Nous n'avons rien à faire, rien que d’être heureux

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Summary

“Harry, Merlin, I present you the first gift of my courtship. It is my intent, if you accept, to show you that I can not only provide for you a home and protection, but cherish you.”

Harry and Merlin have been in a relationship for decades. Many a siren have proposed them over the years, but Eggsy is the first one they're willing to give a chance.

And Eggsy isn't about to let it go to waste.

Notes

And here's the second story for the Reverse Bang!

For this story, I've got the chance to work based on paxdracona's fantastic artwork! I hope you all enjoy reading this :)

Before that though, I want to thank two people from the bottom of my heart. First, Britt for reading everything and encouraging me as I was writing this. And second, Red for cheering me up for the past few months and listening to me moan and whine whenever I needed to.

You two are best of the best. Thank you <3

Last note: The title of this fic comes from the song Le temps est bon by Isabelle Pierre. It is
actually a song about polyamory which I found very fitting XD It translates to: We've got nothing to do, nothing but be happy. What a mood. The original version is amazing but if you like something with a bit more of a beat I also suggest Bon Entendeur's remix of the song.

Eggsy turns around for the umpteenth time, but of course, Merlin and Harry are still following him. He wishes he could urge them to go faster, but as Merlin had stated earlier, there’s no rush. They all have the whole day free from any responsibilities and Eggsy himself had assured them that their secret destination wasn’t far.

In any case, their leisured pace will probably work in his favour. Harry is obviously happy having the time to admire the jellyfish swimming around in this area and Merlin is usually content whenever his mate is.

Still, the anticipation is slowly killing him and he just wants them to be there already. He needs to know their answer, even if they don’t even know yet that he is waiting for one.

He only has himself to blame for that though. He’s the one who decided to follow tradition to the letter. Not that sirens usually ignore traditions, but when politics aren’t at play, they’re more of a general guideline than exact requirements.

And since this is clearly not about a political alliance, Eggsy could have told him about his intentions already. Except… Except he wants to do this right.

In part because he wants to prove he is serious even if they know him well enough that they would never doubt him.

But mostly because they deserve his best. So that’s what they’ll get.

So really, he can’t ask them without presenting his first gift to them beforehand. It’s the most important gift after all.

“Isn’t this Charlie’s territory?”

The question breaks through his musings and he lets himself drift backward to where Merlin and Harry have stopped to an old ship wreck.

“Not anymore it’s not. Won it fair and square in our last duel.” He puffs up his chest at the memory and he can feel the sensitive membrane at the shell of his ear flare up with pride.

Harry and Merlin smile with amusement at his reaction and it would sting, except they don’t know why he fought Charlie in the first place. For whom.

Once they do, hopefully they will be less amused and maybe look at him with some appreciation.

“Word was you were fighting him to defend Roxy’s honour.”

He snorts but notices pretty soon that the two of them thought there was a part of truth in the rumours. “Come on! As if Roxy needs anyone to defend herself. She’d feed me my own tail if I tried.” And he’s got no problem admitting it. Eggsy is good, one of the best warriors in their clan, but Roxy can beat him hands down any day.
The only reason they don’t really feel like they have to compete against each other -- beside their friendship -- is because she is more of a strategist while he’s more of a hands on kind of bloke. They complete each other, at least in battle.

“Of course. We should have known better.” Merlin says and it sounds like an apology. It would be ridiculous, because no harm was done, but Eggsy gets it. Roxy worked hard to get where she is today. Even if she is not here to hear it, Merlin respects her too much not to apologize for his assumption.

“Why did you need his territory for?” Harry asks, changing the subject, as he swims closer to Eggsy. He’s aiming for casual, but the twinkle of curiosity in his eye is unmistakable. Apparently, he’s decided to put an end to Eggsy’s misery and finally find out the reason behind his secretive actions of the past few months.

And he still doesn’t want to tell them the whole deal before they reach their destination, but he can drop them a clue. Patience has never been one of his strong points.

“It’s not so much his territory I wanted. It was more about having an easy access to something nearby. And knowing him, he wouldn’t have let anyone else cross over so many times without trying to find out why.” Also Charlie is a dick and it’s always a pleasure taking him down a peg or two.

“The caves?” Harry guesses to Eggsy’s utter lack of surprise. There’s not much else around here after all. And as head of the clan, Harry knows everything about the part of the ocean they have claimed theirs to protect.

“Hmhm.” He could say more, but really, showing him will be best. “So, you coming or not?”

In lieu of an answer, Merlin takes the lead, now that he knows where they are heading. Harry and Eggsy share a grin behind his back at his eagerness. They won’t ever tell him, but it’s cute how impatient he gets when he feels close to solving a mystery.

Now that they are swimming at a good pace without stopping along the way to look at the jellyfish or any other colorful fish, it takes less than half an hour before they stop in front of the caves.

From the outside, they don’t look like much, just another rocky formation like all others. But after slipping inside through one of the few different openings, one would find themselves in a real maze of tunnels leading to various caves.

If it wasn’t for their proximity to the shore, they could make for a good home. But even if humans rarely venture into these waters, no self-respecting siren would risk it.

As such, the caves are only ever visited by younglings daring each other. And since Eggsy’s generation is the youngest in their clan, the caves have been more or less abandoned for years.

Which more than suits his purpose. If Merlin and Harry are agreeable to what he’s about to ask them, he’ll have to relocate the hideout whenever more younglings will be born to the clan, but that won’t be for a good decade. By then, Eggsy has no doubt he will have found another cave just as appropriate.

Though considering the few curses Merlin is uttering as his long tail keep snagging against rock at too sharp turns, maybe he should start looking sooner rather than later. His only worry when he had started scouting the place had been to make sure they would fit through the tunnels now that they were adults and much wider in the chest. He hadn’t given much thought to Merlin’s tail and how it’s nearly twice as long as any other sirens.
A gross oversight on his part, but one Merlin will probably forgive once he set his eyes on what Eggsy wants to show them.

Soon, they break the surface of the water in one of the caves.

He’s not quite sure how a pocket of oxygen so deep in the ocean is possible, but Eggsy isn’t really interested in finding out either. Or rather, he is, but he’s way more interested in watching his companions’ reactions than to ask Merlin for an explanation.

There’s some kind of a rocky ledge on one side of the cave, large enough that the three of them could sit on the edge, with their tails out of the water nonetheless, and not touch each other. Or they could, if it wasn’t for all that Eggsy has been gathering over there for the past few weeks.

He’s been very careful not to imagine what they would do once he showed them the little treasure trove he’s been accumulating for them. Confident as he might be, he didn’t want to raise his hopes too much either, just in case.

One thing is for certain though, even if he had imagined it, he would have been ridiculously wrong.

He would have expected Merlin to keep his cool and Harry to surge up in order to take a closer look at the jewels that gleam faintly in the phosphorescence of the rocks overhead.

Instead, Harry stays next to him while his gaze roams the expense of the little hoard of treasure in front of them and it’s Merlin who doesn’t quite manage to successfully muffle a sound of excitement. One second he is floating right next to them, the next he’s practically leapt onto the edge so he can grad at one of the human’s weapons Eggsy has salvaged from a wreck.

There is something quite mesmerizing in watching him run careful fingers over the mechanism of what Eggsy thinks is called a pistol. Something that makes it quite hard not to lose himself into fantasies about being Merlin’s newest object of study.

Thankfully, Harry has no such trouble. Either because as Merlin’s mate he has grown used to it or because his own curiosity is stronger than his desire. Or maybe it’s a little bit of both.

“What’s this, Eggsy?”

He waves his hand at the mishmash of human jewelry and weapons.

It would make for a very weird and eclectic hoard for one individual, but that’s the thing. It’s not meant for one, but two people.

Even if he is still clutching at the weapon in his hands, Merlin turns to look at him to hear his answer. Maybe Eggsy should mind, but really, it’s reassuring to see that Merlin obviously likes his part of the gift. It gives him hope that he’s doing something right.

He takes a deep breath to brace himself, because of course, now that there is definitely no going back, now he’s starting to feel nervous

But Harry and Merlin are simply watching him with open curiosity, waiting for him to be ready and okay, yeah, he can do this.

He smiles with a confidence he doesn’t quite feel and lets the formal words roll from his lips. “Harry, Merlin, I present you the first gift of my courtship. It is my intent, if you accept, to show you that I can not only provide for you a home and protection, but cherish you. And to further prove that your happiness is what I desire above all, whether or not you allow me to continue my courting, this place...
and all that is found within is yours.”

It’s customary that a first gift stays in the possession of the intended, even if the suitor is rejected, so he doesn’t get why they look so shocked. Sure, the first gift is usually on a smaller scale, but once he started exploring the many shipwrecks littering the ocean floor, there were just too many things he knew they would find either pleasing to the eye or interesting to study.

Luckily, before he can start thinking that he might have done some irreparable damage to his relationship with the two men, Merlin turns to share a look with Harry. Whatever transpires without words, it ends with an enthusiastic nod from Harry and a grin spreading on Merlin’s lips.

“We accept.”

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That Eggsy wants to court them doesn’t really come as a surprise. One would have to be blind not to notice the attraction and deep affection that colours their relationship.

And it’s not like it's the first proposal they've had over the years. Merlin has never been one for false modesty and he knows his and Harry's worth. They're both attractive, strong, intelligent, and heads of a powerful clan, even if that last is more Harry than him.

What gives Merlin a brief moment of pause however is the obvious level of thoughts the lad has given this courtship business before putting his plan into action. With such an impressive first gift, there is no doubting his intentions. Not that Merlin would have doubted his sincerity. Eggsy is unable of the simplest dishonesty, at least with the people he holds dear to his heart.

But with this -- the fighting for a territory, the cave, the many weapons in near perfect state for Merlin to study and the various pretty pieces of jewelry for Harry to admire -- there’s no hiding the value Eggsy gives the whole matter. It’s important to him. They are important to him. So much so that he would shame many a head of clan's courting in the hopes of a political alliance.

It would feel a bit too much if the gift had been for Merlin alone, but that’s the thing. Eggsy isn’t courting them individually. He’s courting them together. He understands, where so many have failed to see before, that they're a pair. No matter the situation, they've always presented a united front.

Courting them, it's not just about impressing them on their own. It's also about respecting the bond they already share and wanting to become a part of that. Showing them that maybe, just maybe, they've been wrong for decades, and something is missing to their bliss.

If anyone could accomplish this feat, it would be Eggsy.

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Merlin has always hated the second gift of courtships. Not as much as he’s always abhorred some people’s interpretation of what the first gift should be, but it’s still close enough.

His loathing for the latter is all about how some suitors will use it as a mean to show off rather than what it’s really intended for. The first gift should be about showing to your intended that you know where their interests lie. It also serves as a promise that even if you don't have the same curiosity about it, you'll do your best to provide them with opportunities to indulge.

And sure, maybe it makes him a hypocrite to scorn such people when Harry’s first gift to him decades ago had been so over-the-top, but the thing is, Harry never tried to show off for social
standing. Him charming the crew of a new make of vessel into a detour just so that he could have it sunk at the edge of Merlin's territory was simply because he has always had poor impulse control.

And sure, he likes to preen, but what makes it bearable is that he only cares if it's Merlin admiring him. And also because Merlin loves him enough that he finds it endearing instead of overbearing.

It speaks of both his fondness for the lad and Eggy’s own cunningness, that he appreciates the first gift he offered them so much. It's a grand gesture for sure, but it's a private one. Eggsy can boast about it, Harry can preen under the attention and Merlin can simply enjoy it without everyone and their pet starfish pointing at him.

Unfortunately, it’s impossible to avoid attention on the second gift. After all, it’s with that one that a suitor must prove to their intended as well as the whole clan that they can provide for them.

Which means either food or a home. And considering Harry and Merlin have lived in the same territory for years and that Eggsy must know they never plan to move, it only leaves one option.

He can only hope that with the news of Eggy’s courtship already a few days old, the members of their clan won’t be too interested in the proceedings, but he’s not really holding his breath. He’d probably have better luck learning magic, successfully turning his tail into legs and go live among humans.

At least, their clan knows better than to bother him with questions about why they’ve accepted Eggy’s courtship when they’ve refused all others over the last decades.

Regrettably, they have no qualms asking Harry and the man has proven once more that he is a hopeless romantic fool when Merlin finally hears the latest rumors. If it’s Harry who said it or if people have come to the asinine conclusion themselves, Merlin isn’t sure, but apparently, it has been declared that the three of them were always meant to be.

He should at the very least be irritated, because he’s never believed in predestination, but it’s very hard to muster even the barest frown when Harry looks as if he's half-lost into a pleasant dream anytime someone so much as mentions Eggsy in their presence.

Not to forget that Merlin has never been one to lie to himself. He’s got it just as bad for the lad as Harry does.

And even if he is immune to the hypnotic spell of Eggy’s voice -- unlike the poor humans on the merchant ship that has ventured into the tricky waters of their hunting bay -- it doesn’t change the fact that he is the best singer in their clan. Listening to him has never been a hardship, except that today he’s got no reason to clamp down on the jealousy twisting his insides at the other warriors appreciation of Eggy’s skills.

Of course, they might not be mated yet, but barring Eggy committing such a horrible faux-pas that neither Harry nor him could overlook, this is definitely heading in that direction.

Thankfully, Eggy is just as efficient as ever and it’s not long before the ship crashes on the rocks.

And once the spell is broken after the humans start hitting the cold waters, the hunt is on.

Harry and Merlin stay put as the warriors start giving chase, acting as lookout to make sure no mortals escape. But also because Eggy promised them that they wouldn’t need to even flap a fin. As today’s bait, Eggy doesn’t have to participate in the hunt any further, but that’s not what this is about.

Soon, the water of the bay is muddled red with blood and Eggy proudly swims their way with more
bodies than any other warriors today.
For one, it would be an unreasonable excess of food.
For two, sheer gluttony.
But for three, it is just perfect.
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The next gifts are thankfully not bound by tradition.
If they wanted they could choose now to officialise their bond and no one would bat an eye. In fact, some members of their clan had expected them to.
But that’s not knowing Eggsy very well.
Courtships are not just about the gifts. At least not this courtship.
This courtship is also about learning about the other. Learning about being together.
So that’s what Eggsy does.
He follows them around in their day-to-day activities, helping them carry out their responsibilities whenever they ask. He never once presumes they need the help though and even if he’s usually not too far, they don’t feel like he’s smothering them.
He makes sure Merlin never skips a meal, no matter how deep in research he is. More often than not nowadays, Merlin only need to extend a hand whenever he starts feeling peckish to find some food left out for him. It reminds him of the early years of his mating with Harry, when Chester was still head of the clan and Harry could pretend he still had some free time.
He’s never begrudge Harry for having to stop caring for him in such small ways because he understands more than anyone all the responsibilities resting on a head of clan’s shoulders, but he can’t say he hates being on the receiving end of the little attentions again either.
And he prefers that to being showered in gifts like Harry is.
Not that there is anything wrong with that, it’s just not for him.
Harry though… Harry loves pretty things.
And each day, he comes back home with a new treasure, showing it off happily to anyone who asks, bragging about how Eggsy is spoiling him.
It should be annoying -- and it probably is to anyone not in their relationship -- but Merlin can’t remember a time he’s been more in love.
It’s been too long since Harry has been that confident in his Worth.
Not that he’s ever doubted that he is a competent head of clan, with the strength to protect it against all threats and wisdom to guide it through all adversity. But since the injuries he’s gotten at the hands of that traitor Valentine, Merlin can tell Harry doesn’t think he’s much desirable anymore.
It’s ridiculous, but there’s not much Merlin can do to change his mind. Yes, Harry doesn’t doubt him when Merlin calls him handsome, but it’s not the comfort it should be to his vanity. They both know
that Merlin would still believe him to be beautiful even if he looked like an anglerfish.

Eggsy though… Eggsy is a handsome siren in his own right. A strong and capable warrior. He could have anyone he sets his sight on. And yet, he only has eyes for them.

In their youth, it would have turned Harry into an insufferable prick. Now however, it’s an ego boost that makes him carefree like he hasn’t been in a long time.

It’s a good look on him.

It’s the most precious gift Eggsy could have given Merlin.

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Eggsy is practically vibrating with excitement when he hands him an intricate wooden box. It’s pretty enough, but the material alone is enough to let Harry know the gift lies inside. After all, wood doesn’t last long in the ocean.

Were he a cruel man, he’d play dumb and he would draw it out longer, but truth be told, he’s probably just as impatient as Eggsy is.

Not that anyone can blame him, not when all of the previous gifts have been a delight. Of course he cannot wait to find out about this one too.

Even Merlin, who Eggsy has somehow convinced to leave his experiment alone long enough to share a meal with them drifts closer to get a better view.

They both gasp when Harry finally lifts the lid. Pearls aren’t as much of a rarity for them as they are for humans, but it’s the first time he’s had the luck to set an eye on black pearls.

Eggsy grins at him as Harry stares at him completely speechless and Merlin reaches with one hand, carefully brushing the pad of a fingertip against the pearls.

“These are peacock pearls, aren’t they?” There’s a wonder in his voice that surprises Harry. Merlin has never been one for jewelry and other pretty things. He might be intrigued by something rare, but he’ll only be impressed if that thing also has some useful or unusual property.

And these pearls serve no other purpose than to be admired.

“Yes.” Eggsy is still grinning and the delicate green membrane at the shell of his ears flares up in that adorable way it does when he’s feeling proud of himself.

“How?”

Eggsy shrugs as if the how doesn’t matter and chuckles when Merlin narrows his eyes at him. Though once it’s clear Eggsy won’t say more after he gives him a cheeky wink, Merlin doesn’t insist and instead start getting the food ready, both of them working seamlessly together.

Harry should help out too, but he finds he’s frozen in his spot, as if he’s been caught in a gorgon’s gaze.

He’s never wondered where Eggsy has gotten his gifts. Most of them are obviously from wreckage or Eggsy’s travels. As their best warrior, it’s common enough that he is sent out as an escort for their diplomats.

But these pearls…
These pearls are also known as Tahitian pearls, because that’s the only region they can be found in. Meaning either Eggisy went himself and managed a trade with another siren clan or had tremendous luck while searching wrecks.

One way or the other, the bottom line is, he went to a lot of trouble for them. Like he did all the other gifts Harry received.

Which should make him feel happy and spoiled -- and it does -- but… But he’s also just come to a realisation.

He’s the only one getting gifts.

Since that day Eggisy hunted for them, he didn’t offer Merlin anything of his own.

And sure, Merlin doesn’t like being fussed over but this is a courtship. He has had no reason to doubt Eggisy’s honesty and dedication to them, but maybe he doesn’t even realise himself that he is treating them differently.

Not that it would be a bad thing, since they are their own people, but it feels like maybe, Eggisy isn’t as invested in winning Merlin’s affections as he should be. And as much as Harry might love Eggisy already, there is no way he can do this if they aren’t all in this together.

Especially not when he knows how enamoured Merlin is of Eggisy already. It would be devastating to find out Eggisy only desires one of them after all.

But then Merlin calls him over and he’s smiling and so happy and Harry can’t bring himself to say anything yet.

He even thinks he’s doing a good job hiding his inner turmoil, but shortly after the meal is over, Eggisy finds an excuse to leave them and there’s an undeniable tension between all of them that has never been there before.

“Ok, what was that about?”

He doesn’t try to lie. It would be no use, Merlin would see right through him, just like he’s seen right through his attempts to act casually earlier.

Still, it doesn’t make the words come any more easily.

“It’s just that… I’m the only one receiving gifts. It’s like Eggisy’s not… Like he isn’t courting you anymore.”

If he was upset by the thought of it, saying it out loud feels like crushing his own heart. Then again, Merlin is his heart in a way. Hurting him, even if it’s simply by pointing out something out of his control is terrible. But it would be worse if he didn’t say anything.

For a long moment, Merlin stares at him, blankly.

He’s probably replaying the last few weeks in his mind and coming to the same inevitable conclusion Harry did. That they’ve been wrong about Eggisy.

He’s not a fit for them, no matter how much they want him to be.

No matter how much they love him.

Harry’s about to drift closer so that he can at least wrap their tails together, the only comfort Merlin
ever accepts, when his mate shocks him with a laugh.

And not one that’s confused or broken either.

No, it’s an actual genuine chuckle. A bit exasperated, but also definitely fond.

“Harry, you’re a bloody idiot.”

Before he can protest -- or do much of anything for that matter -- Merlin is the one wrapping his tail around him and using his hold on him to drag him the rest of the way into his arms. He presses his lips against his left temple, right in the middle of the scar.

Funny how Harry hasn’t given his old scars much thought lately.

“You know I don’t enjoy that kind of attention. Of course Eggsy has figured it out too.” It should be a relief, but it isn’t, not really. It feels too much like Merlin is being left out of an important part of what will become the basis of their mating. Before he can point it out however, Merlin continues.

“And you should know he’s given me something even more precious than all of your jewels combined.”

He frowns at that because Merlin hasn’t mentioned any other gift before and it feels oddly like a betrayal that he wouldn’t have told Harry yet.

Merlin chuckles again and cups his cheeks in his hands, forcing him to look at him instead of sulking.

“Harry, darling, he’s making you carefree again. It’s more than I could ever ask for.”

It’s Harry’s turn to stare at Merlin blankly.

Somehow, he had forgotten that his mate could be even more romantic than he himself could.

“Oh.”

He surges up to kiss him after that, because really, what else is there to say? Love is always better expressed through actions rather than words.

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Harry is nervous.

He has no reason to be and yet, here he is, plagued with doubts.

Again.

At least, this time he doesn’t need Merlin spelling it out for him to know he is being an absolute idiot.

After all, there is no reason why Eggsy would refuse their gift, not when he’s been courting them for weeks now.

Still, it’s a good thing he’s not the one actually presenting the gift to him, because he’d probably have lost his nerves a long time before he could do so. For his part, Merlin only seems impatient to get on with it all.

It’s why he’s not really surprised when Merlin throws away their plan of sharing a meal with Eggsy before giving him his first gift as soon as Eggsy joins them in their home.
“Eggsy, we present you with the first gift of our courtship. It is our intent, if you accept, to not only open our home to you, but show you that you are an equal part in this relationship. We want to make you feel just as special as you have done us these past weeks.”

The words aren’t quite as formal as Eggsy’s were at the beginning of it all, mostly because it’s always been understood in siren culture that every bond is different. This is the moment when they’ll start to define what they all want from this mating and hope it coincides.

“You would honor us to accept this gift and match our colours from now on.” With that, Merlin offers Eggsy the necklace they’ve made out of some of the peacocks pearls he’s gifted Harry the last time.

Sirens rarely wear any type of jewelry even if most of them, like Harry, hoard them in some fashion or another. But they are a few official duties where it is traditionally expected from different members of the clan. Among those, of course, the leader. And while it’s not a requirement for their bondmate, it is a usual show of solidarity and support for them to wear a matching piece. It’s one of the few traditions even Merlin has found nothing to complain about.

Thus, the necklace is undeniable proof of Eggsy’s importance in their life.

Eggsy is silent for long enough that Harry starts worrying, but he really shouldn’t have.

“Fuck yeah. I mean yes. Yes, of course, of course I bloody accept.” He laughs giddily and Harry is powerless to do anything but smile back when Eggsy turns to beam at him. “This means I can kiss you now, right?”

Besides him, Merlin guffaws, not at all bothered that Eggsy has already forgotten all about his gift already. Not that Harry cares either. At the moment, he doesn’t think he’s ever heard of a better idea than a kiss.

“Yes lad, this is exactly what it means.”

“Sweet!” Eggsy shoots Merlin a quick grin, before crowding into Harry’s space, cupping his cheeks with his hands, so very certain of his welcome.

“Hey,” he says softly, simply, and then closes the distance between their lips.

It’s a chaste kiss with barely any pressure at all, but Harry feels like melting and closes his eye for the duration. It’s such a lovely kiss in fact that Harry finds himself chasing after the contact when it ends. But Eggsy isn’t swayed into giving him another one and for good reason.

He’s kissing Merlin now.

Harry hasn’t really imagined what their first kiss would be like, but if he had, he would have been sorely mistaken.

Merlin and Eggsy are both headstrong, confident men. They rarely back down from a perceived challenge and their natural protectiveness of whom they love usually comes off as dominance.

He thought they would clash. Not in a bad way, but simply as in they would each try to one-up the other. Force the other to follow their lead.

Instead, the kiss can only be described as a slow and sensual exploration. A discovery.

It starts tender and stays that way for a long time until Eggsy opens his mouth to Merlin’s tongue and
Harry has to grip one of their shoulders each to stay steady, a moan escaping him at the tableau they make in front of him.

The last thing he wanted was to distract them, but they part not long after, unable to ignore the prickle of his claws on their skin.

They don’t seem to mind the interruption much however, even if Eggsy gives Merlin a playful bite on his lower lip before they both turn their attention on him.

Soon, Harry finds himself held between them, Merlin at his back and Eggsy at his front. He feels somewhat overwhelmed, but also completely safe. The latter feeling only deepens when Eggsy tangles their tails together.

Though when Merlin wraps both of theirs in his much longer one, effectively bringing them all closer together, what had been comforting at first now causes a fire to start burning low in his belly.

Merlin and Eggsy kiss again above his shoulders, much more passionately this time. Harry would have minded having lost their attention again already, but he only needs to turn his head so that he can start exploring the expanse of Eggsy’s neck with his lips. His focus on the sensitive skin of his gills is soon rewarded by shameless moans and he grins against the smooth skin.

He doesn’t realise they’ve stopped kissing until he feels a sharp bite at the back of his neck from Merlin. His moan joins Eggsy’s and he shivers when Merlin starts licking the mark he’s sure to have left. It’s not an apology however, not when Merlin has known for decades now that Harry likes the edge of pain to his pleasure.

Harry leans back into Merlin’s chest and feels him rest his own chin on his shoulder. Even without seeing him, he can feel the serious look he’s giving Eggsy who is staring at them with desire and open affection.

“You will help me take care of Harry, won’t you lad?”

“Sure,” the answer comes without any hesitation, “as long as you continue to let me take care of you.”

And if Harry had had any doubt left that this was anything but the beginning of a long and loving relationship, Merlin’s utter lack of objection as he simply nods in return would have put them all to rest.

But relieved or not, Harry cannot let that go without protest. “I hope you don’t seriously think I won’t be taking care of you both either.” It sounds slightly more petulant in his ears than he intended, but there’s no helping it now.

Merlin snorts softly in the crook of his neck and he sees Eggsy roll his eyes before being distracted when Eggsy grabs one of his hands in his, linking their fingers together, and curls his other arm around Harry’s waist. Harry goes to mirror that last gesture, but before he can move, Merlin catches the wrist of his free hand in his.

“Harry, I don’t think I’ve ever seen you not taking care of someone. You’ve always been there for everyone. You’ve always put your duties to the clan above all else.”

Merlin hums in agreement and kisses his cheek before adding to what Eggsy has been saying. “He’s right, darling. You’ve always put others first. And while I’d never ask you to change, and neither would Eggsy, you’ll simply have to accept that we’ll be putting you first. I’ve always done so, of course Eggsy will too.”
They’re not exactly wrong, but it doesn’t mean that Harry has to agree.

Before he can give voice to any of his protests however, Merlin bends down his head to bite at his shoulder. All thoughts of arguing leave his mind right then and there.

He thinks he hears Eggsy’s amused chuckle before he mirrors Merlin’s gesture on the other side of his neck, but it’s hard to tell over his own moans.

It doesn’t really matter anyway.

Not when Eggsy seems intent to prove just how quick of a study he is and when Merlin obviously delights in teaching him how to make Harry lose his mind with pleasure.

Not when this is only the beginning of the rest of their lives together.
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