Under One Roof

by kindaeccentric

Summary

normal life AU with a twist
Harry Hart is an aging businessman and Lee is his best friend he haven't seen for years, but now it will change
+Eggsy is a nuisance for everyone, later: Merlin slays, Roxy is a BAMF kitten, Lee will have a rollercoaster

Notes

Eggsy without his accent, because I'm unqualified, don't mind me

English is not my mother tongue so expect lots of grammar mistakes and general bad use of English language and being honest it's gonna be trashy as hell, but I had to ;_;
Prologue

'Prologue'

Harry Hart had a steady job at an office and he was one of the best. At least that's what he thought before he got kicked out by new management that decided, that he no longer fits the image of the company. That image was supposed to be 'young and energetic'. Harry almost put up a fight with the thin and sleazy kid, but managed to hold himself still. Mr Hart could beat the shit out of that clown even in his tight-fit shirt and jacket, but ended up just laughing him off and leaving in style. He sold his apartment and decided to move back to London, where he grew up. It wasn't particularly smart, since even breathing in London is expensive, but he had a soft spot for this city and a few good friends there. He still had enough money to spend on a hotel, before finding a new job and a new flat. Upon arrival he realized how much the city changed after ten years, when he was there for the last time. His favorite pub wasn't the same pub anymore, but he stepped in anyway. The interior was still gloomy and dark, but the floor was new. He found himself in companionship of young people only, and some of them started to stare at him with confusion when he was ordering a beer. Fortunately, it wasn't a busy night, so he managed to find a good, comfortable place in the corner. He never felt old, yes, he knew he was, but his spirit refused to give in and stayed cheerful and wild. And someone did notice it.

'Hi, mister.', heard Harry. It was a guy in his twenties, dressed in simple grey t-shirt and jeans, with a proper square jaw, dreamy eyes and a smile that could melt the iceberg that sank Titanic. For a second Harry wasn't even sure it was meant for him, but the guy was standing right next to his table. He was dumbfounded, but recollected himself and answer.

'Yes?'

'You are the only man I haven't seen here already, you know?'

'I figure.'

'Can I sit here?'

'Sure, why not,' said Harry, which sounded way too much like a legitimate question. The guy sat next to him, a bit too close.

'You are not from here, are you?'

'Actually, yes, but I haven't been here for ten years'

The guy smirked. 'So you don't know this pub is kinda gay now?'

Harry wasn't even surprised. The last pub in this place was 'kinda gay' too to be honest. Seems like London didn't change that much after all.

'Are you trying to pick me up?'

'Maybe?'

Harry could hardly believe it.

'I'm old. You should talk to that stud in a green hoodie. He's looking at you.'

The guy smiled shyly, but he knew how cute he looks like that. He didn't even turn his head to check who Harry was talking about.

'Dave? Nah, been there, done that. Not interested any more. But you... You are something new.'

'Really?'

'Really. Come on, take that as a nice welcome sign from the city', murmured the handsome guy seductively and put a hand on Harry's knee.

'I don't know your name.'

'Everyone lies about it anyway.'

'I don't.'

'You savage. Ok then, I'm Eggsy.'

'Harry. So... You really want to sleep with a guy the age of your father?', hesitated Harry for a brief moment.

'I have daddy issues. Enough for an explanation?'

Harry sighted. He didn't have good self-control anyway. And this guy's puppy eyes and smile
were to die for. He grabbed his jaw and leaned in to kiss him. He was checking if the young man is seriously interested or if he is making fun of him. The guy didn't back off. He closed his eyes and opened his mouth when Harry pressed his lips to his for a short and sloppy kiss and then finished his beer in one sip. Harry knew under his skin that it can't end well, but he genuinely didn't care.

'Hotel? I'm too old for gymnastics in the restroom.'
'Works for me. I'm healthy and not on drugs if those are your next questions. I'm not mental, I just want to shag.' said the boy bluntly.
'You know your game, don't you?'
Eggsy nodded.
'Let's go then?'
They both got out and Harry caught a cab. Eggsy was writing text messages on his mobile when they were driving. It was a quick ride, but Harry was getting impatient anyway. He liked young men and didn't feel any remorse for taking their offers. It was a really nice coincidence for him to get someone for a the night on the very first day there. Some of the boys he used to bed liked age roleplay, other were just looking for new experiences and some were on a sugar daddy hunt. Eggsy wasn't any different. From what Harry figured, he was that slutty, but irresistible type.

When they locked the door behind them in his hotel room, Eggsy attacked his mouth with force. Harry pushed him away gently with a chuckle.
'So eager... Take your shirt off.'

These words made Eggsy's eyes lighten up and he took off his t-shirt in the matter of a second. He was well-build, with muscular chest, but soft stomach. Harry run his hand through the hair on his pecks, down to his stomach and to Eggsy's crotch. He was almost jealous, but way more aroused.
'Will you finally fuck me, or are you just fooling around?', said Eggsy with a smirk. Harry grabbed his neck and kissed him violently surprising him.

Everything went downhill from there. Harry pushed Eggsy onto the bed and they were making out like horny teenager, grinding hips. They rolled over, with Eggsy on top, but only for Harry to get his fingers inside of him. They didn't even bother with taking the pants off properly. Harry was sure they can be heard through the walls. When he finally crawled on top of the young man, kissing and biting his shoulders, neck, and breathing heavily into his ear, Eggsy was already reduced to a moaning mess. Harry had to have a bit more time to warm up because of his age, but he was a master of killing this time with all kinds of pleasurable tricks. On the other hand, the boy wasn't bad either. He was flexible and happy to please. Maybe it wasn't the best sex both of them had, but was definitely worth remembering and left them almost too exhausted to even move. Harry just rolled off of the boys back and threw out the condom. They layed there for about twenty minutes on the edge of falling asleep.

'Not bad for an old man. Really.' whispered Eggsy sleepily.

Harry was staring into the boy's eyes in awe. He was gorgeous. Almost gorgeous enough to invite him for dinner. Eggsy turned his head to avoid his gaze. 'I should be going.' He didn't even make a move. Harry could see that the young man is just serving him 'one-nighter's savoir vivre' as he used to call it. To the rules belonged leaving as soon as possible or at least showing intention of doing that.

'It's just a few hours to the morning. You can sleep here if you want.'
'It would be outstaying my welcome.', laughed the young man and started to get up, but Harry pushed him gently back into the pillows.

'Don't be ridiculous. Stay. I'm not throwing you out.' He said with a frown.
'Aren't you afraid that I'll rob you while you're sleeping?'
'Aren't you afraid I could kill you?'
'You wouldn't. Your smile is too gentle and honest.'

Harry chuckled, 'Looks deceive.'

Eggsy smirked at him. 'I had many men. After a while you can tell which type you are approaching within seconds. I can't believe you don't know that.'
'It would be a shame if someone hurt you.'
'Oh, shut up. Or I will leave right now.' laughed Eggsy. 'We chit-chat like women after sex. It's exhausting.'
'Women chit-chat?'
'Yeah.'
Before any of them noticed they were both asleep.
bear with me, for I am not a native speaker
(try to) enjoy

'Dazed'

When Harry woke up the boy was gone and the sheets on his side cold. Not that Hart developed feelings for him overnight, but he hoped to at least say goodbye. Memories of the previous night were still vivid and bright. Harry groaned recalling the mole on Eggsy's neck and his beautiful thick thighs. It was almost sad to think he won't be seeing those again. He took a shower, got dressed, ate breakfast at the hotel bistro, made a phone call, and then went out to meet with a friend who could brighten up the current situation in his trade in London for him. He wasn't exactly happy with the outcome of that meeting and when he was getting back to the hotel someone on the street recognized him.

'Harry?'
Mr. Hart looked in the direction of the voice and it took him a rather long time to realize who is he staring at.

'Lee?'
The man grinned at him with sympathy.

'So it is you! For a brief moment I thought that I'm just making a fool out of myself. I thought you worked in Liverpool'

'Apparently that city doesn't like me any more.'
Lee lined up with him and smiled brightly. He and Harry used to be best friends and they even called each other often, but for last four years the contact between them was lost.

'So what are you doing in London?'
'I feel like I shouldn't take your time...'

'Oh, I was just on my way to buy a new shirt or two for work, but it can wait. We haven't seen each other for ages.'
Harry smiled. He didn't even know how much he missed Lee and now it hit him.

'Ok. If I need to be completely honest with you, I just lost my job and thought maybe London will be kinder. This city never failed me yet.'

'Old good London, yeah? Do you live here now?
'I'm in search for an apartment, but I didn't suspect it will be that difficult.'

'Let me take you for a beer. Are you in a hurry?'

'Not at all.'
Lee and Harry clicked right away, like they were never separated. They arrived at some completely new pub that Lee seemed to love and sat by the bar with glasses of Guinness. Lee was asking plenty of questions and Harry barely managed to ask him two or three, but it was always this way. Unwin was an extreme extrovert and the fact that he was younger than Harry didn't make him less talkative or cheeky.

'So how's Nina?'
'I don't know, we divorced shortly after our last call.'
'I'm sorry. And shocked. I was your best man. She seemed to be perfect for you.'
'Turned out there was too many differences in important stuff between us.'
'You have children with her as far as I remember?'
'Only a daughter. She is probably about 10 now.'
Truth to be told, Harry hid a few things from Lee over the years. He took a wife, because that's what everyone else was doing, but this marriage was doomed from the start. Harry was gay and a woman would never make him truly happy. Nina understood, but had a justified grudge against him. He didn't try to stay in touch with her or their child and they moved on. She married another man.

'My son just turned 21 and he's causing me some problems. Perks of young parenting.'
'I completely forgot you and Michelle have a son.'
'Well, I wasn't showing you photos and he was in boarding school, so no wonder.'
'Anyway, I'm glad you prosper.'
They had another glass and Lee slammed his hand on the table with excitement.
'I have an idea.'
Harry laughed and took a sip of his beer.
'I'm all ears.'
'You can live with us. We have a whole right wing of the house for the guests, but nobody ever uses it. You could save money you spend on the hotel.'
'Lee, I can't. It's very nice of you, but...' 
'Mr. Hart, we might have not talked to each other for some time, but you're still my best friend, so stop being a pain in the ass and let me be helpful.'
'You're ridiculous. Really, Unwin, I'm not sure if I'm blessed or cursed with you.'
'What are you saying?'
'If Michelle is ok with that...'
'Great! I'll turn up by your hotel on Friday to collect your stuff.'
'Not too fast?'
'We are either doing it or not, right?'
Harry sighed. He knew it's all true. He had three days to Friday. When they were saying goodbye Lee hugged him tightly and in that moment Hart could easily believe that fortune is on his side.

Back at the hotel he looked around the room and realized he owns some things he doesn't want Lee to even touch. He planned to reveal all his secrets to him for years, but he never found a good time. He lied to himself that he has no choice, but it wasn't entirely true. Now he was standing in front of a little metal box consisting a collection of various old objects. He was hiding his heart in that box in a way. Every object had a story, of lost love, regrets, hidden wants and dreams. He found a photo of him and Lee from last year before he left London. They were in a bar with Nina and Michelle at the time and the girls were holding the camera. It was truly a lovely night. Under this photo was one of him, young, asleep in the bed of his first boyfriend- Jim, taken after they made love, first time for Harry, and next with them both on a trip to the woods. On the back of this one he read 'It's never forever, my dear. I love you. Jim.' Harry smiled coldly. The photo faded a bit and it was bend twice, he had no idea what happened to Jim, but kept the two photos. Just the same way he kept a Valentine from a girl, who later figured out she is a lesbian, hand written letters from his lover he was cheating on Nina with, his wedding ring and a silver ring from a man he met in Liverpool and thought he'll marry, drawings his little daughter made, cinema tickets from a movie he saw with his father, a wooden button from his second boyfriend's coat he spend only two months with and an empty perfume phial from his mother. All this and more was now hidden in the box.

Packing everything else was easy. Lee came earlier to collect and move Harry's belongings into his room and later once more for Harry himself.

'We are going to turn up right for dinner. Michelle learned to cook and man… It's like tasting heaven if she wants to impress you. And she wants that.'
Hart smiled. He was never really close with her, but he knew she loves to shine and getting compliments gives her life, and that's why she treats every task like a challenge. A very desirable trait among businessmen.

'My son, Gary, is home for now. He left his studies without warning, he's one hell of a troublemaker. Talented, but lazy. You'll meet him.'
When they arrived at Unwins Harry saw a big, two-storey house with garden and although he expected it, he was still impressed. He straightened up his white shirt and ringed at the door. He
anticipated Michelle to open, but his jaw dropped when it wasn’t who he saw. He blinked ready to believe his eyes are lying to him, but he had his glasses on and when it didn’t help he realised how uncomfortable it all is going to be. Good that Lee was standing behind him and couldn’t see the whole awkwardness of the scene. The young man Harry slept with a few nights back was looking at him with a mix of terror and confusion. Finally Lee moved to see what was causing obstructions at the entrance and both men were forced to connect the dots quickly.

“You’re being rude, boy.” said Lee to the young man and added, ‘Harry, this is my son, Gary.’ Harry shook off the shock and offered his hand. Eggsy accepted it with a smirk.

‘Nice to meet you. My father won’t shut up about you for last three days. I thought you are younger.’

‘Gary!’ gasped Lee irritated. ‘Have some respect. Help your mother in the kitchen, will you?’ Eggsy winked at Harry before he left not really caring that his father had seen it.

Lee put a hand on his friend’s shoulder.

‘I have no idea why he’s behaving like this. Man, you are tense. Have a sit in the dining room and relax. He’s not going to eat you.’

They sat for the dinner and Harry really wanted to tell that he can’t live with them, but he would have to think about some explanation and the real reason was leering at him on the other side of the table, which was efficiently distracting him. Michelle’s cooking really was delicious and he tried to focus on that instead. When he was asked questions he would answer, but avoiding looking at young Gary Unwin. He would never think such coincidence is possible, but apparently Gary never saw any photos of him and the only image of Lee’s son Harry used to have in his head was the one of a two year old. He cursed himself why he didn’t recognise the familiarity of the boy’s smile, but who would.

‘Mr. Hart is my dear friend and a brilliant businessman. He’s now in search for a new job, but with his talent I’m sure he’ll find one soon. You could learn a lot from him, Gary.’

Harry almost choked on his bite of roast and Eggsy barely could contain his amusement.

‘I can imagine.’ he answered and took a rather large sip of wine to cover his giggle.

After the dinner Harry had too compliment Michelle on her skills and was shown the part of the house he was supposed to live in. He even opened up his mouth to inform his friend that he changed his mind, but Lee hugged him again.

‘I’m so glad you are here. I missed you. I never had a friend like you and I probably never will. Now we will be able to spend more time together.’

‘You sound like you’re in love with me.’

Lee laughed. ‘Say that again and I’ll beat you up, you old, sarcastic bastard. You’re like a brother to me, you know?’

‘I do. Thank you again Lee’

Harry stayed alone in his new room and looked at his unopened bags and boxes.

‘Goddamit.’
In family

Chapter Notes

it's short this time, because i felt bad and i need more sleep and we had holidays on the way, right? (+one day i'll add chapter summaries, but it's not this day)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

'In family'

Harry found himself stuck at Unwins house. More mentally than physically. He didn't unpack his things right away, but looked through the boxes to keep himself busy for a moment. He found a book he was reading, but obviously couldn’t focus on the text. Finally he just got up and decided to take a stroll down the street. It was late, dark outside, Michelle or Lee were nowhere to be seen on his way to the door, so he figured that they must be upstairs. He didn't go far until he noticed someone standing under a tree by the neighbour’s fence. He didn't take his glasses so he had to step a bit closer before he realised it’s Gary. He hesitated, but it was more convenient to talk to him out of the house. Nobody could see them in this place.

'It was so bizarre, wasn’t it?’ started the young man and lit up a cigarette not looking at Harry at all. The older man stood next to Gary and for a longer moment neither of them spoke.

'Do you want to talk about it?’ began Harry carefully.

'About what? We had fun, but that’s all, end of story. Nothing to ramble about. We don’t step in each other’s way and we’ll be cool. And don’t let it slip or I swear I’ll kill you.’

Harry realised something and spoke before his filter could catch up.

'Lee doesn’t know you are gay.’

'Well, does he know that you are?’

They stared at each other in silence for a moment, which started to feel awkward. Harry rolled his eyes.

'Give me one.’

Gary smirked and just handed him his cigarette and lit up another one for himself. Mr. Hart sighted.

'You’re gonna get a lung cancer.’

Gary gave him a murderous stare.

'Ok. I’m not saying anything, you’re a grown-up.’

They both looked almost sinfully good with a cigarette for each other, but wouldn’t admit it.

'So you did lie about your name.’

'Actually I didn’t. Everybody calls me Eggsy, except for parents. Keep calling me like that if you must, it won’t be suspicious.’

'Well… thank you.’

'You’re welcome old man.’

Eggsy winked to him almost playfully, just like earlier.

'If we are to live under one roof, please don’t do that.’

'Do what? Wink? Why? Do you like it?’

Gary got closer to Hart, their bodies touching and released a cloud of smoke into his face. The older man wasn’t sure if he wants to kiss him or slap him. In the end he just turned his face away to avoid looking at the boy’s pouty lips.

'Relax cupcake. I’m just joking.’

Gary took a few steps back. He was smoking a whole cigarette and not a half like Harry, but he finished it quicker and left. He turned around once on the way to give the man the most gorgeous
smile, which now seemed to be not inviting, but challenging, it was a promise of hell. Harry knew that even if he didn’t have sex with him earlier, he still would have improper thoughts about him. Falling asleep that night wasn’t the easiest task. The next day he was supposed to go on a job interview, but looked at the clock and just cursed. It was too late, almost 12 o’clock. He called to lie that he’s terribly sick not to ruin his reputation for further job search. He managed only to wear a red bathrobe before somebody knocked on his door. It was Gary with food on a tray. He sighted and handed it to Harry.

‘Mom told me to get you breakfast before I go out, so here it is.’

Eggsy was already taking a step to leave. He was dressed in a black tracksuit and a cap, which was making him look younger than when they were spending night together. He almost looked like a child.

‘Thank you. You cooked this?’

The young man didn’t even turn around while leaving, but said ‘Yup. And don’t worry, it’s not poisoned.’

The food was better than Harry anticipated, he was genuinely impressed. He smiled to himself standing by the window and drinking tea. He didn’t realize it the day before, but he could see the garden in front of the house from this place. His mind drifted away and he found himself thinking about his youth and how many stupid things he had done and how he used to think he would be smarter when he gets older. He was not smarter than Eggsy. Suddenly he became aware that the boy probably will find next one-night-stand for the evening and it made him unreasonably worried. He got dressed properly, sat in the living room and watched tv. He zoned out a bit because he had no idea how much time passed until he heard movement by the front door. Lee came in and right behind him Michelle with a little girl in her arms.

‘Hey, buddy! We have one more person for you to meet. Say hello to our princess Daisy.’

Daisy gave him a toothless smile. Harry looked at the child surprised.

‘You didn’t tell me you have a daughter.’

‘It was a surprise for you. Yesterday she was by her grandparents. Take her. Me and Michelle will bring in the groceries.’

Harry wasn’t entirely convinced to hold the girl, but Michelle just handed her to him and made a displeased face.

‘Would you be so kind?’

Hart took the child into his arms. She was heavy and immediately reminded him of his own daughter.

‘Hello, sunshine,’

Daisy grabbed his glasses and crooked them on his nose.

‘Well, why, thanks honey.’

Michelle was placing the bag on the counter beside him and laughed.

‘She likes you.’

‘Almost as much as she likes Gary. She usually isn’t that trusting, she has her favourites’ added Lee coming in with next bag.

‘Be honest. You’re jealous and you wish she would be as calm as she is with him’ joked Michelle.

‘Of course, sweetie.’

Lee gave his wife a smooch and took Daisy from Harry.

‘By the way, do you happen to know where my son is and when he’s back?’

‘I have no idea.’

‘He always disappears like this. He’s a smart kid, but…’

‘Troublemaker. Yeah, you said it.’

Michelle closed the door behind them.

‘All he told me in the morning is that he goes out. I thought he’ll be home by now.’

All three of them grew silent for a moment, but cute little Daisy started to be bored and made a noise prophesying a loud cry. Father managed to calm her down right away and went upstairs, while Michelle stayed to put groceries into the fridge and on the shelves in the kitchen. Harry first time in ages had so much free time that he didn’t know what to do with it. He almost fell asleep
reading a book in his bedroom and surfing through Internet was enraging, because of massive 
stupidity. He made it to the dinner, after which he volunteered to babysit Daisy for a while for her 
parents to get some rest by a movie. The girl was insanely sweet and although still reminded him 
bitterly of his own daughter, he enjoyed the fact that by her he doesn’t need to think that much. 
Later he sat with Lee to play checkers, but they were talking a lot, so the game was rather slow. 
Shortly after ten o'clock, when they were finishing the game, Eggsy tried to snick past them, but 
he was a bit drunk and accidentally hit his foot on the drawer in the hallway and cursed. Both 
older men noticed he has a cut on the inside of his hand that bleeds. Lee wanted to know what 
happened, but even drunk, Eggsy wasn’t interested in revealing his private matters. He was 
refusing to get his hand checked until Harry grabbed it with determination and glanced at the boy 
ominously. He send Lee away, because he could see he's making Gary only more upset. Older 
Unwin was ready to argue, but after a short quarrel he let Harry bandage his son's hand and went 
upstairs.

Chapter End Notes

I probably never say it, but thanks to anyone who reads, gives kudos and all that jazz! 
(as always, I am always grateful)
They were standing next to the kitchen sink, where Harry had washed Eggsy’s hand and examined the cut. The young man was staring at him when he was bandaging his hand. ‘Does it hurt?’ asked Mr. Hart softly, but with a frown on his face. ‘No’ the boy made a space there, but spoke again ‘Thank you.’ His face didn’t really express any specific emotions, he was a bit disconnected. Surprisingly it made Harry mad. ‘Where the fuck have you been and what happened??’ he asked angrily still not letting go of Eggsy’s hand. There was a strong contrast between his scowl and how firm, but gentle was his hold. ‘Don’t you yell at me like that’ ‘I’m not yelling, I have barely raised my voice! Have you seen how worried your father is?!” Eggsy was silent and still looked closely at Harry. He even smiled a bit. ‘You’re lucky you have a pretty face… Ok, I was at my friends house playing games, but we got bored and wanted a drink…” Harry didn’t even react to the comment about his face. This first stage of drunkenness seemed to loose Eggsy’s tongue too much. ‘What about the hand?’ ‘I’m not sure, but I think I accidentally put it on a table with a broken glass when I was pushed back by a guy who called me a slut, that fucking jerk.’ ‘Yeah, I see. Good that it’s a rather clean cut’ ‘I took out the shred’ They looked each other in the eyes. Eggsy, being shorter, leaned back a little. ‘I didn’t got angry, because he called me a slut. I got angry, because he is a dickhead. I know I am slutty.’ Harry laughed uncontrollably. The way Eggsy said it was beyond hilarious. The boy smiled again. ‘The truth is, you should be more careful.’ said Mr. Hart when he came back to being serious and kissed Eggsy’s hand before releasing it. ‘Why did you do that?’ he asked silently. ‘What?’ Harry didn’t even realise right away what he did, it was automatic to him. ‘Oh, sorry.’ ‘I do that to calm my sister when she gets hurt, you know. It’s such a parental kinda thing’ said Eggsy softly. The tension between them was too much to bear, so they partied on the ways to their bedrooms. Harry politely said good night and young Unwin only nodded. The next day Michelle was at home, taking care of little Daisy, Harry could hear them upstairs. In the kitchen he found half-dressed Eggsy pouring himself coffee. They repeated the same pattern with good morning as with good night. Mr. Hart didn’t really plan to eat breakfast there, but leaving even without morning tea seemed too hardcore. He opened the cupboard over the bread stock where he expected to find it, but all that was there were dishes. He opened the next one and found canned vegetables. ‘What are you looking for?’ asked Eggsy with a sight.
‘Tea? And a cup.’
‘Cups are in the next one and tea in a drawer to your left.’
‘Thanks’
‘No problem, hotshot’
Harry looked over his shoulder, Eggsy smirked, but looked miserable, tired and a bit hangover.
Harry made himself a cup of tea, which tasted completely different than what he was used to and couldn’t keep his eyes of Gary, who was absentmindedly glancing through the window.
‘I can feel you staring,’ murmured Eggsy and turned his head back towards Harry. ‘You look different in the sunlight’
‘That’s not very revolutionary observance’
‘Sunlight makes your wrinkles look less evident’
‘Now, that is rude’
Both of them tried to hide a smile, but failed terribly. Gary’s smile was disarming Harry completely. He could feel a gentle pull towards the boy, but snapped out of it upon hearing Michelle going downstairs.
‘I will…’ he started.
‘Yes’
‘I’ll better be going’
‘All right, old man’
Harry stormed out of the house and called a cab. He headed to a place where he was appointed with someone. He needed a friend who isn’t Lee, someone he could talk to about the weird situation he got himself into. He chose a man with whom he used to be work colleges, rivals, very briefly fuck buddies, when Harry was still confused, and in the end friends. Their friendship wasn’t the easiest and cleanest, it was completely different to what he had with Unwin. There used to be a lot of harsh situations and painful words between them in the past, which eventually led to the most honest and relaxed of all Harry’s relationships. They met in a small bistro and both ordered their breakfast.
‘You’re looking good, Merlin’
‘Can’t say the same about you…’
‘Bitch’
They exchanged happy grins.
‘But honestly, I missed you’
‘It’s not like you didn’t see me all this time.’
‘Does it mean I can not miss you? You’re ridiculously grumpy. You have something on your mind, don’t you?’
‘Can you tell?’ said Harry under his breath.
Merlin rolled his eyes in an exaggerated manner.
‘You give yourself new wrinkles with that frown’
‘That’s why I actually wanted to meet…’
The waiter brought their meals. Merlin began to eat instantly, but still payed attention to Harry.
‘You remember Lee Unwin, right?’
‘Sure’ he nodded in between bites.
‘I haven’t seen him for many years, he and I didn’t even talk on the phone or through skype like we do. And out of the blue, I meet him on the street and he invites me to live in his house’
‘Very nice of him. Harry, eat your food before it goes cold.’
Mr. Hart didn’t know how hungry he was until he tasted his dish. Now he was talking with long pauses.
‘It’s not all. Lee has a son. Twenty-something.’
‘What about him?’
‘I slept with him’
Merlin stopped his fork mid-air for a second before coming back to eating.
‘You should have said something like “don’t choke when you hear it”, I could die’ joked Merlin sarcastically.
'That’s it, that’s your reaction?'
'I expected something along those lines from you'
Harry put his fork down theatrically to fake resentment. 'Well, thanks'
'Every time you mention a 'twenty-something’ guy you either slept with him or you plan to sleep
with him. I don’t even blame you. That’s quite impressive.’
'I have a problem and you’re laughing at me.’
'I’m not. Maybe just a little. I would invite you to my place, but I just met someone and…’
'You’re a serial monogamist, which is it now? Fifth?’
'Said a one-night gentleman'
Merlin took a sip of coffee he ordered with his dish.
'Rent a flat. Find a job. And get the hell out of there’
'I calculated that already. Very slim chance that I’ll find a new job before my money ends. When
did everything become so expensive?’
'From all people, you should know’
'It was a rhetorical question’
'So… It can’t be that bad, you’ll get used to it. Any other groundbreaking news?’
'Unwins have a little daughter which…’
'Reminds you of Bea. When did you see her last time?’
'Two years ago. For five minutes. She recognized me, but hid behind her mother’
'I don’t know how to help you’
'You don’t have to’
'I know. Anyway… how does that Unwin boy look like?’
Merlin couldn’t help himself.
'Is that muscular, but curvy type. I don’t know how to explain that. Dirty blonde. Both literally
and figuratively. Or light brown hair? Masculine jaw, grayish green eyes, smile that would kill
even you… He’s a tease. Cute in a way, probably’
'Ass?’
'Perfect’
Merlin chuckled and smiled smugly.
'Pretty little thing, huh? Is he flirting with you?’
'Mixed signals. Yes and no.’
Merlin took his mobile out of his pocket and automatically started tracking Eggsy down through
social media. Harry knew exactly what he’s doing, but got used to it and calmly cleaned up his
plate waiting for some unavoidable judgement.
'cute face, you’re right. Good taste in music… He watched 'Sabrina’ with Audrey Hepburn last
Thursday.’
'It means after the night with me.’
'Figures.’
Merlin continued scrolling and clicking untill he found something interesting for him.
'He likes dogs and he used to do gymnastics. Could you tell?’
'I can easily believe that.’
Finally, Merlin put his phone away.
'I meet my one-night-stands from time to time.’
'What do you do with it?’
'We either ignore each other or fuck again or weird combination of the two.’
Harry was silent for a moment looking straight at his friend, then sighted.
'Helpful.’
They ended up discussing Harry’s life options and found a good job interview for him the next
day. He stepped into a small bookstore on his way back and quickly realized that the guy working
there checks him out. He felt flattered, but left without his number, only with a new read. This day
he finished the previous novel, watched 'Casino Royale’, took a shower and went to sleep early.
In the morning he barely had a chance to exchange a few words with Lee because apparently
older Unwin was rushing to work and had to drive Michelle with Daisy for a medical check and
vaccination. Eggsy didn’t crawl out of his room until a few minutes before Harry was about to go out. Mr. Hart had worn a grey suit, which made Gary’s eyes widen in surprise. He himself was dressed in a worn out, white tank top, pajama pants, had bed hair and already a stubble.

‘Where are you going so suited up?’

‘Job interview. Wish me luck, maybe?’

‘Sure, why not.’

The interview went good, but still he got rejected. He was fairly annoyed; unbuttoned the top two buttons of his shirt and was about to get his jacket off, but seeing Eggsy in front of TV in the living room stopped him in his tracks.

‘Are you watching ‘My fair lady’?’

The boy turned his face to him.

‘Yes, it just started. Did you get the job?’

‘Do I look like I did?’

‘So the answer’s a no. Ok. Come and watch the movie with me then.’

‘Why? Who watches movies so early?’

‘Someone with nothing else to do, since I’ve seen it a hundred times anyway. I don’t bite. Actually, I know for a fact that it’s rather your thing.’

Eggsy smirked. Harry tried to ignore it, but it was too much of a challenge. He rolled his eyes and moved to the sofa. He kicked the young man’s ankle gently and said emotionlessly,

‘Move your ass.’

Eggsy barely left him enough space, but he managed to cram himself next to him. Their bodies were brushing against each other, but it wasn’t uncomfortable. Harry noticed that Eggsy’s hand is healing nicely. They watched the movie without any comments, but about half into it Eggsy had to say that Harry reminds him of Professor Higgins.

‘Well, almost. You are not that posh really.’

‘You aren’t Eliza either.’

Harry felt Eggsy’s head falling to his shoulder, but did nothing about it. Soon Gary was pretty much cuddling to him and shortly after that fell asleep partially draped over Harry’s arm. It wasn’t the most comfortable position for neither of them, but disturbing Eggsy’s sleep seemed somehow inhumane. They watched the movie without any comments, but about half into it Eggsy had to say that Harry reminds him of Professor Higgins.

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‘How long I slept?’

‘Maybe half an hour at most. My arm feels just a bit dead.’

‘Shit, sorry. My sleeping schedule is fucked up. I creased your clothes, didn’t I?’

The answer wasn’t needed. Michelle came into the room with Daisy in her arms and noticed sleepy Eggsy, who grabbed the remote and was changing tv stations.

‘So how was your interview, Harry?’

‘They didn’t take me.’

‘I hope Gary wasn’t disturbing you here.’

‘Naah. We were watching a movie.’

Eggsy gave him an apologizing look mixed with his usual smirk.

‘Sunshine, could you play with your sister for a bit? I’ll make lunch.’

The boy didn’t even answer, he just got up and took Daisy carefully in his arms, though he was still a bit slack after the nap. It was rather a sweet sight and Gary caught Hart staring again and winked.

‘Say hello to Mr. Pillow, little lady’
"Sabrina" is a movie featuring a young girl who in the end falls in love with an older man and that's all you need to know, but it's a good movie, watch it.
I'm so sorry. I'm a disgrace. But I had exams and ten slept for ten years, that's why the updates take me so long. Anyway, I'm still here, I won't leave it (or the other one). Maybe I'm talking to air, but... Yeah. thanks

Days were running with Harry still without job and Eggsy made a habit out of making him coffee. Each time their fingers would brush against each other. They talked about not important subjects when they happened to share the same space. Eggsy still avoided his father. One evening he knocked on Harry's door. He looked serious and slightly worried.

'Hi, I...'

Eggsy realised Harry is only half dressed and started to stare at his bare, broad chest.

'...can I come in? I need to exchange a few words with you.'

Harry was reluctant, but in the end sighed and let him. Eggsy looked around his room.

'It looks so different. You personalised it.'

Harry took a t-shirt out from the drawer and put it on.

'I can see you're troubled. What's wrong?'

Eggsy seemed to have lost all of his sassiness at this moment. He was hesitating, but finally sighed and said carefully, 'I got myself into a bit of a trouble. There is that asshole, who knows my father and is trying to get things out of me. I came to ask you if you could tell Lee, that on Friday I was at home. He would believe rather you than that man.'

Harry was taken off guard by Gary's puppy eyes, but didn't let it show. He sat on the edge of the bed and thought about it for a moment, or at least faked it, since he already made a decision.

Eggsy was standing there awkwardly with his arms crossed, playing innocent.

'Ok, I'll tell him.'

Harry chuckled upon seeing an instant change in Gary's features. The smug grin was back accompanied by shiny eyes full of gratitude.

'Hey, but what will I get?' asked Harry playfully, obviously joking. However, Eggsy got closer to him, and leaned down to whisper in his ear. 'Anything in under half of an hour.'

He laughed and kissed Harry's cheek. When he stepped back and looked at the older man's face he straight away added, 'Don't be so tense, I'm joking.'

He headed to the door and before closing them behind him, he stick his head once more into Harry's room. 'Or am I?'

Mr. Hart threw a pillow into his general direction, but the boy backed off, before getting hit.

Harry indeed told what was requested of him to Lee and later even saw father and son talking and laughing together. When he was alone with Eggsy in the kitchen he couldn't resist to say something.

'You should be more careful. Or just tell him.'

'Only if you do it first. But thank you for helping me out anyway,' said the young man in a sarcastic tone of voice.

'I didn't mean to insult you.'

'I know. I don't feel insulted.'

Eggsy gently grabbed one of Harry's wrists and stroked it. It was an intimate gesture.

'We're in this together, aren't we, huh? Scared of rejection and being misunderstood...'
threw his head back and withdrew his wrist from his hold. 'For fuck's sake... How do you hide your horns devil?' It only made the boy smile wider and grab his elbow. 'Know what? I have an idea. You barely come out. Let's go together and have some fun. You deserve something for dealing with me.' 'Sure I do, but what's the catch?' 'I didn't came up with one yet. It's a spontaneous thought.' 'We don't know each other very well. I'm not sure if we want to get to know each other at all.' 'We talk lately.' 'About weather. And Daisy. Nothing personal.' 'I want you to tell me more about my father. How he used to be. That will be my catch then.' Harry rolled his eyes and nodded. 'Tonight,' added Eggsy and finally let go of Harry's elbow where sudden coldness replaced his touch. 

When Harry was getting ready for that strange event he wasn't exactly sure why he feels like a schoolgirl before prom. He told himself at least ten times that he should go tell the boy that it's ridiculous and improper. He dressed in grey shirt and a sweater he thought he looked good in and tried to convince himself he isn't actually that old, but the wrinkles in the mirror were merciless. He took glasses in place of contacts and his age was even more evident. Eggsy waited for him just outside his door and upon seeing the older man he opened his mouth in voiceless admiration. Not that Harry actually noticed being too focused on Gary's nipples clearly visible through tight white tshirt and the shapes of his muscles underneath it. 'Aren't you going to be a little cold like this?' 'I'll take some jacket. Let's go.' They had to cross the living room and when Eggsy reached for the jacket hanging by the door they realized Lee is there staring at them. 'This is mine.' 'I know, can I borrow?' 'Knowing you, you're gonna take it anyway when I turn around... Where are you two going?' Harry opened his mouth, but the boy was quicker. 'I'm taking your friend to make rounds of all the bars in this city,' said Gary merrily. Harry felt like he was about to faint, but Lee looked at him and sighted. 'Very funny. Keep an eye on him, Harry, will you? I don't care if it's cinema, mini-golf or bowling. Wherever you are going.' 'Sure.' 'And you, don't make me embarrassed.' 'Have some faith in me.' Eggsy winked his usual style. They took the cab and first few drinks were rather awkward. Harry felt like people are judging him, but Gary wouldn't let him think about it for too long. He was constantly occupying his attention with stories or questions and making him laugh. His company was pleasing. 'If I wanted to have a pitbull and walked into a pet center I bet I wouldn't leave with a pitbull. I would see a chihuahua or something and they would play on my feelings to take it.' 'They would give you a pug.' 'A pug?' 'They are stubborn little fucks. It suits you.' 'Heeey! It would be my dad's joke.' 'Lee doesn't make good jokes. He's younger than me, but far more serious. Your mother used to tease him about it. It would be your mother's joke.' 'Did you ever... you know, had hots for Lee?' 'That's actually how we first met. We were at a party and I talked to him, because he was quite a catch, but then his girlfriend at the time showed up. Your dad thought I am just easy-going, he didn't suspect anything at all. Then I actually figured he's fun to spend time with and we became friends.'
'People say I look like him when he was young.'
'Partially maybe. From a certain angle?'
'You've seen all my angles and it didn't occur to you I might be his son?'
Harry laughed and looked at the drink in his hand.
'To be honest, I should be wearing glasses or contact lenses ALL the time, but I completely forgot to wear them that day. So the whole night was slightly blurry.'
'That's a poor excuse if you seen good enough to not step into a streetlamp and to actually recognize me on dinner.'
'But it was a good try, wasn't it?'
'You actually look good with glasses on. I don't understand why you tend to wear them only around house. Contacts are not good for your eyes.'
'Thank you. I'll consider that.'

They stepped into the bar they already were together in, but sat in different place. Harry knew people are surprised Eggsy came with someone they already seen.
'I have deja vu. Last time we've been here you seduced me.'
'No, you seduced ME.'
'How is that?'

Eggsy took a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, put one in his teeth and threw the pack on the table. He started looking for a lighter.
'You know... he began, but it was difficult to talk, so he made a pause to light the cigarette, inhale and take it between his fingers.
'You came here being all classy and smug, sat here for everyone to see you and played modest, when really you know how hot you are.'
'Not even a word of what you said is true. I was genuinely surprised you found me attractive.'
'I still do, but you lost that taste of novelty actually. First time with anyone is unpredictable, so electric...'

'Weren't you supposed to not talk about that night?'
'It's not if you talk about it, but how. A few weeks back you would give me a boring lecture. Now we caught a distance from it. Didn't we?'
'If we keep drinking at that pace this distance can reduce itself to zero. And we don't need that kind of trouble.'
'We speak in coherent sentences, we definitely need more drinks. Don't worry so much. There are worse things than accidentally fucking your friend's son again.'
'Ha ha. Yes, like being killed by said friend for it.'
'Lee wouldn't kill us.'
'Not literally. At least I hope so.'
'We will never know.'

Both had a really good time, but on the way to the next bar they run into a group of three not friendly looking men.
'Look. An old fag and his whore?'
'Gross. Wanna teach them a lesson?'

The men continued to taunt them, but when one tugged at Eggsy's jacket Harry punched him in the face, which was so unexpected that for a minute everyone was just standing there dumbfounded, except for the punched guy, who was holding his bleeding nose sitting on the pavement. Eggsy's jaw dropped, he was thrilled. Finally he pulled himself together, grabbed Harry's arm and they both started to run down the alley. They were breathing heavily when they screams behind them eased and stopped behind a corner. Eggsy caught his breath first and was laughing like mad. Harry was soon to follow, but he had to prop himself against the wall, because he felt so terribly old, like his legs will give up on him. It was luckily just a temporary feeling.

They were both still a bit drunk.
'I had no idea you can punch like that.'
'Neither did I. It was impressive, wasn't it?'
'Are you kidding? It was straight up badass. Thanks. I owe you again.'
'You don't owe me anything.'
Harry wasn't looking at his new 'partner in crime' when saying it, so it was a surprise to feel
Eggsy's lips on his jaw.
'I won't reach higher in this state, sorry.'
'You always kiss people as a 'Thank you'?'
'No.'
Harry expected some sassy continuation, but it was all in that matter.
'I'm hungry. Let's get some food.'
They went into a 24h shop and grabbed two slightly stale sweet rolls, but Eggsy consumed his in
a matter of minutes and even took a few bites of the other one. They came back, but asked the taxi
driver to leave them just a few houses away and walked the remaining way.
'I begin to understand why my father likes you, but you are not like he thinks you are. You are
like a double agent. Angel in the streets, demon in the sheets. Well, not exactly, but you catch my
drift.'
'Your father sees only good qualities of others. Or straight up refuses to see the bad ones. And
hidden. He is... I don't know. He's somehow purer than me.'
'You admire him.'
'In a way.'
Eggsy frowned.
'Why he's so critical about me then?'
'He's not critical. He's worried. And can you blame him?'
They ended up in Eggsy's room on the floor playing cards. Later they were too tired to keep
playing so just laid down next to each other.
'We get along too good.'
'Believe it or not, I was very much like you when I was your age.'
'I bet you were less sloppy than me and not nearly as good at cards... I'm so sleepy.'
'Go to your bed then.'
'Carry me.'
'You are not a five year old and I am not your daddy.'
'You sure about that second part?'
'I would slap you if I wasn't too lazy right now.'
'If you get up, I'll get up.'
'You nuisance... Count to three and we both get up.'
The plan worked, and Harry was about to leave to his own bedroom, but was rather hesitating for
too long. Eggsy caught his hand and pulled him onto his own bed instead and helped him take off
his sweater and put away his glasses. Harry didn't even question it, he just let himself become
comfortable there. The bed wasn't actually designed for two people, so Gary had to partially drape
himself over older man's body. They had clothes on, so it seemed almost innocent or at least that's
what they were saying themselves. Eggsy's face was in the crook of Harry's neck. During the
night Harry got uncomfortable and had to change position, so he wrapped his arm around him not
to let the boy fall and turned on his side. He could feel Eggsy's breath on his collarbone, before the
young man shifted. In the end it seemed like spooning is the most comfortable. They woke up
during the day, but couldn't tell the hour before looking at the clock. They weren't hangover, but
their bodies felt heavy and still tired. They felt too physically exhausted to even panic. They were
still laying in bed in their clothes. Eggsy checked his phone and discovered it was only nine and
he got a text from Lee saying, that he heard them coming back, but didn't want to bother them in
their rooms and that they'll talk after he comes back from work.
'We are lucky bastards.' he sighted and laid back with his hand on Harry's chest. 'Don't get up yet,
I'm comfortable like that.'
Mr. Heart smiled to himself.
'Isn't it awkward? Cuddling like this?'
'You had your penis inside of me and cuddling makes you uncomfortable now?'
Eggsy smirked and Harry burst out laughing, but after a while he figured out what exactly was
bothering him.
'First, you have a dirty mouth. Second, cuddling is more intimate than casual sex.'
He saved for himself that from time to time he was thinking about throwing himself on top of the boy and making him moan lovely profanities.
'So, what are we now, Mr. Hart?'
'I don't know. Right now I'm more concerned with what to tell your father. He thinks I slept in my own bed, but we were out whole night anyway. And we didn’t get up. Mini-golf won’t pass.'
When Lee came back Harry had a plausible story put together and Eggsy's number in his mobile. Gary said he prefers to be in contact with him just for emergencies, but when they were in their separate rooms earlier that day he send him a text with winking emoticon. They sat to dinner and Miss Unwin was glancing at the three men from time to time like she was waiting for some move, because she could feel the atmosphere is tense, only she didn't know why. Finally she decided to begin herself.

'I suppose you two were having fun yesterday...'
Harry was busy eating at the moment, so Eggsy had to elaborate on that one.
'Yeah, but I kind of forced Harry to go with me...'
'You are on first name terms?' cut in Lee.
'Well, he told me to.'
Harry nodded still chewing, too polite to talk with full mouth.
'Anyway, I felt bad for being so distant with you lately. I couldn't sleep, so I asked Harry if we could talk, since he's your friend and the only man with some life experience I know, but I didn't want to do it here...'
Harry was again able to speak, so he continued.
'Gary and I went for a walk, but it was cold and late. We stepped into a bar and had a beer, but we didn't stay long, it was getting too busy there. So in the end we sat in that forever open cafeteria and lost track of time. '
'And later I was too tired to get up early I guess.'
'Guilty as well.'
Lee seemed suspicious, but certainly not in a way they feared the most.
'You two gossiped about me?'
'I wouldn't...' started Harry, but Eggsy talked over him with a smirk.
'It wasn't gossipping dad. Harry... he told me what I needed to hear.'
Lee glanced at Harry. He could see something was off, but couldn't figure out what. He feared that his friend changed over the years so much that he can't read him anymore. A thought struck him that maybe he never could and it made him feel in an unpleasant kind of way. On the other hand, he noticed how freely his son communicates with him. Gary was a clever fox and had a really impressive control over himself, but he didn't know how differently his eyes look when he's looking at someone he likes. His father didn't blame him. Harry was quite likeable if you got to know him closer. The only thing he was concerned about, was that his friend may replace him as father figure for Gary. Michelle, judging by the look on her face, seemed to share his worries. A bit later, when she was bathing Daisy, he came to talk to her.
'I actually don't think our Gary sees him that way. He sees him in some way, but not that one', said Michelle turning her head for a few seconds towards her husband. Daisy splashed some water on her.
'What is it supposed to mean then? I don't get it.'
Michelle took a washing cloth and started to clean Daisy's face, which was smeared with blue chalk.
'Gary is a big boy, isn't he, Daisy? Daddy should cut him some slack.'
'I already have.'
'No. You gave up, that's not the same. He needs to know he has your support and advice, yet you have to leave him some space. And about Harry...'
'I trust him.'
'But you are jealous of the attention he gives our son. Actually, why is he giving him that attention?'
'They sit in an empty house whole day, they spend whole mornings and evenings with each other. More than I have time for.'
'We can either suggest to Harry that he should move out...'
'Naah, it's been just a few weeks, he needs to get hold of everything first.'
'...or we can leave them be and see how their dynamics work.'
'Your scientist is showing.'
'I'm a science teacher, that's not nearly the same...'

Lee laughed and crouched next to his girls and gave both a kiss to the temple. He accidentally got his sleeve wet and little girl mumbled something one could interpret as 'daddy'.

Meanwhile Harry and Eggsy were discussing quietly their stance in the kitchen by an extra glass of wine. Harry would prefer whisky, but he didn't complain.
'It feels weird. My dad looked like he got sad or something.'
'Good that he doesn’t suspect anything.'
'I wonder what kind of context would it have for him that we slept in the same bed.'

Harry gave Eggsy a questioning look.
'Clothed. Last night. I’m not mentioning the other time.'
'I know, I’m not an idiot. I’m just curious why you say it out loud like I’m supposed to know the answer.’
'You knew him when he was young. I don’t know his personal boundaries and if he did anything embarrassing that can give him some reference. For me he looks straight as a pole, and just as impassive.’
'He always was like a pole. A strip pole. People loved to rub against him for some reason…’

Eggsy burst out laughing and even spilled some wine over the floor and his shirt, but fortunately he was wearing black. He drank all of what little was left and put away the glass on the table and still was fighting to stop giggling.
'It’s even funnier since we are whispering. Damn, I wasted some of my drink, because of you.’
‘You can have mine if you want.’ Harry reached out his hand with the glass.

The young man accepted the wine, making sure not to drop it, that required touching Hart’s fingers. It wasn’t something planned to tease, and maybe that’s why Harry stepped closer and this way caused the boy to look up at him and into his eyes. Eggsy completely stopped smiling taken by surprise.

There was enough space between them for it to seem like a private, but normal talk, yet they shared an intimate moment in complete silence. Eggsy was the first to turn away, too overwhelmed by a mixed feeling he couldn’t name and compulsively took a sip of the drink to dull that. Harry wouldn't tell him how young, yet tired he looked in that moment.
'Do you want to have a smoke maybe?’, Mr. Hart asked softly.
'I thought you were concerned about my lungs', noticed Eggsy, but he made a pause and suddenly realised something 'Wait, it sounded like you are asking me out.'
'I think I did. I didn’t mean to.’
'It’s fine. I think I need one anyway.’

Outside was getting dark, and the clouds covered the whole sky. The cold wind made them shiver, but it was bearable. They moved under the neighbors tree and this time Harry lit their cigarettes.
'I vowed to myself not to start liking you, old man.’
'Really? What made you change your attitude?’

Eggsy smiled to himself. His smiles were like last sunny days before winter comes.
'I didn’t say I did change it.’

Harry wasn’t sure if it made him sad or relived, but before he could make up his mind the young
man put his free arm around his back.
'I'm just joking. It would be difficult not to like you after all. Don’t make that face.’
'I'm not making any face.’
Eggsy kept looking at him with a smirk until both were smiling.
'You like me too.’
'No. Not at all, you are annoying.’
'You know why I am like this?’
'No, but I bet you’re about to tell me.’
'Because I want more than I can get.’
'That is… actually pretty deep.’
Eggsy took his arm away from Harry’s body, but pushed him with his shoulder playfully.
'You are making fun of me.’
'I swear I’m not.’
All this fooling around was just a facade. Harry noticed that the boy is melancholic and starting to
really get cold, so he just hugged him from behind without thinking much about it. Eggsy would
step away like before, but he was so sweetly warm and the older man couldn’t see the worried
look on his face, so he allowed him and himself that five minutes of closeness. Smoke from their
cigarettes was mixing and forming one big cloud of gray before them.
'How long are you single, Harry?’
'Three, four years? I don’t know, I’m not counting.’
'It must be strange not having someone to love for so long.’
After that, they didn’t say a word, lost in their own thoughts, surrounded by each other’s smell and
touch. They smoked until the cigarettes became too short to hold without getting burned. Eggsy
threw his into a puddle that formed in a small crack in the road, so Harry did the same, even if he
wasn’t usually the one to litter public space. They came back to the house, the younger man going
faster, but looking over his shoulder to check if Harry follows, however he only waited for him to
say good night and disappeared into his room.
Next day, early in the morning Harry went for a walk and called Merlin for some advice. Much to
his surprise, the call was taken by a woman.
‘Hello? Merlin is asleep, is it urgent should I wake him?’
'No, thank you. Just tell him to send me a message when he wakes up?’
About two hours later he got a text and walked out again, because he didn’t want anyone in the
house to hear him.
'I’m still asleep, what is it?’
‘Merlin, is it possible to become friends with your friend’s son you fucked once?’
'I’m not sure I follow.’
'I like Lee’s son. We go out together and play games, watch movies, take care of Daisy, do chores
and talk, we talk a lot.’
Merlin was silent for a moment and Harry wasn’t sure if he’s still on the line.
‘Oh, well.’
'What is wrong?’
‘Nothing. Really.’, said Merlin sarcastically. ‘Only that you already know the answer if you are
calling me.’
Now Harry made a pause to catch the drift.
'Shit.’
'Indeed. Is he flirting with you?’
'He flirts with everyone. It’s his natural way of being.’
'You have to ask yourself if you can keep it on friends level. If not... Good luck with keeping your
pants on, my friend. I’m saying ‘friend’, because…’
'Yes, I understand that reference, I couldn’t resist your stupid, pretty ass. Thanks for being my
voice of reason.’
'That voice barely saves you from doing the stupid thing… Do you really think my ass is pretty?’
'Goddamit, Merlin...’
'I'm just teasing you.'
'Thank you very much.'
'How’s job search? And did you call Nina or…?'
'Bad and no. I’m going to live in here forever.'
'Don’t even joke like that. Like I said, you could sleep on my couch, but only if you don’t mind a
naked woman walking around. And if she doesn’t mind you. Unlikely.'
'She has nice voice.'
'She does, indeed. She gives me a creepy look right now, because I’m talking about her.’
'Say ‘hi’ from me.’
'Ok. I’ll introduce you to her soon. I can’t believe you called just to tell me you have a crush.’
'It’s always nice to hear you in the morning.’
Merlin laughed.
'Oh, shut up, you sly fox with your old tricks. We’ll see each other next Monday?’
‘I hope so. ’
It was Saturday, so whole family was home and Harry was utterly surprised, like every weekend
so far, that he seems to be the center of all attention. Later Michelle announced that she and Lee
were invited for a wedding and won’t be home from Sunday to Tuesday and asked Harry and
Eggsy if they could stay with Daisy, because they didn’t want to leave her with grandparents
again. Of course they agreed, but neither Harry nor Lee were very pleased with that for different
reasons. On the other hand Eggsy and his mother both gained the same smug mannerism. When
Lee was leaving the next morning he took Harry on the side, who at that moment felt like he’s
about to get a heart-attack.
‘I feel like I’m losing Eggsy. I’ve never seen him sharing such connection with someone as he
shares with you. I mean, I used to be the one he went for advice and to talk about his problems
and feelings. I trust you. I’m sure you are leading him in a right direction, but I just feel left out. I
love him like nothing in this world, he’s my firstborn. Promise me, that he’ll be alright.’
Mr. Hart felt like he just got punched in the stomach. He hoped, that Lee can’t tell.
‘You are going for just three days.’
‘I don’t mean just now, I mean as long as he’s with you, ok?’
Harry nodded and got a hard hug. Lee waved him good bye with a smile and left. Only then
Harry realised he wasn’t breathing. He felt guilty every time he glanced at Lee’s son that day, as
they were taking turns in taking care of his sister.
In the late afternoon when Daisy went to sleep for a moment, Eggsy came to him to the living
room with a beer, already opened. He handed it to Harry, who was sitting on the couch and
reading and started to move it in front of his face until he put the book away and took it.
‘All we do alone together is drinking.’
‘You are so tense that I thought it won’t hurt. And I brought just one. You avoid me.’
‘I don’t...’
Eggsy gave him a deathly look and walked across the room to turn on the music player. It wasn’t
too loud not to wake the little girl, an old song, which Harry knew, but was rather surprised to
hear the younger man hum to the tune. He stood in front of Harry with a smile.
‘To be honest... I like wedding.’
‘Free drinks?’
‘Noo...’
Eggsy grabbed Harry’s hand and pulled him up from the couch.
‘...dancing.’
Harry couldn’t say no. He remembered what Lee told him, but said to himself, that a little dancing
is not a crime. He was physically unable to say no the moment the boy started to move with a
wicked smile. He took the bottle away from Harry and put it away, so they wouldn’t spill or break
it.
They were dancing to old music, first something reminding twist, but for the sake of Harry’s knees
they switched to less energetic melodies. He grabbed Eggsy’s hand and pulled him towards
himself. The young man embraced him with a short genuine laugh. They were swinging slowly
like newlyweds even after music stopped.

‘The track ended’, said Eggsy nuzzling older man's jaw.

'I know. I’m just not sure if I want to let you go yet.’, said Harry with a grin indicating his not being serious.

‘Oh really?’, the boy answered in the same manner, but there was wilderness in his eyes. Harry gave him a little kiss on the cheek only to swing him around and hug him from behind, which made both giggle like schoolgirls. Gary could feel the other’s breath on his neck, and deliberately turned his head to the side teasing.

‘You just want to get close to my butt, don't you?’

‘You have lovely butt. But no, I am just being charming.’

'It’s getting dark. We could stay here and watch movies whole night… Or at least until we are too tired. Or Daisy wakes up.’

‘Yes, we could. And I would like that.’

Harry didn’t let go of Eggsy completely, he was still holding his arm gently when they moved to sit on the couch in front of the TV and wrapped his arm around his shoulders. Neither of them have seen the movie that was airing on HBO that moment, so for some time they were watching in silence. When that one ended and they switched stations. Eggsy looked at Harry and started playing with his hair, touching it and running his fingers through them gently. Hart didn’t complain.

‘You have a daughter, right?’

‘Yes.’

‘Never wanted to have a son?’

‘I don’t think I have a say in genetics.’

‘That’s not… I mean…’

‘I didn’t thought of that. A son of mine could be a copy of me that made better choices. Or worse. Or he would be gay and end up fucking Lee…’

Eggsy stopped touching his hair and gave Harry a hard shove on the shoulder. He leaned away and pretended to be mad. The older man reached out and embraced him tightly against his protests. They were tussling playfully not really doing each other harm. Harry was almost on top of Eggsy, holding his wrists, both breathing heavily. The older man could feel the tension and got his lips closer to the younger’s. Gary was beautiful like this, hard to resist when he grinned looking right into his eyes.

‘Are you gonna kiss me?’

Harry smirked and did just that, purely out of spite, which made the boy let out a surprised noise followed by soft moan. When Eggsy released one of his hands out of Harry’s hold, he immediately put it on his neck to bring him closer, but as soon as he did that, Harry stopped the kiss and took the boy’s hand away from his neck. The atmosphere of relax and slight arousal was gone. They sat up again, a little farther from each other.

I'm sorry. I got a little carried away,’ said Eggsy with an obviously fake laugh.

‘No, it’s… I shouldn’t have started.’

‘Not that I didn’t enjoy it after all.’

Harry looked at him with a sad smile. About twenty minutes later Daisy started to manifest her boredom, and saved them from the awkward silence.
Babes

Chapter Summary

it's still not a good day for a chapter summary

Chapter Notes

Woah. Sorry for long wait. I lost my phone on the way where I write most of things, including fanfics and had some other things falling on my head. I'm starting summer break in about two weeks, so updates will be more regular. Hopefully. Thanks to every single reader. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Daisy, a delight she is, kept Eggsy on his feet until she basically passed out playing with her race cars in his room. He didn't let Harry help, because of the kiss and now he cursed himself for that. He knew that a friendship with his father forces him to stay at distance, and he himself shouldn't think about his father's friend, but he just couldn't stop for some reason. The kiss made him crave even more intimacy with that man. Eggsy carried his sister to his own bed and sat next to her on the floor. He was tired, so he laid his arms and head on the bed and unintentionally started to fall asleep. Harry came to see if everything’s all right, because it was too silent and saw the young man sneering in an awkward, and potentially later painful, position. He looked cute, childlike. Harry had the urge to pick him up, but his back and legs wouldn't survive that. He quietly woke the boy up by stroking his cheek. Eggsy jumped up a little in confusion alarmed by the touch, but seeing Harry he kind of melted into it and was ready to fall asleep again.

'Hey, Eggsy...', he whispered with a gentle smile, took the young man by the arm and pulled him up not listening to his sleepy grunts and silent complains. Now Eggsy was standing, but only because he propped himself against Harry, who had to hold him. The parental feelings hit him and he stroked Gary's hair gently. The boy was a grown up, but in that moment it was easy to question it. Harry knew he won't ever get used to touching him, and to guilt those touches wake in him, since every time he did, new string in his heart was moved.

'You should go to bed.'
'I can't, she...'
'Any bed.'

He felt Gary smile widely with his face pressed to his shirt.

'Yours?'
'Maybe not necessarily.'
'Oh... That's a shame.'

That expression of disappointment was so honest, that once again that day Harry felt like an asshole. He could allow Gary to sleep with him, not like they haven't already done it, but he didn't trust himself it wouldn't make him even more attached.

'You just froze...'

Harry realized how tense he became.

'Sorry. Can you sleep in your parents’ bed then?'

Eggsy took a step back and rubbed his eye.

'Yeah. I hope she doesn't wake up. But if she does...'
Yeah. I hope she doesn't wake up. But if she does...

I know. I'll hear her. I'll leave the door open.

The young man gave him a longing look before he left. Unfortunately, Daisy did wake up very early in the morning, crawled out of bed and came into Harry's room, surprisingly without problems. He was still half asleep when she tapped him with her little hand on the head.

'You demand your attention, right, princess? Just like big brother.'

The little girl giggled.

Eggsy found them in her room, making a city out of her toys. She was calm and focused when Harry was talking to her. It was truly heartwarming. He thought he would marry a guy like him on the spot, simply for the way he handles children. Harry was in the same grey shirt and pants he sleeps in, had messy hair and glasses on. Nothing like the first time they met, but Eggsy wanted to kiss him when he looked up and smiled.

'Look, princess, Gary is here.'

She stood up and went to hug her brother, but she was only tall enough to hug his legs, so he picked her up.

Harry wasn't sure why, but got up and came close to Eggsy too.

'You two are grinning like you haven't seen me for ages. Zero chill, I swear,' joked the young man.

'Well, Daisy likes you, right?'

'Ya', she nodded shyly. 'Arry...'

'Does Harry like me too?'

She nodded again and Eggsy gave Harry a grin, which made him blush a little.

'Are you two after breakfast?

'Yes, and I can make you one if we come downstairs.'

Eggsy was surprised and gushed out without thinking.

'You are really a husband material... for someone.'

'Well, you can cook too.'

'Barely. I'm lucky I didn't poison you.'

'I survived Merlin's cooking, so I'm a veteran.'

'Merlin?' asked Eggsy suspiciously.

'My friend. Go now,' rushed him Harry.

They went down to the living room. Eggsy was reading his sister her favourite children's book on the sofa, but was turning his head once in a while to catch a look of Harry in the kitchen. Finally, a plate was given to him full of steaming specialities.

'It doesn't look like breakfast.'

'It's eleven, so you got brunch. I can take it away if you...'

'No! Hands off!'

Harry began to laugh and took care of Daisy when her brother was eating. Eggsy was keeping an eye on them while finishing his plate and after he left it in the sink and came back he stood by Harry, leaned down, gave him a kiss on the cheek and whispered into his ear, 'Kiss for the chef', and sat next to him. They gave each other a look, Harry disapproving and Eggsy flirty one, but Daisy was staring at them with open mouth.

'What is it, Dais?

She stood up shakily on the sofa and gave Harry a kiss on the other cheek, which totally cracked them up and made her giggle and cover her eyes in embarrassment.

'Thanks, princess.'

The day was relaxed, they almost forgot about the previous day's awkward situation. Eggsy was by the door to Daisy's bedroom watching with amusement Harry as a babysitter and understood something.

'That daughter of yours, how old is she?'

Harry gave the girl her doll and sat on her bed.

'Huh?'

'She's older, right?'
'Yes. Why do you want to know?', asked Harry bitterly. He tried not to think about it.
'I’m curious, you must miss her. What's her name?'
'Bea... I have no contact with her.'
'Why?'
'I don’t want to talk about it, ok? Plus we shouldn't talk about adult issues around your sister.'
The young man mouthed 'sorry'. He was standing awkwardly and started to step back when he heard Harry call him by the name.
'Sit with me?'
Eggsy didn't have to be asked twice. On the way to the bed he stroked his sister's head. She was visibly concentrated and ignored him. The young man sat a little further from Harry, but to his surprise, was pulled in and embraced. For a moment the room grew silent, the calmness interrupted only by sounds Daisy and her toys were making. Eggsy took Harry's hand and casually started to draw lines inside of his palm. Harry's hands were pretty, long fingered, but strong. He remembered those hands touching him in most vulnerable, intimate places and smiled to himself with a hint of sweet shame. The man, that some time ago fucked him without hesitation, mercy and regret, now seemed fragile and almost too melancholic.
'My dear boy, can I ask what caused that concerned expression?'
Harry was staring into his eyes trying to guess what's on his mind.
'I'm thinking about you. Oh, it's nothing...'
Eggsy too late realised he sounded like a lovesick schoolgirl, so after a little while he added,
'...nothing I can say with pre-school children around.'
Harry rolled his eyes in an exaggerated manner. Eggsy was still holding his hand. They entwined their fingers together mindlessly.
Daisy started to get bored after a while, so they parted. Her brother took her for a walk and Harry put together a little late dinner from things Michelle left for them in the fridge. Eggsy was trying to make Daisy stand still for a moment to eat, because for some reason she decided running and crawling around is a better idea. Harry was eating standing and helping him to prevent the girl from tripping over her toys. After dinner she needed a nap and her babysitters’ half-eaten food was cold, but they were too hungry to wait for it to heat up once more. Harry volunteered to later wash the dishes. They were sitting there by the table next to each other with dirty plates in front of them and the atmosphere without a child around became awkward again.
‘You’re a messy eater, you know that? You try to keep it classy around my mum, but you are failing fabulously.’ started Eggsy with a grin on his face.
Harry smiled, ‘Then don’t stare at me when I’m eating.’
‘I’m not staring, it’s just hard to ignore.’
They looked into each other’s eyes and at the lips. Eggsy cleared his throat and changed the subject.
‘Who is that friend you mentioned before exactly?’
‘You mean…?’, Harry’s mind had to quickly get back on track ‘Merlin?’
‘Yes, Merlin.’
‘Well, he is my best friend after we, me and your father, stopped talking with each other. He knows Lee too. I guess everyone calls him Merlin, because he’s an IT man and sometimes he seems like a magician. He claims he got the nickname, because he’s magical in bed, but I can hardly believe that.’
Eggsy narrowed his eyes.
‘Sounds like you know from experience.’
The older man chuckled.
‘And you sound jealous.’
‘I don’t have the reason now, do I?’
Eggsy looked mildly irritated and Harry felt an impulse to explain himself, even though he had no real need to.
‘We were lovers at some point, but it wasn’t… It didn’t work out in the end. And it was long ago. You would like him, he’s very… fun. I think?’
The young man dropped the serious grimace in favour of a Cheshire cat smile again. ‘You look so cute when flustered.’ ‘…Well, you look cute when you’re smug.’ ‘All the time you mean?’ Harry shook his head in disbelief and whispered under his breath, ‘A menace.’ ‘So… You can ask me something in exchange now.’ ‘Like what?’ ‘Anything really. Bonus points if you manage to find something that’ll make ME flustered.’ ‘Then… the weirdest thing that happened to you. Except a one-night stand with your father’s friend of course.’ ‘Why you keep bringing that up? It was amazing, but chill… For the question, a tricky one… Let me think… Ok… When I was seventeen I got drugged, but it’s ok… my friend didn’t let me get hurt. She got me home together with her boyfriend, they put a camera and filmed me sleeping as a proof that nobody touched me. It was six hours of me not moving on the couch, when they were loudly playing mahjong on the floor and watching late night criminals. That was strange. I felt both shocked that I could be… anyway. And relieved.’ ‘I hope you are still friends with her.’ ‘No. It’s my fault. We were in the same college, but I dropped out. Give me one more.’ ‘Ok… First kiss. With a man.’ ‘Eleven.’ ‘Eleven what?’ ‘Years. I was eleven. It was at boys summer camp. And it was just a peck on the lips, not full-on French. And you? I’m just curious.’ ‘Eton.’ ‘What does it…?’ ‘You don’t have a school full of posh, educated boys and expect them not to experiment.’ ‘Well, seems like they have something else than a stick up their asses.’ ‘Eggsy!’ Harry sounded scandalised, but was smiling. He looked at the clock on the stove and realised that he has much less time than he thought, but he didn’t get up yet. ‘Fuck, speaking of Merlin, I was supposed to meet with him. I’m kind of late.’ ‘Invite him here then. I want to get to know him.’ ‘I shouldn’t invite people over to your parents house without their consent.’ ‘What the eye doesn’t see, the heart doesn’t grieve over…’ The older man had a slightly different opinion. He stood up and put the dishes into the sink and started to wash them. ‘No, I’d rather go,’ he said not looking at the boy. ‘But I’ll make sure you two meet some other time.’ He got startled when he felt a hand on his back sliding up to his arm. He turned his head to face the younger one. ‘What?’ ‘Nothing. I just…’ They glanced at each other’s lips again and in an impulse Eggsy gave Harry a quick smooch. He looked away almost immediately and pushed the older man slightly aside. ‘…I’ll do it, you should get dressed or something.’ ‘Thank you.’ Harry rinsed his hands and left. He felt slightly uneasy. Later, in a cafe, he solemnly regretted telling Merlin everything that happened since their last talk. ‘You did WHAT?!’ A group of people by the two tables nearby gave them a murderous look. ‘Could you please not scream like that?’ Merlin lowered his voice down to a theatrical whisper. ‘You never listen to me. I shouldn’t be surprised actually. You are catching feelings for the boy.’
‘I’m not…’
Merlin’s stern look was saying it all.
‘I can tell. Don’t argue with me on obvious things. The question is, does he feel the same way or is he just playing with you.’
‘I don’t think it matters, since I shouldn’t…’
‘Oh, screw Lee. It’s not like you two are bound by some black magic.’
Harry seemed rather unconvincing.
‘That’s contrary to what you said just a few days ago.’
‘Well, I’m not very consistent then. But I have good news for you. Don’t give me that sullen look. I might have found you a job.’
‘How?’
‘Entirely by accident. Or rather thanks to my lovely girlfriend. More like her father.’
‘You know her father?’
‘Kind of. I met him and he hates me. But he loves his daughter. She heard from me about your… misfortune…’
‘You weren’t supposed to…’
‘Shhh. I only told her you want to get off someone’s back is all. And she was so sweet that she asked her dad and he asked here and there. You have an interview on Friday. For an executive. Big thing, isn’t it?.’
‘Thank her for me.’
‘You’ll do it yourself. She’s going to be here in a moment.’
‘Wait, what’s her name?’
‘Oh, I still haven’t told you? Roxanne.’
Merlin bought for the three of them two cups of standard coffee and one caramel latte. They didn’t have to wait long. Harry didn’t know what to expect and didn’t realize the young blonde bombshell, who just walked into the café, is Merlin’s girlfriend until she stood millimeters away from his friend and kissed the man. She had a tight, baby-blue dress on and her hair were in waves, but something about her body language was telling him she could kill a man.
‘Roxy, you beautiful devil. How’s your day going?’
‘That jerk Charlie called me a crazy bitch. He had to shut up when I threatened to tell his gang that I’ve seen his hetero macho ass making out with Ben the other day.’
‘I thought he’s sleeping with Danny.’
‘Seriously?! And isn’t Danny Ben’s identical twin brother?’
‘You’ve seen both of them, I am friends only with Danny, you tell me… Speaking of my friends, Roxy, meet Harry and Harry, meet Roxanne.’
The two introduced to each other shook hands politely. Roxy sat next to her man and couldn’t help herself in giving him a little lesson.
‘You should have introduced me to Harry first…’
‘If we take age into account, but Harry is just a little spoiled child, like me, and I introduced him to you first, because woman have higher status.’
She rolled her eyes and sighed. ‘Ok, you won this round,’ she said moving the latte closer to her boyfriend and the standard coffee to herself. Harry could tell the girl is young. Eggsy’s age at most. It wasn’t exactly common for Merlin to date people so much younger than him, but apparently they both decided to go a little wild this time. Only Harry was still unsure. He was mesmerized by the chemistry between his friend and his girlfriend and started to wonder if he could have it with the Unwin’s boy.
‘So, Merlin was just telling me about your help. I really appreciate it. Thank you.’
‘Oh, don’t. That’s the least I can do. My father’s position rarely proofs itself useful, but if it does, I use it for greater good.’
She winked to Merlin, who was looking at her like she’s the center of the universe.
‘How did you two meet then?’
‘At the shooting range. She is a natural born killer of cardboard cutouts.’
The girl snorted, but was obviously flattered. Harry was not surprised.
‘What were YOU doing at shooting range then?’, he asked his friend, because the guy never showed any interest in military.

‘Shooting also…’, began Merlin, took a sip of the latte and when Harry opened his mouth to ask further he added, ‘…pictures. I had a commission. And she actually picked me up, not the other way around. She’s so feisty. And beautiful. And smart. Slightly bitchy. It’s good.’

Roxanne lifted an eyebrow, but smiled again.

‘I’m right next to you.’

Merlin turned around and gave her a kiss on the lips.

‘I’m aware…’, he looked back at Harry, who was just minding his own business and stirring sugar in his coffee. ‘Coming back to the subject. I’m not the best advisor, my friend, but… It would be hypocritical of me to tell you not to try. Lee might get mad, but it’s Lee. He adores you like an older brother. And he sure as hell loves his son… And if his little daughter makes you miss Bea, call Nina and tell her that. The girl should know that it’s not her fault that her father left.’

The men didn’t notice a concerned look on Roxy’s face like she was trying to remember something, but then she just shook her head dismissing the thought.

‘Bea is ten. She probably hates me. And god knows what Nina had told her about me.’

‘Then fix it. You’re going to regret it if you don’t. Call. Her.’

‘I promise I will.’

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoy my easter eggs. If you didn't catch it-check London Spy.

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