kept her balancing act on that tight rope.

Out of the blue, Roxanne marched through the Morton Family estate—demanding to meet her. Lord Morton was livid, he was quick to put the blame on Rose. But Roxanne was quick to tell him that she isn’t as naïve as he thought—told her own father that she isn’t blind, and neither did she kept a blind eye on his actions.

“The only reason why I hadn’t spoken up sooner was because you have her on a tight leash!” Roxanne yelled. It became clear to Rose that she had always known of Lord Morton’s plans for her.

“Why do you care?” Their father taunted. “You’ve never met her once in your life. Don’t tell me being a tailor had soften you up. You’re just as frigid as your mother.”

“And I’m as heartless as you are.” There was cold fury in Roxanne’s voice. “I’m not taking her away.” Rose almost felt pity for herself. “I only came back to offer her a job interview. It will be her choice if she accepts or not, I won’t force her into anything.” The words ‘unlike you’ didn’t need to be said. “After that, I will never come back here again, father.” She said the last word with disgust.

“I can ruin you.” Their father threatened.

Roxanne spat a laugh at his face. “I’d like to see you try.” Their father walked out in a fit of rage. Rose watch Roxanne stare delightedly as their father strop. Her half-sister turned to face her with an arch or a brow. “You’ve been quiet.”
“It’s not my place to interfere with you and your father.”

Roxanne gave away a hum—clearly gauging her worth. “As I’ve said, I’m here to offer you a job interview.”

“An interview and not a job.”

“Yes, well…you’ll have to earn the job through training.” Roxanne then added. “I’m not certain if you’ll get the job. But, I’m sure that if you get in the top four, I can persuade a couple of people to give you one.”

“Is this charity?” Rose doesn’t have a problem accepting charity. She just wants to be sure—so she can repay the kindness.

“Far from it.”

“Then, what?”

“An opportunity—for both of us. I have an unhealthy amount of hate for my parents. Taking away the other daughter seemed like a good ‘fuck you’ to Robert. You love your mother and I’m sure you’ll like to take her away from the influence of the bastard.” She explained it so simply and with a shrug—like she wasn’t doing anything wrong. Well, she wasn’t really. She’s just offering Rose a job interview.

Rose kept quiet for a moment—unsure how to proceed. Roxanne had always seem to be the perfect daughter in everyone else’s eyes. To be facing the fact that it’s the opposite, Rose can’t get her head around it. She decided to not focus on that but rather at the job offer—job interview offer.

She just finished uni and even though she got the same education and training as Roxanne, she knows she can never work with the aristocrats. Through their eyes, she would just be a step better than a maid. So, why not be a bloody tailor? At least she’d be away from the estate. “I accept.” Rose was immediately taken to the tailoring shop.

Inside fitting room number one, she found out the truth.

Merlin flipped her over in a single movement. Pain spread from her shoulder to her back. Their trainer huffed at her—unamused. “You’re holding back.” He told her.

The rest of the candidates were sitting in line—far enough not to hear them, but close enough to see the demonstration. If it can be called that. All that’s happening is Merlin handing her ass to her. Ugh, that’s a mental image, she thought to herself. “I’m not, sir.” She informed him.

“Yes, you are.” He let go of her. Usually, after knocking them three times in a row, Merlin would move on to another candidate. This time, he gestured for her to stand up again. “I’ve read your file and watch you train these past few months. I know almost everything about you, lass. You are holding back.”

She got into position once again. She blocked Merlin’s first punch—and damn it! The man has the upper hand in this fight. He’s tall and strong. He has experience beyond her years and he doesn’t fucking hold back. Rose was forced to take a step back to not fall to her knees after one punch. That would just be pathetic. “I’m not holding back.”

“Yes, you are.” He kicked her knees, making her buckle under the force.

She let herself fall to the ground to swipe his feet, but he just jumped and kicked her jaw. She was
once again on her back. This time, she didn’t wait for him to gesture for her to get back on her feet. She got up and was the first one to attack.

Merlin blocked her jabs and dodged her hooks. Her kicks did nothing but make him take a few steps back. There was a smirk on his face and she just wanted to wipe it off. She ran towards him, his stance changed—alerting her that he’s prepared for her attack. But, she slide between his legs, got up quickly and kicked him on his back. He staggered forward, and was just in time to catch her feet in the air and slam her down on the mat.

Rose let out a painful groan. She heard someone yell out a curse from the lines of the other candidates. “That was better.” Coming from Merlin, it didn’t quite sounded like a praise. He gave his hand to help her get up. She accepted it—she doesn’t think she’d be able to get up without help. Merlin didn’t let her go immediately. “You’ve been holding back—in every subject and test. Stop it. In Kingsman, good doesn’t cut it. You have to be great.”

He let go of her and called out to Thomas. The gym was soon filled with curses that they’ve never heard before. Coming from Thomas, it’s probably Scottish.

It was strange.

To hear encouragements from Gaheris. To hear Merlin tell her that she should be great. It made her want to work harder and not just fade into the background.

Eggsy has been bringing him tea—ever since the lad found out how he likes to take his tea.

Morgan gave him a meaningful smile, while Ector merely raised an eyebrow at them. The rest of R&D tried to keep their staring unnoticeable, but very few really gets pass Hamish’s notice. It’s one of the things that makes him a good handler.

But, back to the tea—Eggsy brought him tea. “Thank you, leannan.”

Eggsy grinned at him. “Anythin’ for you, sweetheart.”

Hamish managed to fight back the pleased smile that threatens his face. Eggsy’s grin turned into a full smile. He realized that something else gave him away. Oh, he was staring.

He cleared his throat and turned back to his screen. It shows the radar that’s in place all over the Kingsman estate, the candidates’ vitals and the height of their fall. The pilot of the candidates’ aircraft informed him that he’s at the drop sight and the very first candidate had already jumped.

Zeke’s name was the first to appear in his screen. Followed by Elijah, Thomas and Andrew. He turned on Rose’s and Bernadette’s comms. ‘I don’t think I can do it.’ Said the latter.

‘You can.’ Rose assured her. ‘Hold my hand. We’ll jump together.’

The name of the two female candidates appeared in his screen. He turned everyone’s comms on. He and Eggsy can hear the boys’ cheer, and also Rose’s. Bernadette’s a bit more reserved in her elation.
Hamish waited for them to reach a certain height before turning on his mic.

“My, my, you’re all very cheerful.” Eggsy was shaking his head at Hamish as he lean back on the table. “Do you really think it’s going to be that straight forward? Any idiot can read a heads-up display, a Kingsman agent needs to be able to solve problems under pressure. Like, what to do when one of your group has no parachute.” He gave away a dark chuckle before releasing the mic.

Eggsy spoke up. “Tha’s the laugh tha fucked me up –an’ not in a good way. You sounded like a proper villain.”

“I have a reputation to uphold, ye know.” He joked back while the candidates’ cheerful screams turned into horror.

“What the hell are we supposed to do?” Zeke’s tone was angry.

Hamish pressed down his mic again. “I told you; aim for the target, come in under the radar. I hope not to be scrapping one of you up. But, if I do have to and you’re inside the target, please know I’ll be very impressed.”

“We’re even –we can pair up!” Rose yelled.

‘Agree!’ Andrew seconded. ‘We just have to properly position ourselves to not trip the radar and land safely.’

‘Grab the one closes to ye.’ Thomas panted.

“They have better team work.” Eggsy commented to his side. “I have a feelin’ no one’s goin’ to be booted out in this test.”

They watch as the names on the screen be partnered up. Rose didn’t let go of Bernadette, Zeke was closest to Elijah, while Thomas and Andrew took a moment to get close enough to each other. “Good plan, Rose.” Hamish told them through the mic. “It’s smart for the rest of you to listen.”

‘Pull it!’ Bernadette yelled. ‘Pull it already.’

‘Not yet!’ Rose yelled back. ‘We have to get to a reasonable height. We can’t stir the chute properly with the two of us.’

‘Listen to Rose.’ Zeke said. ‘The two of you would be the first to open your chute, then we’d follow.’

At a distance wherein they wouldn’t trip the radar, Rose finally opened up their chute. Followed by Zeke and Elijah. Thomas and Andrew were dangerously close to getting splat –but not as close as Eggsy and Roxy back then. Thomas let out curses that Hamish thought he’d never hear again.

Everyone landed safely and on the K.

“Six of them, an’ they only used three chutes.” Eggsy beamed proudly.

“The most successful skydiving test I’d ever witnessed.” Hamish admitted. He drank the remainder of his tea and got up from his chair. “Do you want to join me in congratulating them?”

“Of course.”

The candidates greeted them. Three of the candidates has their chutes tucked between their arms; Bernadette, Elijah and Andrew. Hamish can see the tension in Zeke’s shoulders. “Congratulations.”
He started out with a nod. “This is the very first skydiving test that no one would be eliminated. You’ve proven your teamwork.”

“Excuse me, sir.” Zeke called out. “But, don’t you think that this test is just a little bit too extreme? Sending someone out without a chute?” He was close to yelling.

“I want the three of you to pull out your cords.” He ordered in a calm voice. Rose and Thomas looked unsure. Zeke was the first one to pull his cord and his parachute shoot out, making him stumble backwards. Rose was the next one, they all heard Bernadette let out a relieved breath.

“Yeah, I dinnae think I should—” Eggsy cut off what Thomas was going to say.

“Pull the cord, Thomas.” The lad said in a softer tone.

Thomas did what was asked of him and they all looked at Hamish like he grew a second head. “Clear out!” Hamish barked at them. Once the candidates were out of sight, he turned towards Eggsy. “This would change a few things in our lesson plan.”

“I think it would be better if we do the interrogation test an’ the dog test, before teachin’ them advance NLP an’ the other works for bein’ an undercover agent.” Eggsy suggested. “It’s a skill tha’ not many should have. We have to be certain of their loyalties before teachin’ them an’ lettin’ them have a peek in our mission archives.”

“There’s no doubt about that.” He started tapping away on his clipboard as they walk back in the mansion. “I’ll set up a meeting with Arthur.”

“I also have other thin’s I need to discuss wit’ him. Roxy suggested we take in those in the top four for our staff, since we’re still lackin’. I think tha’s a good idea.” In a lower voice, Eggsy added. “My heat is also comin’ up.” That got Hamish pausing, but only for a moment. “I know what I need to do so tha’ you’ll be the one to…accompany me durin’ it.”

“Well, yes.” He cleared his throat. “But, I dinnae want to pressure you into giving me a gift. We still have our heat-rut partnership form anyway. We’ve signed that before we went into courtship, it will stand.”

Eggsy looked at him with an eyebrow raised. “I already got you a gift. It’s hidden inside your office.” The lad left him in the middle of the hall.

Hamish didn’t run towards his office—he really didn’t.

‘You said that it’s time that we get to know each other beyond the superficial and I agree.’ Hamish read the letter that’s inside the medium sized box he found behind his books on the bookshelf he has inside his office. His office is a bit of a mess at the moment—he can’t find it in him to be annoyed at the mess he created.

‘It took me while to figure out what to give you. With the dog-tag in mind, I thought of this.’ Hamish looked away from the letter for a moment to get a peek of the gift. It was a snow globe—old and a bit chipped on the edges. He turned back to the letter. ‘The dog-tag would be my reminder of your trust. I hope this would remind you that I have given you the very last piece of my innocence. This much is yours –E.’

With both hands, he slowly picked up the snow globe. The very last piece of Eggsy’s innocence. The boy—hopeful boy that he was before he became the struggling delinquent. A piece of Eggsy before he started pretending to be someone he’s not.
Hamish now understands—or he likes to think he does. Eggsy’s first kiss, his virginity and now this. The lad is giving him an entire facet of his personality. The pure and vulnerable—the fantastical and needy parts. The parts that can be easily used and abused—it’s all for him.

He suddenly feels like he’s not missing the half of him anymore. It feels like what was loss has been doubled. He can only try to make Eggsy feel the same way.

Chapter End Notes

I like giving everyone stories—okay? Kekeke. Plus, it gives people a deeper look into the a/b/o dynamics and how it differs from group to group. And, character development. I like character developments. Kekekeke :)}
Chapter Eight

Chapter Summary

Lessons and preparations...

Chapter Notes

I live! How are you wonderful people? Good? Good! So, I present to you another update. *Holds up update* I hope you have the time to read it and I hope that you enjoy it. Thank you to everyone who read, leave a kudos and comment, also for bookmarking it and subscribing. I am sending positive energies to you and all of cosmos.

This story is not Beta’d. Please, do pardon my mistakes. I do proofreads but some mistakes get pass me.

On to the story...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They had a lot to adjust in their schedule. Due to his upcoming heat, they had to move the interrogation test a week from now. They’re aware that Eggy’s heat would last for four days, but Merlin thought it would be better if they set aside five days for it. Eggys didn’t argued against it –he felt extremely exhausted after his first heat. He doesn’t think he’ll be ready to teach the candidates right away.

“Four days?” Morgan’s eyes were budging out of her eyes. “Wow. That’s –a bleeding marathon.”

Eggsy tried to keep his blushing down to a minimum, but he’s finding it hard to do. He unconsciously shuffled his feet. “It’ll normalize after a year. It ain’t always goin’ to be like tha’.”

“Still, pretty amazing.” She said.

Merlin cleared his throat and Egg saw the glare he tossed to Morgan. “We’ll be gone for five days, I’ll be assigning you as the one to teach the candidates basic mission protocols.” Merlin pushed forward to her direction a folder and she frowned at it before picking it up. Their quartermaster turned to Roxy. “You will be my substitute for the hand to hand combat.” Then to Harry. “You will substitute Gaheris in continuing the candidates’ lesson on basic NLP.” He then tilted his head towards Ector and Amelia –who still haven’t got a codename. “While they focus on handling agents’ missions.”

“What about the signing off of projects?” Morgan asked. “Last time I was the one who handled that along with the project testing and filing of project reports. There’s only so many hours in a day.” It didn’t completely sounded like a complaint to Eggys’s ears, but it’s clear that she prefers to have her focus on the projects that R&D cooks up.

“I’ll send out a message to everyone to hold on to their project proposals till I’m back.” Merlin
informed her. “You can continue on with the testing and reviewing reports. Besides, the lessons with the candidates only takes up three hours a day.”

“Wouldn’t there be a problem with Galahad and Lancelot teaching?” Ector asked. “Their candidates are still in the running.”

“The candidates aren’t allowed to talk about their sponsors.” Merlin reminded him. “It would be fine as long as they don’t show any sign of favouritism.” He gave both Harry and Roxy a pointed look.

“I want my sister to pass fair and square.” Roxy said –raising her chin a bit. “You won’t have any problem with me.”

“While we all know that I’m a great flirt, we all also know that I don’t play favourites with anyone.” It was clear Harry wanted to roll his eyes at Merlin.

“Lies.” Ector said. “You’re subpar at flirting.”

“I beg your pardon?” Harry asked in indignation. “Even with an eye patch I manage to charm lots of people.”

Before the bickering even escalates, Merlin speaks up again. “Arthur have already relieved us of finding volunteers for the interrogation test. He will also be pulling a couple of strings in Barcelona’s local authorities to make Gaheris’ plan possible.” He tapped a couple of keys on his clipboard before turning back to Ector. “It would be impossible to have all of the agents present for this test, but if you could schedule their missions so that at least half of them would be present –it would be greatly appreciated.”

“I’ll see what I can do.” Ector gave him a nod. “Hopefully nothing world ending would happen in the following month.”

“Or perhaps MI6 and 5 would finally start pulling their weight.” Morgan grumbled her complaint.

“One could only hope.” Ector let out a tired sigh.

Eggsy’s starting to feel bad about his extended heat.

Since he became Merlin’s assistant, he had become aware of how busy R&D really is. The scientists and techies never stops developing new gadgets, and improving on what they already have to make sure the agents have the best of the best. All project developments must be approved by Merlin before they can create a prototype.

The first month he spent as Merlin’s assistant, he was honestly amazed by the man. Merlin has the kind of eyes that when he scans a blueprint he would know if the project is worth all the trouble or if there’s something wrong with it. Eggsy’s simply amazed by how Merlin’s mind works. He knows the older man is a genius, but seeing him utilizing his mind. It makes chills run up and down Eggsy’s spine.

He had also noticed that if Arthur wants a full table, they would need to train another handler. But, the thing is, there are very few people in Merlin’s department that wants to be a handler. They really are a busy bunch, and being a handler is almost like a twenty-four-seven job. He can’t count the times he had seen the handlers wearing yesterday’s clothes. He’s starting to wonder if their handlers actually go home.

Merlin adjusted his eyeglasses. “I’ll be working on the encryption of the documents Galahad had acquired from his target during his last mission while I am away. And, Gaheris will grade all of the
assignments that will be given to the candidates that are in the lesson plan.”

Roxy’s brows furrowed. “Aren’t you going away because of Eggsy’s heat?” She asked. “How are you going to be working on those things while you…you’re preoccupied?”

“We follow the heat cycle.” Eggsy finally piped up. He doesn’t want them to think that just because he’s in heat, he’d be slacking off. He still wants to help lessen their work load as much as he can.

Morgan looked at him as if he just said something out of this world. “You guys have that much control over your mental facilities? How?”

“Years of practice.” Eggsy simply said with a half shrug.

That’s the truth when it comes to him. It was painful to stomp down his instincts in the earlier days of his presentation. There was often a scrapping like sensation at the back of his head. He got better at ignoring it and the pain inside his head didn’t compare to the physical pain he felt back then. Everything happens for a reason, he guesses.

Merlin called for his attention. “Did I forget about anything?” Eggsy shook his head negative. “Alright.” Merlin nod at all of them. “You should head to your class and introduce Galahad to the candidates. Keep a close eye on Zeke, see if he’ll react. If he does, we’ll look for another agent to substitute for you.”

Eggsy gave his confirmation. The way the older man is reacting to this makes him realize that he might have been Merlin’s favourite candidate back then. Merlin wasn’t this strict when it came to him. He even lets him sit beside Harry every once in a while when the Beta was in a coma. Merlin even gave him kind words and encouragements. With that realization, there’s an extra skip in his step.

From his peripheral, he saw Harry pull out his phone. Eggsy couldn’t help but turn when he heard Harry scoffed an amused laugh. It’s was the kind of laugh that can be heard from Harry when he’s talking to someone who he thinks is silly, but he’s fond of. “Did Percival sent you a funny message?” He hazards a question.

“No, not Michael.” Harry told him as he type a reply with a smile on his lips. “Ryan texted me one of his – theories, on what our job is.”

“Ryan?” He echoed –a little unsure if he heard right. His step almost faltered.

“Yes, your Base Beta friend Ryan whom we’ve met a week ago.” Harry spoke to him as if he was speaking to a toddler no older than five. “We exchanged numbers and had been in contact ever since.”

“What?” That got him halting along the hall.

“What do you mean what?”

“You did your laugh because Ryan texted you?” Eggsy tried to clear that thought inside his head. He didn’t want to jump into conclusions. Betas can get along well with any and every other Betas – they’re the harmonious bunch. While Omegas protect one another and Alphas posture at each other – Betas would be partying at the side.

But, Harry doesn’t give his mobile number to any Beta that he gets along with –because if he had, he’d have the number of every single Beta working in Kingsman. No, while Harry can get along with everyone, he’s still picky with the company he keeps. Then, as if a ray of enlightenment was
casted on Eggsy, he remembered the book about dynamics that he had read.

Alpha-Omega pairs compliments each other and Betas—well, opposites attracts when it comes to Betas.

Thinking about it further, he can see Ryan’s personality opposing Harry’s. Ryan’s relaxed—chill, let’s you do what you want unless you come to him for advice. He doesn’t ever want to stand out, he lets others have the spotlight and he’d be content to sit aside and observe. Harry’s passionate—fucking intense really, he would do anything and everything he can to make sure what he thinks is appropriate or right happens. He was born to be the centre of attention and if he can’t get it—he will. He’ll make sure your eyes are glued to him.

“Holy fuckin’ hell.” Eggsy murmured to no one in particular.

“What?” Harry asked confused. “His theories are either absurd or close to the truth.” Harry showed Ryan’s text—Eggsy felt like he’s in some weird episode of X-Files. “Look.” Harry pointed out with a smile. “He thinks we either work for the government or against it. I told him, we’re neither and he answers that we must be an independent body.” Harry was now beaming—absolutely beaming. “He’s clever.”

“You know you’re skirtin’ a dangerous line here.” He warned Harry—he never thought that he would ever warn Harry Hart. Harry Freaking Hart. They started walking again. God, the images that are flashing in Eggsy’s mind are just weird. Back then, his mates found it strange that he hangs out with Harry. After being formally introduced, they’re regularly texting now. Talk about a drastic change.

Harry pocketed his phone. “We don’t always talk about work.” That sentence got Eggsy mentally praying to whatever god there is. Harry must have caught on. “We talk about books, music and movies. For someone so—adamant on keeping to himself, he’s quite opinionated.”

Eggsy could only snort at that. “Ryan likes to make everyone think he ain’t smart because the thin’s he’s actually knowledgeable at are what most people considers trivial thin’s from where we grew up.” He explained. “I have a pretty high IQ plus a bit athletic, I was considered a wonder boy. Jamal knows numbers like the back of his hands, tha’s considered useful—especially wit’ what we do. Now, Ryan…”he sighed. “The man loves literature, culture an’ art like it ain’t no body’s business. What use are those thin’s to a poor family?”

“That’s—idiotic!” Harry protested. “Literature and culture are vital parts of society. And art!” He exclaimed. “Don’t get me started on that.”

They pause at the door of the classroom. “Yeah, posh blokes can see tha’—can see pass the practical an’ into the philosophical, but not the poor. Some are too busy scramblin’ to make a livin’ to realize how Shakespeare’s work made an impact to today’s English language. Hell, even I was too busy keepin’ my head above water to realize that.” He admitted. Then, added. “What I’m tryin’ to say is, just make sure tha’ Ryan wouldn’t have to be amnesia darted.”

“I would never.” Harry all but swear to him. “Besides, weren’t you the one that told me you fellows don’t grass.”

Eggsy rolled his eyes at his mentor before opening the door and stepping inside the classroom. “Candidates.” He called out to everyone. And as usual, they hurried to their seats. He subtly observed Zeke. “This is agent Galahad, and he would be my substitute for next week.”

They’re Betas, he thought, they probably have a better handle on what they’re doing than him and
Eggsy hasn’t written anything on the form that Dr Stella had given him. It’s not that he doesn’t know what to write. It’s that—he wanted to be sure on what he would write.

He knows that whatever adjective or noun he would write down on the paper would reflect heavily on his psyche. He’s not doing this to hide the real inner workings of his mind—well, not anymore at least. He’s being picky with his words because he wants to accurately impart what he really think and feel about himself.

Under the column ‘who I was’, he drew a line dividing the column into two rows. At the upper row, he wrote ‘before pretending’. At the lower row, he wrote ‘while pretending’. For him, there’s a clear distinction between the two.

Under ‘before pretending’, he wrote ‘child-like’—then added, ‘because I was a child. Wide-eyed and gullible, benign and almost thoughtless.’ He hesitated, but continued on with a bit of ache stretching through his chest. The memory of his childhood—bittersweet on his tongue. ‘Hopeful and excited to take on the world.’

He felt his eyes swell a bit with tears. He cleared his throat and sniffled. It was so simple being a kid—the blissful ignorance that comes with it. The days he was filled mostly with positive emotions and laughter came easy—affection came easier from the hands of his father and lips of his mother.

He moved on to the next part of the list, ‘while pretending’. Who was he while he was pretending?

The first word that came to his mind was ‘hidden’, followed by ‘afraid’. He remembers waking up afraid, and still afraid as he lay his head down his pillow at night. ‘But I learned to face the fear’, and ain’t that the truth. ‘I focused on surviving and enduring till I’ve forgotten what was hidden—till I was afraid to face what was hidden.’

One would think that once free, a bird would finally fly to its hearts content—but sore wings stops the bird. He needs to stretch his wings first before taking flight once again. He can’t help but smile at the thought.

He was about to move his attention to the next column when a knock on his office door made him look up. He called whoever it is in, and was mildly surprised to see Ector with his crow head cane in hand. Eggsy rarely sees Ector walk around the Kingsman estate with his cane. He was informed after a few months of being an agent that it’s not a simple cane. He hasn’t seen Ector use it—he believes Morgan told him that he should be glad that Ector hasn’t used it.

“Is there anythin’ I can help you wit’?” He asked. He and Ector have a friendly relationship but they’re not exactly friends. They tease and joke, but they don’t see each other outside of the Kingsman estate. He doesn’t have any idea why Ector would reach out to him unless it’s about work.

Then, his memory poked at his mind, Ector’s their third chaperone. And since Roxy and Harry are doing a simple and quick reconnaissance mission before he and Hamish take time off for his heat, Ector would be responsible for the gifts and challenges against the promised courtship. Ector wasn’t holding any gift—Eggsy tried to stop his body from tensing because the man could be in his office due to work—
“Someone posed a challenge.” There goes hoping, Eggsy thought as Ector continued on. “The challenger demanded the challenged to be commenced right this moment.” The distaste in Ector’s voice was present—he was almost sneering.

“Wait.” He got up and slipped the paper he was writing on between the pages of his journal before he closed it with a snap. “Merlin would be teachin’ hand to hand at this time. Tha’ won’t exactly be fair.” Merlin would be facing a challenger after sparring with six candidates. He knows Merlin has quite a—stamina, but he just can’t stop himself from worrying.

“I believe that’s one of the reason why the challenger was…insistent the fight happen right away.”

“Fuckin’ bastard.” He can’t help the growl that bubbled from his chest and found its way through his throat. They started making their way to the gymnasium.

He didn’t stopped himself from rolling his eyes at the sight of Morgan waving money in the air and calling out bets. There were at least thirty people—not counting the confused looking candidates. The candidates’ expressions changed to relieved when they saw him. He decided to stand next to them and Morgan followed after him with a smile and a wiggle of eyebrows.

“Sir.” Zeke called out to him. “That man—he pointed towards the bulky man posturing before Merlin. Their quartermaster has a displeased expression on his face. It made him look like a thug with him wearing a loose shirt and sweatpants. ‘Just walked in and demanded to fight Merlin.’”

“Yes, well—he didn’t had the chance to finish what he was going to say because the man started talking.

“The Omega’s here.” The man licked his lips at Eggsy’s direction. “Shall I set my conditions?”

“Jim, from the transportation department. A mechanic.” Morgan informed him while counting the money she collected. “He’s been talking about how he’s going to ruin your promise courtship for weeks already. I heard that you don’t even turn his way whenever he calls for you and that irked him. He plans on making you pay for that, hence the dramatics.”

“I don’t particularly give attention to those who don’t even bother calling me by my name. And how do you even know about these things?” He said—a tone a bit petulant. “Aren’t you busy enough?”

“People need hobbies.” Morgan answered with a shrug.

“Promised courtship.” Bernadette and Andrew echoed. They might as well announce their secondary gender to the other candidates.

“Yes, a promised courtship.” He turned towards them.

Zeke and Thomas were wearing expressions of curiosity. Elijah seemed surprised and worried, Rose’s critical gaze was on Merlin, and she clearly wants to learn about the older man’s fighting style. While Bernadette and Andrew were giving him concerned looks.

He felt the need to add. “I wasn’t forced into it.” To make it clear. “He asked—kindly, and I accepted—excitedly.”

“Well, congratulations, sir.” Thomas said to him with a nod. Eggsy was delighted by those simple words.

“My conditions.” Jim started—and Eggsy had to agree with Morgan on the man’s dramatics. “When I win—oh, Eggsy wanted to be the one to take him down. He’d make it painful and humiliating. “-I’ll
have him for his next heat.” Eggsy felt disgust at the very pit of his stomach. “I don’t really care about your courtship—just want a taste. If you continue on with your courtship, that’s on you. But I’ll tell you now that he’d be wasted once I’m done with him.”

“Arsehole.” Elijah sneered as they all heard a rumble coming from Thomas and Rose.

“Looks like your pups are protective over you.” Jim mocked the candidates. “And just like the other one, first to bleed.”

“I hope Merlin hands his arse to him.” Zeke commented to the side.

Eggsy narrowed his eyes at Jim, then decided that the man didn’t deserve any attention from him. He let his eyes wander to Merlin. The older man was standing still—jaws clenched and shoulders tense. Merlin’s former displeased expression turned furious. Disrespect had never sit well with Merlin. Instead of rising to the other Alpha’s taunts, Merlin turned towards Eggsy. “Leannan.”

“Yes, sweetheart?” Both of their voices were charged.

There was an underlying sharpness underneath their soft tones. It’s them announcing their dedication towards each other. Merlin wouldn’t let the other Alpha lay his hand on Eggsy, and Eggsy’s sure of it.

There’s a quirk on Merlin’s lips—as if he thought of something amusing. “Would ye like to set my conditions for me?” His tone turned sweet—not sickly so. It was endearing—almost teasing. “I promise nae to disappoint.”

Oh, they’re still playing their little game. No, they’re specifically playing with people’s views on them while taunting the other Alpha. Eggsy let a blinding smile take over his face. “You really know how to get me going.” He said the statement heatedly. He bit his lower lip—acting as if he’s thinking about the condition. “How about…he’ll move to another Kingsman branch and until he’s moved, he won’t ever come near me and call out to me.” Merlin gave him a nod and got in position. “Oh, and sweetheart—make it hurt.” He let his tone reveal how displeased he is with the other Alpha. He needed Merlin to know it.

“As ye wish.” Merlin smirked—not the playful kind, but the one that spells danger. His message has been received.

Ector called out for them to start their fight. Merlin went in, hitting vital body parts without missing a beat. Jim couldn’t even do a proper block since Merlin just punches his way through it—aiming for the torso. Eggsy’s sure that there’ll be bruises—plenty of it. This is Merlin putting his cruelty on display—this is a clear warning to others, they don’t insult his Omega. He can feel his Omega’s approval—there’s a twisted satisfaction to it.

Jim stumbled back—Merlin took a step forward towards him, but he produced a knife from the small of his back. It made Merlin stop from his tracks—moving to the side to avoid the first swipe. It slashed through his grey shirt, but there was not a drop of blood that can be seen.

Some people gasped from the suspense, Rose let out a growl while Andrew hissed a curse. Thomas said something Eggsy doesn’t understand, and somewhere from the crowd of thirty—someone stated the obvious. “Cheater!”

“It’s not technically cheating.” Ector said to them. “Weapons were not specifically banned from the conditions.”

Merlin dodged a few swipes before finding an opening. He sent a pointed punch on Jin’s underarm
and it lost its grip on the knife and mobility of the entire arm. Jim looked at Merlin –fear written on his face. Merlin continued on his assault till Jim was wheezing pathetically. The sound must have annoyed Merlin, he sent a punch on Jim’s throat. The wheezing sound turned into a coughing fit as Jim fell to his knees down on the ground.

Merlin stood over him. “Ye’re still not bleeding.” He walked towards the fallen knife and assessed it before approaching Jim once again. “I’ll make sure the paperwork for yer transfer is filed before the end of the day.” He pressed the blade of the knife on Jim’s cheek and slowly cut him until blood oozed out.

“Now, that’s what I want to learn.” Rose breathe out –a little excited.

“He didn’t even let the other guy throw a punch.” Zeke pointed out –a bit too cheery.

Merlin dropped the knife and turned towards Eggsy. “Did that meet yer satisfaction?” Merlin asked as he take off his eyeglasses and wipe it using the hem of his shirt. He wasn’t even out of breath. There’s a fluttering sensation just under Eggsy’s ribcage.

Eggsy gave him a very obvious once over. “No, but you actually broke a sweat. Will I ever see you fight properly?” He honestly wonders what it would take for Merlin to give it his all.

He walked to Merlin’s sports bag and picked up a towel. Merlin approached him in his own volition –a show that he’s the one who submits to Eggsy. Well, he wouldn’t object to that–but at this point, he thinks they’ve submitted to each other.

He continued talking while he wipe off Merlin’s sweat. “I’ll buy groceries this weekend.” They still have their audience.

“About that…” Merlin gently took the towel from his hand, their skins touching a bit. “I was thinking we should go to my place.” Someone from the crowd of thirty tripped as they slowly move out of the gym. “I need my personal console to break the encryption of a file. I can’t exactly bring it to yer flat.”

Eggsy could only wonder what’s going on inside other people’s mind right now. Him buying groceries for the weekend, Merlin inviting him to his place, and them standing closer than they usually permit themselves to be when there are others around. He’s pretty sure Morgan would update them on the latest gossip –she really needs a new hobby. But, it does keep him entertained, too.

“Okay.” He said with a smile. “Make sure you have ice cream.” He started making his way out of the gym, but then he remembered and glanced back. “Rose wants to learn how you can paralyze people with a punch.”

“I’ll see what I can do, Gaheris.” Merlin’s back to being a trainer –stern and cold.

After being dismissed from their hand to hand combat training, the candidates found themselves in the mess hall exactly at lunch hour. People were buzzing –talking in hushed tones about the challenged that happened that morning. While Elijah, still can’t wrapped his head around it.
He placed his tray down in their usual seat and decided to speak up. “I still don’t get it.” The other candidates turned to him. “Merlin and Gaheris.” He said their trainers name as a form of explanation.

“What’s there to…get?” Andrew asked –a bit perplexed.

“They don’t make sense.” Elijah insisted.

“Well, no –not really…but kind of?” Bernadette offered and everyone just looked at her, the question written in their faces. “I mean, people talk –we’ve heard them, their talks makes sense now.”

“No talks.” Zeke told them. “Gossip –that’s the right word to use. Everyone’s been gossiping and it seems like there’s a bit of truth in the gossip.” He doesn’t seem particularly bothered by it. If Elijah would be honest, it would take a great deal before Zeke is bothered by anything.

“And just like before, we shouldn’t care because it’s nae our business.” Thomas kindly reminded them all as he switched his pudding with Andrew’s apple. Andrew gave a sound of protest but it was clear that it’s half hearted.

“I just mean that they don’t seem to be…compatible with each other. Merlin’s very –stoic, and Gaheris is everything that is good under the sun.” Elijah said to them.

“That’s your crush talking.” Andrew said to him –not unkindly. “Thomas and Rose feels protective of Gaheris, too, but they’re not objecting the possible mating between Merlin and Gaheris.”

Rose shrugged as she wiped off the excess sauce hanging from the corner of her mouth. “I respect them both. And, I think it’s kind of sweet that neither of them deny us being their pups.”

“Yes, sweet! Gaheris is just that, but Merlin –he calls the man either by his name or codename. He doesn’t even have a pet name for Gaheris.” Elijah pointed out –as if that’s be the greatest offence Merlin had ever done in the entire world. “What kind of man woos his intended so…robotically?”

“Name?” Thomas asked. “What name?”

Elijah let out a frustrated sound. “Leannan –Merlin called Gaheris’ by his name, Leannan.”

Thomas looked at him with his brows furrowed. “Leannan –it’s a Scottish-Gaelic endearment, nae a name.” Now everyone is looking at him. “It’s like…eh, lover –or, sweetheart.” He translated for everyone to know.

“That’s just damn adorable.” Rose commented with a big smile. “They’ve been calling each other sweetheart. And, Merlin may be aloof when it comes to us because we’re still trainees. Think about it, he’s not allowed to show favouritism or anything towards us.”

Zeke hummed in agreement. “I think it’s one of their strategies. Gaheris would be the kind one and Merlin would be the tough one. It’ll help produce well rounded agents.”

“Plus, Gaheris already assured us tha’ Merlin asked him kindly.” Thomas said to Elijah –getting them back on topic. Thomas seemed to be on Merlin’s side. Elijah could only guess that it’s because they both came from the same country.

“Yes, he did.” Elijah sighed in defeat. “They still don’t make sense to me.”

Zeke snorted. “You Alphas and Omegas rarely make sense to me.” That got people putting their fork down and looking at him. “Did I said that out loud?”
Bernadette patted him in the shoulder. “Don’t worry, Merlin didn’t really told us that we’re not allowed to talk about our secondary gender. And, by now, I think we’ve already given it away to each other.”

Elijah could only sigh –maybe he can also challenge Merlin, he thought to himself. He dug in his mashed potato, that’s probably the stupidest idea he had ever come up with. He wouldn’t last two seconds standing on the mat if Merlin decides he wouldn’t hold back against him.

After lunch, they started making their way to their dormitory. They’ve got to shower and get changed before their next class. With their books in hand, they started ushering themselves to their classroom.

They settled on their seats as Gaheris entered the classroom. Their trainer doesn’t seem as energetic as he used to. But, his ever present smile greeted them. Placing his own books on the desk in front of the class, Gaheris started with quizzing them about his past lesson. Once their papers were collected, Gaheris started on their next lesson.

“Secondary-genders…” Gaheris let out a heavy sigh. Elijah could almost feel his exhaustion. “Why do you think we have to be aware of each genders’ tells?”

“It would help us know how we would approach and appeal to them.” Zeke answered –Elijah’s starting to realize that he really is a Beta. Though, he doesn’t have any idea about his status.

“Correct.” Gaheris nodded to his direction. “In field, agents are required to wear blockers. This way the target wouldn’t have any idea what our secondary-gender is. Without a scent, most people would rely on one’s actions and reactions.” He paused –letting them process that certain information. “Can anybody here guess anybody’s secondary-gender?”

“It’s a dead giveaway.” Bernadette commented. “We kind of sucked at hiding it.”

Bernadette’s statement draw a quiet laugh from Gaheris. “You kind of do.” He smiled fondly at them. “Because of that, we’re going to be learning about ways to fight back our instincts to not give away our true secondary-gender.”

Their usual banter filled class was quiet as they listen to Gaheris list off different ways on stomping down their instincts. Their will to learn didn’t change, but they did feel strange –talking about keeping their instincts in. Elijah wouldn’t say that he’s one of those Alpha’s who are –irritatingly proud of their secondary gender. But, he never really did liked fighting back his instincts.

“Once you know how to keep your instincts in check, you’ll learn how to take on the instincts of a different gender.” Gaheris explained to them.

“Is that going to be necessary?” Elijah asked –a little unsure and uncomfortable.

There was a pregnant pause before Gaheris spoke up again. “Before –not entirely, you just have to… mislead people, just don’t let them know. But, now…” Gaheris closed the book on his desk. “It’s now a must.” He told them with gravity. “It’s one of the reasons why I’m one of your trainer. I am to teach you everything that I know in my field of expertise.”

“So, ye’re trainin’ us to be a mini-you?” Thomas asked –a bit amused, but not meanly so.

“I wouldn’t say that.” Gaheris himself was amused by the thought. “Kingsman just need more people with my…skill set.”

“One of those is being able to pretend to be of a different gender.” Elijah felt the need to say it aloud
as his brows furrow together. “For how long?” As a High Alpha, his parents got him tutors that helped him in honing his instincts. They also helped him in fighting back certain impulses. It took him a good while before he was able to share anything to his siblings. He was just terribly territorial.

“For as long as it is needed to finish a mission.”

“What’s the longest you’ve pretended to be someone of a different secondary gender?” Rose asked with genuine curiosity. Her tone also held a touch of shyness—not really sure if she’s allowed to ask.

“For a mission, four months. Outside a mission, a decade.”

An audible gasp can be heard all over the room. Each of them dying to know more but uncertain if they are allowed. Elijah braved through the uncertainty. “What does that mean? Outside a mission?”

“Kingsman didn’t really found out I was a Thoroughbred Omega until seven months ago because of a compromised mission.” Gaheris started. “I was pushed forward as a candidate with my sponsor thinking I was a Base Beta.”

“But why?” Elijah couldn’t help the tone of puzzlement bleeding in his voice. “A Male Thoroughbred Omega, that’s something to be proud of. It’s such a rare thing—a lot of Alphas would—“

“Because of exactly that.” Gaheris pointed out. “A lot of Alphas would want me for simply that fact—and nothing else.”

“Is that such a bad thing?”

“It’s horrible.” It was Andrew who spoke up this time. Heads turned his way, and it was obvious from his tone—what his secondary gender is.

“What? How can it be horrible? To be desired.”

“Because they dinnae want to be desired.” Thomas pointed out to him. “They are nae somethin’ to be covet. Christ, man!” The other Alpha sighed exasperatedly. “They want to be seen as who they are—nae jus’ their damn biology. They want to be respected. They want to be love—tha’s a million times better than bein’ desired.”

Realization came to Elijah like a brick wall—smacking him right on his face. He felt shame and guilt. He wasn’t any better than the Alpha that Merlin fought off. He turned back to Gaheris. “I’m sorry, sir.”

“It’s—not exactly alright.” Gaheris was had never tolerated any bad attitude from them. “But, from now on, I expect better from you. Learn your lesson, Elijah.”

“Yes, sir.”

Hamish made it a point to only spend half his Sunday in HQ. He went home that afternoon with
plans of tidying his house. It’s not a mess—he’d probably just dust the top of a few cabinets and change the curtains. He’s sure that he’d need to vacuum the carpet and change the bed sheets and pillow cases. He has a ton of things to do and the more he thinks about it, more things are being added to his to do list.

The moment he entered his house—he tried to recall the last time he was home. As the seconds pass with him being unable to recall that certain information, he just deemed that he hasn’t been home for a very long time. That meant that he’d also have to clean his fridge.

“Damn it…” He muttered in the air. He shook off the growing irritation and decided to head straight to his office to get his console ready. He really needs to prioritize better.

He booted up his computer along with the necessary programs that would help him with the encryption. He made sure that whatever data didn’t carry any virus that would send out a signal or ruin his computer. Before he starts with decrypting the data, he placed the proper safety nets necessary and then some. He was so engrossed with what he was doing that he didn’t noticed that time was ticking.

His focus was only ruined when he heard his doorbell rang. It got him straightening up in his seat and turning towards the clock. “Feckin’ hell.” He hurriedly got to his feet and run down to the door. He wasn’t completely out of his mind not to check who was knocking. Hamish could only wonder when he saw that it was Michael standing at the other side of the door. He yanked his door open. “What are ye doing here?”

“You haven’t been home for two months.” Michael said it like it was enough of an explanation. Hamish could only furrow his eyebrows at him. Michael gave him a sweeping up and down glance. “You didn’t even bother changing your clothes before sitting in front of your computer—again.”

Hamish looked down at himself—and, as if being hit by a train, he suddenly remembered all the other things that he should be doing. “Buggering shite.” He left the door open as he went straight to his kitchen—coughing when he opened his fridge.

“Alphas—meant to protect their home, but shite at maintaining them.” Michael commented as he closed the door behind him.

His friend started pulling drawers open—looking for something Hamish isn’t sure what. With a flourish that could rival Harry’s, Michael put on rubber gloves that he didn’t even know he has. “How did ye even know I’m here?” He let Michael push him to the side.

Michael grabbed the closest trash bin and toss everything inside the fridge in it. “It’s a wonder no one’s hacked through your files yet.” Michael didn’t stop cleaning the fridge while talking. “Everyone’s been talking about Eggsy staying with you this following week.”

“They could try, but it’s well encrypted.” He told his friend—handing out what Michael needs in cleaning the fridge. “And, for a spy agency, Kingsman has terrible gossipers.”

“I can’t blame them.” They started working on defrosting the fridge. “We’re a mystery to them—well, to the administrative staff. The three of us—along with Jack, we’ve been working for Kingsman before most of the current employees were born. There’re very few who still remember us when we were still starting. And even then the rumour mill in the back office is quite ridiculous already.”

“Dinnae remind me.” He grumpily said as Michael give him a toothy grin.

When he took on the job as a handler, he chose Harry and Michael as his agents. He thought that it
was only appropriate since their ages are close to each other. He hoped that it would helped him in relating to them and making them obey his orders. It was already too late when he remembered to take into account the agents’ secondary gender –because in all honesty, Hamish was still a fresh faced handler and didn’t know any better. Still, he worked well with the agents even when they have different line of expertise and thinking.

A mission that required both Galahad and Percival with him on their ears made their dynamic obvious –not only to him but also to everyone else. Harry and Michael would bicker and he would shut them up, they would listen to him, while the two would confide with one another before bursting into action. They worked really well –so well that people thought they were a triad.

Speculations about them went on for years because they simply refuse to address such –such rumour.

It wasn’t until Michael met James did the speculations died down.

Upon remembering James, Hamish couldn’t help but turn towards his friend. “How’s Jacob?”

Michael tied the plastic bag before speaking. “He wants to work for Kingsman.” Michael paused for a moment. “I don’t want him involved.” He looked up at him. “Isn’t it starting to feel like a cycle to you?” He asked and Hamish could only tilt his head in lieu of asking him to elaborate. “You accepted the candidacy because of your father, Eggsy accepted his because of his father and now –my Jacob wants to be a Kingsman because of his father. It’s starting to seem like a curse.”

Hamish shrugged. “I never looked for Kingsman, they found me. Eggsy –well, he called. But I’m certain he hadn’t a lick of idea about what Kingsman really is. Now, Jacob –I’m pretty sure the boy wants to honour his father.”

“I don’t want him to –suffer.”

“I’m nae father –but I was a son once, and I can tell you that no son wants his father to suffer as well.”

Michael gave him a grateful smile. “I do hope you become one, Hamish.”

They continued on cleaning the kitchen only moving on to other parts of the house once Michael had deemed one area clean. Hamish let Michael nagged at him about proper house maintenance and how he should come home more often. He wanted to correct Michael –he wanted to tell his friend that the house doesn’t feel like home to him. Explain that it’s the reason why he’d only come back when he’s forced to.

He doesn’t think he can –he had already open up old wounds in front of Eggsy. He doesn’t think he has the strength to open it up again. Hamish is all too aware of his humanity –his weakness in particular. He wishes there’s a way to wash away his weakness. He doesn’t want Eggsy to see it. But, in order for their relationship to work, they have to bear everything to each other. Such a frightening process that.

It was already midnight when they’ve finish. The two of them slumped on the couch –a satisfied huff escaped Michael’s lips as he look around the place. “I did well –no, better than well. I did great.”

Hamish couldn’t stop his eyes from rolling. “Oh, yes. Ye did magnificently.” He said dryly.

Michael turned to him with a serious expression. Something in the man’s eyes made realization dawn onto Hamish. He can’t help the small chuckle that escaped his lips. An Omega teaching an Alpha how to care for a home –it’s usually done by a parent to their child. It’s a parent recognizing that their child is ready to go out to the world and find their mate.
“Ye bloody bastard.” If his eyes were a bit wet—he would never admit it.

“I am a parent.” Michael gave him one of his rare honest smiles. “It’s only appropriate. And this way, you have no other choice but to take me and Jacob when you’re meeting Eggsy’s family.”

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves.” He cleared his throat. “We haven’t received gifts from Eggsy’s friends—nothing’s certain yet.”

“Harry and I would be meeting the boys this week.” Michael informed him—all he could do was stare at the man. “Oh, don’t look at me like that. They’re certainly an—intriguing bunch. A Thoroughbred Omega who’ve hidden the fact for most of his life, a High Alpha that didn’t have any training in honing any skill but knows how to reel in his instincts, and a Base Beta that has an absurd mastery over one skill. They’re different, but they’re hard working and they’re trying to better their lives.”

“Well, now I’m certain ye like them.” Hamish voiced out. “I may even dare say ye’re impressed by them.”

Michael didn’t comment on his statement—instead he veered their conversation to another topic. “Ryan and Harry has been in contact since the night at the pub.”

“What?” He asked in complete disbelief. “Did I hear ye right?”

“I believe they went to a museum last week.” Michael said it as if it’s the most normal thing in the world. “Harry told me that Ryan and Jamal have already been thinking about what gift to give you and Eggsy. Harry wanted to give them suggestions, but Ryan was—adamant that they should be the one to think of a present.”

“But—they barely talked to me while we were in the pub. How—what…” his brows came together at the very middle of his forehead. He clearly remembers Ryan asking him to tell them something true about himself—and he did. He didn’t wonder about the odd request—he never thought about it until now. He’s now wondering if Ryan’s really a Base Beta. “Shite…” He muttered mostly to himself. Ryan now knows what the truth sounds coming from him.

Michael got up to his feet. “Congratulations, you can now never lie to Eggsy’s friends.”

Eggsy already has a bag packed—clothes enough for five days, though he’s pretty sure Hamish would let him laundry some of his clothes. Still, he made sure to pack enough clothes. He also packed his pills, toothbrush, mobile charger and the soap that he likes.

He let his eyes move around his room—there’s not a mess in place. He gave himself a nod of approval. In the living room, Jamal has his laptop and was furiously typing at it. He walked to the fridge and pinned a post-it note on it. It’s a short list of food that JB can and can’t have, when JB’s walk time is and a reminder that Jamal isn’t to open his closet and drawers inside his room. His artillery vault has a password, but it’s better to be safe than sorry.
He feels anxious and excited at the same time.

Anxious because he knows how emotional he can be during his heat. The simplest things can upset him—make him irrational. He doesn’t want a repeat of the last time they spent his heat together. It hurt his Omega to see Hamish walk away even when it was his wish to do so.

Excited because he’d finally have a copious amount of time to spend with Hamish alone—in complete privacy. They can talk about anything and everything without the fear of anyone listening in. Plus, he’ll be able to kiss Hamish senseless without anyone telling them to break it off.

The last strain of thought got his mind replaying a memory of Hamish’s expert touch. Warm and calloused hands running up and down his body—searching for his sensitive spots, giving way to pleasure from the searing pain he felt. He felt himself shiver—he quickly took control of his scent. He doesn’t want Jamal to smell the arousal radiating off of him. He doesn’t think he’ll survive the teasing that he’s acting like a horny teenager.

There’s a knock on his door. He and Jamal shared a look before he opened it. He was greeted by Hamish—leaning at the side of the door with his arms crossed, looking insanely hot with a white tee under his brown coat. It’s unfair. The man doesn’t even have that much variation on his casual clothing, but he still looks hot. “Hi…” The word came out breathier than Eggsy initially intended.

“Hello, leannan.”

“No givin’ the neighbours a show!” Jamal yelled from where he was sitting.

Eggsy rolled his eyes. He let Hamish in—the older man was quickly greeted by JB. Hamish crouched down to give JB his well-deserved head scratch. “Hello there, pig pug.”

“What did you just call my dog?”

Hamish gave him a grin. “Ye know dogs don’t understand words.” He was informed. “They only understand the tone. So, if I call JB a ‘fat pig pug’—“Hamish said the words in a very cheery and endearing tone that it got JB wiggling and jumping on the floor. “—he wouldn’t understand it.”

“But I understand it.” Eggsy collected his packed bag.

“Aye, ye do.” Hamish doesn’t seem worried about that fact as he got up from the floor. “Hello, Jamal.

They both heard Jamal snort a laugh. “Admit it—your dog is on the heavy side. Nice to see you again, mate.”

“Oi! Not you, too.” He picked JB up and gave his dog a hug before handing him over to Jamal. “Okay, remember tha’ he’s not allowed to eat chocolates. I wrote down his feedin’ time an’ walkin’ time—it’s on the fridge. Don’t give him any snack—“

“Jesus, mate.” Jamal placed JB on the sofa next to him. “It’s like you’re leavin’ me wit’ your own baby—swear you’re jus’ as fussy when it comes to Daisy.”

“An’ you can’t have a party—but you can—‟

“Let Ryan stay, too.” Jamal finished for him. “I know, you’ve said it a thousand times before. Go wit’ your Alpha already.”

He likes that—people referring to Hamish as his Alpha even when they’re not officially mated yet.
“Thanks for doin’ this, mate.” Eggsy strapped his bag on himself as he and Hamish walked out the door. “So…Are we ridin’ a Kingsman cab?”

Hamish shook his head lightly from side to side. “Nae, I brought my own ride –like last time.” They started walking down the stairs.

“Like last time?”

“Last time when I went here.” They reached the bottom of the stairs and Hamish lead him to the parking lot of his flat.

Eggsy could only stare back and forth between Hamish and the sick looking motorbike that Hamish got on. “This is yours?” He asked in wonder. “Fuck me…” Hamish turned to him with an eyebrow raised. “I mean, this is –wow.”

Hamish handed him a helmet. “The drive won’t be terribly long –just hold on tight to me.” He put on a helmet of his own.

Eggsy gingerly put on the helmet and got on the bike. “This is goin’ to be fucking aces, innit?” He can’t help the giddiness that bleed on his voice.

“Remember, hold tight.” There was amusement in Hamish’s voice.

Eggsy bit his lips, but he couldn’t fight down the smile on his lips. He wrapped his arms around Hamish’s waist and tugged at the older man for him to notice that he’s holding on tight. Hamish started the motorbike and they soon found themselves in the middle of the road.

As they reach the freeway, Hamish added some speed –making the front of the bike rise up and Eggsy laughing in delight. They zoomed pass cars and –perhaps, Hamish is already breaking a couple of traffic laws. But, Eggsy liked the speed –he doesn’t think he would never like speed.

They entered a neighbourhood, Hamish started slowing down. He took a left turn, a garage of a minimalist looking house open up to them. Hamish killed the engine off, and they both got off the bike. The moment their helmets were off, Eggsy grabbed the hem of Hamish’s shirt and pulled him down for a kiss.

He felt a pair of hands rest on the side of his hips, pulling him close as one thumb sneakily move under his sweatshirt. He moaned on Hamish mouth –running his tongue over his lower lips, asking for permission. He felt Hamish tilt his head to the side, taking him in deeper for open mouthed kisses. They heard someone clear their throat –making them leap apart. Eggsy turned to see Harry looking at them with a sly smile. “We’ve already exchanged our first gifts to each other.” He said –a bit too defensively. “We don’t need a chaperone anymore.”

“That’s only during your heats.” Harry reminded him. “But, don’t worry –I won’t tell. Besides, I’m here to drop off that device that Morgan told me to.”

“Can’t it wait until I’m back in HQ?” Hamish asked him as they all walk to the living room of the house.

Harry gave away a hum of contemplation. “It probably can.” He admitted. “But, we’re a nosey bunch.” He placed the device on the coffee table. From the way it looks, Eggsy can easily mistake it for a mobile. His mind is starting to replay the events of V-day. “Remember, sex only during heats.” Harry started making his way to the front door. “Have fun.” He left the two of them alone.
Eggsy’s mind quickly found the loophole in Harry’s statement. He dropped his bag on the floor and took two strides to stand in front of Hamish. “He didn’t say anythin’ about kissin’.” This time, He grabbed Hamish’s nape. He didn’t bother with easing slowly to deepen the kiss. He went in—a bit fevered, wanting to taste and feel Hamish’s tongue on his.

It was Hamish’s turn to moan inside his mouth. The pleased sound only urged him on. He shoved the coat off Hamish—throwing it somewhere, he doesn’t care. He was pretty shameless in running his hands under Hamish shirt. He felt the taller man shiver under his touch.

Hamish break off their kiss. “Jesus Christ, Eggsy…” They were both panting. The smell of ash swirl in the air along with the blackcurrants.

“I wasn’t lyin’ or just bein’ a romantic sap when I told you I miss kissin’ you.” Eggsy’s brain—or half his brain, is telling his to rip the shirt off Hamish’s body.

“Well, that was the proof of that.”

“Maybe you need more evidence to support the statement.”

“We do need to cross check the facts.”

Maybe he shouldn’t have taken home his work—Hamish thought as he snuggle next to Eggsy on his bed as they watch Ralph Fiennes and Jennifer Lopez.

The lad has his head on his chest, his right arm around Eggsy with him nosing on his hair and Eggsy playing with the fingers of his left hand. Eggsy snogged the living daylights out of him until they were reminded that they need to have dinner, and they have taken home some work with them. He hadn’t gotten far on his decryption, and Eggsy had finished reading and grading the candidates’ essays.

After dinner and a bit of work, they decided to put on a movie. Hamish knows that he could have gotten back with his decryption, but he wanted this. This simplicity. A quiet night in spent cuddling and watching a subpar film.

It’s one of the things that he craved, but he pushed at the very back of his mind. Thinking about it, he pushed back a lot of things that he wanted to have—wants to have. He may have avoided thinking about it—craving for it, but it never left his mind. It just settled inside a box in one of the corners in his mind, gathering dust but ready to spring open if given the chance.

That chance is Eggsy.

Words such as love, family and home—made its way at the forefront of his mind. And with it, an image of Eggsy is attached. A ring on the lad’s hand, a bairn in his arms as he stands in the doorway of their home.

It’s typical—absurdly typical Alpha desires. He thought he was above that. It seems that he is wrong.
Letting the rational side of his mind take over, he knows it’s not absolutely possible. He doesn’t know if Eggsy wants a bairn. He knows that Eggsy wouldn’t simply be a house husband. The lad didn’t went all through the hardships he did just to sit at home and mind the babes along with the house chores. He might even get a punch across his face if he even suggests that.

But, for now, he’ll let his imagination wander.

The credits start to roll in and he can’t help the snort that came out of his mouth as he turn off the telly. It really was a subpar film, but it seemed like Eggsy enjoyed it. “What?” The lad asked him as he extricate himself from Hamish. He immediately missed their connection but he made no show of it.

He gave him a shrug. “It was…okay.”

“Of course, it was.” Eggsy told him like it should have been obvious to him – and it kind of is.

“I just don’t understand why ye liked it.”

It’s Eggsy’s turn to snort. He fluffed a pillow as he talked. “What kind of movies do you usually watch? When you’re given the chance tha’ is.” Eggsy arched an eyebrow at him, too aware that Hamish doesn’t have much time to himself because he choose so.

He thought about it. He felt his head incline a bit to the side and his brows furrow. He can’t remember the last film he watched. That’s…disconcerting.

“Yes.” Eggsy popped the ‘p’ as he smacked his lips together. “Tha’s what I thought.” He lay his head down on the pillow, and Hamish lay down next to him. They face each other on the bed, Eggsy’s hand automatically reaching out for his. “Do you know how many genres of films there are?”

“Five?” He hazards a guess.

“There are twenty –well, tha’s accordin’ to this thin’ I read on the internet.” Eggsy started. “I sampled each one of them till I found the genres tha’ I like. Biography an’ history felt like a mission briefin’ s. I couldn’t stand drama because some characters are just so stupid.” Hamish had to huff a laugh at that. “Mystery, Crime an’ Thriller doesn’t do it for me. There are some good films in fantasy an’ adventure –I liked Lord of the Rings very much. Sci-fi an’ action makes me question a lot of thin’ s an’ angry at the same time – because most of the thin’ s they do, Hamish, you’d get angry, too. I just watched one film after the other until I found what I like –musicals an’ romantic comedies.” He paused. “Here’s when you would ask me why.”

Eggsy was quite animated in his rambling, Hamish could only smile at how adorable he looked. “Well, Eggsy, I just have to ask – why do ye like musicals and romantic comedies?”

The lad rolled his eyes at him, but he scooted closer to him and Hamish did the same. “They reminded me of my childhood.” Eggsy said it like it was meant to be a secret – maybe it is. “I remember watchin’ My Fair Lady when I was a kid an’ simply bein’ amazed at the dancing an’ the singing. The Princess Bride, too.” There was a certain shine in Eggsy’s eyes as he bear the inner workings of his mind to Hamish. “I talked about this wit’ the doctor, I learned tha’ it’s one of my copin’ mechanisms.”

His mind had finally caught up on what Eggsy is saying. “Mild Regression.”

“Exactly.” Eggsy moved forward to kiss him chaste on the lips. “Now, tell me Hamish, how do you cope?”
It’s a little bit frightening –how easy Eggsy gives away important information about himself. But, this is Eggsy letting Hamish know him. If he wants Eggsy to get to know him, he must reciprocate. “I developed a nasty habit of –repressing certain…emotions.”

“Can you tell me why?”

“It wouldn’t do well if yer quartermaster is emotional.”

“But, I’m not talkin’ to Merlin right now, am I? I’m talkin’ to Hamish –to my Alpha.”

There’s drumming inside his ribcage –it’s the moment of truth. These little moments can create crater size impacts in what they’re building together. It would be painful…to open a part of him, but Eggsy won’t –won’t take his trust for granted. The lad had sworn it in many different ways without even uttering the word promise.

To cross immeasurable distances, one must take a leap.

“Ye’re right, Omega mine.” He settled his hand on Eggsy’s cheek –reaching out to anchor himself, breaking the mould he had form around himself. “I hide behind logic, leannan, and if I can’t find a logical solution to the problem –I’d just…run away from it. It’s…one of my worse qualities, I’m afraid.”

“Sweetheart, you can try an’ hide –I’ll just call you out on it. You can try an’ run away –I’ll just come after you.” Eggsy smiled at him, it felt like the dawn is kissing Hamish’s skin. So sure in his affection, so firm in his hold on Hamish.

“Know my weakness, but also know that I will try my best to be a better man.” He really is trying –he could only hope for trying to count. “It’s difficult –it will be, I am an old man set in his ways –stubborn as a mule. But, I want ye. I most certainly want what we have.”

If Eggsy wouldn’t want a family, he’ll be content. He can be happy with just Eggsy. It’s already more than he had ever let himself have.

Chapter End Notes

Ever since I’ve written a long story, I’ve find it hard to write short ones. I don’t know if that’s a good thing or a bad thing. Maybe it’s just a thing. I am open for criticism. Although, I beg you to be gentle with my heart.
Hamish woke up to the sound of whimpering.

As consciousness slowly made itself known, other sensations were registered to him. There were tangled limbs hanging onto him –clutches tight and not wanting to let go. The heat that was radiating off the side of him was almost unbearable, but at the same time –the heat draws him in. It was the scent that clued him in. Sweet, as sweet as a fruit ready for plucking.

He opened his eyes and saw Eggsy. The lad’s eyes were tightly shut as he rest his head on Hamish’s chest. A leg was thrown across half the lower part of his body. Hamish feels a vague rutting movement on his left thigh. When he chance a glance, Eggsy is rutting at him.

Hamish remembered that the time of the cycle’s start isn’t exactly fixed. It would differ every heat. He just didn’t expect that the cycle would start this early –the sun’s barely risen.

A needy whimper made him shake himself awake.

He shook Eggsy lightly in an attempt to wake him up. Their skins touching made Eggsy let out a moan and hold on tighter to him. “Leannan…” He called out in a form of a whisper. “Open those pretty eyes for me.”

Eggsy gave away a hum before he forced his eyes open. His pupils were dilated but there was recognition in it. “Hot.” The word was said with more air than voice.

“Why don’t I run ye a cold bath?” He started extricating himself from Eggsy’s hold and the lad let
out a pained whimper.

“Don’t go…”

“We need to bring yer temperature down. I need to run ye a cold bath.” He made sure to put emphasis on the word need.

“No. Just need you.”

“Ye’ll feel better after a bath–”Tears started gathering at the corners of Eggsy’s eyes. Hamish move quickly to placate the Omega. He started peppering Eggsy’s face with kisses. “Leannan, let me take care of ye.”

“You left.” The accusation made Hamish pause. “You left back then. Rejected me.”

He did –but he can’t really have a rational conversation with Eggsy when he’s half delirious because of his heat. Still, it felt like a punch in the gut. “How about ye come with me while I prepare yer bath?” He wiped away the sweat forming on Eggsy’s forehead. He shouldn’t take it personally. The lad is just over emotional because of his heat.

“You won’t go?”

“Not unless ye want me to.”

“I didn’t want you to.” Eggsy spoke, still referring to what happened back then. Hamish is starting to realize how sensitive Eggsy really is during his heat. “I asked even when I didn’t want you to. Stupid…I’m stupid–“

“No.” He said the word with a bit too much force. Tears are now running down Eggsy’s eyes. He kissed the tears way. “Come.” He started getting up, picking up Eggsy along the way. “The bath will make ye feel better –clear yer mind.”

Inside the bathroom, Eggsy didn’t let go of him. He made sure to place comforting touches all over the lad. Kissing him with matching reassuring words. Since Eggsy didn’t want to let go of him, Hamish was forced to join him in the bathtub. It was big enough for the two of them, with Eggsy leaning back on his front. He run his hand up and down Eggsy’s arms and chest, running the cold water over his face, too.

They were silent for a time –enough time for Eggsy’s temperature to go down. He can’t stop his eyes from fixating on his dog tag. He didn’t think that Eggsy would wear it.

It was Eggsy who broke the silence. “I didn’t mean it. I mean…I do, but –I didn’t mean to make it so…accusatory.” He reached out for Hamish’s hand, intertwining their fingers. “I didn’t want you to leave. I never want you to.”

“I dinnae want to leave, either.” Hamish wrapped an arm around Eggsy’s waist. “But, I would if ye ask me to. I need and want ye to know that.”

“I already know tha’.” Eggsy sounded a touch frustrated. “I was the one who asked you to, but –fuck, it felt like rejection. Oh, God…” Eggsy started moving to get away from him. Hamish made sure to keep him in place. “You did rejected me. I confessed an’ you rejected me. You rejected me.”

“Eggsy, I am here.” He held on tighter as Eggsy continue to wiggle away from him. “Please, leannan, I am here. It was a misunderstanding –just a misunderstanding. I am here. We are here.”
“But, why? Why?” Eggsy finally stopped fighting. Now, the boy is sniffling.

“I’m sorry.” Hamish realized. “I haven’t properly apologized yet, for hurting ye that day –for not believing ye and trusting yer word.” He made Eggsy turn to face him. Even with tears rolling down his cheeks, Eggsy looked breath taking. “I’m sorry for hurting ye –for rejecting ye. I was afraid to hope for more, my fear hurt ye. I am sorry, Eggsy.”

“Hamish.” Eggsy sobbed his name –pain shouldn’t look beautiful on someone. “It’s happenin’ again.”

“What is it, leannan? Tell me.”

“I –I understand. A part of me understands, but a part of me doesn’t.”

“Yer Omega needs proof of me staying, is that it?” He placed a kiss on Eggys’s knuckles. The lad frantically nodded at him. Hamish couldn’t stop the laugh that escaped his lips.

Eggsy glared at him. “It’s not funny –to be this confused! I’m hurtin’ physically an’ emotionally, you bastard. While, logically I know I’m makin’ an utter fool of myself.”

“I’m not making fun of ye, leannan.” He gave Eggsy a quick kiss on his lips. “Ye’re just…too adorable for yer own good.” Eggys’s glare lessen –his Omega must have been slighted placated by the compliment. But, his rational mind is weighing Hamish’s words carefully. “Let’s get ye dried up. Ye have to tell me what ye’re feeling so we can tell which part of the cycle ye’re on already.”

“Eight.” Eggsy grumbled and Hamish interpreted it as closing to his peak. The lad probably has an hour or two.

They both got out of the tub. Hamish dried Eggsy first before he did himself, after –he draped the towel around Eggsy’s waist and lead him back to his room. The lad let himself be settled back on the bed with little fuss.

Though, Hamish did find it hard to move around with Eggsy not wanting to let him go. Glancing at the clock, he thought it would be wise to cook them breakfast already. But, Eggsy further clung onto him –making it impossible for him to take a step away. He lay a hand on Eggsy’s still wet hair.

He was about to tell Eggsy of his plan when he noticed kisses being administered on his lower abdomen. He belatedly thought of stopping what Eggsy was planning, then there was a hot breath and moist lips shyly being wrapped around his cock.

His mouth fell open on their own accord as a moan escaped his throat. Hamish looked down and saw Eggsy looking up at him with eyes asking for permission. Is it permission or approval? Pleasure was making it hard for him to decide which one, but whichever it was –Eggsy has it. It seems like the lad understood his line of thought and showed this by taking him further inside his mouth.

He almost forgot that Eggsy becomes more straightforward when he’s in heat.

His flaccid cock was starting to swell, filling Eggys’s mouth –and Eggsy’s inexperience is starting to show as questioning eyes stare at him for instruction. He carded his fingers between the strands of Eggsy’s hair. “Let’s –Let’s start with licking.”

Eggsy freed his cock from his mouth, gave it a few pumps as he stare at it and lick his own lips. Eggsy’s first experimental lick was focused on the head. Painfully shy –it didn’t have enough pressure, but his hot breath made up for what was lacking. Hamish also appreciated the sight –feeling a bit dirty with thinking that Eggsy looked pretty with his cock in his mouth and an innocent –almost
unsure, look on his eyes.

Eggsy continued on licking him—the sides and underside of his cock, sloppy as he try to wipe away the saliva that threatens to run down his chin. Hamish didn’t held back the grumble of approval that can be heard coming from his chest. “Good, leannan.” His praise encouraged Eggsy to lick more, but he thought that they should move on from that. “Now, put it inside yer mouth and suck.”

Hamish is now fully hard, his cock standing flush and proud in front of Eggsy’s face. The lad opened his mouth wider to accommodate the head of his cock. He stayed still the moment Eggsy’s lips closed around him—he was tempted to shove a few more inches of himself inside Eggsy’s mouth.

The moment Eggsy started to suck on him—he moaned in appreciation. He long found out that verbal recognitions encourages Eggsy to do more. And, the lad did. Taking more of Hamish and sucking harder—hallowing his cheeks, as he pump the last few inches he can’t fit inside his mouth. Hamish wanted to know what Eggsy’s throat feels like—but that’s something to be explored on another day. This isn’t about him.

Hamish took hold of his cock—even when he didn’t want to, he freed himself from Eggsy’s mouth. A whine can immediately be heard from the now emptied mouth. “I was planning on making us breakfast.” His voice sounded ragged to his own ears—arousal present.

“Not hungry for food.” Eggsy scooted back to the centre of the bed. “Need you.”

“But ye’re not close to yer peak yet.” He gently reminded Eggsy.

“Doesn’t mean we can’t kiss.” That statement got Hamish getting back on the bed and enveloping Eggsy in an embrace. Eggsy didn’t waste any second, the lad started kissing him—though it was in a sedated pace.

Each kiss tasted better than the last. The slow pace of their kissing allowed him to put forth meticulousness into it. He nipped at Eggsy’s upper lip, licked the bottom and sucked the lad’s tongue. He encapsulate each moan coming from Eggsy’s mouth, taking it in as if it can enable his lungs to breath carbon.

Eggsy pushed him down the bed—an excited growl got him bearing his teeth.

The lad caged him between his legs—rubbing his bollocks on his shaft along the way. “I…” The word came out more airy that Eggsy intended to. “I—learned somethin’ new from my first heat.”

Hamish let his head fall back with a groan. “Do—Do enlighten me, leannan.” He should have guess that Eggsy wouldn’t simply endure the pain of his heat.

Eggsy continued to grind down on him. Hamish could only place a hand on his thigh and marvel at its strength—the movement of the muscle. “Comin’ multiple times throughout the cycle—not just when close to the peak, would help me keep my lucidity durin’ the peak. Also, makes it less painful even without a knot.” Eggsy took hold of his cock and jerked off slowly. Hamish was sure he was making a show of it. “Tested it—but a knot’s the only thin’ that would make the pain go away.”

“Where ye’d get the idea?”

“From—oh, God…from you.” Eggsy started picking up the speed. “You always—always mumble information.”

“Do I?” His question was left unanswered for the time being. Eggsy now has his eyes tightly shut
and mouth open –trying to drag air into his lungs. “Are ye close, leannan?” A nod was his only answer. “I want to see ye come.”

As if it was the trigger, semen spurt out the slit of Eggsy’s cock –painting Hamish’s chest and stomach milky white.

Eggsy thought he wouldn’t survive his first heat back then –but with quick searches on the internet and some imparted information from Hamish, he managed and he learned. He found out how to take care of his body in a new way that making Hamish leave that day seemed like a blessing in disguise. Armed with new information, he wonders –excitedly that is, how this heat will fare.

He got off Hamish and let the man wipe his come off. The older man is still hard and he can feel his body reacting to it. Something inside of him is clutching on nothing that it sends tendrils of pain shooting up his spine.

He let a whine escape from his mouth. He move to let himself lay on the bed with his stomach down. He reached behind him and felt himself producing an absurd amount of slick. He pushed a finger in with ease –half aware that Hamish is watching him. He half thought of buying a dildo as he try to reach for the sensitive spot inside of him. It’s a bit difficult for him to pleasure himself alone –but he tried his best.

“Hamish.” He called out to the man. “A little help?”

“I thought ye’d be giving me a free show.” Hamish teased before getting in between Eggsy’s legs.

There is a pair of hands caressing the back of his thighs, moving upward to the cheeks of his arse. Hamish hands moved around in circle before squeezing his arse and setting the cheeks apart. There’s a blush creeping on his face –he knows Hamish is looking at his arsehole.

There’s a shift on the weight of the bed –then, something ghosting over his behind. A hot breath followed by something slick and wet and-“Oh, my God! Hamish.” His hips involuntarily moved up to meet the kitten like licks being given to him. He was uncontrollably moaning and Hamish is giving away appreciative humming noises.

“Yer slick tastes sweet.” Hamish informed him. “Not completely –there’s a bit of tart there, but sweet.” He chuckled almost darkly. “Yer arousal smells and tastes like Blackcurrants.”

“Does tha’ mean your come will probably taste like ash?”

His question wasn’t answered. In all honesty, he forgot his own question when Hamish started sucking his hole and moving his tongue in a pattern that has Eggsy losing his mind. He arched his back as a skilled tongue pressed inside him.

He positioned himself on his knees with his shoulders touching the mattress. Being on his stomach is starting to hurt due to his hardening cock. He heard a growl from Hamish that reverberated through him. The Alpha is pleased. His Omega radiated pride in pleasing his Alpha.
The tongue retreated and Eggsy let out a whimper – so needy it was like it was like a voice of another person. The tongue was soon replaced by a finger – pushed inside with little care and scraping his inside walls as it was pulled out. That got Eggsy keening.

Hamish repeated the process over and over while adding another finger after the other once Eggysy’s body had adjusted to the stretch. Three fingers in – Hamish twisted his wrist to reach the bundle of nerves inside of Eggsy. His bollocks tighten. His cock twitches and he’s coming untouched. “Like tha’…” He mumbled incoherently.

Hamish leaned down – lips on his ears. “Like what exactly?”

“Comin’ untouched. ‘S good.” But, the high didn’t last. The twisting inside his guts came unbidden – he could only let out a pained whine. “Hamish, knot – need.”

He felt the blunt head of Hamish’s cock. His body didn’t protest to the entry – it rather sung due to the pleasure. Eggsy likes the way it stretches him – the way Hamish makes a place for himself inside his body. The weight of it – the way it would sometimes throb in him.

Hamish gave him a split second to savour it before he started thrusting in and out. The pleasure combats the pain – but the pain is present. It’s lurking somewhere inside his body ready to lash out if the pleasure ever stops. He doesn’t want that pain. He wants pleasure and pleasure alone.

He picked himself up – supporting himself with his hands and arms. Hamish is grunting with every thrust, hips snappy and hands bruising. He braced himself as he meet each thrust. The sensation got him lolling his head forward. He heard Hamish groan. He wasn’t the only one affected and it only urged him on.

They move together – Hamish muttering words he can and cannot understand, along with moans, groans and pants. It was enough for them to understand what the other is feeling. One particular grunt got them both speeding up – they didn’t even know who gave away that vocal cue. They just move faster till his walls were closing in on Hamish and Hamish is expanding inside of him.

A knot locked them in place, but Hamish gave him a few more shallow thrusts – just because he can.

Eggsy opened his eyes. He didn’t know he closed them in the first place. Hamish was shuffling behind him, careful not to hurt the both of them while trying to find a way they can get comfortable. He moaned when he felt Hamish’s come gushed inside of him. The older man used his moment of blissed out state to settle them both on their sides.

He let out a pleased sigh as he cuddle closer to Hamish. He interlaced their fingers and lay his head on Hamish’s free arm. He noticed that the sun’s finally up.

“Do I really mumble information?” Hamish asked him.

He couldn’t fight down the grin that spread over his face. “Yeah.” He confirmed. He didn’t have to turn to see the furrowed brows that Hamish may be sporting at the moment. “I thought it was strange when I first heard you. I mean, I’m not really a genius like you. So, I wasn’t sure why you were sayin’ thin’s to me.”

“When did ye first noticed it?”

“When we were on the plane on the way to Valentines’ bunker.”

Hamish managed to recall the memory. “The chip.” Humour was now present in his voice. “I never thought that anyone would listen to my mutterings.”
“I find it hard not to listen when you talk.” Eggsy doesn’t know if it’s because Hamish was the one that trained him or if it’s because he likes Hamish’s voice. “Sometimes, you don’t even use words. You just grumble.”


“Yes, you do –an’ you rarely growl in public.” Eggsy insisted because he had heard Hamish grumble. “It’s usually after a call from Harry, or when Bors blew up another building tha’ can be seen in the public.” He twisted his upper body so he can look at Hamish’s face. “Remember tha’ one time when someone dialled the wrong number?”

“I high doubt that it was a wrong number.”

They talked about everything and nothing at the same time as they wait for the knot to deflate.

Eggsy found out that Hamish is more expressive when he’s not being the quartermaster. He would quirk his eyebrow, his eyes would widen, and he would shamelessly roll his eyes. His lips would also purse at the side, twitch to hold back a laugh, and spreads to a smile that lights up his whole face.

It’s captivating.

A new semester brought in a new schedule for Jamal. With his new schedule, he tried to talk to the manager of the café he works at to make it possible for him to keep his job, and be able to attend his morning classes. The manager told him that there’s no one who can exchange shifts with him. The man seemed sympathetic towards his struggles, but there’s only so much one person can do for another. Especially people from his standing.

He’s currently one job down and in need to find a new one that would fit his schedule for his classes. He’s scrolling through the internet ads while Ryan’s slumped on one of the armchairs –one hand holding the remote and another his mobile. Every now and then Ryan would either change the channel or type a message on his mobile. Typing a message was usually accompanied by a smile. He’s never seen his friend smile that much before.

His eyes caught an ad for a math tutor, he clicked it and read the requirements. He didn’t hesitated in sending in his resume the moment he saw that he meets all the written requirements stated. It wasn’t the only job ad he sent an application to. He sent a resume to an ad as a cashier to a bookstore and a grocery store, he also sent one to a catering company –there’re tips in waiting tables, he’s sure that can help him.

He saw Ryan bend down from his peripheral –it got him looking away from the laptop. JB was chewing on something. “Oi, don’t give the dog a treat.” He reprimanded Ryan for the second time. “Eggsy’s real strict wit’ his diet.”

Ryan snorted at that—he can’t really blame Ryan for that kind of reaction. “I’ll walk him to the dog park, how ‘bout tha’?”
Jamal raised both of his eyebrows at his friend’s suggestion. Then he sneered in suspicion. “You’re meetin’ Harry aren’t you?”

There was a faint blush on Ryan’s cheek as he try to hide his embarrassment behind a forced casual shrug.

“Well, I ain’t goin’ to say no to tha’ offer. I got tons of essays to write.” He opened up a book he had placed on the coffee table. “Just remember, no more treats for JB. I don’t want to hear Eggsy whin’ at me, mate.”

“I’ll give him a proper exercise.” Jamal could only shake his head lightly from side to side. That just means that Ryan would probably give JB a treat the moment they get to the park.

He knows that he’s the one Eggsy asked to dog sit for him because he’s needing the cash. He finds it easier to accept the kind of help where he would have to earn it –rather than the help just being given away freely. He feels less like a burden this way. It’s not exactly his Alpha ego –unlike most people assume.

A giggle –an honest to God giggle, coming off from Ryan got him glancing at his friend. He’s glad that his friends are finding people that makes them laugh and smile all gooey. Still, he would like to spend a little bit more time getting to know their soon-to-be mate. Or, in Ryan’s case, might-be mate.

A thought pass through his mind –unbidden. The thought of being left behind and alone. He never thought about that before. It has always been the three of them no matter what. He never thought that that could change. A question popped in his mind, will he find a mate?

It got him pausing from reading.

He’s still lacking in a lot of things. He’s working hard to make up for those, but he doesn’t have the same glowing personality as Eggsy and easy going attitude like Ryan. He sometimes thinks that being an Alpha is more trouble than it’s worth. All the brooding and territorial shite that doesn’t even make sense got him in complications that could have been avoided if he just have a single chill bone in his body.

“Put the book down an’ rest, man.” Ryan told him. “It’s obvious you ain’t been readin’.”

“Caught up in deep thought.”

“You can do tha’?” Ryan teased –and if the book he’s holding isn’t expensive he would’ve thrown it at his friend. “Seriously, mate. Relax for a while –your homework wouldn’t be goin’ anywhere.”

“Yeah, so is the deadline.” Still, he put the book back at the coffee table and lay down on the sofa. He saw Ryan type a quick text on his mobile before he put it down. “What time are you meetin’ Harry?” He asked.

“Around five.” His friend answered. “He seemed to have taken over the class Eggsy’s supposed to be trainin’. Roxy’s takin’ over Merlin’s.”

“A class trainin’ to be tailors.” He said meaningfully. “Must be tough.”

Ryan gave away a light chuckle. “They kinda suck at their jobs, don’t they?” Jamal preferred not to answer that –because, they kinda do. “I know we’ve already decided to support Eggsy wit’ his… weird courtship thin’. But, we’ve never really talked about what we think of his Alpha.”

Jamal hummed as he try to recall the night they met Merlin. Besides looking like a mobster, the older
man also looked like a besotted fool when he looks at their friend. But, that wasn’t the main reason why they decided to support their friend—it was Eggsy himself who convinced them, without him even knowing.

Eggsy would simply look at Merlin and his face would break into a smile—their friend doesn’t even notice it. Or, maybe he does and he just doesn’t care. Either way, they have no right to take that smile away from Eggsy.

“I’d say tha’ I would hurt him if he hurts Eggsy, but I’m pretty sure he could knock me out wit’ just one punch.”

“Tha’s not really an opinion on Merlin.”

Jamal let out a sigh. “He’s experienced—he had lived his life far longer than we had lived ours. I’m sure he’s loaded wit’ his military pension and doin’ IT for the shop at Saville Row. He didn’t looked down on us an’ didn’t looked at Eggsy like he’s just some…Omega. He’s stiff as a hard board, but there really isn’t anythin’ to dislike.”

“I thought the same, too.” Ryan murmured. “It’s also because of those reasons tha’ I find it hard to think of a proper gift for them.”

Jamal snort a laugh. “What could possibly get a man who could probably buy anythin’ an’ everythin’ he wants? It’ll be easier if we just think of a gift tha’ Eggsy could use tha’ would somehow be also beneficial to him.” He said the last sentence as a throw away comment—it was just a passing thought, but it got Ryan perking up.

“I think…” Ryan got up from the armchair. “I think, I just thought of an appropriate gift for them.”

He made Jamal sit up from the sofa as he reach for the laptop. He pulled out the search engine and Jamal watch in horror as he type in words that he would never thought he'd read in one sentence.

“Oh, hell no…”

Harry never bothered searching for a connection.

If you’d permit him to be honest, he’s satisfied with the companionship that he keeps. He doesn’t mind coming home alone. He doesn’t particularly feel lonely. He doesn’t feel lonely at all.

But, that doesn’t mean he wouldn’t try to keep a certain connection if he ever finds it.

It’s so rare for them Betas—no matter their status, to feel a deep connection towards each other. Excuse him for wanting to keep it even though he’s not sure as to where it would lead him. Or, if it would even last. He just…wants to bask in it—even for just a moment. He wants to know why Alphas and Omegas obsess over this connection. He wants to understand its power—how it shaped their society and written the destiny of certain individuals in history. He wants to discover what makes the connection last.
He saw Ryan sitting at a foot of a tree as he try to make JB roll over the ground. When the dog doesn’t seem to be following his instruction any time soon, Ryan threw JB’s favourite tennis ball. He slowly approached the younger man. “To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that is all.”

Ryan looked up at him. “Oscar Wilde.” JB run back to him with the ball. “Fits you.” He threw the ball again and even Pickle run after it. “You can never be overdressed or overeducated.” Ryan took his hoodie off and placed it on the grass beside him. Gesturing for Harry to sit beside him on the ground.

“I can’t possibly.“

“You can, Harry.” Ryan cut him off –not rudely, but cheekily. “An’, please do. It’ll be heard to hold a conversation lookin’ up at you.”

He supposes it’s only right. He sat next to Ryan –both their gazes focused on the two dogs that are running back to them with the ball. “I’m also partial to Hemingway.” He shared. He wanted to know what quotation Ryan would use. What does he think would fit Harry?

Ryan turned to him with calculating eyes. He felt bare under it –it’s all so terribly exhilarating. “You look like a person who would spout somethin’ ‘bout true nobility. I can almost taste it in the air when I’m around you.”

“I may have said that to Eggsy.” He admitted and it got Ryan huffing out a light laugh. “What of Hemingway do you find true?”

Ryan gave away a contemplative noise just below his throat. He threw the ball as he thought Harry’s question through. “I can say, ‘Hunger is good discipline’, but it doesn’t ring as true as it did before.” He paused. “I have learned a great deal from listenin’ carefully.” Ryan murmured with a bite of wistfulness. “I think tha’ reflects a lot on me.”

“Yes, you do listen a great deal.” Harry agreed. “But, I came to realize you read a lot more.”

“It’s the cheapest form of escape.” Ryan told him. “Plus, it can be educational. I can never see the down side of readin’.”

“Because there isn’t, is there? Now, I feel the need to ask, what’s your favourite book?” It was Pickle who has the ball this time. Instead of giving it to Ryan, his dog handed it to him.

“You can’t ask tha’.” Ryan ordered the dogs to sit down –Pickle was the first one to heed the instruction and JB merely copied Pickle. “I’ve read so many books in my life. There’s the first book I’ve ever read. The books tha’ kept me readin’. The books tha’ let me –help me gain perspective. The books tha’ changed my perspective.” Ryan let out a sigh. “All in all, those books played a part on the person tha’ I am today. If I dismiss one book or exalt just one, tha’d be diminishin’ the rest of me or exaltin’ only a part of me. So, no. No favourite book for me.”

“My, my…” He tried not to show how affected he is by that whole tirade. “It seems there is one thing you are not relax about.” A shy smile formed on Ryan’s lips. Harry could only wonder if the fluttering inside his chest is the same reason why Eggsy chases Hamish’s smiles.

“It seems so. Now, I’ve got to find the one thin’ you are not intensely an’ insanely passionate ‘bout.” Ryan teased back.

“Please, do inform me when you do. I can’t –for the life of me, think of one.” Harry finds himself stating something true.
It’s not that he’s a dishonest person. It’s just…he tends to use his words as a weapon. There are very few moments –people whom he can hold a conversation with without him wanting to pluck his eyes out. It’s another downside of living the life that he lives.

For a moment, he wonders what it would be like living a life similar to Ryan’s –only to realize that they live the life they do due to their personality.

In a short time they’ve spent together, he likes to think that he has a clear grasped of Ryan’s personality. The young man is so easily content –doesn’t ask for more than he has and has been given. He cares so little about what other people thinks of him. He’s a supportive and loyal friend – but would only offer his council if he’s asked. He’s not exactly passive…but he feels so little need to hurry and run. To chase after something he deems important or worth having.

The setting of the sun got them getting up from the ground and calling out to the dogs to put their leash on them. The dog park is closer to his home than Eggsy’s. Without informing him, Ryan started walking to the direction of his house to walk him home.

“Penny for your thoughts?”

Harry wasn’t sure if he should –but, maybe…Eggsy and Hamish do operate on the parameter that is honesty. And, it’s not like he could lie to Ryan. Though, Ryan would never call him out on his lie.

The younger man understands the need for lies –in whatever form. “I was just –thinking about you.”

“Tha’s new. I never thought anyone would think ‘bout me.” Ryan has a self-deprecating smile on. “I can be easily overlooked.”

“A part of it is because you don’t really want the attention on you. You’ve practically perfected the craft of going unnoticed.”

“True.” Ryan concedes and he stops walking at Harry’s door step for them to come face to face.

“Why did you set your attention on me? Why notice someone who doesn’t want to be noticed?”

“Because I felt something.” Harry intends to keep the fluttering inside his chest. He finds that he quite likes it. “Something that I never thought that I would feel.”

“Well, you didn’t feel it when we first met. Why now?”

“When Eggsy introduced me to you and Jamal, we didn’t held a conversation with each other.”

Harry started. “It wasn’t until the meeting of friends did we actually gotten to know each other. We haven’t stopped getting to know each other since then. Along the way –Along the way I felt a connection to you.”

“An’ if I don’t feel this connection wit’ you?” Ryan asked him.

It got him pausing. He –He doesn’t really…He didn’t thought that that was a possibility. But, he had already decided. “Then I’ll find a way for my affection be reciprocated –though, not by force.”

“I have a feelin’ tha’ your method would be over the top an’ absurd.”

“The only way I know how to catch someone’s attention.”

Ryan nodded at him. “Would you like to go out wit’ me this Friday night?”

“What?” He was dumbfounded.
“Go out wit’ me this Friday night.” Ryan smiled at him—shy. “Somewhere cheap tha’ you’ll probably hate because it’s my treat.”

“I –Yes, of course. I would love to.”

“Great!” Ryan exclaimed and moved in quick—placing a peck at the side of his lips, and turned around to run with JB pathetically trying to keep up.

Harry had kiss a ridiculous number of people—but none of them got his heart jumping around his chest cavity.

Due to the change in the time of his heat cycle, Eggsy would be asleep for most of the cycle. He wouldn’t feel the slow rise of exhaustion even when he’s doing nothing, and the equally slow rise of his body temperature. But, that also poses a problem—if they wouldn’t be able to monitor his temperature throughout the night, the chances of him waking up delirious is high. It’s not a big deal for him—but it is for Hamish. Eggsy thinks it’s the medical degree speaking.

Hamish rummaged the entirety of his office to find his old Kingsman watch and modify it for Eggsy to use. He complained that there’s no need for it but Hamish told him that it can also be used for his future heats. He had to bite his lips. Hamish’s been thinking about their future. Eggsy quietly watched the older man as he modify and create a new code for the watch.

Eggsy has it clasped around his wrist before they’ve even cook their lunch.

“It’s an old model.” Hamish started explaining as he turn the stove on. “The sensor is already built in, but it’s more focused on the heart rate. I just had to change it to tell the body temperature and have it let out an alarm if yer temperature reaches a certain degree.”

Eggsy gave away a hum as he pass the ingredients to Hamish. “So, there weren’t sensors in the glasses back then.” He frowned when a question popped in his head. “When was the glasses invented anyway? An’ who invented it?”

“Guinevere—the former quartermaster, invented the glasses just for visual recordings. When I got in as Merlin, I started improving it. First, the audio to match the visual recordings. Then, the communication line—and so on.” He stirred as he talk.

“Guinevere?”

“Aye, that’s originally the code name for the quartermaster. I kept my name, dinnae seem right to be Guinevere to Chester’s Arthur.” Eggsy made a face and it got Hamish smirking. “Morgan can choose to keep her name, take mine, or bring back to life Guinevere.”

“The last update on the glasses, was tha’ you?” He decided to back track to their original topic.

Hamish nodded. “Texting is more subtle than talking out loud. But, the characters are still limited—I’m still trying to find a way around that.”
Eggsy snorted. “I can’t imagine the older agents usin’ text speak –unlike me an’ Roxy.”

Hamish chuckled and plated the food. “I’ll be honest, it’s a bit…confusing when I first read yer text speak. But, it also made me realize how much the tech is lacking. That, and the number of times ye faked a call when I’m ordering ye around.” They moved towards the dining table. “It’s also a bit ridiculous how ye manage not to confuse me with yer improvised code words.”

He rolled his eyes at Hamish. “Come on, you’re a genius –you can easily pick my words apart.”

“Aye –but, I still fear that the improper way of transferring information might be our doom one day.”

Eggsy stared at him –they stared at each other for a moment. He wonders how the man hadn’t buckled under pressure yet. He picked up his fork. “Merlin an’ Gaheris knows each other well.” He confidently stated.

“He talk about Merlin and Gaheris as if they’re a separate entity from us.”

He can tell that Hamish phrased his sentence carefully –afraid to offend him. Eggsy appreciates that. “To a certain degree they are.” He started. “I like to think of Gaheris as the professional part of myself –still Eggsy, but the Eggsy most people know from work. An’, Merlin –he was my trainer, he’s currently my handler an’ quartermaster. We are them –but, we are not them right now.”

“I’m always Merlin wherever I go.”

Eggsy used his fork to point at Hamish. “You are Merlin wherever you go to certain people, but not to everyone. See, tha’s what I’ve realized –tha’s one of…the complexities of our relationship. We have more than one relationship wit’ each other.”

Hamish nodded –he understands. “Former trainee and trainer, then agent and handler, and recently added assistant and quartermaster.”

“Now, at this very moment, we are Eggsy an’ Hamish –Omega an’ Alpha.”

“Merlin and Gaheris has their communication down to a pat –but, we’re not yet there.”

“This relationship,” Eggsy pointed at Hamish then back at him. “Is more complex than Merlin an’ Gaheris’, so it’ll take more time to be fully developed.” He continued eating.

“More complex.” Hamish repeated the word –as if he was tasting it on his tongue. “Not complicated?”

Eggsy furrowed his brows at him. Two words, similar yet different at the same time. But, it all boils down to their own definition of it, right? He’s trying to understand what’s going on inside Hamish’s mind. He wouldn’t ask that question without reason or rhyme.

“Complicated has a –somewhat, negative connotation in it, yeah? It’s like a jumbled mess tha’ no one wants to deal wit’. Complicated is a word most people use if they think a situation is –well, dire. An’, tha’s not us.” He explained. “Complex…tha’ has most people takin’ a step back because it just seem so dauntin’. It’s pieces needin’ to be rearranged to fit –it’s a rubik’s cube waitin’ to be solved. Complex is a word most people use if they can see a way out but knows they would still face problems along the way.” Eggsy paused, liking the way Hamish’s lips quirk to the side. “We’re havin’ trouble puttin’ our pieces together, but we’re bound to happen.”

Hamish is now fully smiling at him –lips stretched with his crooked teeth on display. “We dinnae have trouble putting out pieces together this morning.”
Eggsy exaggeratedly rolled his eyes at him. “Juvenile.”

They finished their brunch and had a slight disagreement on who should wash the dishes. Eggsy never thought that he’d have to fight someone to do house chores— but, he won. He simply reminded Hamish that he has some decryption to do. It almost got the older man running up the stairs.

He decided that he would change the bed sheets and clean the rest of the house while Hamish’s distracted. He wasn’t at all that surprised to see that the place doesn’t need much cleaning. If he were to be honest, he just wanted to have a look around.

The house was gorgeous—that was sure, but it felt like Hamish had just recently moved in. There was no comforting pieces that can be found lying about. No picture frames hanging on the wall. No painting to break the eggshell grey walls. No shoes out of line in the hall way.

He doesn’t have much leg to stand on—his flat is just as bare. Perhaps the only difference between them is that he lives in a single room flat, while Hamish has a two storey house with two bedrooms and an office space. Eggsy hummed underneath his breath, the excess space might be the reason why the house seemed barer than his flat.

He retreated back to the master’s bedroom when he’s wanting to have a lie down. He pursed his lips to the side, a little unsatisfied without Hamish smell lingering on the sheet. He knows that it’s the Omega in him that craves the smell of copulation. He grumbled at himself—he’s not going to let his Alpha sleep on a dirty bed sheet.

He grabbed the pillow instead—knowing that Hamish’s smell is still there. He buried his face on it and took a deep breath. The smell of pine got him grinding down on the mattress. He reached down to grab his cock—he’s just going to have a quick wank while Hamish is busy. No big deal.

Hamish honestly thought that he would have a harder time decrypting the file. Then again, he made it a habit to overestimate his opponents to be better prepared. He couldn’t help but squint at his computer screen due to what he was seeing.

It was blueprints of different devices and gadgets. He has an inkling how each works but they all seemed to be incomplete. All of it looked like a work in progress still. It didn’t make any sense. Why the weapons dealer had thoroughly guarded all these if they’re all unfinished projects?

His focused was taken away from the blueprints when he heard a beep coming from his glasses. He felt his whole body grow tense. He told Morgan to only contact him if there’s a world ending level of threat. He put it on and an unfamiliar notice greeted him.

It was an alert of a rising body temperature.

“Eh, shite…” He muttered to himself as he secure all the information on his console and send a copy to Morgan. He got up in a hurry. The chair let out a scrapping noise as it was pushed back.

A heat cycle can’t be this erratic, but they can never be sure in Eggsy’s case. His prolonged use of
anti-heat medication could have caused a lot of warm inside his body. Even when the chemical has already been washed away, it may leave certain side effects.

A sweet scent that’s now growing familiar greeted him the moment he stepped into the hallway. Along with a little whimper that shoots electricity up and down his spine. He’s suddenly feeling a wee bit foolish. Eggsy’s body temperature can rise not just because of the peak of the cycle. He should have thought of that.

He’s by the doorway –aware that he should go back to his office and let Eggsy jerk off on his own, that would be the right thing to do under normal circumstances. But, this isn’t a normal circumstance –technically, Eggsy is in heat. Desire just swirls inside his stomach. He really isn’t better than any other Alpha.

He leaned on the doorframe –he didn’t bother announcing his presence. His scent –once it grows wild, would be picked up. He never really thought much about kinks back then, but it feels like he’s developing one because of Eggsy. He just wants to watch the lad –always.

Eggsy was hugging a pillow tight with one arm while his other hand work on his cock. Hamish likes the slight pink tone he can see on Eggsy’s face. The moist lips that has probably been bitten in an attempt to keep the noise down. And, the slow upward thrusts of Eggsy’s hips. He wanted to carve a space inside his mind where the image in front of him will forever be immortalized.

Eggsy opened his eyes and saw him, a provocative smile on his lips. He got on the bed with the lad –still just watching. Eggsy let go of the pillow and reached for him instead. He let the lad settle himself between his legs and bury his nose against his neck.

“How’s the decryptin’?” Eggsy asked with a lazy drawl.

“It’s done.”

“Is tha’ so?” Eggsy pulled his boxers down and kicked it off his ankle. “Touch me…”

There’s only one thing he can do to a command like that.

Hamish placed a hand on Eggsy’s hips –hooking his thumb inside the hem of his shirt and pushing it upward. He run his palms over the creamy expanse of Eggsy’s torso, marvelling at his tightly coiled muscles. He gave away a hum, Eggsy shivered when he changed the pressure of his touch from gentle to rough. He dragged his finger nails onto the flesh to leave red marks.

Eggsy shuddered against him.

Hamish placed a hand on his chest –where he can feel Eggsy’s heartbeat. “I like the rhythm of yer heart.” He moved his hand to caress Eggsy’s well-toned chest –flicking Eggsy’s nipples with a finger along the way.

Eggsy moaned loud and free. “I like the heat of your touch.”

Eggsy’s nipples pebbled beneath his fingertips. “I like the sensitivity of yer body.”

“I like the sensuality of your voice.”

Hamish gave away another hum as he pull the shirt off of Eggsy. It was easy to manoeuvre Eggsy and easier to get himself settled between the lad’s spread thighs. He run his hands over Eggsy’s arms –catching his wrists and posing it both above his head.
“Kiss me.” There’s more confidence in Eggsy’s voice this time.

Who is he to disobey such command?

He kissed Eggsy as if his soul is hanging at the corner of Eggsy’s lips. Maybe, it is. Eggsy shook off his hold and grabbed him by his jaws –pulling him closer in the process. The kiss felt like – completion.

Hamish broke off the kiss. “Would it be so terrible to ask for a taste?”

“A taste?”

“I want yer cock in my mouth.”

Eggsy’s eyes flickered close. “Yes, as much as you like.”

He left a trail of kisses as he go down on Eggsy –giving extra attention to his nipples that ripped a moan from Eggsy’s throat. He nipped and suckled –taking note of Eggsy’s most sensitive parts. He hitched one of Eggsy’s thigh over his shoulder before licking the shaft of his cock. The lad arched into his mouth and called out his name. He never thought that his name would ever sound reverent on anyone’s lips.

Eggsy let out the most wretched sound Hamish had ever heard when he started sucking him – swirling his tongue at the head. He took Eggsy further in at the first spurt of hot liquid inside his mouth. He swallowed it all down and cleaned Eggsy off with licks.

“How long does it take for the alarm to be turned off?” His brows furrowed at Eggsy’s question – but it did make him come back to his senses.

There’s a beeping noise coming off Eggsy’s wrist. He hummed underneath his breath once again. “That may have slipped my mind.”

Eggsy’s giggle is adorable.

Michael’s thankful for all the changes that happened inside Kingsman. He just –sometimes, wishes that James was there to witness it all. When King was still Arthur, the man made it clear that families isn’t something the agents should pursue. Chester was completely against his and James’ mating, but they both didn’t care about what the old coot thinks or wants.

Now, with Jack as Arthur, he made it possible for agents to live a well-rounded life. Jack’s reason was simple, agents must remember why they do the things they have to do. Michael couldn’t agree more.

The Kingsman cab stopped in front of their home and Jacob’s soon running towards their door, calling for him along the way.

He remembers receiving the news of James death from Hamish. He was thankful that his friend was
the one who told him. Michael can’t imagine breaking down in front of Morgan – she’s more emotionally constipated than him and Hamish combined, she wouldn’t be able to handle his silent tears.

He also remembers delivering the news to his son. Their son’s age and intelligence made it both simple and difficult. There’s no explaining why people can’t come back from death, but there’s explaining the cause of said death – and the reason why they can’t have an open casket funeral. There’s no amount of eloquence would enable him to tell his son that his father was cut in half. But, a simple question did make it possible to avoid the entire explanation.

“You’re not tailors, aren’t you?” Jacob asked with undeniable certainty in his voice.

Michael paused that moment – realizing that he disliked the secrecy just as much as James. “I am obligated to tell you that we are.”

Jacob gave him a nod. “I’ll work for Kingsman and find out myself.”

That was three years ago, so far, his son’s resolution hasn’t faded one bit.

Now, his son needs a math tutor – because “it’s not that I’m failing, dad.” Jacob’s voice cracked. He grimaced and cleared his throat. Ah, puberty. “I’m not failing. It’s just… I need a certain grade to get into this program.” Jacob’s now wildly waving the spatula in the air. “I could ask Uncle Hamish – but, we both know that he’s too busy – always too busy. And, I know more about maths than Uncle Harry – and that’s just… no.”

It has long been decided by both him and James that they wouldn’t send their son to a boarding school. James didn’t like to be away from Jacob – due to the nature of their job. And Michael – while not sure what Jacob’s secondary gender would be back then, doesn’t like how most boarding schools treat Omegas. He doesn’t want his son anywhere near that kind of environment. He was glad about his and James’ decision.

“You still haven’t told me what program it is.” He took over the spatula and stove.

Jacob then proceeded to set the table. “Just – something about computers.”

Michael looked up the ceiling of their house – as if asking the cosmetic energies how he got a son that’s almost as smart as his friend. Maybe he shouldn’t have let Hamish baby sit back then. He sighed. “I already placed an ad in the internet. I’ll be checking the applications later.”

“Then, you’ll have Uncle Hamish do background checks on them.” He rolled his eyes as he turn off the stove. He swears the sass comes from Harry.

He thought it would be hard – taking care of a child on his own with a demanding job. But, Hamish and Harry helped him. They made it – not only bearable, but happy. So, he would support his friends in finding their own happiness.

The thought got him turning to a picture on his desk. It’s a picture of James, sitting on a boulder on the beach with a smile on his face and squinting a bit because of the sun. James has always been the admittedly romantic one among all of them. He firmly believes that one day, Hamish and Harry would find someone they would want to spend their lives with. And, they did.

He opened up his private email account and started going through the applications he received. There weren’t much applications, most of it are from freshly graduates looking for easy money until they land a proper job. He doesn’t think he can hire those, he doesn’t want them quitting all of a sudden. He’ll be in scrambles looking for a substitute and he wants to save himself from the trouble.
Opening the last application, his eyes widen at the picture of the young man he just met with a few days ago. He didn’t bother reading Jamal’s application—though, it is open right in front of him. He let himself get lost in his own thoughts. A list of pros and cons, if he hires Jamal.

Michael decided to send an email to him.

Ryan got off work feeling a bit giddy. He went back to his place to get a quick shower before heading off to Harry’s place to pick him up. He won’t ever match Harry’s gentleman sensibilities—he won’t even try, but picking up one’s date is a given in these situation. He’s the one who asked the older man for a date, it’s only right that he be the one to pick up the other.

He knocked on the door and wasn’t at all that surprised when he saw Harry wearing dress slacks, white button down and a blazer. He smirked at the older man. “Is tha’ really your casual clothes?”

Harry looked down at himself. “Yes, this for me, is casual.”

“No jeans?” Ryan teased. “Well, at least, you don’t have any product on your hair.” Harry rolled his eyes at him as he close the front door. “Is Pickles goin’ to be alright while you’re gone?”

“I’m sure he can handle a few hours without me.”

He tilted his head to the direction they would be heading. “Mind if we walk?”

“No at all.”

They fell into a sedate pace as they walk side by side. The night’s taking over the sky and street lights were turned on one by one. The light drizzle that afternoon left the pavement damp with a few puddles still present. The presence of bright lights increase as they reach their destination—along with the number of people. They soon found themselves in the thick of a night market.

Ryan led Harry to a parachute tent at the far end of the night market. At the very centre of the tent, they can see the chefs cooking. It was almost like a performance. “Hope you like Chinese.” He told Harry as he called for one of the Asian women that just finished serving one table their drinks.

The woman smiled at him. “You’re not alone this time!” She happily pointed out. “Come, I know the perfect spot for the two of you.” She settled them to a side where they can still see the chefs cooking, but not overly crowded by people passing by. She gave Ryan a very obvious wink and left them so they can decide what to eat.

“You’re often here?” Harry asked him.

“Yeah.” He shrugged. “I had the night shift in the hospital when I started. I’d buy whatever here before headin’ back to my place—mostly dinner.” He shared. “Even when my shift was changed, I still come around whenever I feel like it. What’d you think?”

“It’s…” Harry paused—looking around the place as if something was amiss.
“We can head somewhere else, if you like.”

“No –this is…this is different from where I’ve thought of you’d take me.” Ryan looked at Harry with eyebrows raised in pose of asking verbally. “You’re quite…relaxed.”

He felt the corners of his lips twitch. “So, I’ve been told.”

“This place is –filled with chaotic energy.” Harry explained. “People walking to and fro, bargaining and selling –there was a shouting match at the other end of the street.” Ryan couldn’t help but laugh at that. “It’s just –out of character, I guess. Then again, we don’t know each other that well yet.”

“An’ we’re goin’ out on dates and hangin’ out together in our free time to get to know each other tha’ well.” Ryan pointed out. Their orders were taken and the woman had the audacity to place a candle on their table and lit it. It made him smile wider. “Have you read ‘bout the flâneurs?”

“It may have come up in a sociology class ones or twice.”

“They say tha’ flâneurs can’t exist anymore due to modernity.”

“I’m sensing that you don’t quite agree.”

“It doesn’t matter if I agree or don’t –it’s what they do tha’ intrigues me. To gain perspective by lookin’ from the outside, I like tha’. So, I go here. It’s no Parisian Arcade, but it’s filled wit’ people to observe.”

“And –we’re here to observe?”

Ryan let out a chuckle. “I think you have enough of tha’ due to your job.” The woman arrived once again with their drinks and meal. They both gave her their thanks before continuing their conversation. “I figured you’d like to simply be part of the crowd. You don’t have to look an’ search for whatever it is tha’ is needed. You don’t have to be on guard ‘bout anythin’. You just get to sit an’ eat –talk to me ‘bout anythin’ an’ everythin’ you want to without havin’ the need to lie. An’, if you do lie, I expect it’s because of your job an’ nothin’ else.”

Harry’s eyes softened. There was a hint of vulnerability in it. For a moment, Ryan thought that he overstepped. But, he just hates it. The way Harry covers the most beautiful parts of himself through his posh upbringing.

“You can even swear.” He offered jokingly.

Harry smiled his little sincere smile. “It’s a bit…disarming how you just seem to know.”

“Sorry? I didn’t mean to come on too strong?” Ryan paused –thinking about what to say next. “I just want you to be relaxed around me. There’s no need to impress me –I’m already quite impressed. There’s no need to wheedle information out of me –all you have to do is ask. There’s no need to get all sexual wit’ me –I…I don’t really care much ‘bout sex. I’m…tha’ –typical Beta.”

“So, I assume correct if I say we mutually like each other?”

“Harry, I gave you a peck just a few days ago.”

“I just want it to be clear.” Now, Harry’s just clearly teasing.

“Yes, we mutually like each other in a romantic way.” Ryan confirmed with a smile.

Harry raised his eyebrows at him –taking into consideration certain information that Ryan doesn’t
know of. Ryan’s sure that’s it’s one of those posh rules again. One that he should know since he’s a Beta but he doesn’t because he’s a poor Beta. He’s starting to think that he should start hoarding books about social norms – about posh social norms. He mentally kicked himself, he should’ve done that in the first place – he knows Harry’s a posh bloke.

“You don’t know what this means?” Harry asked – and he seemed shocked, but excited. So, maybe it’s not such a bad thing.

“I am goin’ to start readin’ ‘bout the posh social rules.” Ryan said instead of answering Harry’s question.

“It means… It means we can be a pack.”

His fizz drink shot out of his nose – God that hurt. “What?”

“A pack.” Harry said it in delight – there’s no mistaking it from the way his eyes shine.

Ryan seriously needs to read. How did their conversation about mutually liking each other jumped to creating a pack? Posh blokes are just too insane for him to handle. He let his mind take that in.

He thinks Harry’s worth all the insanity, though.

Chapter End Notes

I started the relationship between Harry and Ryan - in my mind, only as friendship. But, the more I write about them, the more they try to take control of their own story. This sometimes happen to me whenever I'm dealing with support characters, they want their own plot. So, I give it to them.
Chapter Ten

Chapter Summary

Eggsy's being -well, Eggsy. Jamal has a job interview. The candidates watches V-day from a certain point of view. And, Ryan informs his friends about the aristocrats' social norms.

Chapter Notes

Hiya! Is this early? Is this late? I don't know. The days have bled together and I am now an entity made up of 70% coffee and 30% anxiety. Thank you guys for taking the time off your busy lives to read this story. Gosh! Is it that long already? Man, oh, man. I didn't expect it to be this long. The characters took hold of me -possessed me to write this long ass fic.

This story is not Beta'd. Please, do pardon my mistakes. I do proofread, but some mistakes gets pass me.

On to the story...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hamish couldn’t exactly say that Eggsy is difficult to handle during his heat. The lad is needy, yes. Still, his needs are easy to provide –but he fights his neediness. He doesn’t let his Omega rule over him. Hamish understands that. He can’t even imagine himself letting his Alpha roam free if he’s in rut. That’s a disaster waiting to happen –but he digresses. He knows that Eggsy hadn’t had a proper heat all his life. He had never let his Omega take in the reigns. And his fighting back is doing more damage than good.

He’s not saying that they should fuck like mindless rabbits –but maybe Eggsy should let his Omega have that extra scoop of ice cream he so badly wants.

“No more.” Eggsy murmured –mostly to himself.

Hamish got up –taking Eggsy’s bowl with him, opened his freezer and placed three scoops of ice cream in his bowl. He gave it back to Eggsy which prompted the lad to look up at him with a pout.

“Ye should let yer Omega have a bit more freedom than ye usually give it.” He suggested. “It’s nae like ye’ll be completely out of yer mind –that’s just nae possible with us.”

Eggsy sighed and ate a mouthful –relishing the sweetness of the chocolate before speaking. “Well, you don’t know half the thin’s the Omega in me is suggestin’.”

“Ye’re in heat.” He pointed out the obvious. “I’m going to assume everything that’s running through yer head would be the same thing that runs through my head when I’m in rut.” He sat down next to Eggsy. The lad had come to always reach out to him whenever he’s near. “I’m going to guess; is it sex?” He asked with both eyebrows raised.
“All the time.” Eggsy confessed—with just a bit of a blush on his cheeks. “Even when I’m not in heat.”

That got Hamish tilting his head a bit to the side. “Are we going to have the talk?”

Eggsy smacked him lightly across his chest. “Don’t. You’re makin’ fun of me again.”

“I am nae.” He really is not. “It’s just that ye said it with a bit of…I dinnae. Ye seemed unsure about something –like ye’re nae aware that it’s normal to think about sex, and have sex.”

“I know its normal –its biology.” Eggsy’s tune is turning frustrated. “It’s just tha’…You don’t seem – eager, to have penetrative sex when I’m not peakin’!”

There was a beat of silence.

“Excuse me?” He just had to ask. He has to know if he heard that right.

Eggsy let out a heavy breath. “You’ve given me a hand-job, a blowjob, fingered an’ rimmed me to the heavens on high—but only fucked me when I’m peakin’. I don’t want to impose tha’ on you, if you have a…I don’t know! A thin’ against penetrative sex outside my peak or outside of heat.”

Eggsy then bowed his head down—not meeting his eyes. “Or if you just don’t…like my body. I mean, I am a bit more muscular than most Omegas.”

Hamish run a hand over his face. Eggsy’s an emotional rollercoaster when in heat, he had to remind himself. He has to be careful with his words and actions. “Finish yer ice cream.” Eggsy did as he was told but there was a noticeable droop on his shoulders—not the relaxed kind.

He let the silence take over them as he held Eggsy’s hand.

Hamish would like to think he’s a giving lover. At the very core of him, he likes to provide. It brings him satisfaction. Upon knowing that he’s been…coming up short –pun intended, he feels the need to correct that.

Eggsy finished his bowl of ice cream, he took it and headed for the sink. Without turning back, he instructed. “Go to our room.”

“Your room.” Eggsy corrected him in a petulant tone.

It got him pausing from scrubbing the bowl. “Go to the bedroom.” He said it with more intent.

He doesn’t want to have a row with Eggsy—especially with him being so sensitive at the moment. Hamish heard the scrapping of the chair and soft padded footsteps. He rinsed the bowl and put it on top of the other drying dishes before wiping his hands dry.

The past two days have been quiet—as quiet as it can be between an Alpha and an Omega in heat. He cared for Eggsy the way he should, with the additional blowjobs every few hours. Eggsy was right about that front—it helped in managing the pain and his awareness. But, as their third day progress on, he’s starting to become…needier, for the lack of a better term. He half wonders if it’s the chemical’s side effect or if it’s due to the fact that Eggsy forced back his Omega for a very long time. Whichever it was, he needs to take care of his Omega.

The Alpha in him likes the idea very much.

He took the stairs two steps at a time. He wasn’t so surprised to see Eggsy curled up on himself and clutching one of his pillows. He stripped himself off his clothes—letting each article of clothing fall
onto the floor and lay there crumpled. He got on the bed and wrapped his whole body around Eggsy.

“Leannan…” He murmured against his nape. He peppered Eggsy light kisses as he whisper words just below his earlobe. “I follow y’er every command.” He said. “Ye tell me to touch ye, I will. Ye tell me to kiss ye, I will. All ye have to do is to command me to please ye, I will do it gladly.” He run his teeth over Eggsy’s skin. The lad let out a whimper. “So, command me.”

Eggsy let go of the pillow and turned to him. “I want you in me. I want to feel good.”

“It willnae be as good as sex outside of heat, but I’ll do my best to please ye.”

Hamish angled his mouth to be perfectly slotted with Eggsy’s. He moved his lips as if he was singing hymns against the lad’s mouth. Breathing is irrelevant when he has Eggsy’s lips on his, but he broke apart to remove Eggsy’s clothes. He automatically latched on Eggsy’s most sensitive parts. Hamish wants to hear breathy moans and needy whimpers fall from Eggsy’s mouth.

He spread Eggsy’s legs apart, grabbing the discarded pillow and using it as leverage. Eggsy is slicked enough for a finger to probe in. Hamish knows it would only take a few well-placed caress for Eggsy to be completely drenched in his own slick. He worked the lad open.

It didn’t take him long before Eggsy was reaching out to him. “Want –Want you, now.”

“Anything for ye.” He applied the remaining slick he has at hand on his cock. He slowly pushed in – relishing the tightness and wetness. He didn’t hold back his pleased sigh once he was fully sheathed.

He rocked in and out in a slow pace –hands on the back of Eggsy’s thighs with the lad’s feet up in the air. Eggsy’s brows were knitted together at the centre of his forehead with his mouth hanging open –blissed out. Hamish wanted to take a photo –better yet, a video of Eggsy.

Sweat was forming on Eggsy’s brows, neck and chest. He bent down to kiss and lick it away. Eggsy hooked one of his legs on Hamish’s shoulder. They both moaned loudly when the action took him deeper inside the lad. Hamish adjusted his stance and his hold on Eggsy. If he wanted to go faster and deeper, he needs a better grip.

The sounds that Eggsy’s making was bordering on filthy when he picked up the pace. It was matched with incoherent yet enthusiastic words –mostly his name and pleas for more. He growled and thrust wildly –pulling almost the whole of his cock only to slam it back inside. Eggsy’s nails were leaving marks on him.

“Yes, tha’! Yes.” Eggsy got hold of his cock and jerk himself off the rhythm that Hamish had set. “Hamish, knot me –give me, want it.”

Hamish can feel himself expanding. Before his knot expands fully, he pulled out, flipped Eggsy and pushed in. The rim giving a bit of a fight for the forming knot, but gave in with one brutal snap of his hips.

They’re both panting heavily. Hamish rests his head on Eggsy’s nape as he wrestle his heart to beat at a steadier pace. “Are ye pleased, Omega mine?”

“If sex is better outside of heat, we better get a move along our courtship.” Hamish could only huff a laugh. “I am serious.” Eggsy insisted.

They were quiet for a moment before Hamish spoke up again.
“I never really understood why my eyes would always stray to ye.” He whispered. A secret between them. “Ye are handsome —so much so that ye’re almost ethereal. Yer body, it’s a wonder even with the scars —even more so with the scars. It has always been yer eyes though, that made me look.” He settled them on their sides. “Filled with something I cannae fathom. I wanted to know yer secrets. Then, I found out it was the abyss that’s in yer eyes. I was devastated.” He breathed in Eggsy’s intoxicating scent. “Are ye…Are ye becoming?”

“I am —I’m not becomin’, I am rather bein’.”

Hamish held Eggsy tighter.

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‘Who I Am’

Eggsy stares at the piece of paper. He decided to work on it while Hamish is busy tweaking the device that Harry delivered a few days ago. He can’t help but frown a bit at the paper.

He knows he’s Eggsy now. There’re no more traces of pretention on him. He just doesn’t know how to put himself into words.

He tapped the other end of the pencil on the paper. He told Hamish that he is being —being what exactly? He asked himself as he poised the pencil to write down. He is both open and guarded, caring and uncaring, a protector and a killer, an honest man and a liar. ‘A myriad of contradictions’, he wrote down. ‘Multifaceted’.

He paused to carefully consider what he’s going to write next. ‘Because of my experience, I learned that a whole person is still made up of different parts. I can have different and multiple roles in someone else’s life while remaining as myself. I am a son, a brother, a friend, a lover, an agent, a trainer and I can be more given time.’ He had to turn the paper. ‘I am an Omega, I love being an Omega and being honest to myself. But, it is not the only thing that defines me. I can’t be defined by a single word.’

He thinks no one can be. A person is just…too vast. And, trying to define an individual using one word would be an insult—a disservice against them and all they have been through.

Hamish passed by him to get to the fridge. Eggsy could only roll his eyes at how the older man drank straight from the juice box. “Sweetheart.” He said the pet name in a reprimanding manner. “I thought I told you about this already —like, this mornin’.”

Hamish gave him a sheepish smile. “Sorry.” He seemed to be in a cheerful mood, Eggsy guesses that he’s done tweaking whatever it was Harry delivered. Hamish pulled a chair close to Eggsy, sat next to him and kissed him soundly. “Tonight’s yer last cycle. Tomorrow afternoon I’ll be taking ye back to yer flat.”

Eggsy moved to sit on Hamish’s lap. “Don’t remind me. I don’t want to go.”

“I dinnae want ye to go either, but we still got a couple of steps to follow in our courtship.”
Eggsy groaned his complaint. “I don’t know what’s takin’ Ryan, Jamal an’ Roxy so long. I want you to meet Mum an’ Daisy already. I just know my little flower’s goin’ to love you –she’s been obsessin’ over Brave, tryin’ to copy Merida’s accent.”

“Brave?”

“It’s a movie –we’ll watch it sometimes wit’ my Daisy.”

“I look forward to it.”

He kissed Hamish’s forehead as he wrapped his arms around his neck. “Three nights in an’ I’m worried I won’t be able to sleep outside of your arms anymore.” He sighed. “You’ve ruined me. In the most wonderful of ways, you’ve ruined me.”

“Ye’re terribly romantic, leannan.” The tip of his ears going pink. “But, I do ask myself how could I ever sleep without ye in my arms? How did I ever managed to live this long without ye?” His voice pitched low and soft. “I’ve kissed plenty of lips and touch just as much body, but none of them could ever compare to ye.”

The Omega in him hackled against the chains of his rational mind. “While I am not a jealous person, my Omega doesn’t like the thought of you kissin’ someone else.” He tugged at Hamish roughly. “You better not touch anyone else but me, or you’ll soon find the need to buy new jumpers for your wardrobe.”

Hamish brows raised up to his non-existing hairline. “And here I thought I was the possessive one.”

“I am yours completely –irrevocably, an’ I demand the same courtesy. If you think an’ feel you cannot be solely –wholly, be mine then we might as well end our courtship here.”

“I thought I only get to have yer vulnerable side.” Hamish said. It got Eggsy wondering what he’s talking about. His face must have shown it. “The letter ye gave me along with the snow globe.” Hamish pointed out. “It was signed, ‘This much is yours’. I thought it was only that.”

“An’ you said tha’ you are mine as much as I am yours. You never said tha’ the amount would have to stop at a certain point.” Hamish’s mouth opened to a soundless ‘o’. “Yes, so –I am yours as Gaheris, Eggsy, an’ Omega.”

“I can be solely yers as Hamish and Alpha, but I cannot be as Merlin.”

Eggsy appreciates the honesty. “I know tha’ –from the very start I’ve known tha’, an’ I accept tha’ because while Merlin can never solely be mine, he would still go through lengths to keep Gaheris safe.”

There was a beat of silence.

“Is this us putting our pieces together?” Hamish asked. “Working on our communication?”

“Yes.”

“I quite like it.”
Jamal borrowed Ryan’s lucky blue shirt—it’s the shirt he wore when he applied for his job as a nurse aide. He sniffed it, made sure that he was really washed. At a distance, he heard Ryan huff at him. “Jus’ makin’ sure.” He told his friend.

“You know I do my laundry on time because I’m a person who enjoys my routine.” Ryan told him. “I washed tha’ an’ even ironed it. See, I’m a good friend—I’m a great friend!”

“Tell tha’ to Eggsy once he finds out you’ve been givin’ JB treats while he was away.” The dog was content to curl on Ryan’s lap on the sofa. “I only have the tutorin’ interview today. I won’t probably be gone for too long. Want me to bring back dinner?”

Ryan hummed. “I’m cravin’ Indian.”

“Vegetable curry it is.” JB barked at him before he closed the door behind him.

Jamal started making his way to the address that was given to him. He couldn’t help but feel a bit nervous upon learning that it’s somewhere in the posh neighbourhood. He thought about not going to the interview due to common misconceptions about people like him. But, he would only be doing himself harm if he do that. He needs the job. While he knows that it isn’t likely that it would be given to him, he’s still hoping for a chance—hope to prove them wrong. Prove everyone wrong.

He found himself standing in front of the door step, shifting his weight from his left foot to the other. Damn his nerves. He swallowed the lump on his throat and buzzed the doorbell. The door opened and made way to a teen with a ridiculously curly hair. “What can I do for you, sir?”

Oh, manners. “I’m lookin’—I mean, looking for Mr Denford.”

The teen turned his head to the side. “Father!” He called out. “Someone’s looking for you.”

From the hall, Michael appeared, greeting him with a smile.

“Michael Denford?” He asked.

“Ah, yes.” He shooed the teenager and further open the door as an invitation for him to come in.

Jamal stepped inside, he couldn’t keep his eyes from wondering all over the place. The walls of the hallway was half filled with picture frames. Michael and another guy along with a kid—he guesses that the kid is the teen, now.

From their previous meet-ups, he would have never thought Michael to be a family guy. Yes, he seemed like a man perfect to be a mentor—but in Jamal’s mind, family isn’t something the man would want. But, then again, what does he know? It’s not like he goes out of his way to get to know the other man like Ryan. He better shut his mouth then.

“I apologize for not being open about this whole—ordeal.” Michael started as he was led to an office. The walls were painted sky blue with a painting hanged on one that almost occupies half the wall. It was a minimalistic painting of a mansion in a middle of what he can make out to be a forest. “It’s just that—I know you’re a prideful young man.”

He turned back to the man—understanding what he was trying to say. “I get it. I might not have thought yous thinkin’ I’s a charity case.”
“Far from it.” Michael assured him. “But, in light of being honest, I did put your application under a strong consideration because you are a friend of Eggsy.” Jamal’s eyes narrowed at him—that, he doesn’t get. He’s not exactly like Ryan who can dissect words and human relation. “The three of you have a—unique code of ethics.”

“You mean we keep our mouths shut an’ we don’t ask too many questions.” Michael nodded at him. “An’ that’s somethin’ you need from a tutor?” Then, his mind picked up on what the two set of scents are. “Are you an’ your kid alright? Harry seems like a solid bloke an’ I’m sure Merlin wit’ his military background—”

“What?” Michael’s brows furrowed. “Oh, no. It’s not like that. My mate isn’t like that—wasn’t.”

“Oh, shit.” Jamal murmured. “I’m sorry—I didn’t, my mouth gets ahead of me sometimes. Talkin’ first an’ thinkin’ later.”

“It’s okay. It’s only—well, not natural, but I do understand. I didn’t really share with you the fact that I have a son and once mated. My leaving out of certain details can be interpreted in many way.” Michael sighed and gestured for him to sit down. “Going back—yes, your ability to keep a secret is one of the reasons why I considered your application but only second to your achievements.”

“You want me to tutor your son, an’ if I ever see or hear anythin’ outta the ordinary—I’d keep quiet an’ ask no question.” Jamal asked and Michael nodded. “Done, done an’ done.”

“I was actually wanting to ask you to be more of a—somewhat, a nanny for my son, but only when I’m…away doing jobs for the tailor shop.”

“Somewhat? You’re goin’ to have to clear tha’ somewhat.”

“As a tailor, we are required to take in international clients or fly to different countries to acquire different materials. Back then, it wasn’t much of a trouble because my mate and I work around each other’s schedule—making sure someone would be able to stay home with Jacob.” Jamal’s guessing Jacob’s the name of the teen. “And ever since…Three years ago, that changed.” Jamal knows what exactly happened three years ago. “I’ve hired baby sitters, but I soon found out that they are not as reliable as I wish them to be. No matter how well vetted.”

He learned enough from Ryan to read in between the lines in right there. “So, you also want me to baby sit your kid while you’re away?” Michael gave him another nod. “Okay. The thin’ is—uhm, I have another job an’ you know I’m still goin’ to classes. I ain’t sure if this is goin’ to work.”

“I’d be paying you a reasonable amount.” Michael handed him a piece of paper—his eyes wanted to jump out of their eye sockets. “And, free boarding.” Jamal wanted to tell him that he sounds insane. “You won’t have to look after Jacob in the day time. He also has classes, and a Kingsman always sends a cab to pick him up after class and bring him straight home. I need someone who would stay with him over the night and make sure he’s safe.”

The word ‘safe’ really gets his Alpha rearing to pounce—to protect. He’s half aware that he could possibly be manipulated. But, is he really? He’s going to get paid more than reasonable amount and there’s free boarding. He’d be able to focus on his school work more. Still, the job isn’t really what was written in the ad. He’s basically being asked to be a bodyguard rather than a tutor.

“You know tha’ I got no honed skill.” He reminded Michael. “I may be strong, but I can’t really maximize tha’ strength. I’m not sure if I’m qualified to keep your kid safe.”

Michael paused for a moment—probably considering what he would say next. “Do you know how
easy it is to create an identity online? To get into government systems and…fiddle through some
information in it?” He didn’t wait for an answer. “Now, imagine, being inside a house well-guarded
from the outside with someone you don’t really know, weapons at your disposal but you aren’t
completely trained to fight?” Jamal was taken aback by that. “It’s not about the skill or strength. It’s
about trust.”

“We’ve only met—like, three times?”

“I also trust my friends’ judgment.” Michael said with a shrug. “Harry’s rarely wrong when it comes
to people. And Eggsy has a soft spot for kids—I can imagine he wouldn’t take it well if you ever try
to hurt my son. Plus, from the stories you and Ryan have shared, you also have a soft spot for kids.”

“Babies are different from teens.” He pointed out. For Jamal, babies are simpler—feed them, wash
them, play with them till they’re exhausted. Teens—well, teens tend to talk back. Still, this job would
let him earn than he ever did on his past jobs combined. But—“Okay, I jus’ gotta ask. How many
times has there been…you know…”

“So far, there’s only been one—and that’s already one too many.”

“I agree.” He breathed out.

Setting aside the pros and cons, he knows it is right for him to accept this job. He’s sure there are
other factors that Michael had probably already taken into consideration before he even asked. What
did Ryan’s grandmother always told them? ‘An Omega’s trust is not to play with’—or somethin’ like
tha’.

“Yeah. I’ll baby sit slash-or-comma tutor your son.”

Michael smiled at him—genuinely relieved. “It’s time you meet Jacob.”

Andrew found himself enjoying their lessons about mission protocols more than his other peers. He
knows how the protocols were written up and why they were written up a certain way. The subtle
changes in each mission protocol can make a big difference in a mission and that just blows his mind
away.

They’ve reach the end of their lesson just the other day, and he can feel it in himself that he wants to
find out more. He knows that there are just so much more to learn about mission protocols. He
wonders if Merlin would teach them about the advance mission protocols once he gets back.

Morgan entered the classroom carrying the same clipboard Merlin carries and they were quick on
strengthening themselves up on their chairs. She sighed as she adjusted her eyeglasses, putting the
clipboard down the desk before speaking. “Look.” She started. “It seemed like I didn’t properly
followed Merlin’s instructions about your lessons. I should have gone on a slower pace it seemed.
Now, we got an afternoon free from lessons.”

Zeke and Elijah made a whooping sound at the back.
"Well, I wanted it to be an afternoon free from lesson. I called Merlin and told him about that and he was against it."

Zeke made a booing sound while Elijah and Thomas gave away a put upon sigh.

"He instructed me to give you a glimpse of a mission wherein the protocol wasn’t followed. You’re all aware that the only mission footages you are allowed to see are missions of Gaheris. That man only has one mission wherein he didn’t followed mission protocol, but it’s too personal to be disclosed. So, Merlin decided to use the mission footage of Gaheris before he was even an agent.”

She paused, then asked. "Can anyone tell me why this particular footage would be adequate for this afternoon’s lesson?"

Andrew raised his hand. Morgan gestured for him to answer her question. “If he’s not yet an agent that means Merlin will be operating mostly out of mission protocol.”

“Correct.” Morgan then started tapping at her clipboard.

“But, why would they send Gaheris out even when he’s not yet an agent?” Bernadette asked.

“I’m pretty sure you’re all aware of –what most of the public know, as the V-Day.” Andrew saw Thomas stiffen on his seat the moment Morgan mentioned V-Day. He can feel himself wanting to calm the other trainee, but he stomped on that instinct. “I’m guessing that you’re also aware that a lot of government officials sided with Valentine. When Gaheris found out about someone’s betrayal, he went straight to Merlin –told him what he knows. Because of the fear of not knowing if there might be more Valentine sympathizers inside Kingsman, Merlin took the newly minted Lancelot and an ex-trainee. Can anybody tell me why?"

“The new Lancelot hadn’t form ties with anyone inside the organization.” Thomas answered. “There’s no reason why anyone from Valentine’s side would want her. And as for Gaheris, well – he’s the one who found out who’s the traitor. It’s only logical.”

“So, they helped in stopping Valentine?” Elijah asked –excited.

Morgan looked smug. “The three of them are the only people who stopped Valentine. That was Lancelot’s and Gaheris’ first mission, too.”


“Insane.” Morgan voiced out. “Merlin is a crazy fucker –don’t tell him I said that, but he really kind of is.” A screen slowly came down but it’s off. “I remember him ordering me to put a lock down on all our weapons and separate all employees as best as I can –without any explanation. He also put all of Kingsman on lock down –no one can go in and no one can go out. His actions only made sense once the rage was over.”

The screen was turned on and the first thing they saw was Gaheris wearing an expensive looking suit. To Andrew it made sense –they were posing as a tailor shop. He could only hum upon realizing why his Uncle always has a suit on.

“Merlin had redacted Gaheris’ and Lancelot’s real name throughout the whole footage in respect to professionalism and all that. So, if you hear a beep, it’s because their names were mentioned.” She hummed underneath her breath. “Pretty sure there’s swearing in here though.”

Upon playing the video, they already heard a beep.

‘…it’s me. How’s the view?’ They all heard Gaheris’ voice –cheekier than they remember.
‘Hideous.’ Lancelot’s voice was tight.

‘Mine’s pretty sweet.’ Gaheris smiled at himself on the mirror. ‘They made you one of these suits, yet?’

‘No, not yet.’

‘Got something to look forward to then.’ Gaheris tone turned serious. ‘We’re coming up Valentine’s base. Got to go. Good luck.’

They saw Gaheris reached for the door knob. When he opened it, they saw Merlin sitting in front of the computer wearing a pilot’s uniform. Andrew scanned the surroundings that can be seen inside the screen, he took note that they are inside a plane.

Merlin turned towards Gaheris, a small smile playing on his lips as he lean back on the chair he was sitting on. ‘Looking good…’ They heard a beep but saw Merlin’s mouth move. It was unfortunate that he didn’t know how to read lips.

‘Feeling good, Merlin.’

It’s like the two couldn’t help but flirt, Andrew’s mind supply as they all heard Morgan snort.

They saw the time stamp of the footage move double time. Merlin continued on what he was working on in the computer and Gaheris sat a few meters away from him –looking out of the window. Gaheris moved and they saw that Merlin wasn’t in front of the computer anymore –rather the cockpit. Gaheris went inside and they all saw the entrance of the bunker. It was Gaheris’ who spoke out what everyone else was thinking. ‘Fuck me.’

Merlin landed the plane. ‘…we’re on.’

Gaheris was looking at his shoe when another pair of feet appeared from the side of his sight. He looked up and they all saw Merlin. They heard a shaky sigh, it was obvious where it came from. ‘You goin’ to look out for me?’

At that very moment, Andrew will agree with Rose that they are adorable.

‘To the best of my ability.’ Merlin answered.

The door of the plane opened and Gaheris walked out. A woman greeted him and he gave them a name that sounded familiar to Andrew. He couldn’t help but laugh when Gaheris gave Merlin a promotion. Still, it didn’t escaped his notice how the name Gaheris used on Merlin wasn’t redacted.

Gaheris was led inside. They can hear clanking noises from the –what Andrew could only call cells. They can see how Gaheris was trying to be subtle in looking at it. ‘…find a laptop, get me online.’

Merlin ordered. ‘The clock is ticking, and remember –try to blend in.’

A man stood in front of Gaheris asking him for a drink. ‘Martini.’ He said. ‘Gin, not vodka – obviously.’ They heard a snort coming from Merlin. ‘Stirred for ten seconds while glancing at an unopened bottle of Vermouth.’ The man looked at Gaheris funnily. ‘Thank you.’ The man walked away and Gaheris started taking in the place. ‘Merlin, are you clocking this?’

‘Yes, I am. Stay focused.’ There was a beat of silence between their comms as Gaheris was served what he ordered. ‘…get me online, now.’

They saw Gaheris sight a man with a laptop. ‘Yep, I’m on it.’ He made a move to approach the man
and gave an opening line Andrew wasn’t sure what to make off. But the man—a former government official, laughed at what he said. After exchanging a few more words, Gaheris shot the man with a dart and the effect was automatic.

Gaheris was quick to shove the man away from his laptop. He connected—what looked to Andrew, a flash drive and started typing away. ‘…I’m in.’ Merlin said. ‘Get your ass back to the plane, now.’

‘On my way.’ Gaheris was just finishing up, but something shiny got him moving his hands away from the laptop.

‘Nice and slow.’ A new voice entered.

‘Fuck are you doing here?’ Gaheris asked.

‘Well, my family were invited. Obviously.’ Andrew heard Zeke breath out the word wanker to no one in particular—well, maybe to the man holding up a knife against Gaheris. ‘Back up, slowly.’ Gaheris did what he was told. ‘Valentine.’ The man yelled and Bernadette gasped. ‘I caught a fucking spy.’

Something must have happened, Andrew thought when the next thing he was a man looking dazed and Gaheris punched his lights out. From there on out, Gaheris started running and fighting for his life. An alarm and gunshots can be heard. Everyone now and then, they will hear Merlin voice out a direction and Gaheris would follow with a warning of how many guards he would have to face.

The footage was shaking and spinning—leaps and tumbles were being made. There were flashes of whites and reds—guards were being shot at and Gaheris wasn’t missing. Andrew could only imagine what kind of manoeuvres Gaheris was making.

Merlin praised the two agents.

Andrew finally managed to breath.

Gaheris took a left and they all saw the plane—along with four guards. Gaheris raised the gun that he had picked up. Only to find out that it has run out of bullets. The guards’ focus was already on him. ‘Fuck.’ Gaheris breathed out. An unpleasant chill went down Andrew’s spine when he heard Gaheris yelled out for Merlin.

Gaheris covered his eyesight when Merlin produced a machine gun. ‘Get in here!’ Gaheris started running to his direction, ducking down when he raised his gun again. ‘Come on.’ They’re finally both back inside the plane.

“Wish we have popcorn.” Thomas said.

“Are you for real?” Bernadette hissed at him.

Gaheris must have sat down, Merlin was towering over him again—wielding a machine gun with a scowl. ‘Let’s get the fuck outta here.’

‘We can’t.’ Merlin told him.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Elijah wheezed out.

‘We can’t get inside Valentine’s machine.’ The man looked ready to murder when he delivered the news. ‘He’s got biometric security.’ Gaheris turned to what he was taking about and they got a glimpse of it. ‘You got to get in there and make sure his hand never touches his desk.’
‘Are you takin’ a fuckin’ piss?’

‘I’m afraid not.’

This time, Thomas snorted a laugh that got Bernadette hitting him in the shoulder. “This is not a movie!” Bernadette reminded him.

“Aye.” Thomas agreed. “But, they both made it out, eh?”

They don’t have a comeback for that.

Gaheris got up as he let out a heavy breath, drawing out his hand for the weapon Merlin was holding. ‘Let’s have tha’ then.’

Merlin shook his head from side to side. ‘Nu-uh. This is mine.’ He pointed at the other direction. ‘I’ll show you yours.’

Among all the artilleries Gaheris could have picked, he picked the umbrella. That garnered quite a reaction from them. Andrew could only think that there must be something special about it. And not just a sword like Elijah suggested when Zeke was all out cursing to the heavens.

Gaheris started sprinting to get back inside and he was greeted by an army. Andrew suddenly remembered one of the compiled free running footages that they saw. Gaheris and Merlin really took on an army. He’s starting to get why the two are in a promised courtship. Talk about a trust building exercise.

Just when they thought the situation isn’t already dire –Merlin informed Gaheris that Valentine is using someone else’s satellite to get on with his world dooming plan.

Andrew wanted to pat himself on the back once Gaheris used the umbrella. He wanted to see one badly. He half wonders if they would let him study one –even with just the blueprint he’d be content. He wonders how the umbrella kept its fabric like texture while keeping the bullets out. And the rounds of bullets, he wonders how many kinds there are.

Gaheris was giving it all he’s got, but the number of the enemies just keeps going up. He’s now surrounded on both sides. ‘Merlin, I’m fucked.’

‘As am I.’ Merlin told him in an eerily calm voice.

Gaheris then started calling out to Lancelot and giving her an order. He was telling Lancelot to call his mum, giving instructions on what his mum should do to survive the rage –along with a baby. Andrew prays that Gaheris’ family survived the rage and remained intact. ‘Tell her, I love her.’

It was good-bye.

Gaheris was expecting to die.

Andrew was hit by a realization –an agent must be ready to take his last breath in the field.

A beat of silence and Gaheris once again called out to Merlin, voice heavy with –something Andrew can’t define. Is this it? Are they going to confess? Is this where their relationship started? But, this was three years ago. Have they been in courtship since then?

Maybe he’s also invested in their romantic relationship –just a bit. At this point, who isn’t? Every employee has their own speculation if not opinion about the two of them.
‘Remember those implants you said have no use to us?’ Wait, what? Andrew’s mind halted. He wanted to put the whole footage on pause and rewind to what Gaheris was talking about. ‘Any chance you can turn them on?’ Gaheris asked.

‘Right.’ They heard Merlin. ‘It’s my turn to play, Valentine.’

There was a long drag of silence. They can only imagine what the cyber battlefield is looking like. Maybe if Andrew would close his eyes he’d see the codes going up as Merlin wage his war against it.

‘Yes, please.’ They heard Merlin’s voice drop through the comms a little too cheeky than they’re used to hear.

Explosions can be heard. Gaheris took a peek and they all saw heads exploding. Colourfully.

“I saw that in the news!” Rose piped up –a little bit too excitedly. “The politician who was having an interview and then –boom!” She mimicked the explosion with the use of her hands.

Well, that was graphic, Andrew thought to himself with a snort.

‘Oh, that’s fuckin’ spectacular.’ Merlin exclaimed. For a moment, his and Thomas’ diction was the same.

‘Merlin, you’re a fuckin’ genius!’ Gaheris cheered.

The screen turned off.

It was Thomas who first complained. “Oh, come on. That couldnae be the end of tha’!”

Morgan raised an eyebrow at him. “That’s what Merlin authorized for you to see. If you make it till the very end, you can ask him for the rest of the footage –though, you’d have more luck with Gaheris.” She informed all of them. “Now, your assignment…”

It was Zeke who let out a long pained groaned.

“Write how the mission should have been handled with the help of the mission protocol you’ve learned.” Morgan finished off.

“Might as well write the whole thing.” Elijah commented.

Andrew pursed his lips to the side –thinking of the holes in the missions. He spent most of his evening inside the library writing up his assignment. He wrote down what protocols were followed and what should have been followed. At the end, he wrote down suggestions and a few commentaries about the mission and tech.

He thinks being an agent is cool, but being a handler is better.
Hamish authorized Morgan to show the candidates his first mission with Eggsy. He’s under no illusion. He knows they’ve done a lot of wrong things, his only excuse was the time restriction on the mission. If they had the proper data about the whole ordeal, he could have lessen the number of lives loss—not just the innocent lives, but also those who sided with Valentine.

He’s thankful to Eggsy’s quick thinking, and he has no love loss for those in the office who died. But, the soldiers who were just following orders and intimidated into submission…Hamish shook his head lightly from side to side. What’s done is done.

Eggsy walked in the master’s bedroom with his tablet in hand. He got on the bed and crawled to Hamish’s lap. He caged Eggsy between his thighs, the lad settled his back on his front and wasn’t all that shy on wrapping Hamish’s arms around his waist. Hamish is starting to believe that this is Eggsy’s favourite position when they’re sitting on the bed. The lad like to be wrapped by him.

He nuzzled on Eggsy’s hair. “Have they all passed their assignments?” He inquired.

Eggsy hummed. “Bernadette’s havin’ a hard time wit’ the mission protocols. She hasn’t familiarize herself enough wit’ it. She’s goin’ to need to study extra hard for the test.” Eggsy put the tablet down for a moment to look up at him. “You know, I don’t mind them knowin’ my real name.”

“They might be tempted to speak and be casual around ye.” Hamish said to him. “Ye’re already so supportive of them. I dare say ye’re growing attached. I know it’s going to be hard for ye once they start getting eliminated.”

“But, not all of them are goin’ to be completely turned away from Kingsman.”

“Arthur would only take in the top three.” He gently reminded Eggsy. “Three still would be eliminated, leannan.”

“Who do you think will be the top three?” Eggsy asked him in a quiet voice he can’t place.

“Thomas and Zeke had always been on top. They’d be top two. The third one I find it hard to determine between Rose and Elijah.”

“Not Andrew?”

“Andrew shows promise, but he needs more time.”

“An’ Bernadette?”

“She’s…” He hesitated. “She wouldnae be able to set aside her instincts.” Eggsy frowned at him, expecting him to explain. “She’s used to using the full potential of her secondary gender that she dinnae notice it when the disadvantage is creeping up on her. She’s quick to run –too quick that it’s obvious that the sole focus of her run is to escape and nae defend. If the only thing in her mind is to escape, she wouldnae be an effective agent.”

Eggsy sighed –sad.

“Leannan…” Hamish started. “Ye know how training goes. Kingsman can’t keep them all.”

“But, we’re still under staffed –three bloody years an’ we’re still under staffed.”

“We cannae just hire people at random, ye know that.” He pitched his voice lower, tilted Eggsy’s head to the side and laid his nose on his neck. Soothing his Omega before he even gets distressed.
“It’s not random.” Eggsy insisted. “We trained them.”

Hamish started trailing kisses on Eggsy’s neck till he reached the earlobe. He playfully bit it. “Ye know what I mean.” Eggsy’s eyes fluttered shut. He took that as an opportunity to kiss Eggsy. He let his lips do most of the work, just moving against Eggsy’s and not probing.

Eggsy moaned and pushed him lightly. “I’ve got to grade their assignments.”

“Ye have till the weekend to finish that.” He took hold of the tablet and set it on the bedside drawer.

“Terrible influence you are, Mr O’ Cain.”

“Never said I was a good one, Mr Unwin.”

“But you’re the best for me.” Eggsy cradled his face between his hands and kissed him.

Eggsy’s friends may have approved of him, the same can’t be said about his family. Their courtship wouldn’t be broken up easily, but Hamish knows the value of Eggsy’s family in his heart. They came first back then, they come first now, and they will come first always. He can admit to himself that it’s one of the things that he likes about Eggsy. One of the things that makes it easier for him to imagine having bairns with the lad.

He wanted to keep their pace languid. The end of Eggsy’s heat may be approaching, but that doesn’t mean they have to hurry. They still have the whole night. Hamish plans on savouring it.

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He stomped down on that particular desire. Not yet…not yet, he told himself.

He pressed his tongue on Eggsy’s lips –asking permission and was granted access with a relieved sigh. He’ll gladly give up air if it would mean he’d be able to kiss Eggsy for a thousand of eternities. He placed one hand on Eggsy’s nape as the other roam free. He had long catalogued all of Eggsy’s pleasure spots. He has it memorized and knows exactly the amount of pressure he should reinforce to arouse the younger man. He marvels at the contradicting sensation of hard muscle but smooth patches of skin in those corners that are scar free.

“Shaoil mi gun sgriosadh tu mi.” He breathed out –solemn. “Thuig mu gu robh mi ceàrr. Is tu mo chriochnachadh.” He gently took off every piece of clothing Eggsy was wearing and lay him down on the bed. “May I kiss every inch of ye?”

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“Please…” Eggsy whispered.

Hamish started with his fingers and palm, suckling a bit on his wrist. He took his time before meeting Eggsy’s lush lips once again. Down and up, and down once more he went. This time his trail passed through Eggsy’s neck and chest, caging the lad’s nipple between his teeth and licking it. Eggsy gasped as he blew cold air on it before continuing his journey. He kissed each scar –old and new, each freckle –big and small.

He went further down south –till he reached Eggsy’s cock. He flattened his tongue and gave it sloppy licks. He let his saliva roll down his chin and Eggsy’s bollocks. He let his hand work on Eggsy’s shaft and he focus his mouth on sucking the tightening testicles.

Eggsy soon spurted cum as he call out to him.

Hamish palmed himself over his pyjama pants. He sniffed the air –wanting the sweet scent to fill in his lungs. “Ye’re a sight, Eggsy.” He pushed his pyjama pants down and held his cock tight. “Filthy and sated, ye remain resplendent.”
“I –I thought I’m the romantic one.” Eggsy’s words were slurred. The lad managed to spread his legs apart to welcome Hamish.

“I recite no poetry, just facts.” The invasion of his fingers got Eggsey letting his head fall backward with a drawn out groan. The lad was still loose from his earlier administration and completely slick from just now.

Hamish replaced his fingers with his cock –he entered Eggsey at a snail’s pace, and held himself still once fully inside. Eggsey’s wildly reaching for him –getting hold of his shirt and trying to force him to move. But Hamish remain still –he just wants to commit to memory each line that creates the masterpiece beneath him.

He draw himself, and Eggsey gasped as if he’s drowning. When Hamish thrust back –pace still slow, there were tears gathering at the corner of Eggsey’s eyes. Hamish is feeling a little bit cruel tonight. He kept his pace slow and thrusts shallow –just brushing the bundle of nerves inside Eggsey enough to get him hard again.

Eggsy reached down to jerk himself off but Hamish stopped him. He whined loudly. “Please, Hamish…”

“We have all night, leannan. Ye’ll still cycle tomorrow even if I tire ye tonight.” He snapped his hips forward and draw back leisurely, Eggsey squirmed. “Besides, you like coming untouched.” Eggsey held onto his hand as if his life depended on it. He accepted Hamish’s sluggish pace and lent himself to the pleasure.

Their build up is strongly felt –each twitch of Hamish’s cock inside Eggsey was met with a clutch down. Hamish held back from coming for as long as he can, but he can feel his knot forming and so did Eggsey. With one last thrust, he buried himself deeply inside Eggsey. The rush of his cum got Eggsey coming for the second time around –body tight as a rope.

Hamish let himself fall on top of Eggsey. They were both panting. Eggsey’s arms snaked around his torso –clearly the lad didn’t mind his weight. He gave Eggsey a kiss on his temple.

They were both woken up by the alarm of his wristwatch. As soon as Hamish was up, they fell through the routine they’ve built for the past four days. Hamish would draw him a cold bath. Eggsey would stay inside the tub till his temperature drops. Hamish would wipe him dry and Eggsey would try to get his clothes wet. The older man would raise an unimpressed eyebrow at him but removed his clothes all the same.

They continue on inside the bedroom, kissing and touching each other with a few words uttered in between. Hamish would say words that Eggsey can’t understand but can feel. Eggsey would feel worshipped and would try to reciprocate the best way that he can. Still, Hamish wouldn’t let him do much since he should be the one taken care of due to his heat. He would let his frustration show but wouldn’t fight Hamish.

As they lay on their sides, Hamish taking him from the back, he twists himself to catch Hamish’s lips
between his. The sun light resting on Hamish’s face lets him know of the passage of time and makes him wish that the sun would stand still at dawn. He doesn’t want to be parted from Hamish’s hold even for just a second. He voiced out just that, Hamish held him tighter. Eggsy moved to meet each thrust, he swallowed the groan coming from Hamish.

He’d feel Hamish blossom inside of him and he would eagerly accept the seeds that would be poured inside of him. There were moments wherein he doesn’t think that it’s the Omega in him wanting those seed. Perhaps, it’s both him and his Omega. He cannot find fault it in. He’d want a babe that would have something of Hamish – his eyes, his voice and his intelligence.

Eggsy prays Hamish wants to have babes, too.

They pant together – locked and not minding each other’s sweat covered body. “I’m goin’ to see you on Monday, but I feel the need to tell you tha’ I’ll be missin’ you.”

Hamish huffed a laugh. It almost sounded endearing. “I never really knew that it’s possible to continuously want to be with someone even when ye’re already with them. I’m starting to understand why most people are driven mad by passion.”

“Isn’t it?” Eggsy whole-heartedly agreed. “It’s… off balancin’. It’s as if you’re very centre is bein’ rocked.”

“Aye.” Hamish was quiet for a while, but Eggsy knows there’s something he wants to say – he’d only struggling with voicing it out. He needs to be patient. “It is – frightening, this feeling.”

“How so?” He asked in a soft tone. He’s afraid that if his words goes beyond a whisper, Hamish might withhold what he really thinks and feels.

“Ye can be taken away from me – so easily.” Hamish’s voice shake. “I’ve never been this afraid my whole life.”

“Funny.” He felt Hamish stiffen behind him. “Funny because I’ve never felt this determined to have courage all my life.” He paused – not wanting to continue on until Hamish had relaxed behind him again. “It’s okay to be afraid of the uncertainties around us, as long as it wouldn’t hinder the certainty tha’ is us.”

“Embrace the fear, but do it anyway.” Hamish said. “I’ve read that somewhere.”

It’s Eggsy’s turn to huffe a laugh. “What a cultured man, you are.” He teased as he twist himself to give Hamish a kiss on the lips.

Hamish’s knot deflated but they took their time in untangling themselves from each other. Pecks were given and teasing words were exchanged. They showered together and cooked their breakfast together. It’s a morning that Eggsy never thought he would ever experience with a man he never thought he could ever have.

They sat on the sofa after their meal. Hamish muttering to himself as he watched the footie game on the telly. Eggsy has his feet on his lap as he read and grade the candidates’ assignments. He would laugh at the moments wherein Hamish would move as if he was about to leap on the screen only to catch himself mid action.

He wonders if Hamish would be the kind of father who would encourage books over sports or vice versa.

Eggsy tried to push the thought of kids at the back of his mind once again. He haven’t thought about
it long enough. He wants to be sure that it is something that he really wants before he voice it out to Hamish. He doesn’t want a repeat of what happened last time. He doesn’t want misunderstanding.

He’ll settled for what he has now —an almost dream come true.

The day after Ryan went out with Harry, he went straight to the library to check out a book about the aristocrats’ social norm. It’s been an interesting read. He can see how these old social norms affect today’s daily living and —that’s not the reason why he’s waiting for Eggsy to get back from his week…off.

He and Jamal share a look when they heard engine revving. Jamal had told him that Merlin picked Eggsy up with his motorbike. He raised an eyebrow at Jamal before placing the book down and running out of the door —Jamal just a few steps behind him. Ryan has his phone ready and when Eggsy and Merlin kissed, he took pictures. He’s going to send that to their friends later.

Jamal whipped his phone out to, this time he pull up a picture with a big number ten. They smirked at each other, Jamal held his phone up for everyone to see the number. Ryan whooped at the top of his lungs before cheering. “Tonsil action, yeah!”

Eggsy put some distance between him and Merlin. They were given a two figure salute. It’s Jamal’s turn to holler. “Ten out of ten, would definitely watch again!”

“Fuck you!” Eggsy yelled.

“No, thank you!” Jamal said back. “I value my life.”

Ryan saw a small pleased smile on Merlin’s face, and Eggsy’s adoring look. He’ll call them absurd but he finds himself under the same predicament. A smile shouldn’t have that much hold on someone.

They watch as the two murmured whatever sweet words they have for each other. Merlin waited for Eggsy to walk up the stairs to his flat before getting on the motorbike. Eggsy gave the older man a wave good-bye before Merlin drive away.

Eggsy turned to them. “You two are pieces of shits. You know tha’, right?”

Jamal raised his hands in an act of surrender. “Hey, we’re jus’ showin’ our support.” He said it so cheekily.

The three of them went back inside the flat. JB barrelling towards Eggsy the moment his friend step foot inside. Eggsy was no better than his dog —he got down to pick JB up and started making cooing noises. He then turned to them. “Who gave JB bunch of snack?” Eggsy accused. “He got heavier!”

“Your dog has always been heavy.” Ryan said in his defence.

Eggsy held JB close to himself. “Okay, extra walks on the weekend for you an’ we’ll be doin’ laps startin’ Monday when we’re back to work.” He informed JB.
Jamal didn’t stopped himself from rolling his eyes at Eggsy’s antics. “Well, Jamal, thank you for lookin’ after my dog an’ flat. It was very nice of you.” He mockingly said. “It’s nothin’, Eggsy. It’s what mates do for each other.”

“I really do appreciate it, mate.” Eggsy said to him as he put JB down to the ground once again. “An’ I also appreciate tha’ you didn’t burn my kitchen down.”

“Fuck you. Tha’ was one time!”

Eggsy took a look around as they all take a seat. His eyes landed on the book at Ryan checked out. “What the fuck is tha’?” He asked with his brows knitted together at the centre of his face.

“Book about the aristocrats’ social norms.” Ryan answered. He threw a biscuit at JB and Eggsy threw a throw pillow at him. He caught it with ease.

“Stop givin’ him treats.” Eggsy warned him in his mother hen voice. “An’, tha’ is not a book. Tha’s a bloody tome.” Ryan admits that it is bigger than the common books nowadays, but a tome would be an exaggeration. The pages weren’t even made of parchment. “Why you readin’ up on tha’ topic anyway?”

“Harry an’ I went out last Friday.” He informed his friends. They didn’t seem surprised so he went on. “I took him to the night market an’ we had dinner. Then, we got talkin’-”

“Congratulations!” Jamal cheered. “I knew it was only a matter of time. You two were eye fuckin’ each other when we all went out. Michael wanted to leave but he didn’t want me third wheelin’.”

“Wait?” Eggsy piped in. “You all went out? I haven’t even went out wit’ Michael yet. No fair!”

“Wait!” He called for their attention again. “We’re not yet together-together, we’re gettin’ together.” Jamal looked at him confused. “What the fuck does tha’ mean?”

Ryan pushed the book towards them. “Page two hundred seventy-four, paragraph three.”

It was Eggsy who opened the book and find the page and paragraph. Jamal leaned in closer to get a better look at what was written. His two friends were quiet as they read. He guesses they read it more than twice because there was a distinct delay on their reactions.

“So, if the two of you got together, then we automatically become a pack?” Jamal wanted to be sure he understood it right.

“No. Yes.” He then added. “Technically, we’re not considered a pack until we’ve done the right paper works. But, we would be required to.”

“Oh, my God!” Ryan saw realization dawn upon Eggsy. “Jamal made you our official Beta when he said he’d follow your lead the first time we all gathered together in the pub. And, Roxy didn’t question it.”

“Back track, people!” Jamal held up his hands the way a referee would call for time-out in a basketball game. “How? How would you two gettin’ together would result in us bein’ a pack.”

“What would it mean if we form a pack?” Eggsy asked.

Ryan shrugged. “I guess we’d share resources –thats how it goes back then, but it would probably extend to contacts due to the fact that it’s now the modern age.” He air quoted the last two words. “Besides that, the public would see it as–an elevation from our current social standin’.”

“Can’t you just get together without all of these?” Jamal gestured at the book.

“Unfortunately, no.” Ryan honestly told his friends. He’s afraid that Jamal might not want to be in a pack. He doesn’t know what he would do if his friend doesn’t want to. “Harry has a high standin’ in society.” He didn’t miss the way Eggsy winced at that. “An’ he came from an old family. It is expected for him to do things–properly.”

Jamal sighed. “I think, I’m goin’ to need to read this book, too.” He grimaced at the thickness of the book, but his expression turned into a grin. “Maybe Michael can write me a letter of recommendation or somethin’ to get into Oxford–or some other posh university.” They all know that that was a joke to lighten the mood.

Eggsy looked at Jamal suspiciously. “Okay, what’s up wit’ you an’ Michael?”

“Oh, yeah–I haven’t told you guys yet.” Jamal’s full on smiling now. “I’m goin’ be his kid’s nanny. I’ll need help movin’ to his house.”

“Wait, what?” Eggsy’s shocked expression was priceless. “I was only gone for five days. How did this happened? I haven’t even met Michael’s son. No fair!”

Ryan threw back the pillow to Eggsy –it landed on his friend’s face. “Not our fault you went radio silent on us.” He teased. “How was Mr Merlin, anyway?” He wiggled his eyebrows. “Was it… magical?” Jamal cackled and he followed after.

“I ain’t talkin’ about tha’.” Eggsy told them–trying to keep his voice defiant, but the pink on the top of his ears was ruining it. “When are you goin’ to give us our present, anyway?”

“Tomorrow.” Ryan said in an innocent tone.

“Tomorrow?” Eggsy echoed, trying to gauge if they’re tricking him.

“Tomorrow.” Jamal repeated with levelled certainty. “The three of us have a plan.”

“Shite!” Eggsy shoot up from his seat. “I haven’t prepared my second gift.” He run towards his room with his phone in his hand.

“Look at tha’ arse.” Ryan said. “Hurryin’ us wit’ our gift when he hasn’t got his second one prepared.”

Jamal snorted at him. “You’re as much of an arse as he is.” He leafed through the book. “You’re bloody whipped when it comes to Mr Hart.”

He shrugged and smiled. “Cupid is painted blind.”

Chapter End Notes
Drop a comment? Leave a kudos? Bookmark it so you can come back to it? Subscribe so you know when I update? Give me strength to go on the next day? And I'll be sending you waves of positive energy and love with a bit of coffee. Hmm~~ Coffee~~
Chapter Eleven

Chapter Summary

Kink, Dinner with friends and Free running finals.

Chapter Notes

I liiiive! Thank you to everyone who took the time off their busy schedules to read this story. I appreciate each hit, kudos, comments, bookmarks, and subscription. This story is coming to a close. Probably three to four more chapters to go.

This story is not Beta’d. I do proofread it, but some mistakes get pass by me. Please, do pardon them.

On to the story….

(25/08/2019; Had to edit grammar mistakes. Sorry!)

Hamish didn’t need to get back to work that afternoon –but, he would feel the crushing emptiness of his house once he goes back there after giving Eggsy a ride to his flat. He doesn’t want to overwhelm himself with the fact that he’s alone. He lives alone, he corrects himself inside his mind. He is not technically alone –not anymore.

There’s a relief in that realization.

To say that the last few days had been blissful would be –for him, an understatement. It wasn’t the sex that made it all so memorable. It was seeing his dog tag around Eggsy’s neck. It was slow dancing to whatever music Eggsy puts on while they cook their meal. It was Eggsy resting his head on his chest. It was intertwining their hands and fingers before they go to sleep. It was waking up next to Eggsy and catching the first ray of sunlight with a shared kiss between them.

And, having all that ripped away from him –it can leave a man feeling…desolate.

It’s a wonder. There’s a tidal waves of emotions inside of him. The only thing that keeps him tethered to the shore is Eggsy’s words of encouragement.

It’s dangerous –Eggsy’s hold on him, but doesn’t he have the same hold on Eggsy? There’s an unspoken vow between the two of them. Abuse has no room in the relationship that they are building. Hamish would rather carve his heart out of his chest before he could even think about abusing Eggsy. Whether it be emotional, mental or physical.

He was greeted by Morgan. “You’re back.” She said in a tone he can’t quite place. “Why are you back?” She’s confused.

“I only requested for five days off.” He reminded her instead of answering.
“And it’s only been four and a half.” She told him. “You shouldn’t be here. Hell, if you were to come back on Monday that would be more understandable.”

“I’m sure there’s a lot to do.”

Morgan stared at him for a moment, then nodded her head. Hamish didn’t know what gave him away, but he saw understanding in her eyes. “Remember the blueprints you sent two day ago?” He’s glad that she’s going to humour him. “I thought of something.” He gestured for her to continue.

“What if they’re not exactly unfinished projects? What if they’re pieces of a project? Like, a puzzle.”

“Are you planning on recreating it?” It’s the only way they can know for certain. Even if he has an inkling of what each device would be able to do, he can never be certain without a prototype.

“Yes.” She handed him a folder. She had already written up the expense report for that particular project. “Plus, if we manage to recreate it accordingly, we’d be equipped in creating something that could counter it.”

“Not thinking of using the device for our own benefit?” He asked with raised eyebrows.

“I think that would be too risky.”

Hamish nodded. The device is fairly large once they put it together. It’s invented to create a maximum impact around its surrounding. It is not something that agents can carry in their pockets and used to save civilian lives. He reached for the pen she was handing him, with little to no flourish, he sighed the paper. “Put that on top of the priority list. I’ll help you. We don’t want to be blindsided.”

“Aye, aye!” Morgan gave him a sloppy salute and walked out of his office.

Hamish started reading through files and files of project and mission reports.

There’re new fabrics coming in that is said could withstand a bullet of a shotgun, he assigned himself as the tester for that one. There’s an upgrade on the poison pens, longer range. Someone found a way to make the brogues on the shoes useful, he likes that. He likes brogues, no matter what Harry says. A new security system for the cabs are also waiting to be installed.

He moved on to the mission reports and was annoyed to see that MI6 had passed on to them another mission. He grumbled through his teeth and beneath his breath. He also noticed that their agents kept crossing paths whenever they have a lead on the weapons dealer. It’s starting to get absurd. He’s going to write up a request to work hand in hand the mission completely to MI6. He despises M and would rather they not see each other again. Especially after the last time.

Hamish pull up the files relating to the training. Arthur came through with the permits on doing a free running exercise in Barcelona. Even got the few policemen to help them in rounding up the candidates. A plane and pilot ready for them, along with the fake train track. Ector scheduled the missions accordingly. Still, Lamorak wouldn’t be there for Thomas. Maybe he can hand off the candidate to Eggsy for twenty-four hours.

He leaned back on his swivel chair. He glanced at his wristwatch and saw that it’s close to midnight. He wanted to finish everything tonight, so he wouldn’t have any backed up work left in the morning –but it seemed impossible.

He was startled when Eggsy’s private line showed up on his glasses. With a tap on the side of his frame, they’re connected. “Shouldn’t ye be asleep, leannan?”
‘Same goes for you.’ Eggsy answered.

“I wanted to get everything done so I can have a fresh start in the morning.” He closed his eyes. His mind conjuring up an image of Eggsy laying back on his bed half naked and droopy eyes.

‘Tomorrow’s Sunday.’ Eggsy’s tone was reprimanding. ‘Please, don’t tell me you’ll be workin’ on a Sunday.’

“I always work on a Sunday.” He answered as a matter of fact, and maybe he shouldn’t have. He heard Eggsy’s sharp intake of breath.

‘Then, when do you go home?’ Eggsy sounded distressed.

“Twice a week whenever nothing pressing is happening.” Hamish winced at the ‘Are you kiddin’ me?’ he heard from the other side. “It dinnae feel like home to me. It’s just –space to put in most of my possession.”

‘You know tha’s goin’ to have to change once we’re mated, right? Tell me tha’s goin’ to change.’

“It will, leannan. I just–he doesn’t have to hesitate, but he does anyway. “I just dinnae want to be there without ye. It feels…lonely.”

‘I miss you, too. Which –I’m sure, we can both admit is ridiculous. We’ve only been apart since this afternoon.” Eggsy sighed. ‘I’m startin’ to dread the day I’ll have to go back to takin’ missions.’

“I dinnae want to think about it.” But, it’s already there. How is he going to be with Eggsy gone for months at a time?

‘I did actually called for a reason.’ Eggsy’s changed of topic is a welcomed one. ‘Dinner tomorrow at Roxy’s.’ The lad’s tone turned excited. ‘They’re goin’ to give us our present.’

“That’s great news.” Hamish felt himself smile.

‘It is, but…’ Eggsy dragged the word out. ‘…my second gift, I don’t have it yet. They should have told me when they would be givin’ us our present. I could have timed my present better.’

“It’s fine. I dinnae mind the wait.” He already has a vague idea of what his second gift will be. “Ye should probably sleep, now.”

‘Uh-huh.’ Eggsy’s tone was humorous. ‘I ain’t blinkin’ unless you’re sleepin’, too, sweetheart. So, get your precious arse out of your office an’ to your bedroom.’ Hamish couldn’t help the huff of laughter that escaped his lips as he got up. ‘I’m expectin’ a picture of you tucked in your bed. Is that understood?’

“Yessir.” He mocked –copying Eggsy’s chav accent.

‘Tha’s a good boy.’

Hamish paused mid step.

Oh.

Fuck.

His pause must have been obvious for Eggsy to pick up on it. ‘Sweetheart, is tha’ a kink I sense?’ Hamish can see Eggsy’s teasing smirk. ‘Oh, I’m goin’ to have so much fun wit’ this.’
“Leannan…” He tried to sound reprimanding, but there was a quiver present in his voice. A slight shake that gave him away.

‘To your bedroom, now.’ Hamish started walking. The command was given snappily. Eggsy gave away a contemplative hum. ‘How you were durin’ my heat actually makes sense now. Don’t forget the picture, sweetheart. If it’s not sent to me within the next twenty minutes, I’ll be very –very crossed wit’ you.’

Eggsy didn’t say good bye. He just ended the call. Though, that made Hamish move faster.

He got in his room and head straight towards the bathroom. He was quick in finishing his nightly routine. He had forgone wearing a shirt as he settle beneath the duvet. He reached for his phone –he wouldn’t want to use his glasses for…this.

He took a photo of himself –laying down with a hand behind his head. It wasn’t anything special. He didn’t take a couple of pictures to see which one would be best sent to Eggsy. That would be ridiculous. He sent one out of five.

Eggsy’s reply was immediate. A picture of him winking at the camera with a caption, ‘You’re so good to me. Sleep tight.’

Hamish can feel satisfaction radiating off his Alpha –Eggsy said he was good. He grabbed the nearest pillow and covered his face with it. He let out a loud groan onto it.

Roxy’s kitchen is in a state of disarray. She was responsible for the main course, Eggsy was peeling the potatoes, Ryan was baking a pie that his grandma taught him, and Jamal was their dishwasher. The latter admitted that he can’t cook anything fancy and it’ll be better if he’d be the one to wash up.

Every now and then, Eggsy would try to quiz them about their gift for him and Merlin –but they’re not easily tricked. He even tried pouting at Jamal and her –trying to persuade them with his Omegan ways. Ryan was quick to hit him with an unused spatula, declaring that he’s cheating.

Roxy never had much friends growing up. She admits –it was probably her fault. She can’t blame every flaw she has on her up-bringing. She could have made an effort back then to make friends. She just thought they were unimportant. She’s now being proven wrong.

Ryan had wormed his way through her defences with his thought provoking conversations. It would always get her pausing, and muse about the topic for days on end. While Jamal accepted her into their fold by acting like a big brother over her. Protective but never condescending, it gives her the confidence that he would always be there for her. She could only wonder what her effect on them is.

She’s realizing that friendships shape people. She can only hope that she can have the same with Rose. They could have been real siblings, but their father had taken that away from them. She could only hope to salvage whatever they could have.

By the time they’ve set the table –with table napkins flying here and there, they heard the doorbell.
Ryan ran to the nearest mirror with Eggsy just a few steps behind them. Ryan tried to smooth down his wind casted hair, and Eggsy’s making sure his is as impeccable as it was before. Roxy smiled at their antics as Jamal roll his eyes at them, vocalizing how much of an utter fools they are.

She moved to welcome her other guests. Her greeting got stuck on her throat at the sight of Harry wearing a grey button up and a pair of tight jeans. “That!” Merlin pointed at her face. “My exact reaction when I saw him, too.”

“Oh, do kindly fuck off, Merlin.” Harry told his friend.

“Yes, Harry wearing jeans is fascinating.” Michael mocked agreed. “May we come in?”

That snapped her back to awareness. “Of course.” She brought back the smile on her face by thinking about Ryan’s possible reaction. “Dinner’s just about to be served.”

Roxy placed her body strategically, pulling Jamal along the way to have the full view on Ryan’s face. The slow rise of Ryan’s eyebrows and the hanging of his jaw was priceless. It even got better when words started falling off his mouth. “Holy shit, Harry. That’s a fine pair of legs –not that it’s the only thin’ I like abou’ you. I like ‘em –but there’s just better qualities abou’ you…not that I’m sayin’ that your legs are less superior than-“

“Ryan.” Eggsy stopped him. Ryan made a gesture of shutting up. “That would be for the better.”

“Well, now Ryan’s…shock is out of the way, why don’t we all head to the dining room?” Roxy suggested and they all followed her.

She made sure to not place a plate or chair at the head of the table. Though they are in her house, she doesn’t think it would be appropriate to sit at the head of the table. She respects both Merlin and Jamal too much to do that. She made the couples sit at one side, and those single people at the other.

She, Jamal and Michael share looks as the couples stare at each other’s eyes. She could only wonder if it’s really like the movies. Has time stopped for them? Are they hearing symphonies?

Michael cleared his throat, catching the attention of the couples. “This looks delicious.” He commented as Jamal placed down their plates. “I can only imagine the kind of preparation you’ve put into all of this.”

“Everyone helped.” She informed her mentor. “Even Eggsy.” She gave her friend a pointed look. “He can’t seem to stop himself.”

“Oi, Ryan an’ I are the ones wit’ the most experience when it comes to cookin’.” Eggsy reminded her.

“Yes, yes.” Roxy flippantly waved her hand at their general direction. “You two are quite ready to be mated.” She relished the blushing on their cheeks. Including the ones that can be found on Merlin’s and Harry’s face.

“So.” Jamal started as they all tuck in. “Who’s baby-sittin’ Jacob?” He asked Michael. Roxy has a feeling that it’s natural for Jamal to feel protective of everyone around him and treat them like family.

“A colleague.” Michael answered with a slight upturn of his lips. “When are you moving in?”

Jamal didn’t have the chance to answer the question. Harry piped up. “What’s happening?”

“I offered Jamal a job.” Michael said.

Michael waved his fork in the air. “Same thing. You’re under my employment.” That got Jamal snorting.

Harry looked at them—he seemed to be a bit hurt. “I’m only hearing about this now?”

Jamal shrugged. “You guys have been busy.” Then added. “But, I did mentioned it to Ryan.” Roxy can’t believe he just threw their friend under the bus. No, she actually can. If there’s anyone who can pacify Harry’s…Harry-ness, its Ryan.

“Yes.” Ryan confirmed. “He told me abou’ it just two days ago.” He gave Jamal a pointed look. “I thought it’ll be better if you hear it directly from ‘em tonight.” He turned back to Harry. “Jamal is now the tutor an’ somewhat-nanny of Michael’s son.”

Merlin gave away a hum—eyes moving from one person to another. Roxy’s certain there’s something he’s seeing that she’s not. “We haven’t talked about this.” Roxy’s brows came knitted together on her forehead as Merlin’s eyes focus on Harry.

“Are you going to oppose?” Harry’s tone wasn’t challenging. Though, there was a hint of disbelief in it.

“I’m sorry.” She finally spoke up once again. “Can we not talk in some kind of riddle?”

Eggsy sighed. “We fit the bill to become a pack.”

“Really?” She couldn’t help but ask. There are very few packs all over London. The differing statuses makes it hard to form one. “And, not everyone agrees with it?” She asked tentatively.

“It’s nae that I don’t agree.” Merlin said. “And, I’m nae oppose. I’m just saying, we haven’t talked about it.” Roxy realize that Merlin’s protectiveness over Harry is finally showing outside of mission. She half feels terrible at finding it fascinating.

“You can’t exactly decide for me.” Harry stated the obvious. “I’m older than you.”


“That’s at our job.” Harry scoffed. “I have a Lordship—albeit, it’s a minor one.”

“I’m Alpha.”

“Obviously.” Harry didn’t seem perturbed by Merlin’s tone.

“Okay.” Eggsy placed a hand on Merlin’s chest—placating. “Ryan.” He called out to his friend. “Do you have anythin’ to add?”

“I have a lot to add—just haven’t found the right words to say it.” Now, that’s something Roxy never thought he’d hear from Ryan. There was an uncomfortable stretch of silence before Ryan spoke up again. He addressed Merlin directly. “It’s not Harry you have a problem wit’. It’s me. Tha’s understandable.” They all saw Eggsy stiffen in his seat—it did not bode well. “Would you approve of me if I have a better job?”

“You don’t need a better job!” Harry exclaimed. “I can provide for you—I can provide for everyone in this table.”

Eggsy then pushed himself away from Merlin. Roxy’s eyes widen at that. “You said you’re okay
“I am.” Merlin insisted as he try to get a hold of Eggsy once again. “I have nae problem with yer friends or their aspirations in their life. I like to think we’d get along.”

“Then why are you questionin’ Ryan’s worth?” Eggsy asked –pain written all over his face.

“Because it’s his job.” Ryan told his friends. “Same as it was my job to make sure he’ll be honest.” Those words made Eggsy calm down –but it wasn’t enough to completely disperse his pain. “Let’s face it. Among the three of us, I’m not the most…exemplary.” He joked.

“You’re more than an exemplary person.” Eggsy said.

Ryan rolled his eyes playfully. “You know what I mean.” Roxy’s amazed at his capability. Ryan raised the tension with very few words, and managed to bring it down by talking to only one person. He’s a Beta through and through. “An’, as I’ve said, I understand. Harry said it –he has a Lordship. It wouldn’t look good on him if he’d be mated to someone –not only younger than him, but also one who came from the estate an’ is a nurse aide. Imagine the scandal.”

Eggsy settled again in his seat –understanding. “What are you goin’ to do?”

Roxy can tell that Eggsy hates the fact that Ryan and Harry simply couldn’t be. She hates it, too. It’s one of the reasons why she took the job as a Kingsman. She may have been disowned, but at least, she can be with whoever.

Ryan smiled. “Don’t worry, I’ve an idea already.” He turned to Merlin. “So, would you be more… amiable in creatin’ a pack if I have a better job?”

“I’m fine with a pack.” For a moment, Merlin looked like he swallowed a whole lemon. “Aye, I’m concern about Harry’s status. But, I care about that less than his well-being.” He sighed. “If ye can be certain that ye wouldn’t hurt him, then I’m fine with it. I have nae authority over Harry and he sure as hell can handle himself. Still, I want to know that ye wouldn’t hurt him –at least nae intentionally.” Then hurriedly added. “And also, a better job would do ye good if ye’re planning to meet his family. They’re scathing.”

“I’ll do whatever I can to keep Harry happy.” Ryan said solemnly. His tone changed suddenly. “An’ thank you for the tip.”

Harry huffed a laugh at that. Genuinely delighted. “What next?” He asked Ryan. “Are we going to have a traditional courtship as well?”

“Is tha’ what you want?” Ryan looked ready to give Harry whatever it was he would ask for.

“No, let’s leave that to the Alphas and Omegas.”

“I hope not all Sunday dinners are goin’ to be this tense.” Jamal voiced out. “I think my stomach just turned into stone.”

“Shame.” Roxy smirked. “We have pie.”
After the tense conversation, dinner went on smoothly. Jokes were thrown around –this time, nothing self-deprecating. They’ve caught up with each other’s lives, even when they’ve only been apart for a few days and are in constant communication nowadays. Plans were made and discussed –Jamal’s move, Harry and Ryan’s next date, Roxy’s visiting Rose’s mum, Eggsy’s visit to his mum and sister, and Michael was roping Merlin to baby sit.

Eggsy noticed Ryan whisper something to Harry before he got up from his seat and disappearing somewhere in Roxy’s house. When his friend returned, he was carrying something gift wrapped in his hand. Jamal started drumming the table.

Ryan made a show of clearing his throat –with an accent that matches Harry’s he started speaking. “As a symbol of our support on your union.” Eggsy couldn’t stop himself from rolling his eyes, but the smile on his lips betrays him. “We give this to you.”

It was handed to him. He couldn’t stop himself from looking at Merlin. They are another step closer to being mated. Eggsy took in a deep breath and tore the wrapper. It was a book –the cover was non-descript, but it was red.

Harry choked on air, and Michael uttered an exclamation beneath his breath. That got him looking up curiously. Jamal was trying to school his features, Roxy wasn’t smiling but there was a glint in her eyes, and Ryan –he was holding up the wine glass to cover up his face. His eyes turn back to Merlin –questioning.

Eggsy decided to just open the book as Merlin avoided his gaze.

‘Kama Sutra’. Written in a styled font with an image of two males engaged in a sexual activity.

Eggsy snapped the book closed. There was a pause before he spoke up. “I admit tha’ I’ll need this.” Jamal had a coughing fit. Eggsy raised an eyebrow at his friend. “Unless this is a gag gift.”

“No.” Ryan hurriedly said. “Not a gag gift.” He said it like it offends him. “Jamal may not be observant, but I did noticed your lack of…sexual partners in the past an’ concluded tha’ it was due to your secret–such an’ such. I thought tha’ it would help you, give you an idea abou’ your preference, an’…we all know you’ll only be practicin’ wit’ one person. So, beneficial to Merlin, too.”

Eggsy bit his bottom lip, remembering his and Merlin’s conversation through the phone. He couldn’t help but wonder if there’s something in the book about that. “Tha’s true.” He conceded. “I’ll read it right away.” Merlin covered his face with his hands –ears burning red. “Oh, come on. It’s a thoughtful gift.” He told the older man.

“I’m nae saying anything.” Merlin said.

“There’s no need to be embarrassed, sweetheart.” He reached out to Merlin, taking his hand on his and making him turn his way. “Should I have the talk wit’ you?” He teased. They always throw each other’s words at one another.

“Eggsy…” Merlin whined.

He finally let out the chuckle he was holding in. “Thanks for this, guys.” He said to his friends. “It’s not what I thought you’d give us. Its better, to be honest.”

“I do hope you hurry up wit’ the meetin’ the parents thin’.” Ryan smiled at them. “There’s a Scottish superstition abou’ matin’ durin’ the spring.”
“What is it?” Eggsy asked Merlin.

“The mates would have many and healthy off-springs.” Merlin answered him with a pleased expression.

“Is tha’ what you want? A spring matin’?” Thinking about it, they haven’t discussed much about their mating. Though, they did talk a lot about their relationship – about what they feel and think about each other.

“I want to be mated with you as soon as your mum lets me.” Merlin answered him honestly.

“No!” Harry exclaimed. “You’ll have a ceremony. A grand ceremony.” His tone leave no room for argument.

“Don’t let Harry arrange it.” Michael said. “It took James and me a year before getting mated because of him and his ridiculous plans.”

“It was an exceptional forest mating ceremony. It was magical.” Harry insisted.

“Yes, but this time you’ll be battling with Merlin’s Scottish practicality and Eggsy’s impatience.”

“Point.” Eggsy, Merlin and Harry said.

“How abou’ somethin’ simple?” Jamal said. “Eggsy wouldn’t care much abou’ guests because – well, we didn’t kept in touch wit’ everyone else in the estate. He’s not flashy either. It’s obvious tha’ the same can be said for Merlin.”

“Oh!” Roxy exclaimed. “A garden mating ceremony would be nice.”

Their conversation continued on to planning their mating ceremony. From the location, to the kinds of flowers that would be used. From the kind of suits they should wear, to the colour theme. Even the catering and food that would be serve was discussed.

Eggsy held on Merlin’s hand – squeezing on it a bit, not quite believing what’s happening in front of him. This is it. Their friends’ support.

Rose didn’t know where to look due to the vibrancy of the Barcelona. Even when her breath is taken away by the beauty that is surrounding her, she can’t help but feel anxious. This is where they would be having their free running finals.

Gaheris led them to a flat rooftop. They have the full view of the city. She didn’t think it was possible, but the city was more beautiful being seen from a distance. She kept her amazement at bay as Gaheris handed them glasses and started talking.

“Your free running finals would be simple. We will merely play a game, and the whole city would be our playground.” He held up a piece of cloth from his pocket. “All you have to do is take this
from me. You can do it on your own, by partners, or as a whole team.” He wrapped it securely around his wrist. “You’re given five hours to finish this task. Your glasses are connected to each other—you know the basics on how to use them.” He made a show of looking at his wristwatch. “It starts in three…”

Rose could feel Thomas tensing up.

“Two…”

Zeke’s already in position.

“One!” Gaheris did a back flip on the edge and fell.

They all took a peek and watch as their trainer gain distance between them.

“We do this as a team!” She snapped.

“No, by partners.” Andrew argued. “Bernadette and Elijah, Rose and Thomas, me and Zeke. We’ll cover more ground that way.” With that, they started sprinting—except for Thomas who took the roof.

“Thomas!” She yelled at him.

‘Let’s surprise him.’ Thomas told her. She couldn’t believe the competitiveness that bleeds in his voice. She hadn’t heard him be this determined before.

Zeke caught up with Gaheris—he tried to get a hold of their trainer, but Gaheris climbed the walls and reached the roof. Rose can hear Bernadette exclaim, but she can hear Thomas grunting at the other line. A fight. They’re fighting, Rose thought.

‘Feckin’ hell, he got away.’ Thomas reported, he was panting. Probably following Gaheris. ‘Tell everyone to go east.’

They saw Thomas jump from one rooftop to another. “He said Gaheris went east.” She relayed.

Zeke took a few steps back and catapulted himself to the rooftop. He turned to Andrew. “Keep a look out on the ground, try to keep him in place till I get to you.” Andrew nodded his affirmation. The rest of them started sprinting to the direction Thomas gave them.

They saw Gaheris exiting a building in a leisurely walk. When he turned, he saw them and started running again. Their trainer took a sharp left which they followed, but when they got there—he was nowhere.

Rose tapped the side of her glasses twice. “Thomas, he climbed up again.” There was silence. “Thomas.” She turned and saw that no one else was with her. Could she had taken the wrong turn? But, that’s impossible. “Thomas, do you have eyes on the others? Thomas.” Her heart’s climbing her throat now.

She felt a prick at her nape. She turned—expecting to see a wall, but what she saw was a man in all black. Half of his lower face was covered, too. She took a fighting stance, but her limbs are starting to feel heavy.

“What the fuck did you do to me?”

“Rose!” She took a quick glance—Andrew was running towards her, but he was being followed by
two more men.

Before Andrew could even reach her, her vision blurred to black.

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Thomas was reminded of his run around his hometown with their finals for the day. He liked the challenge that Gaheris posed against them. He would definitely consider it an achievement if he manages to catch up with a Thoroughbred Omega.

From the rooftops, he can see the movement of the other candidates’ movement. As the rest get to the more populated area of the city, he noticed bodies turning their way –and not the good way. They were wearing black clothing and their faces are hidden, either by a hood or a handkerchief wrapped around the lower parts of their faces.

He was about to alert the rest, but a man from the next rooftop he landed on attacked him. He managed to go toe-to-toe with the man –till he felt a prick on his arm. He yelp and saw a small dart poking out of him. “What the feck, man?” His words were slurred. He swayed on his feet till there was black.

His consciousness came to him but the feeling on his tongue hasn’t yet. He forced his eyes open and saw a menacing man standing almost a top of him. He tried moving his hands only to discover he was tied down. After moving his head from side to side, he learned that he was tied down to a train track.

“Eh, shite.” He breathed out. “Ay, feckin’ shite.”

“This knife can save your life.” Menacing man told him.

“Aye, nae.” He steeled his voice. “I ain’t talkin’.”


He gave the man a glare. Thomas could already feel the tracks shaking –can hear the train arriving. “I wouldnae sell out my Da’s saviours, ye feckin’ prick.”

Thomas was ready to die right there –only he didn’t.

He once again opened his eyes and saw Gaheris smirking down at him. “Lamorak should be the one here, but he’s got a mission.” The smirk turned into a full smile. “But, I can bet my fuckin’ life, he’s proud of you.”

Thomas let out a breath. “Ye an’ Merlin are the feckin’ worse –just the worse.”

‘We can hear you, Thomas.’ He almost jumped out of his skin as Merlin’s voice echoed around them.

“I respect ye an’ Gaheris, but still the worse!”
Gaheris huffed a laugh as he crouch down and let him go. “You’ve got fuckin’ balls of steel.” Their trainer helped him up. “You didn’t even scream.”

“Aye –I wanted to die wit’ my pride intact.” He joked weakly –almost as weak as his bloody knees. “How did the others do?”

“Bernadette couldn’t handle the pressure.”

Thomas felt a twinge of sadness. “Andrew?” He asked when they were already inside an elevator. Hopefully, Merlin doesn’t monitor that, too.

“He’s next.”

Before Rose could even hit the ground, Andrew already knew that the men wearing black were bad news. A part of him wishes he didn’t suggested they move into pairs. They could have been more formidable together. At the same time, he didn’t know that an attack on them was going to happen. He was about to ask if attacking them was also part of the test –a man held up his wrist and Andrew felt a jolt of pain on his chest.

He looked back down on Rose again. He tried to fight back the drowsiness that was pulling him under. He tried to use the wall of the alley to keep himself standing straight. He’s starting to see double as his eyelids start to get heavy. He lost consciousness before he hit the pavement.

His senses were screaming at him –alerting him that he was in danger before he could open his eyes. He can smell metal, he can feel hard cold rocks under him and his hands are restrained. He opened his eyes and saw a man standing before him –brandishing a knife in a villainous fashion.

He didn’t need a blaring sign to understand what this is; interrogation. From the looks of it, he’s certain that whatever he would say, he’d be killed. Not that he’s planning on saying anything. He’s no fool. Talking would put a lot of people in danger. He’s not just thinking about those who works for Kingsman.

“This knife could save you.” The man told him.

Andrew held back the curse he wanted to yell at the man. If he’s going to die, might as well have an awesome last words.

“All you have to do is tell me what the fuck is Kingsman and who the hell is Damian Broton.”

He could only hope that his concern and fear wasn’t written on his face when he heard his Uncle’s name.


The ground is shaking –the train is coming. His instinct is telling him to give whatever the man wants to save himself. It’s telling him to save himself and run –let the others deal with the fallout.
Andrew pushed back the Omega inside his mind—at the farthest corner. He is more than his instincts. He is more than just an Omega. “I don’t answer to anyone who doesn’t know my name.” He proudly told the man. He didn’t even blinked as the train—wait.

What? He asked himself as he was brought up from the secret compartment on the ground. Instead of the menacing man from before, his Uncle stands before him with a smile he hasn’t seen in a while. “I see you’ve learned a lot, Andrew.”

“I’m still learning how to not disappoint myself, uncle.”

His Uncle Damian freed him. After years, they hugged once again. “Be proud of yourself.” Damian whispered in his ears. “I’m bloody proud of you.”

They walked together to meet the others. As the elevator door open, he was greeted by Thomas with a bone crushing hug. “I knew it was fake, but I was so worried.” Thomas confessed then put some distance between them. “Ye were so brave—an’ fantastic!”

“I—Uhm…Thank you.” He heard someone clear their throat. He wanted the ground to open up and swallow him whole when he turned and saw that it was his uncle.

“Of course, Andrew’s fantastic!” Damian exclaimed. “He’s my nephew.”

Thomas thrusts his hand forward to his Uncle. “Thomas Newport, sir.”

As his Uncle shake hands with Thomas, Andrew took a look around. He has never seen such a console in his life. He wanted to take it apart and study it—but Merlin was there, pushing buttons and typing on the flattened touch screen like keyboard. There’s also a mic where he speaks through and order people on how they should do their jobs. The multiple screens were also impressive—he wanted to know if they’re interconnected, or if they have sole purpose each.

He was broken out of his reverie when he felt a tap on his shoulder. Thomas was looking at him with a concerned expression. “Ye okay?”

“Yes. Fine.”

“He was just lost in thought due to the beauty of Merlin’s control room.” His uncle guided him to face a different direction. Andrew gasped. “That’s Kingsman’s R&D.”

“I think, I’m in love.”

Elijah realized that there is nothing more disconcerting than finding out that you’re being followed in the crowd. He prioritized shaking them off his track than following the Gaheris. Perhaps that was his first mistake. If he hadn’t moved too far from the group, they could have aided him. Still, he fought his assailants with all his might.

He was holding his own alright, but he knows that if he didn’t have the stamina of a High Alpha—he’d been doomed a long time ago. He was trying to channel his strength in each punch—he needs to
knock them out already so he can escape. He can’t keep on fighting two men forever.

There was a stinging sensation on his thigh. He looked down and uttered a curse. He changed tactics. He started to run.

Using what he had learned from free running, he climbed to the rooftop. He was preparing to dash off when his lower body started losing strength. He managed a step or two before crashing down face first.

Waking up was disorienting to say the least –he felt hang over. He also learned that he was tied down to a train track. That’s never a good sign. His hunched was confirmed when an old man started twirling the knife in his hands.

“Who’s Michael Denford?” The man half yelled half asked.

Elijah winced. “Could you lower down your voice? Fuck, my head’s killing me. What’s with in the chemical?” He asked back. “I think, I’m having an allergic reaction.” He tried to sound calm, but he’s panicking inside.

“I’ll free you if you tell me what’s Kingsman and who Michael Denford is.” The man sneered. “If not, I’m sure you can tell what’s going to happen.” The track is starting to shake. “Is Kingsman worth dying for?”

“The place?” He smirked. “Nah. It’s the people.” He serenely closed his eyes and waited for the train to run over him.

The noise died down and surprisingly –he’s not. He peeked by opening one eye. Percival was looking at him with an amused expression.

“Bloody hell.” He murmured. “Can you please free me, sir?”

Michael untied one of his hands and let him deal with the rest. “Galahad’s candidate is the last one.” The man informed him. “Want to watch?”

He got up and dusted himself off. “Bet he’s a screamer.” He joked and he saw the corner of the agent’s lips twitch.

They got off the elevator and into a room filled with screens. The rest of the candidates were standing beside their –he assumes, mentors. Except for Thomas –he was standing next to Gaheris. He wanted to ask if Thomas is Gaheris candidate but refrained from doing so.

Merlin was sitting on a swivel chair –in control of the whole operation. His voice was commanding and his instructions were clear. Elijah stole a glance to Gaheris. Their younger trainer was looking at Merlin fondly. He wonders how Merlin treats Gaheris for him to earn such expression on Gaheris’ face.

He turned his eyes back to the screen. Zeke was carried by two men and tied down to the train track. The menacing man made another appearance, he crouched down and injected something on Zeke before straightening himself up once again.

Zeke started to stir awake.
Zeke would be the first to admit that following Thomas on the roof was a mistake. He couldn’t do half the stunts Thomas do. The Alpha had been doing free running far longer than he has. He had no other choice than to move to the streets. He was half tempted to hot wire a car, but he’s sure that would disqualify him.

He run through the streets –trying to keep up with Thomas even when he’s on the roof. He took a turn where Thomas jumped. He let out a curse when it was a dead end. He was about to get out of the alley and into the main street to catch up on the others but a man made him pause. He’s sensing danger.

He tried to play it cool –walk instead of running, thinking that maybe he was just being paranoid. A hook came from the man –he managed to dodge it on time. He kept on dodging the attacks until he found an opening to escape. He needs to preserve his energy –that he was sure of, fighting would tire him more than running. He has a test to pass and has no time with dealing with a possible mugger.

He escaped the man with little effort. Zeke tapped on his glasses. “Anyone have eyes on Gaheris?” He asked, but no one answered. “Anyone have eyes on Gaheris?” He repeated his question a little louder.

A shadow on the ground made him look up. It was the same man that tried to attack him. It’s starting to sink in that maybe it wasn’t just an attempt at mugging.

He moved to climb the stairs of the fire exit. There was a numbness that’s starting to circulate throughout his body starting from his back. He didn’t managed to climb all the way up. He didn’t even have time to register that he landed on a dumpster.

When he woke up –tied down with a man standing over him, he didn’t felt danger. He knows his mind is foggy, he might be registering the situation wrong. But, no matter how the man sneered or goad at him –he didn’t feel danger. “This is a mind game!” He spoke up. “Like the bloody parachute!”

The train came and go –he was right.

Harry Hart stood in front of him wearing an impressed and proud expression. “Well done.”

“Fucking hell.” He let his head fall on the track. “You need a better actor.” He commented. “I didn’t sense any threat on him. That was a give-away.”

“Do you often sense danger?” Harry asked as he was being freed.

“Only immediate danger –nothing so…divine.” He grabbed the hand offered to him as he got up. “And, only when the other person really means the offending act.” He dusted himself off. “Which reminds me, the…one of the man that came after me. Gave me a serious jibbies.” Harry guided him to an elevator.

“Ah, yes. They were all quite determined to catch you all.” Harry informed him. “Merlin gave them an incentive, you see.”

Zeke snorted. “The incentive better be money.”
“It’s actually an all-expense paid vacation to Barcelona for two days.”

“Shit.” He breathed out. “I’d fucking dart me, too.”

The door of the elevator opened, he immediately noticed that Bernadette wasn’t with them. Merlin’s eyes were expectant on them. It could only mean one thing. He really thought she would go all the way. Thomas greeted him with a fist bump, and Elijah with a pat on his shoulder. They all stood beside the agents that proposed them.

Merlin clasped his hands together. “Agents, congratulations. Your candidates had reached the final half of their training. As tradition allows, you now have twenty-four hours to spend with them.” He turned to Thomas. “Thomas, you’ll be spending that twenty-four hours with Gaheris as Lamorak has other important business to attend to. You can be certain that I’ll deliver the news of your success as soon as I am able.”

Thomas nodded at him in lieu of a verbal affirmation.

“Agents, please wait for your candidates at the shop.” Merlin’s tone didn’t made it seem like a request.

Not one of the agents protested, but Zeke did saw Harry raise an eyebrow at Merlin. It didn’t seem like a challenge. More like an inquiry. Zeke couldn’t help but tilt his head to one side.

Merlin continued on as Gaheris move to his side and lean back on his desk. “This is not the usual Kingsman training protocol.” He started meaningfully. “We’ve always done the interrogation test when there’s only the top three candidates left. But, Gaheris felt the need to be assured of your loyalties before we continue on with your training.”

Gaheris took over. “For now, I won’t go into the finer details of your training. Just know that we expect each and every one of you to keep the secrets that we will impart to you. The skills we’re going to be teaching you shouldn’t be trifled with or used plainly for fun. I expect you to respect these skills the same way you respect Kingsman. Is that understood?”

As they give their verbal affirmation, Zeke couldn’t help but feel excited.

Eggsy gave Thomas a short instruction of changing into something more comfortable and waiting for him in the candidates’ dormitory. He turned back to Merlin when the younger Scottish exited the main control room. “He’s goin’ to be spendin’ the twenty-four hours wit’ me?” He raised his eyebrows at that. “I thought you said I was already gettin’ too attached?”

“Lamorak’s following the movements of the weapon dealer’s wife.” Merlin said. “As ye know, we’re still short on Knights.”

“Well, why can’t Thomas spend tha’ time wit’ you? You have a lot in common.”

Merlin took off his eyeglasses and wiped it clean. “I would if I weren’t so busy.” He sighed.
“Morgan’s planning on recreating the devices with the blueprint we’ve collected and I’m planning on helping her with that. I would also be taking over the preparations for the dog test—since ye’d be gone. That is on top of everything else that I need to do.”

Eggsy sighed. “You know…” He hesitated but Merlin was looking at him expectantly—waiting for him to finish what he started. “You could assign someone else to be the new senior tech. To lighten up some of your load. Actually, tha’ would already cut in half the thin’s you need to do for R&D. You should also look for someone willin’ to be a handler. It would be easier for everyone if the ratio’s two agents for one handler.”

“I dinnae…there’s…” Merlin scowled. More to himself than to Eggsy. “All of those are reasonable suggestions.”

“I’m sensin’ a ‘but’.”

“But…” Merlin held the word. “I’m a territorial donkey—even with my work load.”

Eggsy laughed at that. “Well, you’re goin’ to have to start changin’ thin’s an’ adaptin’, sweetheart. We’re goin’ to be mated soon, an’ I would actually like to spend some time wit’ you outside of mission—outside of HQ.”

Merlin was silent for a moment. His eyes were focused on Eggsy as his expression soften. “After the mission on the weapon’s dealer is closed, I’m going to start looking into techs’ and scientists’ profile and see if there’s someone who can take my place as the senior tech. Then, I’ll talk to Arthur about additional handlers.”

“I’m not tryin’ to make you feel guilty or bad about your job.” He said hurriedly. He didn’t like the way Merlin’s face saddened along with the softness.

“Nae—I understand. And, ye’re right. What kind of mate would I be if I wouldn’t be able to spend some time with ye? Plus, the pack. Our pack.”

Eggsy read his expression once again. “I couldn’t believe it myself.” He stood a little bit closer to Merlin. He half knows the people of R&D would be sneaking glances. Morgan had sent him an email about the latest office gossip under the guise of office updates. “Don’t overwork yourself.” He told the older man. “Make sure to get some sleep.”

“Of course, leannan.”

“I’ll be makin’ sure.” He said pointedly. The look on Merlin’s eyes changed. “I’ll call around…” he took a glance at his wristwatch. “…Eleven. If you’re not in bed by tha’ time…” He tsk-ed. “You won’t like the consequences.” Merlin’s pupils dilated. “Or, maybe, you would.” He started to walk away. “Later, sweetheart!” He hollered out for everyone to hear.

Thomas was waiting for him by the door of the dormitory. Eggsy couldn’t help but smile when he saw the pair of trainers he was wearing. Thomas looked down, ears a bit pink. “A bit…childish, I know.”

“No way, bruv!” He exclaimed. “I’ve the same pair.” Thomas looked at him, not really believing him. “I ain’t always been this clean.” He shrugged. “Kinda required in the job to dress all fancy-like.”

“Hence, the tailor front.” They started walking towards the train.

“Yeah.” He confessed. “Used to be an all trackies kind of guy. Changed when I got the job, then
changed some more.” They both got in the train. “There used to be people in Kingsman against our type of upbringin’.”

“What happened to them?” Thomas asked.

“V-day brought a sudden change in Kingsman.” He explained. “There’s no more room for people who discriminate. Arthur doesn’t tolerate any of tha’ anymore.”

They reached the shop and he was only mildly surprised when he saw Roxy with Rose. They stood up and approached him. “We’re planning on hitting the pub.” Roxy told him. “Want to come along?”

“Aren’t you goin’ to teach Rose anythin’ new?” He asked remembering Harry teaching him proper table manners and making martini.

“Is there really something I know that you don’t?” Roxy asked him saucily.

“Proper table manners?” He voiced out.

Roxy rolled her eyes at him. “Are you going to teach something to Newport?”

“I haven’t the faintest idea what I should do wit’ Thomas in the next twenty-four hours.” He admitted.

“The pub it is then.” Roxy took a sharp turn and started heading towards the door.

The two candidates looked at him. He could only shrug before following Roxy. “It’s better to just go wit’ her.” The candidates heed his warning.

Maybe Eggsy should have seen it as a bad sign when Roxy decided that they should head to Black Prince. Hindsight is twenty-twenty. It’s been a good while since he’d been in the place.

He and his friends decided to change locals when people from the estates started thinking they were delusional for trying to better their lives. Eggsy would admit that he doesn’t quite understand that mentality. But, he’d keep his mouth shut.

The bartender shot him a dubious look. That, he understands. Twice he came in here and twice a fight breaks out. He certainly hopes there won’t be a third one.

Once they’ve sat down with their drinks, Thomas whipped out his phone and made a call. He was about to tell the younger man that he can take it in private, but Thomas started speaking in another language. Another language that somehow, sounds familiar to his ears.

He remembers the sounds of the words that Hamish whispered to his ears. He doesn’t know if the man intended it so he wouldn’t understand. He didn’t need the meaning of the words to understand that Hamish was bearing his soul to him. But now, he’s starting to feel the curiosity creeping up his nape.

“Tha gaol agam ort.” Thomas said through the phone. “Nì mi moiteil thu.” With that, he ended the call. He looked up at them. “My Mam an’ Da.” He explained. “Been a while since I called.”

“Does everyone in Scotland speak Gaelic?” He asked.
“Nae.” Thomas frowned. “I dinnae think so.”

“Could you…” He pursed his lips to the side. He half knows that if he asks, he’s sure that Hamish will tell him what the words means. But, at the same time he wanted to find out on his own.

“Let me guess.” Roxy piped up. “You don’t understand the endearment that he uses on you.”

“Among others.” He took a sip – no, a large gulp from his pint.

“Oh.” Thomas’ eyes widen. Eggys’s glad that Thomas is finally comfortable in being himself around others. “I kinda told others what leannan means – only because Elijah thought it was yer name!”

Roxy barked a laugh. “The candidates’ knew before you did – some Kingsman, you are.”

Eggsy could only send a pout at her direction.

“Uh…Well, it means lover or sweetheart.” Thomas informed him.

He couldn’t stop the smile that took over his face. He thinks it’s so Hamish – being romantic but not even realizing it. Or, maybe he’s just hiding it. There’s no way the man just switches from English to Gaelic due to the heat of the moment. No, the older man does it consciously. Now, he just can’t stop the curiosity in him.

“I didn’t wrote it down.” He started. “But, I remember clearly how he sounded the words. Could you… translate a couple of it?”

“Aye, sure.” Thomas nodded.

Eggsy noticed how both Roxanne and Rose leaned closer to them. He then mouthed the words exactly the way he saw Hamish did it. He made sure to copy the sounds right. Thomas pursed his lips to the side and made him say the last word again – and he did.

Thomas’ brows were knitted together, he was soundlessly mouthing off the words, too. He put down his drink before speaking. “It’s eh… whole – no, complete.” His eyes sparked when he’d finally pinned down the correct translation. “Ye are my completion.”

Rose gave away a loud ‘aw’ while placing her right hand over her chest.

“When did he said that to you?” Roxy asked. “Harry would have told me if Merlin spoke to you in another language while he’s chaperoning, and I would have heard it. Don’t tell me that was when we left you to Ector.”

Eggsy gave her a meaningful look and after three seconds that passed, Roxy started laughing uncontrollably. It made the other patrons turn to them – especially the new comers.

“Well, if it ain’t muggsy.” Eggsy could only sigh when he heard Poodle’s voice. Dean’s former lap dog eyed him up and down – noting his scent by making a very obvious sniff in the air. “See you’ve move up by gettin’ down on your knees.” He eyed the people around the table. “Three Alphas at the same time – you’re a wild one.”

Roxy gave Poodle a warning growl. “Leave while you still have the option of walking away.”

“Aw, little Miss Alpha got a bite in her, huh?” Poodle cooed mockingly.

“Now, now…” Thomas caught everyone’s attention by his levelled tone – clearly trying to diffuse the rising tension. “We’re all just here havin’ a pint. There’s no need to throw insults around.” He tilted
his head, gesturing to Eggsy’s direction. “Best you apologize an’ we go on our separate ways.”

Poodle –being his usually dumb self, leaned down their table and tried to appear intimidating. “Tha’ piece of shite, right there, is the reason why I’ve spent two years behind bars. The one tha’ should be makin’ apologies is ‘im.” He sneered at Eggsy.

“Well.” Rose piped up. “Have you done any criminal offence to warrant a trip behind the bars?” Poodle and his gang gave Rose a confused look. “See, if the justice system didn’t found you guilty, then you wouldn’t have been put to prison. Since you’ve spent two years inside, I’m assuming you have –or, had been involved in criminal activities.” They are now looking dumbly at her. “I just want to understand why my –colleague should apologize for that.”

“He’s the one who put me inside!” Poodle yelled.

“Did he arrest you?” Rose asked –trying to appear innocent. But, it’s clear to Eggsy that she’s trying to instigate a fight –without her having to throw the first punch. She is related to Roxy, his mind supplied to himself.

“What? No.” Poodle’s now looking at her irritably –like Rose is the stupid one. “He grassed on us to the police.”

Eggsy sighed. He thought that it’s time for him to speak up. “I didn’t grass to anyone.” No, technically. Harry bugged him and Hamish started digging where the names of Dean’s associates can be found. The two are overprotective. It was fairly obvious that they have a vicious streak, too.

“Like we would believe your sorry arse.” Poodle straightened up, thinking that he had broken through them because Eggsy spoke up. “Why don’t you come here? Get on your knees for me. It’s the only thin’ you’re good for anyway.”

Right there.

That very moment.

Eggsy remembered Hamish telling him about being too casual about the candidates. He knows that it’s an inappropriate time to come to such a realization. Maybe he is –he has been a little bit too casual with his candidates.

He’s being belittled and insulted by Poodle but he doesn’t feel worried that the two candidates might undermine him.

Maybe he’s just certain that the current candidates aren’t like Digby, or Rufus, or Charlie. Maybe he’s just certain that they’ve learned not to judge people by their backgrounds and accents. Or, maybe he’s just certain of his position and place in his life –and in everybody else’s for that matter.

For one reckless moment, Eggsy opened his mouth. “Poodle…” He said in a soft –understanding voice. “You’ve nothin’ to worry about.” Everyone is looking at him, confused. “Dean won’t make you wait the street no more.”

There’s a split second pause before all hell breaks loose.

Poodle tried to grab him, but Roxy was quick to stop his hand from reaching Eggsy. Poodle’s gang tried to also get a hold of him, Rose made sure they won’t. Thomas was about to get up from his seat and join in. Eggsy drew out his hand and stopped him. Thomas gave him an inquiring look. “Let them.” He explained. “They’ve been twitchy since after the train test. It’s harder to control one’s instincts when it’s your sibling on the line. I learned from experience.”
He never wants to go back to the times where he had to be Daisy shield, still he wouldn’t change anything in his pass –because it brought him to the present. His present may not be perfect, but it certainly is better than his life before. His family is safe, his friends are living their life to the fullest, he has a job he actually loves, and he’s going to be mated soon. He can honestly say, that the pain was worth it.

The last member of Poodle’s gang landed on the floor with a heavy and painful thud. The bartender was already reaching for the phone. Roxy hurriedly walked up to him. She hands him her business card and tried to smile through huffing breath. “I’m sorry about all that.” Her tone was pleasant –a far cry from the woman who just beat up six guys. “I’ll pay for the damages, just call that number.”

The bartender’s hand was shaking as he reach for it. He ducked under the counter when he finally has it. Thomas was unashamed when he let out a laugh.

“I say.” He called for their attention. “We just buy cans of beer, head to Lancelot’s place, order pizza an’ watch rom-coms.”

“You spaced out a bit in there.” Roxy pointed out as they walk down the street. She was expecting an answer from the way she’s looking at him.

“Just remembered a conversation I had wit’ Merlin.” He told her the truth in respect to them becoming a pack. “He told me about my bein’ too casual wit’ the candidates. He pointed out my attachment to them, but I know he’s also worried about them underminin’ me.”

“Us?” Thomas asked with disbelief in his voice. “Underminin’ you? Tha’s impossible.”

“Really?” He just had to ask. “I’m not bein’ too friendly?”

“Not at all.” It was Rose who answered him this time. “You treat us nicely –make us feel like we can all do good, that makes us respect you more. Not that we don’t respect Merlin –’cause we do respect him, but he’s not really an easy guy to like.”

Eggsy laughed at that. “There was a point in trainin’ when I was certain tha’ I hate him.” He smiled as he remembered Merlin waking them up at the dead of the night to target practice. “He plays the part of a big bad meanie so well.”

Roxy rolled her eyes at him. “Almost all of Kingsman is still wondering when you started liking each other. It’s about to drive me insane.”

“I like the V-day story.” Rose giggled. “It’s so full of action and romance. And, someone from maintenance even swears he saw the two of you have sex on the plane couch.”

“Oh, my God.” He can feel his face heating up. “Are you serious?”

“I like the hidden lover story better.” Thomas said. “Very Scottish, if I may say. Merlin couldnae handle the guilt of keepin’ secrets from you.” He dramatically waved his hand in the air. “So, he left clues for you to discover Kingsman. An’, the two of you saved the world from evil!”

Eggsy groaned out loud.

Roxy spoke up. “If you guys know the truth, you wouldn’t believe it.”

The two candidates then started pestering Roxy on telling them.
End Notes

So, yay or nay?

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