

## Hope I Don't Run Out of Time (Could Someone Call a Referee?)

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# Hope I Don't Run Out of Time (Could Someone Call a Referee?)

by [whatiwouldnotgive](#)

## Summary

"Eggsy lies back against the bed, eyes half-lidded, smirk on his face. Harry knows by now that that look means trouble.

"Come on, guv." He says, accent thick and voice gravely, "Let's seen then. Come for me. Come for daddy."

Heat knifes up through Harry, sharp and breath-stealing, and he comes so hard he whites out. He comes to laying on Eggsy's heaving chest. Eggsy lays across the bed, arms splayed out boneless and liquid. Harry presses his hot face into Eggsy's pec. Eggsy runs his nails softly against Harry's shoulders and says, "Well, that's interesting."

Harry Hart has a daddy kink. And by daddy kink, we mean. . .

## Notes

I guess if no one else was gonna write this, than I had to do it. So here you go. Over 3k of Hartwin daddy kink porn. Merry Christmas ya filthy animals. Keep the change.

As always, I do not own Kingsman or the characters.

Note: not brit-picked, but I've consumed enough British media that I tried to keep the Americanisms in check as I wrote. I apologize in advance. Any egregious errors brought to my attention would be very appreciated.

Harry fucks into Eggsy, rough and deep. Desperately ignoring the chatter in his ear, he turns his face into Eggsy's neck. Bites it, worries the skin between his teeth, watches it blossom red. Eggsy shudders underneath him, body rocking up into each thrust. His head tossed back, eyes closed, mouth dropped open in endless meaningless words.

Eggsy suddenly wraps his legs around Harry's waist, jerks upwards, and comes. Long and swift, and so beautiful. Harry rocks him through it, heat tingling up his spine and searing in his belly. Eggsy lies back against the bed, eyes half-lidded, smirk on his face. Harry knows by now that that look means trouble.

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Breakfast the next morning is quiet: Eggsy and Harry hadn't had a free Saturday in several weeks, and Harry intends to spend as much of it together as possible. Harry stirs a pan of eggs, barefoot with hair mussed. He replays last night in his mind and flushes hot. Eggsy thunders down the stairs, wrapping his arms around Harry's bare waist.

Stroking a line up down Harry's skin, goosebumps following in its wake, Eggsy says, "Morning, Har"

"Good morning, Eggsy. Sleep well?"

Eggsy mutters an affirmative.

"Well, then go on and sit down. Breakfast is just about ready."

Eating silently, Harry flips through the morning paper while Eggsy scrolls on his phone. Occasionally, Harry catches Eggsy staring him: eyes a cautious study, twinkling, and lips twisting around a smile.

"Would you like to do anything today?" He asks.

Eggsy pauses, swallows around a mouthful of food, and says, "Mum was asking for us to come around the other day. Maybe we could make something with Daisy. She liked when we helped her make brownies last week."

Harry remembers the sweet giggling of the little girl and the bright smile Eggsy wore all day.

He also remembers Eggsy wiping away a smear of chocolate from Harry's face with a laugh before kissing him ever so soft right there in his mum's kitchen. Daisy peaked out through chubby fingers; Eggsy's mum snapped a picture and hung it on the refrigerator. Later that night Eggsy told him he hadn't seen his mum so happy in ages.

"I'd very much like that." Harry says with a sigh of quiet relief.

Eggsy tangles their feet together underneath the table and finishes his food

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Eggsy didn't say a word about the *incident* (as it had become known in Harry's mind) all the rest of the week. Granted, they had both been caught up in various short-term assignments and extra training that kept them busy during the day and too tired at night to do much more than fall right asleep.

Every day, Harry dressed and took measurements and took out marks as easy as breathing, but anytime he was alone with Eggsy, he felt his hackles raise awaiting the inevitable conversation. Every day, the conversation never came. Eggsy merely trails a hand down his arm and comments on how good he looked that day or helps him polish guns with other agents. Their normal Harry-and-Eggsy routine.

On Wednesday, nerves get the better of him. He pulls Eggsy out of the training ring with several agents practicing sparring.

"What's wrong?" Eggsy asks, brows knitting together. His t-shirt sticks damply to his chest, the golden Kingsman logo emblazoned on the front.

Harry paused. "Ah, nothing exactly. I just." The words stuck thickly in his throat. No measure of force would push them out. He closes his eyes to hide the mortification behind them, "I just wanted to see you."

Eggsy's face lights up, "Aw, all you had to do was ask. I know I've been busy. What's say you and I go somewhere nice tonight?"

"Yes, that would be lovely. I'll make some calls. Why don't you get back in there?"

Eggsy leans up on his tiptoes, kisses Harry's cheek, and bounds back inside the workout room.

Harry makes his way to Merlin's office and proceeds to promptly let out a string of curses. Merlin, as put-upon as always, sighs, hands him a cup of tea, and lets Harry hide from the agents for the rest of day.

On Friday, Eggsy and Roxy walk in to Harry's office, sweaty from a workout with Merlin.

"Hey, Rox and I are grabbing drinks tonight. Won't be home 'till late." Smirking, he says, "Promise I'll make it up to you."

One utterly *salacious* look on Eggsy's face, and Harry knew in an instant that Eggsy had, in fact, *not* forgotten.

Harry hears Roxy's pealing laughter mix with Eggsy's as they turn to shower and get ready for a night out.

Harry buries his face in his hands and exhales shakily.

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Harry spends the rest of the night worrying himself sick. Stomach twisting itself in knots, he'd never *told anyone*. *Never fathomed anyone knowing*.

He'd been so young when he discovered it. Young and impressionable and in love with an older man. Freshly recruited into Kingsman and on a long mission with fellow agent. Harry often tripped over his own feet, and moreover, tripped right into Gwaine's arms. Wide eyed, fresh faced—and did he ever appreciate Gwaine's broad, broad shoulders. After Gwaine was killed a year later, Harry buried the memory, never becoming relevant again until *right fucking now*—

“Haz?” Eggsy calls, slamming the front door behind him. The grandfather clock in his library strikes at 12:30. Earlier than he expected. Harry pulls his dressing gown tight around him and meets Eggsy hanging his coat up, JB twirling in circles at his feet.

Eggsy sweeps Harry into a kiss, smiling into a sweet kiss. Harry melts against him, tasting alcohol on Eggsy's lips. Harry twines his arms around Eggsy who pushes him up against the closet door. Falling back with an *oomph*, *Harry licks into Eggsy's mouth*. *Eggsy's only tipsy, loose and lively*.

Harry pulls away for a moment, “Have a good night? I hope you didn't let Roxanne go home all by herself.”

“Of course not. Dropped her off all right and proper and everything. Gotta visit her mum tomorrow, that one. ‘S why we weren't out that late. Besides, I made a promise, didn't I? Come here.” Eggsy slides a hand inside Harry's dressing gown and pulls him against his hips, rocking slowly. Harry's eyes fall shut for just a moment. He cannot bear the look Eggsy's giving him, so utterly besotted and lovely.

Cupping his jaw, Harry says, “Dear boy, you don't have to make anything up to me.”

“I know, guv. But, there's something I want to try. And of course you can say no. Ain't gonna make you do something you don't want to, but I think you do want it. So just, stop me if you need to.”

Harry swallows. Eggsy blows out a slow breath. There's a moment where neither of them speak, standing on the edge of a precipice.

Eggsy slides a knee between Harry's legs, grabs his hips, and pulls him forward. Harry's cock drags so wonderfully along the long line of Eggsy's thigh, pleasure singing out and up through his ribs and down his spine.

Dark and tremulous, Eggsy says "You want daddy to take care of you, Harry? You want me to let you suck my cock and fuck you 'till you can't see straight? Want daddy to fuck your little arse 'till you cry?" Eggsy grabs Harry's arse and rocks him bodily up and down his hard thigh. Harry shudders, head tipping back to thud against the wooden door. Eggsy presses a firm hand up against Harry's dick; Harry falls weak-kneed into Eggsy, moan falling out between parted lips.

"Good God, Eggsy. *Yes, yes, fucking yes.*"

"Let's go." Eggsy tugged Harry up the stairs and into their bedroom. Shoving Harry onto the bed, Eggsy tugs his shirt off and fingers the buckle of his belt.

Eggsy reaches forward to run calloused fingers along Harry's collar, "Drive me crazy, babe. Been thinking about fuckin' my baby all week." Maddeningly slowly, Eggsy removes one button after another. Harry clasps his hands between his knees to hide how they can't keep still. Eggsy rucks the shirt the rest of the way off. Then pulls Harry's undershirt up, tossing it away to a corner.

Towering, powerful and beautiful, Eggsy stands above him. The soft light from his mother's antique lamp glows across all of Eggsy's angles: the slope of his nose, the hollow of his collarbones, the cut of his pelvis. Heat drips down Harry's spine, pools burning in his gut. Eggsy tips Harry's head up.

"What do you need, baby?"

Harry flushes hot down his face. His dick throbs, pressed against the front of his favorite jeans.

"Let me suck you daddy. Please." He says, a small noise.

A slow, languid smile creeps across Eggsy's face, "Alright. Come here."

Harry falls to his knees. With trembling hands, he pulls off Eggsy's belt and undoes his trousers. He slides them down Eggsy's legs. His hands roam along the exposed sink, worshipful, aching to touch, to know all of the man Eggsy is. Explore him like he has the map to ancient world engraved in the grooves of his skin and sinews of his muscle and lines of his bones.

Harry wraps his lips around Eggsy's dick, moaning softly with the first taste on his tongue. Eggsy sighs, twining fingers through Harry's hair. Harry drags his tongue up along the length, dips into the wet head, and blows a gentle breath making Eggsy shiver. Rocking on his knees to rub his own dick against his jeans, Harry holds onto Eggsy's thighs and allows his cock to slide in and out. Puckered lips turn bruised red, a drip of pre-come smears against

the bottom one. Eggsy's dick is thick and heavy, a perfect pressing weight on his tongue.

Eggsy starts running his mouth, as he always does when he gets worked up.

"My good boy. Perfect little slut. Love you like this. Wanna keep you on your knees all the time. *Oh, Harry—*"

Harry gags after Eggsy jerks forward, the heavy weight in his throat too much to bear at once. Harry's nose presses against Eggsy's pelvis, breath coming out in short, rapid bursts. Eggsy runs a hand along the bulge in his throat. He lets his cock slip from Harry's mouth; drool spills forward, and Harry lets out a shuddery oh, gasping for air.

Sounding raw, Eggsy says, "Sorry, love."

Harry shakes his head while leaning forward, trying to catch his dick back in his mouth. Eggsy tuts and shoves three fingers into Harry's mouth. Groaning around them, Harry's eyes fall shut, lashes a dark smudge on his cheeks. They press against his soft palate, gagging him. A poor replacement.

"Was gonna come if you didn't stop. And as much as I'd like to you covered in spunk, I'd rather fuck you." Eggsy slides a socked foot between Harry's thighs and presses it up hard and unyielding against his aching dick. "How much do you want to come?"

Harry looks up with a questioning look. Tentatively, he rocks down on Eggsy's foot. A dribble of come spurts out, soaking through the front of his trousers. Delicious pain-pleasure shoots through him, and he moans shakily. Hands gripping Eggsy's thigh, he does it again.

"That bad, huh? Don't worry, daddy's gonna make his slag feel so good."

Harry shudders.

Eggsy hauls him up by his underarms, tossing him none-so-gently on the bed. Harry's breath catches in his throat. Eggsy's got so much strength brimming underneath his skin. Seeing it displayed like, like *this makes Harry's head swim and gut tie up in infinitely tangled knots. Eggsy forces him onto his front, forcibly unbuttons and yanks his jeans off.*

He slaps Harry's arse who jerks forward with a surprised yelp. "Got the most gorgeous arse, you do. 'S fucking distracting. All I can ever think about is your perfect fucking arse on my dick."

Before Harry can do anything else but moan at that, Eggsy pulls his pants down, spreads kisses first across his shoulders, then down the length of his spine. He pauses. Then bites down where the line of his back meets his arse.

"Daddy's gonna spank you black and blue, 'till you can't do nothing but lay there and take it"

Harry nods again, words stuck in his useless throat. He swallows three consecutive times, but still can't find anything in him to reply to that, burying his face in the maroon sheets. Eggsy

settles himself on the bed, than pats his lap. Harry lays across his thighs, anticipation mounting.

Rubbing his back for a just a moment before winding up, Eggsy lets his hand crack down. And then again. And again. For an hour or 15 minutes, Harry can't tell. He yells, the heat and pain surging up through him. His dick leaks wet onto Eggsy's clothed thigh which bounces and jostles him occasionally. Embarrassment clouds his features, and his flush blooms down his throat and chest.

"Look at you," Eggsy coos, "squirming for me. Not so mighty now." His fingers caress where a handprint blooms. Harry barely restrains himself from thrusting down. If he's not careful, he'll spend right here.

"Daddy," he says, normal cut-glass accent turned thready, "Please, I—" He's cut off by Eggsy's fingers sliding slick inside him. "Oh, yes. Thank you. Thank you, daddy."

Eggzy hums. He slips a third finger in and presses his thumb to the sensitive space just behind Harry's bollocks. Sweat drips down his temples, pooling in the small of his back, and any hope of maintaining a cool expression was long tossed to the wayside. He feels like he'd surely burn up at any moment from the sheer want of it all. Eggsy maneuvers him onto his back, and Harry's no help—what with his limbs all liquid and useless.

Eggzy's thick fingers tug around the rim; Harry can only imagine how he looks right now. "Can you take any more, babe?" Eggsy asks. Harry answers with a wet, hiccupping yes.

Eggzy deftly folds in his pinky, fucking his fingers forward with quick, sharp movements that presses up into his prostate. Harry keens: a thin, broken sound. His hair starts to curl, matting darkly to his temples and forehead. Harry thrusts down onto Eggsy's fingers which curl and twist in a most delightful way.

After what feels like ages, Eggsy finally slips out to wipe his hands on a nearby flannel. Harry tries to compose himself to no avail. His hips rock into nothing of their own accord while Eggsy observes him coolly.

"Come on. Touch yourself for daddy." Eggsy urges, dragging his own hand along his dick. "Good little slut. Want to tear you up so good you'll feel it for fucking days." Harry distantly hears himself crying out, "Eggzy—*Daddy, God.*" *Everything about this is too much yet not enough all at once. One shaking hand grips the base of his prick, so he won't come while the other begins sliding up down teasingly. His fingernail digs punishingly into the tip, shiny with slick. He hears the wet sounds of Eggsy's own ministrations, the slip of skin against skin. He's rewarded with more praise: "That's it love, so fit 'nd gorgeous. My slut, all ready for daddy's cock. Can't wait to split you open and ruin you for anyone else."*

Harry struggles to focus in the dim light of the room. He whimpers, heat clawing sickeningly in his belly, legs shaking like this is a fucking porno, stretched out and body wound up tight. He can't remember the last time he's been like this.

"Look at me baby."



Harry turns, tears stinging the corner of his eyes and lip wobbly.

“Oh, look at that face. You need it bad don’t you? Just gagging for daddy. Here, I’ll get you all sorted right and proper.”

“I would give anything,” Harry whines, “Anything for you to fuck me daddy. Oh, Christ. Please.” The tears unwittingly slip down his face.

Eggsy grabs his wrists so hard Harry’s certain he’ll show bruises tomorrow, and shoves them flat above his head. Eggsy shoves Harry’s legs up and apart, pressed flat to his chest. “Harry, Harry,” Eggsy says, urgent and pulling Harry into the cradle of his hips, “Daddy’s gonna make this so good for you. Never gonna want nobody ever again. Gonna take care of you.” He slides his dick in, the stretch and tug and pull a welcoming distraction from the storm of emotions swirling around his mind. Harry props himself up on his elbows and huffs out a shaky breath trying to constrain the tears. He wipes his burning eyes, but Eggsy shoves him flat, and tugs roughly at his hair.

“No, want to see you cry for your daddy like a good whore.”

Eggsy fucks him like he does with everything else in his life—deliberate and wild. Eggsy gets his teeth into his neck; the drag of his cock and the brutal swing of his hips make Harry suck in huge gasping breaths around the rhythm. Harry wraps his arms around Eggsy to pull him close. Eggsy shoves his cock in, as deep as it’ll go, and Harry lets out a punch-out, wounded noise.

Eggsy throws Harry’s legs over his shoulders. “Such a good boy. Dirty little slag, all loose and wet ‘round daddy’s cock. You were fucking made for this, made to take daddy’s dick. Want to just keep you like this all the time. Have you whenever I want. Watch the come drip out of your filthy hole. Down your thighs,” Eggsy punctuates by gripping the soft skin of Harry’s inner thigh, “Make a bloody mess of you.” Eggsy’s dick feels like it’s turning him fucking inside-out. He bites his lips bloody trying to hold in his desperate whines.

Eggsy’s belly lies flat to Harry’s, trapping Harry’s dick between them. Each rough push of Eggsy’s bounces Harry up and down, stomach swooping and toes curling around Eggsy’s wide, strong shoulders. Each movement sends pulsing pleasure through him.

He throws an arm across his mouth to muffle his sounds. The other hand scratches deep, bloodied grooves down Eggsy’s chest. His pelvis aches from the stretch.

“Always knew you posh blokes liked a bit of rough. Some pretty words and you’re ready to drop trou for my prick. Did you think about it in your boarding schools? Suckin’ off some teacher between classes? Let ‘em whip you and fuck you across their desk? Always drooling for a cock ‘cause all you’re good for is sucking dick. Think you’re so tough when all you really want is a thick knob to —”

Harry’s voice cracks on a “*Daddy—*” and comes and comes and comes. Eggsy’s relentless as he fucks Harry through his orgasm. Come spills between them, hot and sticky. Harry tries to twist away, the pressure inside too much, too fucking much, daddy I can’t take it.

“Shh, baby.” Eggsy soothes, in contrast to the harsh movement of his hips that shove Harry up the bed, bending him nearly in half. He yanks Harry down on his cock with rag-doll ease Eggsy’s hips stutter, and he moans a low, broken noise before coming deep inside Harry. The sound rumbles straight through Harry’s chest; hands bruisingly grip Harry’s waist. He swipes at his blotchy, red face; hot tears leaving sticky trains along his jawline.

Eggsy’s arms give out beneath him. He falls with a thud on top of Harry, who can’t quite seem to catch his breath.

“God, Harry I love you.” Eggsy looks at him, strokes a damp hand down the line of Harry’s face, brushes away the wetness there. “Was it good for you?” He’s so eager to please. Something a little left of heaven blooms in Harry’s chest.

“Yes, of course Eggsy. You were so wonderful. Thank you.” He holds Eggsy close, nosing his cropped hair. “How did I ever get lucky enough to have you?”

“Ain’t luck. Just love.”

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