

**under my skin (tried so not to give in)**

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# under my skin (tried so not to give in)

by [venvephe](#)

## Summary

This is a *monumentally* bad idea, Eggsy realizes, in the fraction of a second between reaching out and tugging at Harry's tie and seeing his eyes briefly widen before their lips meet.

Or: snogging is a *great* distraction technique for hiding in plain sight from your enemies. It is decidedly *not great* for hiding your growing, uh, *interest* in your secret service colleague.

## Notes

This started out as a fill for a prompt, which then got *wildly* out of hand, even by my standards. So this is an homage to one of my favorite tropes, may it pervade fandom forever and inspire all the more filth.

The title is from a Frank Sinatra song; there's a lovely version of it by Michael Bublé that was a perfect fit for writing this.

My love to the *amazing* [mcxi](#), who I am incredibly fortunate to know and have helping me; my bae [forsciencejohn](#) and [sincethenoughties](#), who provide endless encouragement and amusement; and to everyone on twitter who has said nice things and put up with me in the weeks I've been working on this fic. Finally, finally, finally. I'm so excited to be sharing it with you. Here it is, in all its dirty glory. Heed the rating, darlings.

If there was any doubt before, let this fic stand as testament that I am absolutely Hartwin trash, and belong out on this curb in my cozy little bin.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Translation into Русский available: [under my skin \(tried so not to give in\)](#) by [Lisenik](#), [venvephe](#)

*I said to myself: this affair never will go so well.*

*But why should I try to resist when, baby, I know so well -*

*I've got you under my skin?*

This is a *monumentally* bad idea, Eggsy realizes, in the fraction of a second between reaching out and tugging at Harry's tie and seeing his eyes briefly widen before their lips meet.

It was the first thing that popped into this mind when he had heard the footsteps trailing behind them, the looming presence that would surely catch up to them as they ducked through the thronging, well-dressed crowd, dodging waiters with champagne trays and hors d'oeuvres with names Eggsy still can't quite pronounce. This ain't his first dog-and-pony show; he knows to rely on his instincts, to rely on Harry and *his* instincts when they're out on a mission together. It's part of being a good spy, part of working as a team - and they're a bloody *good* team.

And not that he hasn't imagined it - come on, a bloke that wears a suit like Harry does turns everyone's heads - but this certainly wasn't how Eggsy pictured his night going when they'd left Kingsman headquarters. Getting in and using their charms to infiltrate the party had been easy, as had breaking into and copying the contents of a (dubiously) secured laptop onto their own micro-drive. Intel: check. Getaway? Well...

Harry is warm, lips still soft in surprise, and Eggsy nudges closer - there's no helping it now, they're going to be seen, so may as well put on a show. He's shorter than Harry, but it doesn't take much pressure to steer Harry gently backwards, until his back meets the gilded wall of the little alcove. The sensation seems to jolt Harry into action; he kisses back, one hand coming up to tilt Eggsy's jaw at a better angle, the other settling on the small of his back, fingers flexing into the fabric. The rims of their glasses click together noisily.

They break apart for breath and it's so *natural* to tilt his head to the side as Harry nuzzles at his throat, his ear. Harry's good at this - the charade and the affectionate attention. He sucks a bright red mark onto the side of Eggsy's throat, a love bite that blooms quickly and floods him with a heat that sinks to his gut. God, trust Harry to go right for the throat, to go all-in once they've established a plan. And, perfectly competent wanker that he is, he'd chosen a place that Eggsy finds unbearably sensitive and erotic to leave a mark. Eggsy wills his prick to ignore the proceedings - *mission, for a mission!* - as Harry licks up to his jaw again, and nibbles at his ear.

Like this he's close enough to whisper to Eggsy, "My tie and collar, if you would," in that impeccably posh, crisp tone, and Eggsy smirks. Maybe this is going to work after all.

He leans up for Harry's lips again; this time they part under his, and the groan in Eggsy's throat isn't just an act when Harry slips his tongue into his mouth, hot and wet. He fumbles for Harry's tie, to loosen the knot with his eyes closed and then undo the first button of Harry's suit shirt - god, he's a *trained spy*, it shouldn't be so hard. The button makes a clatter when it falls to the floor, too strong a yank on Eggsy's part pulling it straight off Harry's shirt.

Harry pulls back to look at Eggsy, the hand on his jaw slipping down as Harry runs a thumb across the swollen, kiss-bitten pink of Eggsy's lower lip.

"I hope you know a tailor," Harry says with a dry smirk, and Eggsy barely has time to reply in a bated whisper - "And they call *me* cheeky-" - before Harry yanks him close again, snogging him even more thoroughly, hands wandering south from his hips to cup his arse, squeezing experimentally and grinding them together.

Eggsey's eyes flutter close and he gasps into Harry's mouth at the sensation - *oh, god* - before his brain catches up: right, footsteps getting closer, a loud patter of steps on the marble floors that approach from their left. He arches his back a little, aware of the tantalizing curve it makes and how good his arse looks in bespoke trousers. It also has the effect of pushing him further into Harry, who hums into his mouth and cards a hand into Eggsy's hair, intentionally mussing it as the goons are practically on them. Well, point to him for remembering the details, though as soon as they catch sight of the impressive hickey on the side of his neck there will be little doubt left in their minds as to what's going on, if there ever was before.

He flicks his tongue into Harry's mouth teasingly, and Harry groans low in his chest as the henchmen finally enter their line of sight. Harry's rubbing little circles on the sides of his hips with his thumbs, and Eggsy rocks forward, achingly aware of the hard line of his erection and trying not to focus on if he can feel Harry's cock or not through the layers of cloth. Because the thugs can see them, even in the alcove, and that's really the thing he *should be focusing on* as they approach with guns drawn, and -

- and then *blow right past them*, down the corridor to another wing of the sprawling...whatever this was. Mansion? Manor? Whatever villainous billionaires call their stupidly massive houses?

He's a little amazed it worked so well. Roxy had been the one to tell him that obvious-bordering-lewd public displays of affection made people so uncomfortable they didn't look too closely - he had to hand it to her, it worked like a charm.

They pull apart slowly, with what looks like reluctance but is actually careful wariness, just in case they need to resume the act, press together again in another raunchy display to deflect attention. It's really not bad, all lingering kisses, wet sounds as their lips meet and warm breath between them. But they part nonetheless, and when Eggsy opens his eyes again he finds Harry to be a rather pleasing pink in the cheeks, hair falling out of its carefully combed style and onto his forehead, totally disheveled. Eggsy breaks into a grin at the sight - it's not every day you see the immaculate Harry Hart out of sorts.

He relaxes the grip he'd gotten in the lapels of Harry's suit, smoothing out the obvious wrinkles he'd made with hands that are surprisingly steady, for a man with an obvious tent in his trousers. Eggsy tamps down his grin as Harry clears his throat, meeting his mentor's eyes

again. Harry's eyes twinkle in amusement, though it's diminished by the rather obvious flush on his face. *Debauched*, that's the word.

"Quick thinking," Harry says, and nods to Eggsy - who takes a step back, finally, so Harry can move away from the wall and out of the recessed alcove. He reaches up to adjust his tie and sighs at the state of his buttons; Eggsy can't help but chuckle.

"Sorry," he shrugs, "At least it added some authenticity, yeah?"

"Quite," Harry replies, and gives up on properly knotting the tie again. "I'm afraid there's nothing for it until we're out of here. Shall we?"

Harry loops an arm around his waist, to Eggsy's surprise; the hand that settles on his hip is an oddly comforting presence, one that positively screams possessiveness. He looks up at Harry as he shuffles closer, until their sides are pressed together, a line of warmth from shoulder to hip. He can feel the leather strap of Harry's shoulder-holster under the deep blue of his jacket, and Eggsy prays to god above that the bulge in his trousers is mostly hidden by the length of his suit-jacket.

"Come on, now," Harry murmurs as they sidle down the corridor, back towards the direction of the gala. "It shouldn't take much to put on a good show and imply we need a quick getaway."

"We *do* need a quick getaway," Eggsy huffs, but wraps his own arm around Harry, changing his gait to a slightly drunken lope - it's amazing what small adjustments can do to paint a whole picture. Between their obvious age difference, rumpled clothing and the swagger in Eggsy's step, it's not difficult to suggest that there's been some seduction at work, and that they're leading each other off for a drunken shag. Or, at least, that's what Eggsy assumes they're aiming for. He'd settle for *boy toy* and *wealthy benefactor*, too.

The crowds part easily for them when they make it to the main ballroom, leers thrown at them from every direction but none stopping them from swiftly heading towards the door. Glasses slightly askew and shirt creased beyond hope, it's easy for Eggsy to arch up and whisper into Harry's ear about the guards as they pass by; they're chattering quietly into their headsets in deep, concerned tones, but don't even spare them a glance. Mission accomplished, then. As they exit, a group of birds draped in diamonds and pearls titters at the sight of them. Eggsy lets his hand wander and he sneaks a pinch at Harry's bum as he winks at them - because he can get away with it, like this, and why not?

In the car they part and pat themselves into place, tugging out the wrinkles and combing hair back, cleaning fingerprints and cheek-prints off their glasses. The elevated tempo in Eggsy's pulse has only just started to settle, as they drive down the gravel path away from the manor, away from the threat of being caught.

"Not bad at all," Eggsy smiles, pulling the small drive out of his inner breast pocket to hand to Harry. It's a tiny thing, smaller than the hand-grenade cigarette lighters, now chock-full of blueprints and schematics and whatever else this particular megalomaniac was up to. Merlin was going to have a field day sorting through all the data.

His fingers touch Harry's for less than a second as he hands over the drive - but the contact instantly sparks the memory of those fingers in his hair, on his hips, his arse. Eggsy tries not to squirm against the leather seats, hoping that in the muted darkness of the car Harry can't see that his face is beginning to redden - he can feel the blood rushing to his cheeks at the memory.

"Considering the lack of gunfire, I'd say we were rather successful," Harry says, amused.

"You know how it is these days, *Galahad*," Eggsy smiles, gesturing to the drive, "Information's the new ammunition."

And god, he knows he's not wrong.

Yeah, see, so this is where the *monumentally bad idea* part comes back to haunt him.

It wasn't always like this - not in the beginning, anyways. Sure, Harry cut an imposing, impressive figure - all lean muscle, long lines in a perfectly tailored suit. The glasses and umbrella bit made him come off a bit granddad at first, but the moment he'd seen Harry in action Eggsy had revised his impression. He's not totally sure, even now, if the air of class and controlled elegance is from being a *gentleman spy* or from Harry himself, but either way you slice it - Harry's magnetic.

Eggsy had said it himself, once: posh birds - blokes, too - like a bit of rough. It's something Eggsy works to his advantage, enjoys getting a chance to do - making the "modern gentleman's armor" his own preferred attire, cap and trainers and all, working up the accent to reel in a target. It means he can take assignments that the other Kingsman aren't cut out for, in one way or another, and have a little fun - though there's rarely a dull day to begin with.

But the reverse is also true: there's something irresistibly sexy about a man in a properly tailored suit. Even more than the rich texture of the fabrics, the here-and-there dash of class in the form of cufflinks, or pocket-watch, or signet ring - it's the idea of what's under the layers, underneath the veneer of composure. Harry's a man, just like he is, and the idea of stripping him bare of his self-control is as attractive as anything he actually *wears*, if not more.

(Eggsy's seen paintings of knights - he'd take a knee to Harry as a show of respect, yeah, but he'd also *get on his knees for Harry*, and that's probably something a gentleman shouldn't *want* to do as much as Eggsy does.)

So the memory of Harry's hair falling into his face, cheeks pink and lips so red from kissing, hands anchored on Eggsy's hips and kneading gently -

Yeah. Maybe there's a problem.

They're in Budapest when it happens next - *next* because it happens *again, dear Christ* - and it starts out very much the same. It's all routine: suits and ties, a briefcase rather than an umbrella - Eggsy's practically vibrating with excitement to see what it does, since Harry refuses to tell him - and an appointment to see a man about a dog.

Well, not really, of course: they have a meeting with the noted physicist Dr. Roland, but that's more of a formality and getting a feel for the man than it is a necessity to their mission. They're really here to break into the man's safe and ensure that the remote detonation device he'd constructed would in no way actually activate a bomb. And, because Merlin refuses take any part in any "*Cut the red wire!* shite," as he'd put it, it's a matter of installing a digital safeguard and removing a critical piece of hardware rather than physically chopping the thing to bits. It's rather a priority the device ends up a dud, though, so both Harry and Eggsy are sent out on the mission.

The professor is unassuming in appearance but shrewd in mind, clearly brilliant but with an ego a mile wide - a trait Eggsy's beginning to recognize in the men and women who end up as threats to global security. They chat politely, under the pretense that Harry is a fellow academic and Eggsy his assistant, visiting the university for the symposium on science and engineering. Dr Roland's attendance at the event gives them a perfect window of opportunity for cracking the man's safe, tampering with the detonator, and putting in an appearance at the banquet before making their merry way back to London. Clean and simple, in and out.

Of course it doesn't bloody work out that way.

Harry's put gloves on to crack the safe - and shit, if that isn't going to be more wank material in Eggsy's mental library. He's well along in working it open when there's a foreboding mechanical noise: the whir and hum of the ancient elevator stirring to life, rising from the first floor towards them on the fourth.

They exchange glances; Eggsy's eyes flick down to Harry's arms, which are bare to the elbow - working in shirtsleeves and waistcoat is apparently necessary for cracking safes, the films got that part right at least - and up to Harry's face again. Harry's brow furrows as he listens, both of them preternaturally still as they wait, wondering where the elevator will stop. Already Eggsy is shuffling their briefcase out of view, stuffing the tech Merlin had given them to tamper with the remote detonator into it and tucking it behind the professor's desk. Their eyes meet again, and not a second later there's a heavy clunk as the elevator settles in place, a soft chime as the doors open on their floor.

Well, bollocks. The office is really no bigger than a generous closet, and stuffed full of filing cabinets, overflowing piles of academic papers and chalk boards with faded, scribbled equations - nowhere to easily duck out of sight.

"We're made," Eggsy hisses, running a hand through his hair and gritting his teeth, "There's no way - it's a four story drop, we haven't even gotten the safe open-"

He stops mid-sentence as Harry tugs his gloves off *with his teeth*, stuffing them into his pocket before reaching up to unbuckle the strap of his shoulder holster. Eggsy realizes after a

beat that he's staring, and has to put effort into looking away, trying to focus instead on the clipped sound of high heels on tile that draws closer and closer. Through the frosted glass of the office window, Eggsy can just make out the silhouette of the woman coming closer to the door - and because nothing is easy, it's definitely Roland's office she's heading for, *fuck*.

Now stripped of the obvious spy accouterments - what professor would have a shoulder-holster and a pistol, *honestly*, Harry was right to take it off - Harry takes a step sideways, in front of Eggsy.

"It's Roland's graduate student," Harry murmurs to him, leaning forward so they aren't heard. "The blonde we met this morning - she was leaving his office as we came up. Whatever she's here for, she can't see that we've started to work on the safe."

"Diversion, then?" Eggsy asks, and Harry nods. The office is so small they don't have much room to breathe, and the idea sparks in Eggsy's brain, and he reaches out before he can convince himself it's a bad idea.

"This is going to work," he tells Harry in a quick whisper, "Follow my lead, yeah?"

And he grabs onto Harry's tie and drags him forward, into his personal space, shuffling backwards until the backs of his thighs meet the edge of the wooden desk.

"Eggsy-" Harry starts to say, but the grad student is right there, Eggsy can see over Harry's shoulder - so he pulls them flush together and bends backward over the desk, legs splaying to either side of Harry's hips. Papers spill onto the floor in a mess as they scramble inelegantly, both off-balance by Eggsy's sudden maneuvering - it was more like a judo move than anything *actually seductive*.

Eggsy links his ankles together behind Harry's back, and Harry puts his hands on Eggsy's shoulders - partly for balance but yeah, that works for him, too. There's a glint in Harry's eye as Eggsy leans up into him for the kiss; his hair is already out of sorts, and since when is that endearing as well as hot? Oh, Eggsy's fucked.

And not even in the good *literal* sense, despite the position he's in.

They snog and it's all teeth, at first, adjusting for the change in position, though as Harry nips at his lower lip Eggsy wonders if it's not a little bit retribution for so unexpectedly doing this, too. But the kiss softens; Eggsy fists his hands in Harry's waistcoat and clutches on for dear life as he's thoroughly snogged. The moan that bubbles up in his throat is genuine - Harry does that thing with his tongue and Eggsy momentarily loses all semblance of control - and it sounds loud in the cramped office, undeniably erotic to Eggsy's own ears. He rocks his hips experimentally, flushing at how warm Harry is where their bodies are pressed together, the sensation of Harry's weight settled over him.

When his fingers are working again - or, at least, are able to do something other than hold on to Harry like a vise - Eggsy runs his hands up and down Harry's back, pulling his shirt from his trousers and rumpling the fabric undeniably. That plus the sight of Eggsy's polished Oxfords at the small of Harry's back should paint a rather obvious picture.



Harry's glasses are pushing into his cheek at a bit of an odd angle, but Eggsy wouldn't trade it for anything - not when it means having Harry's lips on his again, moving in a slick slide, hot and wet. Harry begins to rock into him, a gentle roll of his hips that Eggsy's not sure Harry's even aware of, and it sends a shiver of heat down Eggsy's spine that pools in his groin. And - *oh god*, yeah, that's the hard line of Harry's cock lining up with his, hot like a brand through their trousers.

He could get used to this - the feel of Harry between his thighs, the firm muscles of his hips and chest, the attentive ministrations of his hands. (That's not even to mention what Harry's got in his pants, the thought of which makes Eggsy's mouth water - especially now that he's *felt it*.) If Eggsy's experiences are anything to go by, Harry is a skillful and giving lover, eager to please and positively wicked with his mouth, gentleman title be damned.

Eggsy can't help himself; when they break apart to gasp for breath he presses a line of kisses up Harry's neck with loud, wet sounds, trailing his way to Harry's strong jaw. He can play the part and have a little fun, can't he? Harry responds beautifully, breath hitching with every kiss Eggsy leaves on his skin, fingers flexing in the fabric of Eggsy's trousers. Yeah - he could *definitely* get used to this.

Eggsy's stomach still clenches in anticipation when the doorknob behind them jiggles, and then opens. The grad student positively squeaks when she sees them, out of the office in a flash and slamming the door behind her. Eggsy lets out a ragged moan, playing up the exaggerated panting that she must be able to hear through the door - there's no sound of her heels running down the hallway, so she *must* be just outside. But still: point to Eggsy, since now there's no way she's going to even want to get into the office, let alone get close enough to see their work on the safe.

"Um," the woman calls from outside the door, voice loud but wobbling, "Sorry to, uh, *interrupt*-"

"There's no need to apologize," Harry says, voice muffled with his mouth pressed into Eggsy's shoulder as it is - Eggsy has yet to stop lavishing attention on Harry's throat. "We - well, it's quite inappropriate, I realize, but we really couldn't help ourselves, and-"

"Really," the grad student sounds ready to die of mortification. "I don't- I just need to get a file out of Professor Roland's office. Please."

"We'll be done in a mo-"

"No we won't," Eggsy interrupts, and flashes Harry a smirk when he sends him a look over the rims of his glasses.

"Why don't you tell me what you want?" Harry offers, keeping his eyes fixed on Eggsy.

Eggsy's pulse throbs and he feels his face flush in the space of a heartbeat.

Outside the grad student hesitates, feet shuffling in the hallway, unaware of the electric, undeniably *sexual* tension in the office behind her.

"All right," she says after a moment. "He asked for one of the manila folders on his desk - I know he's awful at keeping organized, that's usually something I help him with - but he's lecturing on the physics of subterranean seismic activity in-"

Harry and Eggsy finally break their gaze to skim over the contents of the desk - Eggsy as best he can while laying on top of half of it. They manage to find the folder partway wedged under his shoulder, slightly bent but really no worse for wear. Harry pulls away and Eggsy shivers at the sudden cool, the loss of Harry's body heat and the absence of that tantalizing contact. But he grins again as he watches Harry fight the urge to make himself look more presentable and less thoroughly shagged.

Harry opens the door and from where Eggsy's laying he can't see the grad student's expression, but she barely gets out a few stuttered words of thanks before she's fleeing down the hallway, heels clicking a quick tempo that echos in the empty corridor.

Eggzy chuckles, sitting up on his elbows to watch her retreating form through the open doorway - that was more fun than it probably should have been.

"See?" he says as Harry turns around, "Worked perfectly. She got what she came for, an' if she tells anyone what she's seen it'll jus' keep them from trying to get into Roland's office for a while."

"Indeed," Harry says wryly, looking down at Eggsy's prone form. Eggsy has to bend his neck a little to meet his eyes, with Harry above him like this. His stomach flips again - Harry's eyes are dark, nearly black, the brown of his irises blotted out by his blown-wide pupils. He watches Eggsy with something in his eyes - Eggsy doesn't dare try to name it, doesn't want to tread into the realm of wishful thinking - but there's nothing quite like being the subject of Harry Hart's full attention, and the grin slides off his face. The moment stretches between them, taut and heady and thick with tension.

Harry finally glances away, clearing his throat and raking his loose hair back out of his face. Eggsy watches as he reconstructs, refortifies himself - tucks in his shirt, smooths his shirt and collar and tie. It shouldn't be erotic, but as Harry slides back into the cool control of an elite agent, Eggsy knows why Harry's cheeks are still a ruddy pink, knows about the line of red marks on Harry's neck, now hidden by the pressed edge of his collar.

Eggzy flatters himself that safecracking won't be quite so easy for Harry, now.

(It *is* just as easy; or, at least by all appearances, Harry's just as adept post-snog as he was before.)

Eggzy climbs off the desk as carefully as he can, trying not to disturb too many of the piles of paper - and really spectacularly failing, considering how many he was lying on top of in the first place. He tries to be quiet, mindful of Harry working and the delicate nature of safe-cracking, and it's in no time at all that they've got the remote detonation device. It's almost comically small for something that could wreak so much havoc and destruction - nested in a case of dark velvet, *honestly*, did villains just recycle all their ideas from spy films? - and it's only minutes until their safeguard patch is in place.

"That's that," Harry says, rising from a crouch and closing the door to the safe. Everything is back in its place, or as best as they could manage; the contents of the safe are immaculate, exactly as they had found them - the same certainly can't be said for the desk.

"Just the last leg of it," Eggsy nods, fiddling with his cufflinks and trying not to be obvious about how he's staring at Harry's hands, the marks on his neck. He can't unsee the bite marks, can't ignore them - not with the knowledge that he put them there himself.

Harry grabs the briefcase and turns off the office light, ushering Eggsy out first and closing the door behind them. The walk to the banquet is spent in companionable - if slightly tense - conversation.

They make an appearance at the party, drink martinis for the show of it, wrap around each other and go appropriately red-faced around Professor Roland's graduate student. She can't meet their eyes, but Eggsy thinks it's just as well. He can't meet his own eyes in the mirror when he wanks in the tiny loo in the Kingsman jet, the memory of Harry's lips seared onto his skin, mind full of images of Harry in those gloves, exploring Eggsy's body with just as much skill and precision as he cracked that fucking safe. And those bright, blood-flushed marks on the side of Harry's neck, that anyone with half a pair of eyes could see - that Eggsy sucked onto that skin himself.

He bites his lip to muffle his groans and screws his eyes shut as he comes.

It's not at all unusual to be the *pursued* as opposed to the *pursuer* in a chase scene, when you're a Kingsman agent. There's something about being chased, actually, that gets the adrenaline pumping like nothing else. It's a bit cat-and-mouse, fight-or-flight, and the thrill of it sings in Eggsy's veins. It's been a while since they've done some good ol' fashioned running for their lives like this.

Paris is quaint and beautiful even when seen at a rather brisk run, through finger-smudged and dirt-flecked glasses. The cobbled stones and cracked pavement are slick and wet from the recent rain - it's actually amusing to watch Harry in front of him take long-legged leaps over puddles rather than splash through them.

"You know," Eggsy says, panting, as they lean against the side of an alley, waiting and listening to hear if the thugs have kept up the chase. "The suit's bulletproof. I'm sure it can handle a bit of of manky puddle water."

Harry grumbles, eyebrows twitching into a frown. "It's the principle of the thing," he says, and Eggsy's barely opened his mouth to reply when there's rapid-fire French from the mouth of the street, and the quick tempo of feet coming in their direction - and they're off and running again.

These arms dealers, as it turns out, hire a higher class of henchmen than some of the other organized criminals they've taken on recently. It's going to take some time to double back to

their checkpoint now, with how wayward they've gotten while trying to lose their pursuers. It shouldn't take too long; they've gotten the information they need, it's just a matter of making their rendezvous to pass off their intel and head back to the UK.

But they're starting to slow, and the rain starts up again - even spy-issue oxfords aren't perfectly slip-proof on smooth, worn stone - and Harry glances over his shoulder at Eggsy, and they nod. It's time to lose the thugs for good.

That's about when their pursuers catch sight of them, between one alley and another, and start shooting.

That puts an extra pep to their step for sure, another cool rush of adrenaline in Eggsy's veins that he relishes as they skid around another corner, dart over an overturned skip and through a narrow alleyway. Their hair is slicked back with rain, glasses dotted with droplets - and so much for Harry's attempts at keeping the legs of his trousers dry.

Eggzy's eyes linger on Harry's arse in front of him, and it's a damn good thing that he's already flushed from the exertion of the extended running.

His distraction is probably why it takes him an extra half-second to respond to Harry's quick-footed change in course, heading right at the last second into a thin passage between two buildings barely wide enough for them to run next to each other shoulder-to-shoulder. Harry reaches out to grab him and pull him in at the last moment, taking advantage of Eggsy's momentum to press him against the damp bricks and out of the line of sight of the goons.

They blink at each other for a moment before taking stock of the situation, and yes - there's still the sound of feet on wet stone approaching them, echoing in the narrow, maze-like lanes; it's nearly impossible to tell what direction they're coming from, or exactly how many.

"Could fight them off," Eggsy suggests in a low whisper, ears straining to hear anything that might help them. With his heart pounding in his ears and the gentle rush of rain against stone, it's not easy.

Harry steps closer, and to Eggsy's surprise, deploys his umbrella.

Eggzy snorts. "Already wet, Harry."

It's amazing that there's even room for the umbrella to unfold completely in the space between the two buildings, tight as it is. But Harry hoists it over their heads and the rain starts to bead along it, covering them from the sky. Harry shuffles closer again, chest brushing Eggsy's; pressed against the wall as he is, Eggsy has no room to move. Harry tilts the umbrella so that it covers the both of them fully, and looks down into Eggsy's eyes.

Whatever protest was in Eggsy's mind curls up, forgotten, at the look on Harry's face. In the back of his mind he can still hear the footsteps getting closer, clearer, splashing through puddles accompanied with quite a bit of angry swearing in French - but it's all background noise. Harry's focus is clear, intent - not hawk-like in severity as it sometimes is, but softer. It's open and honest and - something that makes Eggsy's heart leap up in his throat and

double its tempo. He throbs with it, aching, eyes fixed on Harry's as Harry leans in, clearly telegraphing his intent.

"May I?" he murmurs, quiet and a pitch deeper than usual - it makes Eggsy's breath hitch.

Eggzy dips his head in a slight nod, unwilling to look away, and licks his lips. He sees Harry's eyes flick down to his mouth for a brief moment, and then he's too close to see.

Harry's mouth meets his and he's warm, so warm - or maybe it's just that Eggsy feels cool from the rain, wind-swept from all the running. Eggsy's eyes flutter shut and he presses into the kiss, enjoying the chaste contact, the feel of Harry's lips and the slight rasp of stubble where their faces rub together. There's a hand on his cheek, now, cupping it and drawing him closer, thumb stroking along the arch of his cheek in time with the movement of Harry's lips. *God*, he's good at this. Heat blooms in Eggsy's chest at the tenderness, combating the knot of worry at being found - but Harry's ever so good at distracting, and Eggsy lets himself get wrapped up in snogging him.

It's even closer now - the sounds of feet slapping against pavement - and the thrill of being caught moves through him, a spasm of flight or flight. He arches into Harry, deepening the kiss, and cracks an eye open to make sure, and -

Harry brings down the umbrella, tilts it at just the right angle so their faces will be nearly obscured, and the henchmen run right past the opening to their narrow alley, blustering by and not even sparing a second glance at the blokes kissing romantically in the rain.

They break apart but neither moves away, hesitantly lingering within kissing distance, breathing each other in. The air between them is damp as they listen, still panting, to the fading footsteps.

That was- well, they've kissed before, but this was the first time Harry's initiated it, and for some reason that makes it all the more important. He *asked*, for god's sake, if he could kiss Eggsy - and despite the obvious unexplored sexual tension between them, there's something more fragile there.

Eggzy swallows thickly, unable to find words. From so close he can see the different shades of brown in Harry's eyes, the gentle silver that's making its way onto his temples, the soft dark of his eyelashes. It's these little things, too, not just the way Harry wields a pistol, or cracks a safe, or snogs like they're about to die if they don't. Because you don't - you don't kiss like that unless you're in love with the someone you're kissing; Eggsy may be younger than Harry, but he's old enough to know that.

"Harry," he whispers, against Harry's lips, and somehow Harry seems to know what he means to say.

This kiss isn't for the mission - isn't for the sake of not getting caught, or deflection, or distraction - this one's for them, and Eggsy pours his heart into it.

He grabs Harry by the waist and shoulder, pulling them flush, ignoring the wet, crumbling brick at his back for the hot press of enthusiastic Harry Hart against his front. Harry's still

holding the umbrella, but with his other hand he tilts Eggsy's head - like he did before, and *oh* does that do something for Eggsy, all right - and slips his tongue into Eggsy's mouth, hot and wet. They lick at each other, stealing gasps of breath between heated kisses, grasping with something like desperation.

Eggsey scrabbles at Harry's lapels to push him away, gently, so he can mouth down Harry's jaw and the side of his neck, leaving a damp path of kisses in his wake. The umbrella clatters to the ground as Harry gasps, lets it fall so he can put his hands on Eggsy. Eggsy hums into the kisses, running his fingers down Harry's chest, taking silent *delight* in how rumpled Harry's going to look.

"Been wanting this since the first time," he mutters against Harry's skin, feeling heat coil in his gut as Harry's hands wander over him, caressing down to rest on his arse and *kneading*. Eggsy bites, gently, just above the collar of Harry's suit, sucks a mark there for everyone to see, and laves along it with his tongue. He can feel the groan as it rumbles deep through Harry's chest.

"I couldn't be sure," Harry admits, and Eggsy frowns, pulling away so he can take in Harry pursed lips - it's almost cute, with the rising blush on his face and the current state of his hair.

"Come *on*," Eggsy smirks, "Surely you felt it, I mean - you *know* I wear a shoulder-holster." He leans back against the wall, puts more of his weight on it so he can rock his hips into Harry, grinning suggestively. He's already more than halfway hard and the contact is delicious - and there's the added benefit of seeing Harry's eyes roll back momentarily, his fingers flexing on Eggsy's arse. Yeah, like that - *that's* how he'd like to see Harry.

"You have to understand," Harry grinds out, looking rather put-upon for having to make conversation while Eggsy writhes against him, "it's a natural reaction to danger and adrenaline, and-"

"Are you saying you have a *danger kink*?"

Harry's mouth twitches into a smirk at Eggsy's raised eyebrows, and he nudges a leg between Eggsy's, pushing their groins together.

"Are you saying you *don't*?" He says in Eggsy's ear, and Eggsy's breath hitches again as he feels himself flush, Harry's cock hot and hard against his.

"Harry," he says, a whine creeping into his voice. They rock together, relishing the friction; Eggsy still has his hands fisted in the lapels of Harry's suit jacket, and he uses his grip to tug Harry into a bruising kiss that feels like it could knock him off his feet with its intensity.

"I'll have you know," Harry murmurs when he pulls away, "I accept nothing other than *enthusiastic* consent."

"Is that a thing - a gentleman thing? To ask?" Eggsy says, "'Cause you can have me right here, right now."

Harry's eyes instantly darken and oh, shit, yes - that's a hunger in his eyes that Eggsy has seen before, fuck. His cock twitches against Harry's at the sight, and Harry's nostrils flare.

"I was rather hoping for somewhere less... damp," Harry says, but like the wanker he is makes a show of glancing around the alley as if assessing its pros and cons. "Wouldn't you rather I spread you out over a bed, and -"

"Yes," Eggsy blurts, "God, yes."

"You didn't let me finish," Harry smiles, eyes half-lidded as he leans in again, lips brushing Eggsy's as he speaks.

"Whatever you want, you can have," Eggsy says, a shiver going down his spine at the absolute heat in Harry's eyes at his words. And he means it - he can't imagine doing anything with Harry he wouldn't want; he's thought it through quite thoroughly in the previous weeks, if you count wanking as *thinking through*.

Harry squeezes his arse as they kiss again, more tongue and teeth, lips swollen and red as they kiss and kiss, unable to get enough. Harry's suit is unbearably creased from Eggsy's hands, now, but he's so wrapped up in snogging that he doesn't seem to notice at all, Eggsy notes in the back of his mind. For his part, he knows his suit is a wreck - god knows what's on the back of it from being in this alleyway - but that's fine. It's going to be coming off soon, anyways. Eggsy smirks into the kiss at that thought.

Needless to say, it takes them quite a few tries to successfully break apart and not go back in for another snog before they make it into the back of a taxi.

They can barely keep their hands off each other in the time it takes to get across Paris, now that they're *allowed to touch*. It's another kind of anticipation; Eggsy's nearly squirming with the desire pooling in his groin, with Harry's hand on his thigh. He's barely moving it - just tracing small circles with his thumb - but it's *Harry*, and it's been *so long coming* that every touch is electric. Eggsy can feel sweat prickling at the back of his neck, where his hair nearly meets the collar of his suit. To the untrained eye Harry would look composed, amazingly so - but Eggsy can see the rhythm he's tapping against the handle of the umbrella with his other hand, the slight flush on his cheeks, the darkness in his eyes when he glances at Eggsy. He's like a coiled predator, ready to pounce: all lean muscle, restrained desire in a pinstripe suit.

They're achingly aware that they're not alone, and Eggsy's sure that Harry is only refraining from snogging him because to do so in front of someone else would be ungentlemanly - but he's more than ready for Harry to be *ungentlemanly*.

The hotel is a little on the posh side - well, *rather* on the posh side, according to Eggsy - and he knows his face must be bright pink as they walk quickly through the lobby, but he can't bring himself to care - or stop grinning. Their sides brush as they enter the tiny elevator, just a slight contact of fingers and sleeves, but he can feel the heat radiating off Harry.

The doors close and the elevator trundles upwards, and it's just the two of them - close, but still not there yet. Harry reaches out and grasps Eggsy's wrist, putting his thumb on Eggsy's pulse point, feeling the rapid pace of his heartbeat, of his blood thrumming in excitement.

It's all Eggsy can do, to stop himself from pushing Harry up against a wall then and there - like before, contact all the day down, frantic and hot, mouths clashed together - but he knows it will be worth the wait; that much is apparent from the tightly wound tension in Harry's frame, the way they glance at each other in the mirrored walls of the elevator when the other pretends not to notice. It's hard when Eggsy can barely keep the excited grin off his face.

(Although, Eggsy's absolutely sure that Harry would be up for having a go in an elevator - but they'd already had trouble enough getting out of the alley and into the cab, so it's a bit of an unspoken thing that they're going to keep off each other until they reach the room. Eggsy fully intends to take Harry up on the offer for getting spread out over his bed.)

But then Harry *does* make eye contact with him, in the polished surface of the mirror, and Eggsy's breath feels trapped in his chest; they can both feel it as his heart pulses even faster, frantically metering out beats, the moments until they can collide. Harry's hand is an anchor, a warm weight tying him to the moment as Eggsy lets his imagination run, the packed-away thoughts and fantasies about his mentor that he'd had over the past weeks unspooling in vivid color.

Harry must have been channeling his thoughts; just moments after politely ushering Eggsy through the door to the room he crowds him against it, stepping forward into his space, until Eggsy's back hits the wood and he's mesmerized, looking up into Harry's eyes. The height difference between them is just enough that Harry's presence is commanding, magnetic - Eggsy always notices when Harry walks into a room - and it's a rush to have Harry pressed up against him, pinned between the wall and his broad shoulders. Harry's hands move to his hips, underneath the front panels of his jacket, curling in the taut fabric. Eggsy's a little damp from the rain, sweat, and from being man-handled against a wall once today *already*; Harry's touch is searing in comparison to his own skin. His eyes leave Eggsy's to look down the length of Eggsy's body, the disheveled state of his suit, the hands Harry's got on his hips, back up again to linger on Eggsy's lips.

Eggsy arches against him, rolls his hips when it's clear that Harry is just going to look his fill without further prompting.

"C'mon, Harry," Eggsy smirks, "Are we going to stand around all day, or are we going to *fuck*?"

"The mouth on you," Harry's lips quirk into a smile, though his eyes remain dark. "Does the word *foreplay* hold any meaning for you?"

"It's been *weeks* of foreplay," Eggsy's *not* whining, but it's a close thing, and he paws at Harry's chest as he squirms, running his hands up Harry's sides - god, he's fit under that suit. "Harry, *fuck*, put my mouth to good-"

He's halfway through the thought when Harry's lips collide with his, brutal with unbridled passion at last. Now that it's just the two of them they're unfettered, with no need to worry about the mission or the consequences of getting caught - they snog like it's the only way to breathe, tongues curling around each other in a slick, wet slide. Harry nips at his lower lip,



tenderness forgotten in the delicious friction of mouth against mouth, and Eggsy moans openly. They gasp and pant into each other's mouths, lips swollen and shiny, unwilling to part now that they have the opportunity to explore each other by touch.

Eggzy doesn't even notice, now, how their glasses are pressed together; having a brilliant snog with Harry is worth any potential discomfort, in Eggsy's mind. A tremor goes down his spine every time he makes Harry hum or moan or groan into their kisses, relishing that he can tear down the carefully constructed armor Harry's erected around himself for the sake of decorum. And Eggsy takes a private victory, too, in that he was totally right - Harry *is* a generous lover, unerringly remembering each of the things that makes Eggsy buck his hips and groan Harry's name. The room fills with the wet sounds of their snogging and the faint rustle of fabric on fabric, until Harry - in a show of raw strength that would have made Eggsy's knees weak, had he needed to use them - cups his hands on Eggsy's arse and hoists him up, so Eggsy can wrap his legs around Harry's waist. Eggsy positively moans aloud at that, to Harry's obvious smirk.

"Fuck," he says, drawing out the word as Harry leans in, mouthing at his jaw and neck, immediately narrowing in on the spot that turns Eggsy completely mad with lust. He nips and sucks as Eggsy makes quick work of his tie, throwing it haphazardly away to turn to Harry's buttons, which pose a bit more of a challenge to his trembling, frantic fingers.

Harry's large hands clench in the muscle of his arse, and Eggsy can't help the whine in the back of his throat; Harry's got him exactly where he wants him, and Eggsy wouldn't want to be anywhere else in the world. His breath hitches as Harry rocks forward, his back sliding against the wood of the door, cocks aligned enough to tease with pleasant friction but not *nearly* enough for either of them to get off. It's maddeningly hot, as they pant into each other's air, kissing open-mouthed and dirty like nothing Eggsy's ever experienced before.

Except, of course, the other times he'd been snogging Harry Hart.

Eggzy clutches at Harry's shoulders when he loses all patience to continue with his buttons, hanging on for dear life as they kiss. Harry makes the most wonderful noise when Eggsy gets a hand in his hair, mussing its combed part even further with his fingers, tugging a little so Harry will tilt his head to kiss at another angle - deeper, wetter.

"Fuck, Harry," Eggsy groans when they break apart, watching Harry's lips. "Gentlemen don't kiss like that."

"Yes, they most certainly do," Harry smirks, and squeezes Eggsy's arse again. He arches his back, presses himself further into Harry - as if there is any space left between them at all.

"As much as I am enjoying this," Harry says, and *shit* - there's a purr in his voice, deep and a little hoarse from kissing, that makes heat curl in Eggsy's gut, "I do believe I made a promise."

"Shit, yeah," Eggsy grins, and slides down when Harry loosens his grip so he can stand. Harry goes easily when Eggsy pushes at him, walking backwards and shedding his suit-jacket at the same time, tossing it over one of the nearby armchairs.

Harry sees Eggsy watching the movement and gives him a half-shrug. "I'd hang it up, if you showed any sign of being able to wait."

"*Fuck waiting.*"

"That's what I thought you'd say," Harry winds him in for another sloppy, filthy kiss, putting a hand on the small of Eggsy's back and unbuckling the shoulder-holster underneath Eggsy's jacket. Eggsy is far less elegant when shedding his own clothes than Harry had been; to be fair, Eggsy had undone most of Harry's buttons himself, so there isn't terribly much work to be done for Harry to get down to his pants.

Eggsey pauses in removing his shoes to watch Harry - he's as fit under the suit as he looks, *god*. There's lean strength in the firmness of his forearms, the taut muscle at his ribs as he bends to shuck his trousers. He does fold those, but Eggsy doesn't mind; it gives him a few moments longer to oogle Harry's arse. The sight nearly makes his mouth water. He's still staring when Harry straightens, grinning when Harry catches him looking, totally unabashed - hey, he can look now without having to exercise any spy skills to pretend he's *not* looking.

Harry stalks over to him, setting a hand on Eggsy's chest and murmuring, "Let me," as he starts on his buttons. Harry's fingers are deft, quick in revealing inch after inch of overheated skin, and he runs his hands down Eggsy's sides to part his shirt from his shoulders. His breath catches when Harry dips his head to kiss his exposed collarbone, trailing his hands down to Eggsy's trousers, which are now very clearly bulging without the suit-jacket to hide his erection. Tailored trousers do *not* leave anything to the imagination when one has a hard-on, Eggsy's learned, and he writhes at the touch.

He moans aloud when Harry deliberately takes his time with the button and flies, running his fingers over Eggsy's cock through the dark fabric. Harry's smirking against his skin, too, the wanker - but it's all he can do to cup the back of Harry's head with one hand and his hip with the other, holding on to him as an anchor - otherwise Eggsy's sure he would be a puddle on the floor. Christ, Harry's *mouth*.

"*Bed*," Eggsy chokes out when Harry's touch gets dizzying as much as teasing, and Harry finally flicks open his flies and pulls him along so Eggsy can step out of his trousers and leave them pooled on the carpet behind them. As soon as he has his balance back Eggsy nudges forward, using his weight to get Harry off-balance enough that when his knees hit the back of the bed they fall together, with Eggsy on top. He scrambles up, straddling Harry's thighs, grinning down at him.

Eggsey reaches up for his glasses and folds the arms in before tossing them away - Merlin would probably kill him for damaging or destroying another pair, *worth it* - and plants his hands on either side of Harry to lean in and kiss him, all tongue and a little teeth. Harry hums into the kiss, lips pliant and wet, exploring and tasting Eggsy's mouth like he can't get enough.

It's brilliant, being on top of Harry and with fewer clothes between them; Harry's hands wander to his arse again, groping, encouraging him to rock forward, to slide their cocks together with unrestrained fervor. Like this there's no height difference, and Eggsy takes free reign to lap at Harry's mouth, darting in with his tongue and lavishing attention to Harry's

lower lip. Harry's glasses are cool against the heat of his face, but when he reaches up to take them off, Eggsy bats his hand away.

"Leave them on," he breathes, licking down Harry's neck and trailing his fingers in the sparse hair on Harry's chest, grinding against him in time with Harry rocking up. They rut together like that, riding the friction, sliding together and snogging wetly. It feels *amazing*, having another body under his, the rub of skin on skin - even more so because it's Harry. The thought alone makes Eggsy's face burn, and coupled with the electric, lingering caresses of Harry's fingers on his thighs, he's hard enough to cut glass.

Harry's *big*, Eggsy can feel it; he's blood-hot against Eggsy's hip, and Eggsy's mouth waters. Already there's a damp patch in his briefs where his cock is leaking enthusiastically, *more* than ready for what's to come. Harry's stomach is starting to get sweat-slick where they're pressed together, and he's flushed down to his chest, pupils blown wide when they meet Eggsy's as they part to breathe.

He's about to complain again to Harry - because he can't help it, and it must be endearing if Harry keeps putting up with it, *come on, already* - when the hand on his waist grips harder and he surges up under Eggsy, twisting until he's on top and Eggsy is below him, panting, and possibly even *harder* after being man-handled to where Harry wants him. Harry's hair is wild, and Eggsy brushes it out of his face when he bends forward to kiss a trail down Eggsy's chest. He pauses to flick his tongue against one of Eggsy's nipples, causing him to buck - but Harry's weight keeps him in place and *damn*, that's so hot.

"Right where I want you," Harry murmurs, voice muffled from where his mouth is pressed against Eggsy's skin, and Eggsy can feel his face redden, his cock jumping at the words.

He watches as Harry moves down the length of his body, pressing kisses against his ribs and lapping at his stomach. Harry looks up as he slides back, mouth tantalizingly close to his cock, now, giving Eggsy a soft smile that is far too smug, and Eggsy's stomach clenches. He rolls his hips, aching close to begging, but Harry doesn't make him; he hooks his fingers in the waistband of Eggsy's pants and leans in to nose at the trail of hair leading down into them.

"Harry," Eggsy sighs, curling a hand into Harry's hair, gently, as Harry breathes him in, kisses his exposed hip bone and licks downward with every bit of skin that he exposes - but never touching his cock. It's rubbing, clothed, against the underside of Harry's chin, but he's working around it, teasing with his hot mouth and soft lips, leaving gentle bites that make Eggsy groan low in his throat.

When Harry finally takes mercy and tugs down his pants the rest of the way, Eggsy's cock springs free obscenely, jutting up against his belly red and *ready*. The head is already exposed, slick with precum, drooling onto Eggsy's stomach; Eggsy can feel himself twitch as Harry maintains eye contact when he leans in for a taste.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Harry's *mouth*. He licks root-to-tip before wrapping a hand around the base, spreading the liquid at the crown of Eggsy's cock with his thumb and then fucking going *down* in one smooth motion. His mouth is all wet velvet and heat, clever tongue wriggling against the underside of Eggsy's cock, a slick torment of pleasure. Harry's nostrils flare as he

moves up and then down again, adding a little suction as he goes, his mouth a perfect pink ring around him. Eggsy can barely watch, can barely breathe. He has to crane his neck a little to watch and stop himself from thrashing his head side to side, the muscles in his thighs jumping and quivering as Harry blows him like a fucking *professional*, *Jesus*.

He's vaguely aware that he's moaning like a porn star under Harry's ministrations, muscles of his arse clenching and unclenching as his hips tilt, seeking more of Harry's mouth. Harry pins him with an arm across his hips, slowing down in retribution, smirking around his cock and hollowing his cheeks. Eggsy's eyes roll back and he *keens*, back arching bow-tight.

His skin cools to the air when Harry pulls off with a slick pop, blinking up at Eggsy - though he keeps moving his curled fist in tortuous, languid strokes over Eggsy's cock. A thin strand of saliva connects the tip of his cock to Harry's lips, and Eggsy can't stifle his groan.

" 'm not," Eggsy pants, swallowing thickly as he tries to form a sentence - Harry's mouthing at his balls, now, cupping them tenderly in the heat of his hands, a heady distraction, " 'm not gonna last much longer if you keep doing that."

"I'm rather enjoying myself," Harry says, petting his hip, "but - another time, then." The potent promise of *another time* echoes in his ears as he stares, blinking down at Harry - who looks like a cat with a bowl of cream.

Harry's lips shine when he smiles, and Eggsy rubs the base of his neck with the hand still threaded in Harry's hair, drawing him upward to kiss him again. He can taste himself in Harry's mouth. Eggsy's cock is so wet between them, and he ruts against Harry's bare stomach before reaching down to tug at Harry's pants as well.

"Off," he says, demanding and impatient, smirking when Harry quirks an eyebrow at him. But Harry helps him, lifting his hips as Eggsy skims his hands down his body, until he's bare at last.

Christ. Eggsy wasn't wrong.

Harry is thick, uncut; Eggsy's never seen anything more perfect and pink and then it's *against him*, sliding through the slick pooled on his stomach, dragging every inch of his cock against Eggsy's in a slow burn that makes him swear colorfully. Harry doesn't even chastise him, just sets a languorous tempo, capturing his mouth in bruising kisses that leave Eggsy breathless for more.

He whines when Harry leans back, feeling overheated in the cool room without his Harry pressed against him. Harry watches him, eyes keen and liquid dark behind his glasses, which Eggsy swears looks like they're starting to fog up. His eyes track down Eggsy's body, bright eyes to swollen lips to heaving chest, to the arch of his hardened cock between his thighs, flushed and leaking. Eggsy curls and uncurls his fingers in the bedcovers, reveling in being spread out like this, just for Harry.

Harry leans in for one more chaste kiss before moving up and off the bed, pacing back to where he'd thrown his trousers to dig into his pockets.

Eggsy groans in realization. “Don’t tell me-”

“Spy,” Harry reminds him, smirking at Eggsy’s exasperation. “Being prepared for anything is in the job description, my dear Eggsy.”

“What is it?” Eggsy snarks, sitting up on his elbows to watch Harry stalk towards the bed again. “Condom under the face of the watch? Handcuffs in the heel of the Oxfords? Cufflinks that-”

He cuts himself off when Harry holds up an unassuming little plastic bottle, eyebrows creeping towards his hairline in amusement at Eggsy’s tirade.

“Not that I doubt Merlin would enjoy hearing your suggestions,” Harry says, eyes crinkling as he smiles, “but this isn’t one of his accessories; it’s mine.”

Eggsy’s mouth goes dry; Harry’s admitted that this is something he’s wanted - perhaps even as long as Eggsy - but hearing it still makes his stomach flutter. The implication that he had *imagined this*, had hoped for this - *them* - or something like it, sends a spark of heat through Eggsy’s veins. The possessive tone in Harry’s voice only adds to the raw sexuality of him nearly *swaggering*, naked, towards Eggsy’s sprawled form.

The bed dips when Harry plants his knee between Eggsy’s legs, urging them to part further with a gentle nudge of his hands; he leaves the bottle to the side, near Eggsy’s hip. Eggsy scoots up the bed to give him more room, spreading his legs for Harry’s attentions and grinning cockily despite the nervous excitement in his stomach. His heart hammers in his chest, skin sensitive to every caress like it’s *Harry* that’s electric-charged, not his ring.

Harry’s fingers move inwards and a shiver runs down Eggsy’s spine, coiling in his gut with exquisite tension; he smooths down the muscles of Eggsy’s inner thighs, leaving Eggsy warm and relaxed, until his knees splay to either side with the gentle force of gravity.

It’s then that Harry reaches for the bottle again, warming it with his hands before flicking the cap open and drizzling some of the clear liquid onto his waiting fingers, watching Eggsy all the while. He lets the lube heat against his skin and moves slowly, deliberately between Eggsy’s legs, touch sure and steady as he skims down, past Eggsy’s balls, to the furled muscle of his hole.

Eggsy squirms; Harry’s fingers are still a little cool, and he tries not to move his hips, to little avail; with his cock neglected it’s all he can do not to clench in anticipation. Harry’s fingers are confident, though, just resting there as he relaxes, spreading the lube with languid strokes that soon enough are teasing, not *nearly* enough. Eggsy blinks away the sweat from his eyes, seeing the smile on Harry’s face as his body beautifully adapts under Harry’s ministrations, tension unspooling until he’s rocking into the rhythm of Harry’s fingers, gasping for more than just the slide of them against him. Harry puts his other hand on Eggsy’s cock, *finally*, and it’s like there’s a current of sensation running between his arsehole and cock, a live wire of pleasure that has him arching off the sheets.

More lube, and Harry’s pushing in one long finger, murmuring encouragement as Eggsy breathes through the sensation. Yeah, it’s a little weird at first - but *fuck* Harry’s fingers are

perfect, and he can hardly wait for more of them. He's pictured this, when looking at Harry's hands - even before the glove thing - wondering how Harry could use them, *knowing* on some visceral level that he'd be as attentive and *brilliant* at this as he is with disassembling guns in seconds flat.

"All right?" Harry asks, breathless, and Eggsy nods.

"Another," he moans, and Harry doesn't need to be told twice; he's maybe going a little excessive on the lube because Eggsy's practically *dripping* with it, and the sounds coming from between his thighs are *filthy*, but the burn of the stretch fades quickly until Eggsy can just enjoy the sensation of being filled, and Harry's pistoning his finger in and out with ease.

"Eggsy," Harry groans, and Eggsy cracks his eyes open - he's not sure when he closed them, focusing on riding out the pleasure of Harry's hands working in time on his sensitive flesh - but it's like a gut-punch to look in his eyes, take in the state of him. There's none of the soft brown in Harry's eyes that Eggsy's come to love - just the deep black of his pupils, face blushed bright and sheened with sweat on his forehead, hair damp at his temples. Harry's rhythm doesn't falter when Eggsy meets his eyes and rocks further into the thrusts of his fingers, but his cock jolts a little, and Eggsy glances down at it. It's a feverish red and looks so hard it hurts, and Eggsy licks his lips. Harry *fucking* Hart, still a gentleman even when he's got what he wants splayed out on his lap for the taking, waiting until Eggsy's good and ready for him before sliding home, stretching him open with that perfect cock, and Harry may be able to hold himself back but Eggsy knows his own lack of impulse control well enough to take matters into his own hands.

"One more," he grits out, intentionally clenching on Harry's fingers to watch that control tremble, to see Harry's eyes go half-lidded. There's no hesitation; a third finger wriggles in next to the rest, definitely an ache now that's just a promise for what's to come. The hand on his cock speeds up, a welcome distraction from the twinge as his muscles shift and relax, make way for the intrusion of Harry's fingers.

And then, as Harry begins to slide them in and out - gently at first, but gathering speed - they brush up against something inside him that has him seeing stars and gasping at air, the muscles in his back rippling as he arches hard off the bed.

"Oh, Eggsy," Harry pants, but Eggsy can hear small smirk in Harry's voice even with his eyes dazedly unfocused on the ceiling. Smug asshole; he knows *exactly* what he's doing to Eggsy, and as his fingers pass over that spot again with confidence, sparks light behind Eggsy's eyes.

Eggsy writhes and moans, "Harry, fucking *hell*, yes - c'mon, I'm ready- " and scrabbles to reach Harry's hips to pull him forward, finding Harry's eye when the tip of his cock brushes wetly against his inner thigh. "Do it, Harry, I ain't waitin' another-"

Harry hushes him with a kiss that quickly turns sloppy; Eggsy keeps moaning into his mouth as Harry strokes his fingers in and out, thumb playing with the sensitive rim of his hole. His other hand leaves Eggsy's cock to reach for the lube a final time, and then the fingers inside him draw away as Harry liberally slicks his cock, hurried but efficient.

“Ready?” Harry says, voice gravelly and hoarse.

“God, yes,” Eggsy breathes, caught between burning and shivering with the exquisite anticipation.

The tip of Harry’s cock is hot, *so* hot against him when it finally makes contact, and Eggsy swears aloud; Harry watches as he guides himself in, slow inches at a time - and *fuck*, what Eggsy wouldn’t give to have that view right now. To see Harry breaching him, sliding inside him, greedy hole taking him in at this agonizing pace - but he can *feel* it, the blunt weight of Harry inside him, stretching even more than his fingers had, thick and hot and aching so perfectly.

Harry anchors his hands on his hips when he finally bottoms out, panting, staying still so that they can both adjust. He feels bigger than he’d looked; he’s going to be sore tomorrow, Eggsy knows it, but he can’t imagine anything better. The ache dulls as his heart rate settles, and he reaches up to latch his arms around Harry’s neck, pulling him down for gentle, nipping kisses as Harry starts to rock, maddeningly slow, in and out.

*Ohhh* yes, this is it; the wet slide of Harry inside him feels amazing, and he rolls his hips to speed them up, gripping the meat of Harry’s shoulders with white knuckles. The slap of skin against skin is loud in the room as they fuck, leaving red marks on each other when they lean in and suck and bite, unable to get enough. Harry’s rhythm stutters and his breath hitches when Eggsy’s tongue licks the shell of his ear and then nips, teasingly, and Eggsy grins. Harry doesn’t swear often, and he hasn’t made Harry swear *yet* - but it’s something he’s going to *greatly* enjoy trying for.

He’s thrusting harder now, the bedcovers on either side of Eggsy bunching up from the force of it. Harry’s gorgeous like this. The muscles in his thighs and arms flex with each thrust, lips swollen and pink from snogging. Eggsy drags his fingers down Harry’s body to his arse, unable to keep the smile off his face - *finally*, it’s been long enough that Harry’s been groping him and he hasn’t been able to return the favor - but the smile falls from his face when Harry snaps his hips and grazes his prostate, making him gasp and groan.

“Fuck, come on-” Eggsy whines, “Harry-”

“Amazing,” Harry pants, “Gorgeous like this, Eggsy, yes- ”

Each thrust makes Harry’s glasses slide a little further down his nose until Eggsy reaches up, chuckling breathlessly, to push them up again. He lets his fingers linger against Harry’s flushed cheek, trailing his thumb down until it catches on Harry’s lower lip. Harry nips at it, letting Eggsy push his thumb into his mouth and he caresses it with his tongue in time with his thrusts; the dual sensations make Eggsy groan through his grin, snapping his hips up harder to meet Harry’s thrusts.

They’re edging closer and closer to orgasm, the brutal rhythm between them speeding up, Harry’s balls slapping against Eggsy obscenely with every thrust.

“Going to make me come first?” Eggsy asks, goading, cheeky even with his heaving chest and profusely leaking cock.

Harry manages to give him a dry look despite the hair falling into his eyes and the flush on his face, panting open-mouthed. "One day I'll fuck the cheek right out of you," Harry grunts, smiling at Eggsy's shocked expression, "Or I'll have you beg before I make you come - thrice in one night, before I even get my cock in you."

"Is that a promise or an - oh, *fuck*," Eggsy moans, biting his lip and digging his fingers roughly into the muscle of Harry's arse. He can feel his balls drawing up, hovering closer to orgasm because of Harry's words, spoken in that accent roughened by desire, *filthy* in a way Eggsy hadn't expected out of Harry's mouth.

He reaches a hand towards his cock but Harry bats it away easily, shifting his grip on Eggsy's hips to pull him closer into his lap, changing the angle as he continues to thrust vigorously. And *fuck*, like this it's perfect; when Harry pounds home again his cock drags against his prostate deliciously, mind-blowing pleasure rocketing up Eggsy's spine and he gasps, the air knocked out of his lungs. Harry takes that as a sign to pound faster and even harder, cock unerringly finding that spot inside him now.

Eggsey's nearly delirious with pleasure, moaning a litany of obscenities mixed with Harry's name, taking huge gulps of air as he meets Harry thrust for thrust. When Harry puts a hand to his cock and starts jerking him in time with his pounding rhythm Eggsy twitches bodily, hole fluttering and twitching now, moaning long and low, deep in his chest.

"Harry," he moans, and then again, louder: "Harry!"

"Yes, Eggsy," Harry says, "Come on, come for me, Eggsy-"

The blood roars in his ears and Harry's hand is a blur on his cock; he can feel the tension winding tighter as Harry strokes long and deep and hard inside him, a blinding rush of pleasure.

"*Harry!*" he shouts as he comes, thrashing against Harry - who pins Eggsy in place to ride out his orgasm, unrelenting in his pace. Eggsy nearly whites out, eyes screwed shut as his body quakes and trembles, hole clenching down on Harry and wringing out every moment of pleasure. Pulse after pulse of come stripes his stomach, slicking his belly - and Harry's, as he continues to thrust into him, dragging ragged whines out of Eggsy's throat.

Eggsey blinks as he comes back to himself, loose-limbed with pleasure, still twitching with the aftershocks as Harry's tempo quickens and starts to lose its rhythm. Eggsy has enough presence of mind to tilt his hips into his thrusts, clamping down on Harry despite riding the thin edge of oversensitivity.

Harry moans, raw, and slams inside of him - once, twice more, before his muscles spasm and he comes, throbbing inside Eggsy with wet heat. His hips jerk a little as his orgasm crashes over him, and he collapses, panting, onto his elbows above Eggsy, bending his head to press exhausted kisses against Eggsy's shoulder. Eggsy shivers with the liquid sensation filling him, fingers flexing on Harry's sweat-slick back.

Eggsey keeps petting along the line of Harry's spine as their breathing evens out, coming down from the high in each other's arms. He can feel Harry's come starting to leak out of him



and it's a little uncomfortable - but in the good, messy way. He'll be tender and swollen and loose for the rest of the night, well-fucked and *marked* by Harry in every way. *Fuck yes.*

Eggsy hums a little when Harry perches his chin on his shoulder, wriggling underneath him as Harry's cock softens. "That was a long time coming."

Harry sighs as if put-upon, but Eggsy can feel his smile. "And it never ends, I see. Shall you ever run out of quippy one-liners?"

"Hope not," Eggsy yawns, managing a shrug despite the weight of Harry on top of him. "You're the one who likes puns, anyways, don' even deny it."

"Says the pot to the kettle," Harry chuckles, pressing a final kiss to the juncture of Eggsy's neck and shoulder. Harry's glasses are cool against his overheated flesh.

"Really, though," he whines, "We could've been doing this for *months* had we gotten our shit together sooner."

"Mm," Harry hums, considering. "I would have rather liked to have you over that desk in Budapest, though I suppose my own will do once we're back in England. After mission reports, of course, and assuming we can keep our hands to ourselves on the plane."

"Fuck me," Eggsy says in wonder, staring at the ceiling with a blissful grin, and Harry snorts into the crook of his neck even as his prick twitches inside of him.

"Insatiable, are you? I'm afraid I'm not twenty anymore--"

"Oi," Eggsy says, grinning, "Someone once told me patience is a virtue, for a gentleman - an' *I'm* not the one who brought up having sex on the *plane*."

Harry grumbles something that sounds like *Patience, my arse* before he pushes himself upwards to look Eggsy in the eye. There's a comically wet *smack* as their bellies separate, and Eggsy has to bite his lip to keep from laughing. It's perfect - the easy intimacy, the unerring trust and certainty in each other, the feeling in his gut that this is going to work even before they put it into words.

Harry cups his cheek and Eggsy's smile softens; he covers Harry's hand with his, smoothing along his knuckles. He pulls off Harry's smudged glasses and tosses them behind him, towards the headboard, so he can look into Harry's eyes.

"I am terribly fond of you, my dear," Harry says, running his thumb along Eggsy's cheek.

"So polite," Eggsy teases even as the endearment makes his stomach flip, twining his fingers with Harry's and pulling his hand away from his face so he can pepper kisses along Harry's palm. "I'm totally fucking *mad* for you, Harry."

It's gratifying to hear Harry's breath hitch as he says it, even more so when Harry grins and leans in to kiss him, soft and wet, both of them unable to stop smiling as their lips meet.

“You know,” Eggsy says when they break apart, foreheads pressed together. “I thought you’d think it’s a terrible idea - you know. To kiss you, as a diversion technique. Hope you won’t object to using it in the future, too.”

“Oh, not at all, Eggsy,” Harry smiles, already leaning in again. “Not at all.”

## End Notes

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