Well Matched

by jaimistoryteller

Summary

Harry's body is insisting he find a mate or die. Eggsy has been given 14 days to find an alpha or lose his son. Interesting things happen when they meet. Is it purely chance that they happen to meet at an Alpha-Omega mate finding event?

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Harry’s POV

As he wakes up after nearly dying in an explosion, he can feel the alpha within him crying out for a mate. His body burns in need and he can barely stand the ache coming from his currently deflated knot. Well fuck. It appears his instincts have finally decided to assert themselves. He can find a mate or die. Not a combination of choices he really appreciates. He is still in the process of considering what to do when his long time friend comes in the medical ward.

“Good to see ya awake,” Merlin declares, “What’s that expression for?”

“Find me a matching company. My body has decided that it’s a mate or painful death time,” he answers, voice hoarse from disuse.

His friend’s eyes widen, instantly he nods, and grabs the tablet stored into his pocket. “Male or female omega?”

“Male, preferably.” He answers as his eyes shut and he feels the fire rippling through his body. “At least twenty, not anything younger, they have to be open to breeding, my biology insists on it. From London would be preferred.”

As he speaks, the computer genius quickly taps away at his tablet, head occasionally nodding.

“There are four places that host male omega only events. Three of them are holding events this weekend. Would you like to be signed up for them?” Merlin queries as he glances up.

“Might as well. I have to do this as soon as possible,” he grumbles, another wave of cramps rushing through his body.

“Friday at six pm, Saturday at eight pm, and Sunday at two pm, all three are casual dress, they included dinner and mingling.” The hacker states clearly.

He nods, still tired though also hungry. “What day are we on?”

“Wednesday night, rather late actually, might be considered Thursday mornin’,” Merlin answers with a nod in his direction.

“Well then, I better rest a bit more, and then make sure to feed myself up, also need to make sure my house is stocked with the needed supplies for two at least.” He mutters, trying to think of anything else that might be needed.

“I’ll make arrangements, and send Roxy with supplies, you know how much she just loves grunt work,” the hacker comments mischievously.

A chuckle escapes his lips, the youngest member of their network of information gathers hates doing errands, but does them anyways because she knows that she is one of the few people who can enter their homes without causing their alpha natures to rebel. Closing his eyes, he drifts back off to sleep trusting his friend to figure out what he would need.
Eggsy’s POV

“Mr. Unwin, as you were never married and only have a partial bond on file, if you cannot produce an alpha to assist in the raising of Anthony, he will be taken and given to a secure family for raising.” The social worker informs him coolly, looking down her nose at him as if he should not be allowed to keep his son.

That pisses him off because he does not know why the bond never took, why it never went any further than a breeding bond, why this bitch should be allowed to decide whether he is fit to raise his child or not.

“Do you understand me?” she nearly snaps, pen tapping against the clipboard.

“I understand,” he replies, fighting back a growl. He hates betas like this. Acting like his status as an omega makes him less stable than some of the betas out there.

“Good, you have fourteen days,” she announces. She doesn’t bother to bid him or Tony goodbye before she turns and leaves, walking out like this place is beneath her.

Glancing around the small studio flat, he can admit it is not ideal for a child but it’s not that horrible. His Tony gets a lot of love and affection from him. Everything he does, from the shitty jobs running errands to the baby sitting gigs he occasionally does, are to provide for his son.

As he heads to the front door to lock it, he tugs his phone out of his pocket, he dials up his long time friend Roxy, hoping that she will have some ideas for him.

“Hey Eggsy,” she answers the phone.

“’ullo Roxy, I need a favor, or maybe two.” He greets her, glancing over at his sleeping son.

“I’m in the city, want me to stop by?” she queries.

“Yeah,” he answers, “That’d be great.”

“See you in forty-five minutes,” she tells him.

Nodding even though she cannot see it, he agrees, “See you then.”

Hanging up, he heads into the kitchenette area to make some tea and get Tony’s snacks ready for when he wakes up. He refuses to lose his son. At this point he will do practically anything to keep him. Ethan might not have been a great mate, but he was still his, and now he is dead and he is looking at losing his son. He can’t lose his son.

It takes him roughly fifteen minutes to get everything ready and he flinches when he realizes exactly how little he has in the cupboards. He will have to get more food for Tony as soon as possible. Tony is not allowed to go hungry. Fuck. He’s still waiting for his last three jobs to pay.

Just as his little boy wakes up, he hears a steady knock at the door.

“Come in Roxy,” he calls out, knowing that if it is her, she’ll use her key.

While he picks up Tony to give him a hug, she unlocks the door and slides in, a full brown bag in her arms.
“Hi Eggsy,” she greets him before heading to the counter to set the bag down. Then she walks over to the table where Tony and him are at, carefully grabbing Tony’s foot and wiggling his foot, “Hello Tony-love.”

“Aut Rozy!” the three years old happily exclaims, clapping his hands together.

He smiles at his little boy, carefully putting him in the high chair and closing it.

“How’s my favorite nephew?” she asks as she settles into a chair at the table close by and wiggles his foot again.

Tony giggles, hands still clapping together excitedly.

Since he doesn’t have to worry about his little boy for a minute, he fetches the snack from the counter and brings it over to Tony. Setting the plate down in front of his toddler, he glances at his friend and tips his head towards the sofa bed.

She nods, leaning forward to kiss Tony’s forehead before standing and walking with him.

He keeps an eye on his son as they sit down.

“That bitch came by just before I called you. She gave me fourteen days to find a new alpha or I lose Tony,” he tells her, skipping right to what the problem is. Part of him wants to argue about her bringing food nearly every time she comes over, but at the same time, he accepts it because it is always stuff for Tony. Tony is all that matters, he needs to eat and if she wants to provide food for his little boy, he is not going to complain.

“What?” she exclaims, eyes widening, anger and disbelief entering her scent. “They can’t do that!”

“Apparently they can,” he motions to the packet of papers on his small desk, “It’s all there, in those papers. Any suggestions on what I can do?”

She has her phone out and is typing before he has a chance to finishes, “There are several events going on for match making services,” she mutters as she glances through them. “Hmmm these two are paid, so that’s not working, but this last one might work, it’s for males only and free for omegas as long as they are clean and dressed in casual nice.”

He nods, offering a small smile. “That could be doable. I have a few nice outfits around here, when is it?”

“Sunday starting at two pm,” she answers as she fills in the information for it.

Flinching, he looks down, “Shit, mum won’t be able to watch Tony then, the arsehole will be home.”

“I’ll watch him, take him Saturday and keep him until Monday. You can find an alpha to make a deal with, one who doesn’t mind the fact you have such an adorable little boy, and all will be fine.” She quickly announces with a playful grin.

“You’re a lifesaver,” he tells her.

“Of course I am, I’m awesome, we both know that.” She replies with a mischievous grin, getting serious she comments, “I’m sorry I am not an alpha, I would have showed her up in a heartbeat, but my neuter status makes me worthless.”
Bumping her shoulder, he gives a small shake of his head, “Don’t worry about it, you’re the best neuter friend I could have asked for.”

She just smiles back.

Time to start planning and plotting what he is going to do.

Chapter End Notes

Publishing schedule, I will update one or two stories on Saturday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday

Tumblr about my writing JaimiStoryTeller

I love reviews, comments, and any other sort of communication, feel free to stop in to say hi
Harry’s POV

The first two events were a bust.

The one held at Omega Mingle was for just barely in their twenties alphas and omegas. He is probably the oldest alpha there, and not a single omega in the bunch smells good. They are all so annoying and overly excitable, not something he wants in a mate. Most don’t even know what they want to do with themselves, expecting their alpha to pick for them. Shouldn’t they act like adults if they are going to be trying to bond and mate like adults?

The event held at Mate Mingle is almost as bad, only all the omegas there are close to or already going through their version of menopause. That’s not going to work for him either. The ones that aren’t just don’t seem appealing for a variety of reasons, though the biggest is the smell. As much as he hates to say he is vain, a few are due to the fact they are downright ugly. Maybe that’s not nice, but between stinking as far as his sense of smell cared and the ugly, well, he is fine without picking any of them. No reason to make his stomach turn any more than it already is.

That leaves him with tonight’s event at A&O – Males Night. It’s the last one for this weekend, and if he cannot find someone tonight he will have to try something else, but really, he would rather meet them in person. That gives him a chance to scent them, see if he could tolerate their smell.

He arrives at the event just after it begins, coming in with a small group of other alphas. Almost immediately his senses are assaulted by the scent of so many omegas and alphas in the confined space. Most smell excited, happy, and nervous. There are a few that smell bored or angry, and several that are scared or sad. Shaking his head, he is happy when the room’s air suddenly starts clearing.

Glancing up, he spots the vents and the fans pulling the air to them. Good, though a small part of him wants to know why they were not on sooner.

Might as well look around the gathering. See if anyone seems appealing, he thinks as he snatches a glass of wine off a passing tray. Hopefully he will find someone he can tolerate at least, maybe a little bit more would be nice.

The next three hours pass in a blur as he moves among the people in the main room and checks out the other rooms to see what they have in them. Several different omegas flirt with him, but none of them smell good. In fact, the one makes his stomach roll in the most unpleasant of ways. Twice he catches a soft scent in the air which he finds ever so appealing but is having a hard time finding the owner of that wonderful scent with so many other scents in the air.

It seems to be purely by chance that he finds himself standing in a corner by a couple of large, leafy plants when the scent gets closer. His eyes narrow and his nose twitch as he tries to determine where that wonderful scent is coming from now that it is closer. It is only when he sees an alpha shoved roughly away from the other side of the potted plant to the left that he realize there is a person there.

“Fucking arsehole, I said no touching;” a soft voice growls from the other side of the plant, “God, ‘e stank.”
Stepping forward and glancing over, he spots a slender young man with dark brown hair, sharp cheekbones, and vibrant gray-green eyes.

“I have been having that same issue over the last two nights.” He remarks calmly as he meets the younger man’s startled eyes, “They are either clingy or stink.” Offering a hand, he smiles and introduces himself, “Harry Hart.”

For a minute the omega eyes him, he seems to be studying him, before accepting the offered hand and replying, “Eggsy Unwin.”

Tilting his head, his eyes sweep the room as he recalls that there is a buffet set up in the next room over.

“Would you like to have dinner with me, Eggsy? I believe there is food set up in the next room over for those who wish to sit down and speak.” He queries with another smile, this one a bit warmer than the last, his nose twitches again and he nearly groans in delight. Finally an omega that smells good. Actually he doesn’t just smell good, he smells great.

A small smile twitches the corners of the omega’s lips as he replies, “I’d like that.”

Chapter End Notes

I love comments, any you want to leave I would greatly appreciate, thanks for reading
Dinner and a Conversation

Harry’s POV
A low chuckles passes the gorgeous omega’s lips, light he loops their arm and nods. “That would be great.”

They do not speak as they weave their way through the mess of people to the dining room. Just as quietly, he leads his new companion to a table towards the far wall and back by a pair of glass doors leading outside.

At the table he realizes his mistake. He should have gone towards the buffets not straight to a table. Only he wanted to provide food and have it accepted. To show he was an acceptable and mannered alpha. Flushing slightly, he is considering doing a quick U-turn when he notices the playful smile on the younger man’s lips.

“Chicken, pretty much any veggies or fruit, tea or soda not alcohol,” Eggsy remarks relatively calmly as he slides into the seat, turning it slightly towards the back so no one could walk up behind him.  

He sighs softly in relief before giving a nod and turning on his heel. That went better than expected. The young man seems to know about courting behaviors. Humming to himself, he heads to the buffet area in order to make Eggsy a plate first. He is happy when he spots the nice trays sitting on a table with other utensils and dishes. It only takes him a few minutes to make up two plates and get a fresh pot of tea with all the things needed for it. Since Eggsy had not specified what sort of chicken he wanted, he selected slices from each type, along with small tasters of each vegetable and fruit dish that would fit on the plate.

Returning to the table, he carefully sets the plates before the younger man before taking his seat.

Eggsy glances down at the plate, a wistful smile curving to his lips before he looks up, eyes serious and full of some unspoken emotion.

Did he make bad choices? He went off what he was told, and tried to not get too much of any one thing because he wanted to see what the omega enjoyed first.

“Before this continues any further and I accept this rather appealing looking plate, I should tell you that I was partly bonded and I ‘ave a three year old son.” His companion states as he watches him closely.

His nose barely moves as he takes in a deep scent, it wasn’t a chemically broken bond or a faded bond that means it was broken by death. Can he handle having a mate with a child from another bond? His instincts scream yes, because that means that he knows the younger man can have another one. There is only one concern he has about it.

“Did your mate imprint on your son?” An imprint could cause issues, massive ones because it would make his instincts concerned about another alpha coming back to take what’s his. That is one of the biggest worries when an omega takes a new mate, the imprinting.

Eggsy shakes his head slightly, “No, he started to but was deployed before it took. So it faded by time Tony was two.”
He smiles in relief, nodding at the plate, considering nudging it a little closer.

“Then we do not have a problem,” he comments, again his eyes flicker to the plate of food, waiting for his companion to take a bite. “Did I make bad selections?” he eventually inquires.

“No,” the omega replies with a small smile, “I’m just startled, most alphas have an issue with the fact I have a son.”

He tips his head slightly in understanding.

Quietly the younger man pulls the plate a little closer, picks up a fork and selects a bite to eat.

He is surprised by the sudden relief that pours through him, the way he relaxes, and his lips curl in a pleased smile. The first step of courting has been accepted, the offer of food taken. According to the warm expression on the omegas face it is even happy with his selection.

“This garlic roasted chicken is wonderful,” the younger man states after he finishes the bite.

Warmth curls in his stomach, though he does not know why, he hadn’t made it, he had just collected a little of every type of chicken up there. “That’s good,” he finally replies, “Eggsy, how do you feel about having more children?”

Gray-green eyes narrow at him questioningly, but nothing is actually said, perhaps he should explain why he inquires.

“I was recently injured, majorly injured during an accident, it has kicked my alpha instincts into overdrive, pushing me to find a mate and breed,” he explains calmly, watching the omega’s expression to see what he thinks. “Prior to that, I had not considered a mate, I am rarely home and have always been the type to spend the time I am home enjoying quiet activities. With the recent accident, my work schedule is going to change, which will make having a mate a bit more logical.”

Still the younger man watches him, studying him carefully. “Why me?” Eggsy finally queries after a sip of tea that has him humming in pleasure.

“For one thing, you are not acting like those omegas who are throwing themselves at the alphas. Actually, you are acting more like an omega who would rather not deal with the drama. For another thing, you smell divine. Lastly, I have a feeling you know exactly what you want and try to go after it.” He replies seriously, he doesn’t list any of the other traits he has noticed.

Chuckling, the younger man remarks, “You don’t smell bad yourself.”

He takes that as a win, tilting his head forward slightly and smiling in a rather pleased fashion.

Several minutes pass in relative silence as they eat their dinners, each studying the other openly.

“Why are you looking for an alpha?” he inquires once he has finished

Since there is only a few bites left, the younger man finishes his plate before answering, “My social services worker ‘as decided as an unbonded omega without a family to fall back on, I am not fit to raise my son. I was given fourteen days to find an alpha.”

He blinks in shock. That is not nearly enough time to find and bond safely, not when adding a child to the mix. Before a bond would even be possible, the child and alpha would have to meet, to make sure there was not going to be any territorial issues at the least. It must have been a beta who made the decision, because no omega would decree something so stupid.
"Is your worker an idiot?" he asks with a tilt of his head.

"Probably, I know she’s a beta, and I know we ‘aven’t gotten along since the day I met her."

The omega replies with a shrug.

Glancing at the plates, he inquires, "Would you like some more?"

"The BBQ chicken and that steamed veggies mix were wonderful,"

the younger man answers with a smile.

"Be right back," he comments as he lifts the plates and heads back to the buffet, setting them in a soapy dish bucket near a bin, before heading towards the buffet again. This time he makes a plate that has the foods he noticed Eggsy favored, with the biggest portions being the two he had mentioned before he makes himself a second plate. It’s rather pleasing to see that the younger man is eating as much as he is. Too many omegas hardly eat anything, trying to be overly thin like a beta woman. It’s not healthy, for either the beta women or the omegas, but he still sees it far too often. He occasionally wishes that the standard of plumpness was acceptable once more.

Returning to the table he presents Eggsy with his plate before setting his down. A passing waiter takes the tray, the exact same way a different waiter had taken the first one.

"Thank you," the younger man murmurs, fork spearing a carrot to eat. "I love fresh vegetables."

Smiling, he makes a note of that in his mind. When they are done eating, he will see if the younger man would be willing to find a quiet place to scent each other, to see if they are compatible. From what he can smell they are, but it is still a good idea to check. If they are, he will make arrangements to meet Eggsy’s son, and continue the courting process. Just spending time with the omega has already calmed his biology down some, it’s a hope they can spend at least seven days working on getting to know each other, and possibly discuss bonding on the eighth day.

Now how to ask Eggsy that?

Like the first plate of food, they eat the second in relative companionable silence, with only a little bit of small chat here and there.

When they finish, he queries, "Would you care to find somewhere a hair more private, and attempt scenting?"

Those gray-green eyes study him seriously for a long moment before slowly nodding, "That would be acceptable, they actually ‘ave rooms set aside for that exact purpose. Though there are guards to protect the omegas since not all alphas ‘ave the manners to back off when told to."

He smiles warmly at that. "That’s perfect."

The two of them quickly stand and stride off, he follows the younger man through the mess of people, watching some of the other alphas suddenly look at Eggsy like he is a tasty treat. A low growl is barely held behind his teeth when one of them reaches for the younger man who quickly side steps without their hands ever touching him. He can see the small smile that plays at the edge of the omegas lips.

When they reach the room, the guards take a quick look at him and nod, neither saying anything.

Slipping inside they go just a little ways in before the younger man stops and pivots to face him, tilting his head up as his bright eyes study him before tilting it just a bit more to expose his throat.
Carefully he steps forward, dipping his head slightly, and running his nose down very lightly down Eggsy’s throat, a low rumble of pleasure bubbling up in his throat.

It takes a great deal of effort to force himself to straighten, and tilt his own head up so the omega can return the favor.

That hint of a smile seems to grow as the younger man leans in, his nose running upwards since he is a little shorter.

“You smell damned good,” Eggsy comments as he steps backwards.

He swallows and nods, “So do you.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello my lovely readers, what do you all think so far? Any comments or thoughts are welcome
Arrangements

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Eggsy’s POV

“Right, well then Eggsy,” the alpha begins once they have stared at each other for a bit, he is waiting to see what the older man has to say before saying anything himself. “I have a proposition for you.”

He waves a hand for the older man to continue but doesn’t say anything because he is still waiting.

“Tomorrow I could take you for lunch, you and your son, that would put us in a public place where any problems could be immediately dealt with by police or safety personnel if one arises. If all goes well, the next seven days could be spent in courtship, at the end of which, as long as we both agree, we could induce a bonding heat,” Harry suggests, watching him closely. “It is a shorter courtship then is probably best. However we are both under time restraints.”

“I accept,” he replies once the alpha stops talking, “Where would you like to meet?”

Harry names off some café, and he already knows it probably will cost more than he can afford, but he still agrees to it.

“Since there is still a bit of time left before this ends, would you like to find somewhere to just sit down and talk?” the alpha offers as he glances about the room, noticing there is no furniture in it.

“That sounds good,” he replies, and the two of them go searching for somewhere to sit besides the dining room.

What they find is a small study tucked off to the side of one of the rooms. The next several hours are spent in conversation except for the times where they split to get drinks or use the loo. He finds it amusing and a bit cute that Harry insists on getting the drinks and even brings him some snacks after they had been chatting for several hours in case he is hungry. He knows it is just the older man’s instincts, but it is still rather adorable to see.

When it gets close to ten pm, he smiles warmly at the older man, commenting, “I need to get going, Rox might ‘ave Tony overnight but I want to get some stuff done in the flat while I do not have to worry about little hands.”

“Of course,” the alpha responds, “Would you like a ride home or have you already made arrangements?”

Still smiling, he answers, “I ‘ave arrangements already, thanks.”

Nodding, the older man stands as he does, escorting him to the door and waiting for the dark blue car that pulls up, the driver getting out to open the door for him.

“I’ve ‘ad a good night and I think tomorrow’s lunch will be a good one,” he tells the alpha, “Until then.”

“Until then,” the older man agrees, with a single nod of agreement, “Pleasant evening Eggsy.”

He slides into the car, not bothering to reach for the door since he knows Tom will get it.
“Will you be needing a ride tomorrow Eggsy?” Tom inquires with a tilt of his head as he closes his door and starts to pull off.

“Uh? Oh, that’d be appreciated, if you ‘ave time.” He answers the beta driver, and his sort of friend.

Tom works for Roxy, or Roxy’s family anyways, one of several drivers. He never asked why Roxy had practically assigned the driver to him, but he is thankful for it, particularly on days he has to go shopping when it is close to his heat and he has Tony with him. Of course it took him nearly six months to get Tom to stop calling him sir.

“Of course I have time,” Tom replies with a playful smile, “Miss Roxy uses Jake or drives herself, Sir has three drivers and Madam has two, I just sit around being bored when I am not taking you places.”

He grins at the beta, then queries, “Mind stopping at the shop? I need a few things for the flat.”

“Of course not Eggsy,” the beta responds.

“So ‘ow’s the little ones doing?” he queries as he watches the other vehicles and the road through the front windshield, allowing him to look at Tom as he speaks.

“They are well, Emma starts school next semester.” The older man answers with a fond smile.

“Nick has already decided he wants to go to school as well, though that’s not happening for another year at the least.”

Chuckling, he comments, “Well off course Nick wants to go now, ‘is big sister is going.”

The beta nods and the rest of the ride to the store is done in silence. When the car pulls to a stop in a parking space instead of by the door, he knows the older man plans on heading inside with him. That’s alright though. Perhaps the older man needs something himself.

“Mary told me earlier to bring home a bag of cat treats, might as well get them now since I know you will not mind me coming in with you.” The beta remarks as they walk up to the door.

“That’s true,” he agrees with a smile before querying, “When’d you get a cat?”

“It’s for Emma’s best friend’s birthday, that girl has three cats and always asks for stuff for her cats, and cat toys for herself. So Mary picked up a rather large stuffed cat the other day, and decided this morning she was going to put some cat treats with it for the cats,” Tom explains with a chuckle.

“Ah,” he hums in response.

In the store, they go their separate ways, meeting back up at the register a few minutes later to pay for their things. After that they head to the car and from there back to his house. Tom drops him off before promising to be there in the morning so he can go collect Tony from Roxy. He knows, of course, that Roxy will insist on sitting down for breakfast with him, and want to know all about how the event went. Good thing he doesn’t mind gossiping with her.

“See you in the morning,” he tells the driver as he slides out and heads into his flat. Time to get some work done in here.
Hello folks, hope you all are enjoying the story so far, any comments or questions are welcome, thanks for reading
Breakfast with Roxy

Eggsy’s POV
He spends several hours cleaning even though he knows he should probably use some of this time for sleeping. After all, having a three year old in the flat is not productive for sleep. Still, it’s not often he can just focus on getting stuff done. When he finally gets tired, it is close to five in the morning, and he takes a quick shower before passing out on his bed.

The first thing he wonders when he wakes up is why he cannot hear Tony breathing before he recalls the fact that Roxy has him. It’s not the first time his friend had taken his little boy for the night, but he still wakes up with the same reaction each and every time.

Stretching, he takes another shower before getting dressed in something decent if not fancy. Might as well show what he prefers to wear to Harry, rather than shocking the older man. He had just finished dressing when there is a single sharp knock at the door.

“Come in Tom, it’s open,” he calls out as he puts his shoes on.

A moment later the door opens and the beta steps in, eyes sweeping around the studio flat before falling on him, “Looks nice, how much did you not sleep?”

Chuckling, he answers, “I got four ‘ours or so.”

“Better than none.” The older man answers, “About ready? Miss Roxy has already got Mary making a huge breakfast, and currently the kids are with Tony.”

“Figured as much,” he mutters as he gets to his feet, “Yeah, I’m ready.”

Nothing else is sad as they head to the car and the ride to his friends house. When they get there, he heads inside while Tom heads somewhere else with a little wave. He knows the older man will be ready when it is time to go.

“Hello Eggsy,” Roxy greets him as he slips in the door, “Come on, breakfast is served and I want to hear all about how the event went? Tom said you have a lunch meeting today, and that makes me want to know even more!”

He laughs at the excitement level in her voice, because she is way too excited about the fact he might have a date, or something like one.

“Where’s Tony? We can talk after I say ‘ello to my baby boy.” He answers as he heads towards the nursery upstairs.

She just laughs, calling after him, “We better!”

Upstairs he finds the three children in the nursery like he expected, playing with the toys and each other, giggling under Mary’s watchful eyes.

“Morning Mary,” he greets her before making a beeline for his giggling son.

“Daddy!” Tony happily exclaims when he sees him, getting up and tottering quickly to him. “’ug!”
Grinning, he scoops his little boy up, giving him a hug and kissing his forehead.

“’ave you been good for Roxy, Mary, and Tom?” he asks as he nuzzles his son’s soft hair.

Nodding energetically, “Yes Daddy!”

“Do you want to play with Emma and Nick more?” he inquires as he continues the soft nuzzling.

“Yes!” this is accompanied by a very strong nod, or as strong as some who is so small can pull off.

Kissing his little boys forehead, he sets Tony down and watches has he toddles back over to the other two, a huge smile on his face.

“Thanks for watching Tony,” he tells Mary with a smile.

She waves him off, “I’m getting paid to watch my own kids. I promise it’s no hardship,” she tells him with a grin, “though you know, I would watch him even if I wasn’t being paid to.”

Chuckling, he nods, and he repeats, “Still, thank you.”

Turning he heads back downstairs, heading to the private dining room where he finds Roxy waiting for him, the table laid out with several of his favorite options for breakfast.

“You’ve seen Tony is alright and now there is food in the offering, spill Eggsy, I wanna know how your night went? Did you meet anyone interesting? Do you have any further plans? Should I be looking for more matching events?” his long time friend demands with a playful smile on her lips.

Taking a seat, he makes himself plate, before answering, “I’m sure Tom’s already told you I am borrowing him to deliver me to a café at lunch time, along with Tony. We’re going to meet with the alpha I ’it it off with in order for Tony and ‘im to get a sniff of each other.”

His friend practically strums with excited energy though the way she holds herself still and poised would make it hard for most to realize it.

“’is name is ’arry, I should have asked for a last name, but didn’t think about it, I figure that is something we can discuss if we get further than the lunch today.” He continues after eating a few more bites. “’e’s a bit taller than me, wavy dark brown ’air, chocolate eyes, way posh, even more than your parents, smells fantastic, really polite to me, not just the ‘I must be polite’ either, but ‘onestly polite.”

“That’s great Eggsy!” his friend exclaims happily, “I hope it works out well.”

“Me too,” he agrees after finishing his plate.

“So, what do you think? A valid candidate then?” she queries before offering, “I can have my uncle run a background check once you know his last name, or have Tom get a picture and run a background check while you are at lunch.”

He grins and shakes his head, “No need for background check, I don’t think, thanks though.” He knows Roxy is completely serious and would do so in a heartbeat for Tony and him, she’d rather dig into someone else’s privacy then risk their safety. “We’ll see ’ow the lunch goes, and from there I’ll figure it out.”

Her head bobs once in agreement, “If you’re sure Eggsy.”

“I am, thanks Roxy,” he replies with a warm smile.
They end up spending the next few hours chatting about all the alphas and omegas he had seen the night before. Just before eleven thirty he collects Tony from upstairs, again thanking Mary for keeping an eye on his little boy. Just before they leave Tony insists on getting his hugs from Roxy and everyone else in typical style, leaving the adults chucking, including the members of the house staff that he spots and demands hugs from whether he knows them or not. Thankfully, the entire Morton household is betas, and they all accept the hugs with ease.

“We’re ready Tom, right Tony?” he comments as he carefully straps his son into the car seat.

“Right Daddy!” the little body agrees with an energetic smile and waving at everyone he sees.

“I’ll call and tell you ‘ow it goes,” he tells Roxy with a smile.

“You better or I will come let myself in the flat and find out that way!” his friend teases him with a smile, gently pushing the door shut.

Now off to lunch with an alpha who may or may not become his mate. Why is this more nerve wracking then when he and Ethan discussed bonding? Shouldn’t that have been harder? Of course, the logical part of his mind reminds him that with Ethan he did not have a son to think about and now he does or a bitch of a social worker making things difficult on him. Still, beneath the worry about how things will go is excitement, it’s the first time in long while he has looked forward to dealing with an alpha.

Chapter End Notes

I want to say thank you to all the lovely people leaving me comments, as soon as this comes of anonymous I will be answering them, and thank you all for any further comments that get left, they really do encourage me to write more!
Reflective Harry

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Harry’s POV
As an alpha seriously considering bonding, he considers it his duty and privilege to protect his future mate and child. As such, before they had even finished their first date and meeting, he had texted Merlin and asked him to look into the social worker. By the time the first quite wonderful date had finished, his friend had compiled a rather detailed accounting on the woman.

Opening the file, his eyes skim the information: Sally Write, sterile beta, age fifty-four, married and divorced three times, no children, denied adoption rights, and written up on multiple occasions for discrimination against single male omega parents.

Well then, time to deal with her.

Closing the file, he quickly calls his friend, ignoring the time since he is well aware of what time it is at tie and the fact the Scot is not asleep.

“What do ya want Harry?” Merlin rumbles as place of an answer.

“Please put a file together to be turned over to her superiors. She gave Eggsy fourteen days with a three year old to find an alpha mate. We both know the safety risks involved there. I am certain he is not the first she has done that to and how many children ended up being injured or killed because of her rash behavior?” he replies as he considers the rest of the file past the basic information.

“True. Vary true,” his friend agrees with a touch of anger in his smooth voice that only someone who knows him would hear. “I'll have that ready by the time you are done with your lunch tomorrow.”

“Thank you,” he answers with a feral grin that he is happy no one is around to see.

Glancing about, he considers his home, and the fact he may be getting a son to go with his new mate.

“So, ya like this Eggsy then?” Merlin queries.

“Yes, he seems intelligent, caring, and self-sufficient. He also smells perfect. I have never come across another omega that smelled as good as he does,” he replies, deciding he needs to see about acquiring the items needed for a three year old. “I am hopeful for our lunch tomorrow. If it goes well I plan to seriously court him.”

Chuckling, Merlin remarks, “Sounds like ya want to court him even if lunch goes pear-shaped.”

His inner alpha bristles at the implication that he would put a child at risk just to acquire a mate.

“Stop ya growling, we both know ya would not threaten a babe,” the hacker comments, “You have too much control.”

It takes some of that control to force his alpha back down into a quiet presence in the back of his mind rather than a roaring force at the front of his mind. Once he gets it back under control, he realizes he has missed several sentences from his friend who is now chuckling at him.
“How about we talk after lunch tomorrow?” his friend offers.

“Good, yes, that is acceptable,” he answers distractedly, wanting to go look around the bedrooms upstairs and see what he has already so he can make arrangements for the rest.

Though, a small voice in the back of his head, he should probably make sure that his new mate would be comfortable in this house. It has been an alpha bachelor’s house for a very long time, perhaps the alpha scent will be too heavy and his mate will not appreciate that. Best do some airing then too.

The sound of a dial tone draws his attention back to the phone in his hand. Frowning he shuts it down and shoves it in his pocket before going upstairs to check the various bedrooms.

His room is well furnished, definitely large enough for himself and another adult. There is plenty of closet and dresser room for a second person. The colors are not too masculine and are more soothing than not with the dark brown and creams. The attached bathroom is also spacious enough to accommodate two full grown men, plus rather inviting with the large tub for a nice, relaxing evening in.

Moving on, he heads to the first of three smaller bedrooms, the one closest to the master bedroom. Currently it is set up as a guest bedroom but it could easily be turned into a nursery. Would a three year old go in a nursery or into a bedroom of their own? He can ask Eggsy after lunch tomorrow.

Quietly, he checks the other two rooms, coming up with the same question. Well nothing to do about it until he knows whether he will need to change them around or not. Besides, he can have Eggsy do the furnishing, to make sure it is the right sort, or maybe they can do it together as something of a bonding experience. That would work.

Heading to his office, he decides to work on some paperwork since he is not yet tired. Hours pass in a blur as he makes sure he gets as much as possible done. He wants as much time as he can get available to court his potential mate. When he finally starts feeling tired, he sends off what he has accomplished to Merlin and heads up to his room to sleep. He will do a bit more in the morning before his lunch date with Eggsy and his son.

Unfortunately, despite feeling exhausted and his eyes feeling like they are on fire, he ends up lying in his bed for nearly an hour considering the younger man. His alpha instincts are already purring in anticipation of the lithe young man beneath him and as his. Having a child just happens to be a bonus, proof that his new mate could provide him with children.

What sort of things could he do to spoil his new mate? Wait, he’s not his yet. Well he will be. He is quite certain that there will not be any issues between himself and Tony. That means he can claim Eggsy, and they can live together, and he will make sure he is home for every heat and that there is someone to watch the little boy for those heats. Hmmm, perhaps he should see who watches him for Eggsy’s current heats? That person could possibly be hired as a full time sitter in case Eggsy wanted to go back to school or have some down time.

He could easily support himself, a mate, and several children without hardly touching his accounts, but he is quite sure that his to be mate is the independent type who probably does like others paying his way. It’s a great, if sometimes frustrating, trait in a mate. Though it’s one he was looking for because he does not want a simpering mate who is completely reliant on him.

He finally drifts off to visions of undressing and exploring his mate. His imagination easily building what he thinks Eggsy looks like without the clothes. This is the first time he is looking forward to his rut, the first time he can remember being excited about the rush of hormones and sex and need. Now
all he needs to do is secure the bonding, so those visions can come true.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, hi, I love all you amazing people leaving me comments, it just warms my heart. I hope you enjoyed the chapter and look forward to hearing from anyone who wants to leave more comments!
Chapter Notes

Hey look, its that chapter you folks have been waiting for the last 7 hours for. *grins*

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Harry’s POV
After waking, his morning had gone rather quickly, and he had finished his paperwork in record time before preparing for his lunch with Eggsy and Tony.

Drive himself or call for a cab? he wonders as he steps into his garage. Drive himself, then he can always offer Eggsy a ride after, if all goes well, to the house so he can see what it is like. No wait, Eggsy had a driver the previous night, he might have one again, so it might be best to catch a cab, then he can offer to show Eggsy the house and let Eggsy’s driver, who he is probably far more comfortable with, drive instead.

It’s actually interesting that Eggsy has a driver, after all, he did not get the impression that Eggsy comes from money, and few without have a driver unless they are rent boys but he did not get that impression either. Hmmm. Perhaps he should ask, best not look into it, that might not go well with idea of courting and bonding.

Pulling his phone, he quickly calls for a cab, and waits patiently for it to show up. At least outwardly he looks patient. Within his mind, his alpha nature is urging him to hurry along, to get there first, because he needs to make sure it is safe for his potential mate and child before they get there. That he needs to be there waiting to show he is excited for this and wants it to work.

When the cab pulls up, he hands the driver the fee plus a bit extra in hopes that will encourage the man to drive faster, before sliding into the back seat and closing the door. He is thankful when they get there first, and glances about to make sure he had picked a good place to eat.

Perfect, he can see three security officers and two public safety personnel within yelling distance. That should be reassuring to his potential mate as a safety net for his little boy. Not that he actually thinks that that safety net is needed. He is quite sure there will not be problems since Eggsy’s first mate never imprinted on the child. Still, safe than sorry, particularly when talking about someone so young.

Inside the café, he selects one of the tables to the side, and has the waitress put a booster seat in the booth for Tony to sit on. That’s the right option, he believes, a booster seat not a high chair. Perhaps he should ask.

Before he has a chance to, his eyes spot that same vehicle as Eggsy had left in the night before pulling up. Smiling, he stands, and moves to greet the younger man and his son as soon as they are out of the vehicle.

“Good afternoon Eggsy,” he murmurs politely, eyes sweeping over the omega to make sure he hasn’t changed his mind before focusing on the child currently holding Eggsy’s neck tightly. “You must be Tony,” he continues softly, trying to sooth his scent down from so excited, “I’m Harry, it’s nice to meet you.” He offers the little boy his hand slowly, giving him plenty of time to see him
The little boy’s dark brown eyes study him for a long moment before one of the arms wrapped around Eggsy’s neck let’s go and he grabs his fingers, shaking them before quickly pulling back to hold on to his parent again.

Actually, he should find out if Eggsy has a preferred parental title. He knows some omegas go by mum, some dad, and some come up with their own identifiers.

Bringing his hand up to his nose, he sniffs the tip of his fingers where the little boy had touched, smelling only the pure scent of a child and Eggsy’s omega scent. Perfect. There will be no issues there. Smiling warmly, he motions to the café, and they head inside, with him holding the door.

“I wasn’t sure if a booster seat or high chair was better, so I had her the booster seat and warned her that I might need the high chair instead.” He remarks as he guides the pair over to his table where two cups of hot tea, a tea pot, and a glass of milk is already sitting.

“Thanks,” Eggsy comments, carefully settling the little boy in the booster seat on the bench. “’e can use the booster, we ’ave a ‘igh chair at ‘ome that ’e has nearly outgrown, I just ’aven’t had a chance to get it changed out yet.”

He smiles again, happy that he had gotten it right, “Was milk alright?” he suddenly asks, realizing that he should have found out if Tony was lactose intolerant before ordering milk. Hmm, note to self, check with Eggsy before feeding the pup anything to make sure that he does not have allergies or restrictions.

Chuckling, the omega nods, “Yeah, ’e loves milk, ’e’s not allowed a lot of grape juice, but that’s just because ’e likes splashing it everywhere.”

He nods, adding that to his fact base to recall for future notice.

“Tony, this is ’arry, ’arry my son Tony.” Eggsy introduces the little boy after wiggling his foot. “Can you say ‘ello?”

“Hullo,” the pup mumbles, watching him with wide eyes.

“Doctor says ‘e’s going to be an omega like me, ’e’s normally a little chatter box, but meeting alpha’s always makes ‘im shy.” His potential mate explains as he pulls a small packet of crayons and a large piece of folded paper out of his pocket to set before the little boy.

Tony ignores him in favor of the crayons, a focused expression on his little face.

He nods at that information, not overly surprised. Omegas often had omega and alpha children rather than betas. That’s why it is so rare to find an omega or alpha within a beta family, the genes just do not carry over often. Though occasionally the gene would stay dominant in the beta line until two betas with the same gene had children together and the gene would become active and dominate at that point.

“He only smells like you, if there was ever an imprint it has completely faded.” He comments as he watches their interactions, his expression warm. This could be his, would be his, if he manages to court Eggsy properly.

Then he best make sure he courts the omega right, his instincts practically growl at him. He’s ours.

Before he has a chance to speak again, or Eggsy has a chance to reply to his comment, the waitress
comes over with the menus, a bright smile on her lips as she greets them and recites the specials of the day before wandering off.

He notices that the gray-green eyed omega looks over the children’s menu, asking the little boy what sounds good to him before he checks with the adult section and finds his own meal. Forcing his attention to the menu, he picks the first thing that catches his attention and sets it aside.

Steps of courting: find an omega, check; offer food, check; scent each other, check; offer more food, check; offer stability, that’s next; spend time together in order to imprint and start the bonding process, working on it; bond during a heat and rut, have to finish the other steps first.

“Is the car yours?” he inquires as he motions towards where the vehicle had stopped.

“Nah, that belongs to me friend Roxy. ‘er family ‘as several of them, and she doesn’t like me taking a cab when I ‘ave Tony with me.” The younger man answers with a small smile. “A’course, neither does Tom, the driver, says I keep ‘im from being bored.”

Roxy, he knows a Roxy with rather well off family, actually she works with him. He is quite sure it’s not the same person however, not with as big as London is, and the fact he can think of at least three other Roxy’s that have the same resources. Of course, none of the drivers he can think of for the Roxy he knows is named Tom, which also makes him inclined to think it is a different Roxy.

“Ah,” he replies with a nod, “It’s good to have friends who care for you.”

Smirking, Eggsy nods, “Yeah, Rox is great, she watches Tony or has her cook watch Tony when we have some adult time together to hang out. Some reason she thinks I need to take a break occasionally.”

The waitress appears beside them before he can ask the question burning behind his lips.

Instead he puts his order in after Eggsy has spoken his and Tony’s.

“You do eat meat other than chicken?” he finds himself inquiring instead of his original question.

The low laugh that falls from the omega’s lips is entrancing, and his inner alpha just about purrs in response, pleased that he has caused that laughter.

“Oh, yea, chicken just happens to be my favorite, and the grilled chicken, cheddar and mozzarella cheese, and smoked bacon with tomato sandwich sounded great.” The younger man answers when he is done laughing.

Beside him, the pup is looking up at his parent with wide, questioning eyes and a smile on his lips.

“Do you have a preference for parental title?” he asks, wanting to get that out of the way so he knows.

Before Eggsy has a chance, his son tries reaching for the milk which is just out of range.

“Milk Daddy!” Tony exclaims.

Grinning, the gray-green eyed omega reaches for the milk, scooting it closer and asking, “Tony, ‘ow do you actually ask?”

“Can I ‘ave milk Daddy?” the little boy promptly answers, his nose scrunched up in concentration.

“‘ere you are Tony,” his potential omega answers as he pushes it the rest of the way within range.
Beaming, the little boy picks it up carefully, settling it on his legs and sipping on the straw before returning it to the table, and going back to drawing.

“He’s very well behaved,” he remarks, hoping it is not the wrong thing to say. Don’t parents like praise when their child is behaving? With the exception of Roxy when she was little, he hasn’t really dealt with any children or their parents when the children are around.

Eggsy nods and agrees, “Yea, ‘e’s a great one, I lucked out.”

“May I ask a personal question? You’re welcome to ignore it if you want.” He queries with a tilt of his head, squaring his shoulders slightly.

“Sure,” the younger man responds, watching him with those bright eyes.

“You’re friend Roxy, why don’t you start a relationship with her?” he asks, wanting to know if there is any competition there.

Grinning, the omega answers, “We’re friends, yea understand, sibling-friends. ‘sides, I like blokes, not dames, and she’s all dame.”

He is shocked by the amount of relief that statement causes him, he hadn’t realized he was that tense.

He is getting ready to ask Eggsy about where Tony spends his heats, when the waitress brings their food over, asking if they need anything else before fluttering away.

The next little bit is full of them eating their lunch and occasionally talking about pointless things, the crayons are wiped on a napkin and tucked back into a pocket, the paper is used as a placemat for Tony.

After they are done, he asks, “Would you like to go to my house so you could see what it is like?” Seeing the slightly concerned look on the younger man’s face, he offers, “Your driver is welcome to join us if that would make you feel safer.”

Slowly, the younger man nods, “If Tom agrees then yea.”

“Excellent,” he comments with a smile.

The two of them continue to sit there and visit for a little bit before Eggsy uses his phone to talk with his ride.

“Tom says yes,” the younger man finally states with a quick smile.

“Perfect, shall we?” he replies quite pleased with how things are going.

Nodding, the younger man gets up before carefully lifting his son who whispers in his ear, “Be back in a moment,” the omega states before heading to the bathroom.

While he waits for the pair to return, he contemplates how lunch has been so far. He is pretty sure it has been a success. He is equally sure that Eggsy would not have agreed to come see his home if the younger man thought the day was going poorly. Giving a small shake of his head, he pays the bill so that they can go as soon as the other two return.

“Ready?” Eggsy queries as he comes walking up to him, Tony on his hip, arms wrapped around his neck, head lying on his shoulder.

“Yes,” he answers, his inner alpha agreeing with him. It’s going to be a long and wonderful day.
Lots of thanks to all you lovely and awesome people for reviews, each one makes me smile *offers cookies to all*, please feel free to keep leaving them

It also appears this is probably going to be 15k rather than 10k, still hope everyone enjoys!
Surprise Visit

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Eggsy’s POV
The days between when they have their lunch and when they had agreed to discuss bonding are filled with work, spending time with Tony, and Harry actively courting him. Not just light courting either, but very heavy, let’s do this as properly as we can in the short period of time we got, sort of courting. He gets a variety of herb plants, discovers fruit, biscuit, nuts, and bread baskets on his doorstep in the morning. Dinner is with the alpha each of the nights, sometimes at the alpha’s house, sometimes out to eat. At each occasion, the older man makes sure whatever the menu is that his little boy can safely eat it.

Tony quickly gets past his shyness and soon enough when they are at Harry’s house he has to keep a closer than normal eye on the little boy who is determined to look into everything, and that is literally everything. Thankfully the alpha doesn’t seem to take it too bad when his son ends up making a massive mess by knocking over some of the planters in his sun room or the fact that he decided not to use the toilet since Tony wouldn’t answer. At least at first he didn’t understand why.

Of course, the screaming when Tony spotted the stuffed dog when he carried his son in there was nerve wracking to say the least. He still hasn’t figured out why Harry has a stuffed dog in the bathroom, though it explains why Tony has refused to go in there after that. The alpha’s way to deal with that was to move the dog. He didn’t ask where to, he’s just happy his son will go back in the bathroom again.

Their conversations when Tony is sleeping are filled with every topic imaginable, including what sort of work they both do. Though he is given a rather curt description, he gets a clue that it is a lot like MI5 or MI6. Of course, he doesn’t do anything as interesting, but he does do whatever he has to in order to take care of his son short of being a rent boy. The risks as an omega do not outweigh the benefits of that particular field.

He was shocked when Harry had calmly shown him the upstairs bedrooms, and told him to consider how he might wish to change them around. That was not expected. Alphas don’t really let other people change their territory, at least not in his experience. He had lucked out with Ethan, he was a laid back sort who rarely acted like many of the other alphas he had met. So how had he lucked out two times in a row?

Still, he had considered the rooms carefully. Figuring out what supplies would be needed for a toddler and a new baby since he understands why Harry is courting him so seriously. Something tells him that the alpha probably would not like second hand things, though most of Tony’s small baby items were traded in order to help afford things as he grew up.

Last night Roxy had picked up Tony for the weekend, and told him to have a good weekend. Her smile when she said it was far too knowing and she told him to give her a call if she needed to keep Tony a bit longer.

He is drawn out of his thoughts by a sharp knock at the door, and he turns to glance at it, trying to figure out who is here. Harry’s knocks are different. Roxy would just come in, as would Jamal. So who is at the door?

Quickly walking over to the door, he opens it up to reveal a woman he does not know in a suit with
a clipboard in her hands and a serious expression on her face.

“Eggsy Unwin?” she inquires as she offers a hand, “I'm Tasha Wayland. I am replacing Sally Write as your social worker. Normally I do not work on Saturdays. However, after reviewing your file, I decided that I should stop in as soon as possible.”

He just about flinches, worried about why he has a new social worker. “Come in,” he mutters, opening the door a bit wider so she can come in.

“Thank you,” she murmurs as she steps in and looks about casually.

“Would you like some water or milk?” he inquires as he closes the door, his nose twitching as he takes in her beta scent. Great, another beta, hopefully this one is not as idiotic as the last.

“No thank you,” she answers politely, settling at his table and setting her clipboard down.

“Now you must be wondering what’s going on, I am here to answer that question. It has recently come to our supervisor’s attention that Mrs. Write has been abusing her authority. Every single one of her cases is being reviewed. All omegas with children are at the top of that list to be checked on.” She tells him, glancing at her papers, she continues, “According to her records you were given fourteen days to find an alpha or risk losing your son, Anthony, or would you prefer I call him Tony?”

“Tony, I call him Tony,” he replies, his voice quiet, he is actually worried and afraid that this beta is here to tell him his time has been revoked and he is going to lose his son. “I found an alpha. You can’t take ‘im. We ‘aven’t bonded yet, but Tony likes ‘im, and they get along good, and ‘e has a decent job and a ‘ouse. Actually that’s why Tony is with my friend Roxy, is I’m supposed to talk with ‘arry tonight and possibly induce a faux heat for bonding purposes. Possibly, we had discussed holding off a bit more but knew we were under time constraints…” he starts babbling, almost panicking.

“Mr. Unwin, Eggsy, please calm down. I am not here to take your son. Actually, I am here to tell you that has been revoked. If you would prefer not to bond, then you do not have to. Tony’s safety is first and foremost the most important factor.” The beta quickly interrupts him to reassure him. “Now, since you said you found an alpha, can we discuss that person for a few minutes?”

Shocked, he stares at her as he tries to comprehend what she said. He doesn’t have to bond if he doesn’t want to? He doesn’t have to worry about losing Tony if he does not take an alpha mate? He could choose to walk away from Harry and wouldn’t lose his child? The bitch is no longer his case worker?

Blinking, he settles into the chair opposite of the social worker, eyes wide as he thinks through what she just said further. Does he want to continue with Harry? Yes. Could he see himself staying with Harry long term? Yes. Would he mind having another child in the near future? No. Well then, that doesn’t change his plans for tonight and his discussion about whether they should bond or not, instead it makes him feel a bit freer ‘cause he no longer has to bond, it’s now a choice he can make freely.

“Oh, yeah, we can discuss ‘arry,” he answers, blinking at her for a moment.

She smiles reassuringly, “Great, can I ask where you met him?”

“One of those omega-alpha matching events,” he answers rubbing the back of his neck.

She nods, a small smile on her lips, “Harry, I realize I keep referring to zir as a he, but Harry can go
either way, so male or female alpha?”

“Male. Females are nice and all that, but I prefer males,” he replies with a smile.

Again she nods, making a quick note, “Now you said that he has met Tony and they like each other, would you trust Harry to be alone with Tony?”

He takes a moment to think about it, tilting head to the side as he considers the question. Does he trust Tony with Harry? Yes! His instincts just about scream at him. Alpha is safe. Alpha will protect pup. His alpha.

“Yes,” he answers seriously, nodding once firmly.

“That’s good. You took a moment to consider that answer. Is that because you have only known him for a short period of time?” she inquires as she makes more notes.

“Yeah,” he nods, “But I trust my instincts, and my instincts say that he will not hurt Tony. That’s before considering the fact Harry loves playing with him. A lot of alphas don’t like changing their territory for the comfort of others, but Harry wants us to be as comfortable at his home as he is.”

“That’s a very good point, and it is why so many children in secondary bonds are endangered on a regular basis. Sadly, not all omega parents listen to their instincts and it leads to far too many injuries and deaths.” She comments, “So I am very happy to hear that your instincts trust him, that he wants to help take care of Tony, and that he is willing to adapt. Sadly, a lot of the alphas we have to deal with refuse to adapt or cannot bring themselves to change.”

It’s his turn to nod again, he has seen a lot of the alphas from the neighborhood who have had that exact problem. Had he not been seventeen when his mum bonded with Dean, things could have been a lot more dangerous for him, since Dean was that type of alpha they were discussing. They never got along, Dean saw him as a threat or a prize, he was never sure. What he did know was whenever he was around the older alpha more, he got the most creepy feelings, so he made it a point to never be around when Dean was there. That lead to him spending a lot of time with Ethan, which eventually lead to them deciding to share his heats, and further down the road Ethan’s ruts. He had just discovered he was pregnant when Ethan was deployed. His mate had come home for the last two months of the pregnancy, doctor’s orders and military regulation, and had started the bonding process, but by the time Tony was six months old Ethan had been deployed again, and he was left on his own.

“As your new case agent I will need to meet Tony, and of course I will need to meet Harry as well. In order to insure the safety of Tony I will be following regulations laid down for this situation, which states that I will need to make periodical visits to the home, see the new alpha’s interactions with Tony, and see how he acts around you.” She tells him seriously, “I do not want to interfere in your private business, and if you decide not to bond I will completely understand. I am here to be a resource to help you, not to force you into an unsafe situation.”

Startled, he stares at her. Mrs. Write only ever acted like she was there to cause problems. That he was beneath her notice. The one time he reported her behavior had lead to his assistance for heating being denied and he ended up borrowing money he could barely afford to payback from Roxy in order to get it turned back on since Mrs. Write had shown up with a twenty-four hour notice, get the heat back or lose your son. Working with her had been one of the hardest things he had ever had to do, but as an omega without the protection of a family, it was a situation he was forced to deal with.

“I realize this must all be quite a great deal to take in, however, I have also brought you some information on programs that are available to you for continuing your education, child care services
open to all omegas working with us, and food assistance programs open to all single parents.” She
comments as she offers him a packet of papers. “According to Mrs. Write’s notes you were never
provided these options because she felt it was a waste of resources. She is wrong. It is never a waste
of resources to offer a single parent who is successfully caring for their child assistance during their
times of need.”

He just keeps staring at her, not sure what to say to all of that. Why couldn’t he have had her for a
social worker sooner? He might not have met Harry but it would have made things with Tony so
much easier. Yes Roxy was always willing to help him, and got so frustrated with him some days for
not accepting more of her help, but she also understood that he was trying to make it on his own, not
because he was given a bunch of handouts. She also understands that he has a hard time in her house
because it is just too big, with too many long term scents in it. So while he can visit for a few hours,
anything past that starts getting him jumpy.

“Do you have any questions for me?” she asks gently, watching him with warm eyes and a
reassuring smile.

“’ow was she caught?” he asks.

“One of the analysts found discrepancy in some of her paperwork during an audit.” She answers
with glance at her paperwork. “There have been several complaints about her, but never any follow
up on those complaints, so when the yearly audits came up, she was selected even though it has been
six years since her last one. I don’t know who selected her or why, I just know it is probably a good
thing she was selected. I don’t know how much damage she has done during that time frame, but
myself and three others will be working to undo all of that damage, or as much of it as possible.”

He just nods blankly. She had been allowed to get away with that sort of behavior for six years?
That’s completely horrifying.

“Well Eggsy, I will call later this week to make an appointment with you. Is that alright?” She asks
as she stands.

“Yes, a’course,” he answers absently, “It’s been nice meeting you.”

Offering a hand to shake, something Mrs. Write never did, “You can call me Tasha by the way, no
need to be formal, I hope you have a good day, it’s been a pleasure to meet you.”

Accepting her hand and giving a small shake of his head, he draws himself out of his thoughts and
smiles at her, “Nice to meet you to, really.”

They let go, and he walks her to the door, his head still spinning with all the information that he has
learned. He is still thinking about it when Harry gets there a few hours later so they can go out to
dinner and have their conversation about what to do next. It has definitely been an eventful day, and
the day is nowhere even close to done.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, hi, hello folks. So when I posted chapter 7 I guessed there would be 5k more story,
then my muse started laughing at me, cause here is 2.5k and there is still at least three
chapters to go. I give up on guessing how much is left, though it is nearing the end of
this arch and I will be closing it off, of course, then I start the next one in the series,
which will be able Eggsy, Tony, and Harry moving in and adapting to living with each other.

I still love reviews, and swear the only reason this has gotten as far as it has as fast as it has is all the reviews you lovely people keep leaving me, thanks for the comments and encouragement, I look forward to seeing what you think!
Harry’s POV
He’s five minutes early arriving at the studio flat that his omega and son live at.

They are not his yet, he reminds his inner alpha.

His inner alpha ignores that, and continues to preen about the fact he will soon have a mate and son, though his instincts are still pushing him to mate, bond, and breed.

Personally, he would like to give Eggsy a bit more time before they have to bond just because the omega has been practically on his own for the last four years and will need time to adapt. However between his biology and Eggsy’s social worker, that might not be possible. That is why he has been actively and seriously courting his omega for the last week as much as possible.

Officially he is on medical leave from the Kingsman until he has bonded and gotten his biology under control again. He will no longer be sent on known honeypot missions, and he will probably be promoted into a teaching position for the new recruits, joining Merlin at the mansion to work more often than not. At this point, he’s alright with that, at least in theory he’s alright with it, he will see how well that translate into fact once it is a done deal and he is

He has brought another courting gift with him, for his first actual visit to his to be mate’s home and territory. Hopefully Eggsy will like the gift.

Knocking on the door, he waits patiently for the younger man to open the door for him, the gift held carefully in one arm against his body. Actually, that might not be the best idea, since it fills his gift with his scent and wasn’t he trying to avoid that? Too late now, he thinks as the door swings open and a very distracted Eggsy, motions him in.

“Is something wrong?” he inquires as he steps inside the small home and glances about. He can just barely catch the scent of a beta, and a rather familiar scent that he cannot place even though his instincts say he should be able to. The primary scents of the flat are Eggsy and Tony, as they should be.

“But,” the omega answers distractedly, giving a small shake of his head before turning a brilliant smile in his direction. “I just a surprising visit from a new social worker this morning. It left me a bit off kilter, but if you give me five minutes I can be changed and ready to go.”

Smiling warmly at his omega, he answers, “Take as long as you need. Do you mind if I look around?”

“Go for it, I will be in the loo,” the green-gray eyed man answers as he scoops up some clothing from within an armoire pushed against the wall by the bed and dresser.

“Thank you,” he replies, setting his gift on the dining table sitting between the kitchen and living room areas.

He spots a divider that gives Tony his own little area. Despite the fact it is not that big and is all one room except for the bathroom which is the only enclosed area, it is actually decently laid out. Every centimeter has been put to use either for living or moving about, it’s not cluttered and has a homey
feel to it. It’s that exact feeling he’s hoping Eggsy will bring to their home together.

So the packet of information that he had Merlin place on Mrs. Write’s supervisors computer apparently did the trick if Eggsy has a new social worker. Of course that is both good and bad. Good because now the younger man will no longer feel like he is being forced to bond, because he knows that the ultimatum would have been withdrawn. Bad because he still wants to bond and now the younger man does not have anything forcing him to do so and could change his mind.

However his instincts are quite sure Eggsy will not change his mind because they clicked in a way that very few mated pairs ever did. So he might have to stay on medical leave a bit longer since he now has the time to court Eggsy properly. Well as long as he can keep the urge to rut at bay anyways. He should find out when his omega’s next regular heat is, and try to make it until then. A bond created during a natural heat can be far stronger than one created during a faux heat.

Hmm, first though, he has to wait for the younger man to tell him what is going on. After all, he’s not supposed to know what is in Eggsy’s file or have any sort of effect on what is going on with his case file. Eventually he might tell him, after all mates should not have secrets from each other, or at least they should be kept to the smallest number possible, still not the point.

Quietly he continues to look around, not opening any of the cupboards, drawers, or closet because he does not want to invade the omega’s privacy.

Just over five minutes later Eggsy reemerges from the bathroom with a different outfit on, and his hair lightly wet.

“I’m good at quick showers, it’s a needed skill with a three year old around,” the omega comments jokingly.

At least he is quite sure it is supposed to be a joke, but it comes across as more of a fact and not just about a three year old, as if he had the trick down before that to. Who made his precious boy feel that way? He’d rip them apart.

“You have a nice home,” he comments as he walks over to the table to lift the gift up. Without speaking he offers it Eggsy, his inner alpha coming to full focus on how the younger man moves and whether he is going to accept the gift or not.

Smiling, the omega takes it from him, opening the package and gasping quietly at what he uncovers. It is a child’s blanket made of the softest materials he could find designed with a variety of carefully sewn creatures and plants from mythology.

“This is beautiful ‘arry,” the green-gray eyed man breathes out as he unfolds the blanket so he can see the complete design. “Very beautiful.”

He smiles at the praise, his internal alpha preening, because he pleased his mate.

“Where did you find this at?” the younger man inquires as his hand run over the soft material, tracing over the various creatures sewn into it. His hand keeps returning to the pair of kitsun curled up together with pups nesting in their tails.

“I had it made for you and Tony. Traditionally a blanket is given to the omega parent after birth, but I was not around then, and I was not sure if your previous alpha had kept with the tradition, so instead of a milking blanket I got you a snuggling blanket,” he explains, feeling a bit self conscious of his choice. What if it was the wrong one and was taken as an insult towards Eggsy’s previous bond? He should have thought of that before getting the blanket.
Smiling, the omega nods, and carries it over to the bed, where he carefully folds and sets it on the end before reaching for a drawer on the bottom of the bed.

“This is the blanket Ethan got me for Tony’s birth, ‘e felt horrible he couldn’t get something better, but ‘e ‘ad been planning on buying us a ‘ome and was saving every penny for that purpose. Of course, when ‘e died, Ethan’s family put the money in a trust for Tony but they won’t help me out or let me use any of it for ‘im. They always hated that I was the ‘wrong sort’ at least by their definition, but we were happy together.” Eggsy comments as he pulls a small bundle out of fade green-blue-red. He unfolds it to reveal a rather simple blanket with geometric shapes, all connected by colorful, if faded, lines. “I always thought it was a good blanket.”

Carefully folding it up and putting it away, the omega continues, “Tony sleeps with it sometimes when it gets cold, though it is not the thickest it is warm.”

“Those are the best kind,” he remarks, thinking of some of the thin and not the most comfortable but extremely warm blankets he has had to use for various missions over the years.

“That’s what I said,” the younger man answers, hand lightly going over the blanket he had given him again. “So what’s the plan? I should cook for you one of these nights, there is just not a lot of adult foods ‘ere. Most of what I buy is to make sure Tony stays ‘ealthy.”

His inner alpha wants to find that social worker who refused to do her job and teach her some manners. Instead, he offers his arm and smiles at his mate in a rather charming fashion, “I have made reservations for us.”

Smiling, his mate accepts his arm, and the two of them head out. He is driving, rather than using the driver that Eggsy seems to have half of the time. Into his car they slide before leaving the small complex and heading to where he made arrangements for them to have a semi-private dinner. The ride is quiet, a rather thoughtful expression on his possible mate’s face as he watches the streets and buildings pass them by.

“Here we are,” he remarks as they pull into the driveway and to the door.

A beta parking attendant immediately opens the door for his omega while he slides out of his seat, leaving the door open. Quickly the attendant moves around the car, offering him a small chip with a number, it is the register for his car.

Nodding, he accepts it and escorts his date for the evening inside.

Just within the door they are met by another beta, this time the host, “Reservations sirs?”

“Hart and Unwin,” he replies firmly, back straight and head high. He has the best looking and smelling omega in the building according to what his senses can pick up.

“Right this way,” the host comments, motioning for them to follow as he leads them through to the side building and the private dining areas there, “May I start you with something to drink sirs?”

“What would you like Eggsy?” he inquires of the green-gray eyed man.

“Non-alcoholic ‘ot cider,” the omega answers with a quick glance at the drink menu standing on the table.

It startles him exactly how much his to be mate avoids drinking anything with alcohol. He will have to ask about that later, not right now.
“I will take a hot lemon spice tea,” he remarks without glancing at the drinks. If his date wishes to not have alcohol then he will not drink it as well.

“Those will be right out sirs, your waitress for the evening is Chrystal.” The host tells them before turning and leaving.

“I drink beer,” Eggsy comments once the older man is gone, “Just not anytime near my ‘eats, causes cramps.”

“Ah,” he hums in response. “I can understand why that might wish to be avoided.”

Smiling, the younger man glances about, taking in everything according to his expression. “This place is beautiful Harry.”

“I was hoping you would enjoy the view.” He replies, smiling as his inner alpha preens.

He has also noticed over the last week that the ‘h’ that Eggsy normally leaves off when speaking is slowly making its way into his speech, such as his name.

“Would you like to tell me about the social worker’s visit?” he inquires after a moment of studying the beautiful omega, thinking he will be very fortunate if Eggsy still wants to be his mate.

The younger man nods, but motions to the approaching waitress, quietly commenting, “After we order.”

He nods in agreement, and waits. Less than a minute later the waitress is there, setting their drinks down and asking if they are ready to order. He is not surprised that Eggsy had picked something off the chicken menu. That really is his omega’s favorite thing to eat and he will have to learn new ways to make it, because he can only think of three off the top of his head, four if you count chicken fingers. His own dinner is going to be fish based.

Once the waitress has gone, Eggsy tells him all about his visit from the social worker, and what he decided while the social worker was there, before telling him about the requirements that he now has to deal with.

He listens to it all carefully, only a little bit surprised that Eggsy is still willing to bond with him, or talk about bonding anyways. Though it is also very heartening and his inner alpha is preening and gloating over the fact he was right, the beautiful omega was going to be his mate.

There is another pause between when Eggsy finishes and he replies because he spots the waitress bringing their dinners and fresh drinks.

“I am honored you are still considering bonding with me,” he states clearly.”Since you are no longer under a time constraint, I would like to inquire whether you would like to wait for your natural heat rather than inducing one?”

For a long moment the omega watches him with thought green-gray eyes before he answers, “Actually, in about twelve days I go into my natural heat. Roxy already has plans to have Tony unless something comes up with work, at which point her cook will take care of him for me.”

Several minutes pass in quiet while he considers that and eats his dinner, conversation starts back up, though it is more pointless and not really on any topic. Meaningless small talk, which makes him wonder why at first, until he recalls Eggsy telling him previously that he has not slept with an alpha since Ethan died. His eyes narrow for a moment as he works through the logic of that statement before coming to realize that Eggsy is waiting for something, though he is not sure exactly what, so
he replays the rest of the conversation, including the parts about the social worker which he had never answered.

Oh maybe that is it. “Eggsy,” he comments, drawing the younger man’s attention solely to him, “I do not have any problems with meeting your social worker, and doing whatever needs to be done to insure Tony’s safety, along with yours. It is completely up to you what happens from here, I’ve ignored my biology in the past, I can ignore it now if needs be until you’re ready.”

“You’re an idiot,” his potential mate tells him after staring at him for several minutes.

That was not the response he was expecting. What exactly had he done that was idiotic?

The rest of dinner goes smoothly, though he finds himself a bit startled by the playful and exasperated smile playing at the edge of the younger man’s lips. After he drops Eggy off for the night, bidding the omega farewell until tomorrow, he heads home still trying to figure out what was idiotic.

Finally at two am, with no sleep anywhere in sight, he grabs his phone and dials up his best friend, “He called me an idiot.” Is the first thing he says when the phone is picked up before Merlin has had a chance to even say anything.

“It’s two in the mornin’ and ya are callin’ me? You are an idiot.” His friend replies sounding frustrated.

“Well I knew you would not be sleeping, you are never asleep at a reasonable hour.” He answers easily.

“Well I was sleepin’,” the hacker mutters, “Why’d he call ya an idiot?”

“That’s the problem, I don’t know. I had asked if he wanted to spend his next regular heat together rather than inducing one, he told me when it is, that there are already Tony arrangements, and called me an idiot.” He replies, recalling the evening.

“He’s right, ya are one. Harry he told you when his heat is, and that his son’s not gonna be there. Are ya getting it yet?” his friend grumbles.

“Oh,” he replies, “oh.”

“Good, there’s ya brains, I knew ya had some, now I am goin’ back to bed. Goodnight Harry.” A moment later the line is dead, but that’s alright, because they are right, he was particularly idiotic tonight. He is blaming it on his hormones and inner alpha, not to mention the fire still burning in his veins. Twelve days until his mate goes into heat and is his mate in fact not theory. Best make sure he has everything ready, but for now, some sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Hello all, thank you greatly for all the encouragement so far! There is two chapters left and this is done, but fear not, there is plenty of more story to come in the Matched and Kept series. Any reviews are lovely things that I treasure, and the reason this is coming along so smoothly!
Eggsy’s POV
Over the next ten days courting gifts continue to appear on his doorstep and they continue to eat together at night. When he tells Roxy about his dinner with Harry, she has a hard time stopping from laughing, particularly when he mentions how the conversation about his heat went. She even agrees with him that Harry was being an idiot and promises that she is still keeping Tony for the duration of his heat.

The meetings with the new social worker are a bit nerve wracking, but they get through them. The first meeting is so she can meet Tony. The second meeting is so she can meet Harry. The third meeting, and the last before his heat, is so she can see how they interact with each other. Despite his nerves, all three go far better than any had gone with the previous idiot. Tasha tells him she will check in after they have moved and settled to see how things are going, plus probably one more time, just to do follow up but so far everything is looking good. It’s the smoothest conversation he has ever had with a social worker.

The night before his heat is to start, he kisses his baby boy on the nose, telling him, “Behave for your Aunt Roxy while she has you, okay Tony?”

Nodding, the little boy hugs him tightly, “Yes Daddy.” His son agrees against his shoulder.

“What’s wrong, baby boy?” he asks when Tony doesn’t let go to go to Roxy.

“Wanna stay with you,” his son mutters, voice doing that wobble right before he starts to cry.

Kissing his son’s forehead, he just holds him for a long moment, rocking him gently from side to side, “In six days you’ll come home and stay home for several weeks, okay baby?”

“Don’t wanna go!” Tony exclaims angrily, still clinging to him.

“I know, and I don’t want you to go, but you need to go, and I think your Aunt Roxy had a surprise for you.” He coaxes his son, gently running a hand down his back.

Hesitantly, Tony picks his head up and glances at Roxy, “Surprise?”

She nods, “Yep,” she answers dropping down to his level to stage whisper, “We’re going to the zoo.”

“Choo!” the three year old immediately lets go of him, throwing his small body into Roxy’s arms, all thoughts of crying gone for the moment.

“Have fun Eggsy,” his friend tells him with a mischievous smile before leaving while carrying Tony.

Last night Harry had asked if he would be willing to spend his heat at Harry’s house, he had agreed, but was now getting nervous over the fact his cab to take him over to the house that would probably end up being his home was on the way. It’s been nearly five years since the last time he shared a heat with an alpha. What if his instincts flared up against an alpha he wasn’t bonded to? He hadn’t been bonded in over two years, but it was still a possibility. Of course his inner omega was preening over the idea of finally sharing a heat, so maybe that wouldn’t happen.
Shaking his head, he listens for the sound of a car, and grabs his small overnight bag, heading downstairs and out of the flat.

The ride to Harry’s house is nerve wracking, because he cannot decide if he is excited or scared about what is to come. Today is day eleven, any time in the next twenty-four hours his heat will start, but he suspects that it is going to be sooner than later because he has not spent this much time around a presented unbounded alpha in years, and he can already feel the differences, including his heightened senses and his omega nature being far more vocal than normal.

When he gets to the alpha’s home, he pays the cab driver before heading up to the door. He is just getting ready to knock when it swings open.

“Hello Eggsy, please come in,” Harry greets him warmly, holding the door open for him.

“Hullo Harry,” he replies, stepping through the door and walking over to the living room to set his bag down.

“You could put that in the spare bedroom if you’d like, I was not sure if you wanted to sleep in my room or not, so I cleaned up the extra rooms instead.” The alpha tells him seriously skin flushing in the most delightful of ways.

Instead of setting his bag down in the living room, he heads upstairs, nose twitching as he considers whether to use a spare room or Harry’s room. Closing his eyes, he lets his instincts guide his choice, and finds himself standing in front of the alpha’s door a moment later. Smiling, because apparently his inner omega has a choice it wants known and listened to, he slips into the room, taking a moment to just breathe in the air before setting the bag by the dresser and heading back downstairs.

He finds the older man waiting near the door to the dining room.

“Dinner’s nearly ready Eggsy,” the alpha comments.

“Great,” he answers with a smile. Stopping beside the slightly taller and stockier man, he impulsively leans in, brushing his lips against Harry’s cheek before heading into the dining room. He can feel the alpha’s hot gaze watching him, causing a mischievous smirk to rise to the surface as he sways just a bit more.

Dinner goes rather smoothly, even if the hormones start filling the air and the tension starts to rise. They take turns flirting and teasing each other. There are gentle, quiet moments where they eat and take turns feeding each other.

By the time the meal is done, he already knows his heat will be starting sooner than later, can already feel the first coils deep within his belly. The need and desire starting to build, the pheromones that he produces as his heat flares are filling the air, he can even see their effect on Harry whose eyes have darkened to nearly black in desire.

“We should get shower’s ‘arry,” he suggests, his voice already taking on the rougher qualities that come from his physical desire.

“You can use my shower upstairs,” the alpha offers, “I will use the downstairs one as soon as I have put things away.”

Nodding, he stands, asking, “Would you like some ‘elp?”

“No, dear boy, I’ll take care of this, I don’t think I would be able to focus if you were to help.” The older man replies with a smile.
Again he nods, stepping close to his soon to be mate, pressing their bodies close for just a moment as he lightly kisses Harry on the lips. He wants their first kiss to be before the heat takes over, and this seems to be it. Just as he pulls back, planning to head upstairs, Harry’s hands catch his face between his warm palms as he presses their lips back together, the older man’s tongue flicking out to trace along his lips, making him gasp, his lips parting. As soon as they open, Harry deepens the kiss, their tongues brushing against each other.

“You best be getting upstairs before I forget to put things away or wait for your heat to finish kicking in,” the alpha whispers against his lips as the kiss finishes.

He smirks, pressing one more gentle kiss to Harry’s lips before turning and walking away, a bit more sway to his hips than normal.

Upstairs he grabs his bag and heads into the attached bathroom to get a quick shower, washing with his scent free just before a heat soap before rinsing and getting out. He debates about what to wear, because he has particular pajamas for right before a heat but also doesn’t know if he even wants to bother dressing. Might as well, he ends up figuring, pulling on his underwear and sleeping bottoms.

Heading into the bedroom, he puts his stuff back where he originally had it. Next he turns off the over head and turns on the bedside light before crawling on the rather huge bed and rolling around. Nose pressed into the soft pillows as he takes in that great scent that belongs to the man soon to be his alpha.

He feels more than hears as Harry enters the room, the fine hairs on his body alerting him to the fact that he is being watched.

Rolling onto his back, he smiles at the alpha standing at the end of the bed, his legs braced a little wider than normal as those dark eyes rake over his body.

“I’m almost not surprised to find you here.” Harry comments, voice low and rough.

“It would be rather silly to curl up on a guest bed would I will just end up in ‘ere anyways,” he replies with a playful smile, “After all, the point of this is bonding, unless you would rather we slept separately.”

When the alpha doesn’t immediately answer, he starts wondering if he made a mistake. He had always shared a bed with Ethan, his previous alpha had loved curling around his body when they were resting, and there had been plenty of times he had been woken up to hands and lips wandering across his skin. This was a bad idea, a very bad idea. He should have asked rather than figured on this.

Sitting up, he scoots to the edge of the bed, planning on grabbing his bag and bolting to one of the other rooms.

He is barely off the bed when a firm hand catches his shoulder in a relatively light grasp, spinning him around and moving to cup his jaw.

“What…?” he starts to ask only to be soundly and deeply kissed.

“You perfect omega,” Harry murmurs against his lips. “I hadn’t expected to find you in my room once you were done bathing, nor was I expecting the wave of mine that hit as soon as I saw you on my bed.” Again the older man kisses him, this time softer, slower, not as much active passion but full of longing and need.

His hand end up grabbing hips, pulling their bodies closer together as they continue to kiss.
“Eggsy, you beautiful omega, would you do me the honor of bonding, of being my mate, of having my pups, and being my home?” the alpha whispers between kisses.

Groaning, his head tilts back as he nearly hisses, “Yes.”

Rough lips move down his jaw to his throat, soft kisses, light nips, and even a few teasing licks follow as Harry explores his neck and shoulders. Soft words of praise fall from the alpha’s lips, making him smile even as he holds tighter and moans at the sensations.

“May I take you to bed Eggsy? May I touch this beautiful body every way possible before your heat starts? May I make love to my mate?” Harry asks, hands still cupping his jaw even as he kisses other parts of his body.

“Oh yes,” he hisses in pleasure as Harry bites down lightly just over the gland to the left side of his throat.

Hands skim down his face, tracing the same path as those lips, making him gasp in need.

Passion burns through his body, and his hands slowly leave the alpha’s hips to travel upwards over covered chest, coming to rest on the top most button. It’s difficult to focus on, but he still manages it just enough to start unbuttoning the pajama shirt.

Harry ends up turning them so he can back him back to the bed. He realizes this when the back of his legs hit it, and he goes down, taking the alpha with him because he never actually stops working on the buttons. Instead, his grip tightens for a minute and he pulls. He can feel the alpha’s smile against his skin as the older man continues to explore him even with them going ending up on the bed like this.

He finds it a bit harder to undo the buttons from this angle but loves a challenge and still keeps undoing them. Once all of the shirts buttons are free, his hands slip between the now open material to explore Harry’s warm skin. Tracing over the mostly smooth skin and finding several spots where the texture is different. Some he is able to identify by feel, having seen similar injuries on Ethan during his brief time home, but others he cannot, making him want to push Harry back and look at them, not just feel them. He doesn’t though, right now is about pleasure, they will have plenty of time later to actually learn about each other’s bodies.

Time seems to fly by and move at a snail’s pace as Harry touches him, hands and lips gliding over his skin. The next time he comes out of the pleasure enough to identify exactly what’s going on, the alpha is kneeling between his legs with the shirt totally off, hands resting on the band of his bottoms.

“May I take them off Eggsy?” Harry’s normally smooth voice is rough, a low growl as he requests like the gentleman he is.

Tilting his hips and lifting himself slightly using his elbows, he groans, “Yes.”

Talented fingers hook on the top of both his pajamas and pants, slowly pulling both down as the alpha watches the fabric move out the way, his gaze hot and possessive.

“Beautiful,” the older man declares. Leaning forward to scatter kisses along his legs as they are revealed.

He drops back against the pillows, enjoying the attention, the fact that Harry is taking the time to touch his body. He understands that part of it is an alpha’s desire for his mate to smell like him, and that the touching will overlay their scents, but he knows part of it is just Harry.
By the time his heat roars through his body early in the morning, he was already lost to the wave of pleasure from the way Harry was touching him and it wasn’t until Harry groaned when his long fingers started to toy with the edge of his hole.

“You’re so wet, and already open, my beautiful omega,” the words are growled as Harry lifts his legs, hooking them over the older man’s shoulders so his entrance is right before his face. Harry’s tongue flicks out to lap at the fluid already dripping from him. “Damn you taste perfect.”

A never ending litany of sounds escapes his lips as his alpha takes his time tasting and licking him. Hands holding him open as he does so, fingers teasing the edge and curling just within him, making him writher in pleasure. Pressure and pleasure builds until his body nearly bows in half as his orgasm works its way through him, made even more erotic by the fact that Harry has wrapped his lips around his swollen prick and swallowed everything that his body produces. Licking his lips hungrily afterwards.

Removing his legs from his shoulders, the alpha growls, “I’m going to bond and breed you, my mate.”

“Yes,” he gasps out, aching to be filled, desiring to have his alpha buried deep within him.

Quickly the older man makes his way up his body, leaving a wet trail of saliva and his own slick on his skin, hands holding his hips so that he can easily slide into his hole.

“Mine,” the alpha growls as he buries himself to the hilt on the first thrust, sending fireworks through his body.

“Yes!” he agrees, pressing into the pleasure. This is so much more than he remembers, hotter, stronger, everything.

The pace Harry sets is firm, fast, but gentle. It is just enough friction to tease him but not enough to send him over the edge again.

He gasps in shock as the alpha’s knot presses into him, not quite making it past the ring of muscles squeezing his mate’s thickness. Instead of pressing harder, or forcing it in, his alpha just continues his pace, only one of the alpha’s hands moves from his hips, now his arse, to tease and press at his hole, working him even further open even as he continues to take him.

He groans when he feels it start to press even further in, and taking matters into his own hands, he bucks up hard just as Harry presses forward, pushing the knot within himself and gasping as the white hot pleasure pain.

His hands scratch at the older man’s back, body bowing as he comes without ejaculating, a sure indicator that he is going to be pregnant before the end of this. The flood of emotions that courses through him is almost overwhelming and has both of them coming again.

Rolling to his side, Harry pulls him as close as possible, teeth carefully pulling from his skin, tongue lapping at the bite mark as he nuzzles against him. Words of praise are crooned against his skin.

He doesn’t actually remember getting tired or drifting off to sleep, but when he wakes, he is now lying with his back to Harry who is touching him in all the right places to send pleasure through his body but is not actually pressed within him. Smiling, he presses back into his alpha, enjoying the way that sounds in his head and waits for his new mate to get the hint, sliding carefully within him
this time.

The next four days are spent in a blur of mind-blowing pleasure and joyful contentment. They make love, fuck, and everything in the middle. Sometimes it’s in the nest of a bed that he had found himself making during one of the rare occasions that he was awake and Harry was not, other times it was wherever they were in the house when the heat flared up. Whenever the heat was subsided they had eaten or bathed, just spending time together.

“This is not what I expected,” Harry informs him when they wake up after the last of his heat has gone, leaving his body aching in all the right ways.

“Yeah?” he murmurs sleepily, “Tell me about it later, cuddle now, or maybe a hot relaxing bath for the muscles.”

“Anything you need my precious omega,” his alpha promises, gently kissing him, “Anything you need.”

Life might not always be easy, but apparently things can work out, is the last thing he thinks before drifting back to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Hey folks, this chapter did not go at all how I expected, but hey, here it is, all nice and done. I hope everyone enjoys and I will be looking forward to seeing what you think.
Roxy’s POV
“Vous might as well come in Merlin, stop hovering, Tony is already asleep in the nursery upstairs,” she remarks without glancing up from her computer.

A moment later, the tall bald computer Scottish hacker steps into the room, eyes glancing towards the stairwell as he crosses the room to just about fling himself into the chair beside her. “Do ya think they have finally figured out the matin’ process yet?”

“Oh yeah, instincts probably got them past the rough points because I swear those two are worse than teenagers with their first crush.” She answers, “I have spent the last two years trying to find a reason to get them together. Maybe it’s because I am a neuter, but I could smell their compatibility even before they met.”

He nods, “I haven’t met this Eggsy, but Harry has been a lot happier since meeting him.”

“Those two, I swear they are driving me to drink, anyways, we should think of bonding and pup gifts for them. Guaranteed those two will be fully bonded and Eggsy knocked up before the end of the week.” She comments as she closes down her laptop.

“Any suggestions, oh-wise-one?” the older alpha inquires with a hint of a smirk.

Grinning, she replies, “A spa treatment for Eggsy, and Harry a night at a bar, ‘cause both will need it I think.”

He just laughs, a low sound that never fails to send a zing of excitement through her body.

“How do ya think they are goin’ take the fact you set them up and enlisted me to do it?” Merlin finally asks when he stops laughing with his voice is full of amusement and warmth.

She makes a low dismissive noise, “Eggsy will find it funny, Harry is your problem.”

Standing, she turns to face him with a playful smirk that she knows his alpha nature will respond to.

“True,” Merlin answers with a warm smile in her direction, eyes narrowing on her lips.

She presses one hand to her hips as she crooks her finger in a come-get-me fashion.

He stands slowly, a slightly feral heat filling his eyes.

She brings a single finger up to her lip before pointing towards the bedrooms, knowing he would understand before turning to bolt. She might be a neuter but she still has desires and physical needs and he excels at fulfilling them. Might as well have some fun while they do so.
This is it, this story is done, but there will be more in this verse, just follow the series Matched and Kept for further adventures of Harry, Eggsy, Tony, Merlin, and Roxy. While I know its not exactly what the prompt stated, I hope it still works, and there will still be more to come!

Thank you greatly to everyone who has kudos, commented, or otherwise enjoyed this story. I hope to see you in the next one too.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!