

## Family (extended)

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Characters:	<a href="#">Sue Walker</a> , <a href="#">Steve Walker</a> , <a href="#">Simon Monroe (but only a little)</a> , <a href="#">Jem Walker</a> , <a href="#">Keiren Walker</a>
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# Family (extended)

by [orphan\\_account](#)

## Summary

Three times that the Walkers (+ Simon) thought that Keiren would be upset by the rejection of his extended family.

## Notes

For the tumblr prompt: What did the extended Walker family (aka grandparents, uncles, aunts and so on) think about Kieren coming back. Were they happy, did they break communication with Kieren's parents for taking him back?

<http://liliaeth.tumblr.com/post/88688706511/these-undead-dorks-okay-so-i-need-to-write-more>

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

# Great Aunt Jean

Jem's Aunt Jean had been phoning them everyday, at the most inconvenient of times, ever since she had gone to that Care Home in Devon. (Really she was Jem's Great Aunt, but she was actually awful, and Aunt was quicker). Then one day, she didn't. At first it was great, because hello? After having every single family evening interrupted by a phone call (as opposed to something *actually* important) being able to watch a movie through to the end without being stopped by the stupid phone was a fucking *gift*.

Then after a few days, Mum started to get concerned. And Jem realised that during that last phone call, she had broken off babbling about something to yell for Keiren to come downstairs and 'hold the phone for me, would ya?'

Mum freaked. "How could you tell her like that?" She said in her 'all concerned mumsy' voice.

"Well, I didn't mean to tell her," Jem replied, "But you should've told her already!" Then she stormed out of the room, because it was always the same, Jem getting saddled with the blame for doing things that *should've* been done already, and by someone else.

She stopped that thought. That was Jem, HVF soldier talking. She had promised herself those kind of thoughts were growing out like her red hair, which she was missing a lot - not that anyone mentioned it. Mum probably thought that with the red hair would return the uniform and intolerance.

The next day was both better and worse, like a half-cooked cupcake; lovely cake-y goodness in parts, in others molten hot uncooked gunk. (Jem had gone back on the diet, given that 'the world's ending' excuse had run it's course years ago, and her metaphores were increasingly featuring baked goods). The phone rang in the evening again, and it was Aunt Jean, but Jem could barely get a word in edgeways, what with all the vitriol. Dad took the phone away from her and talked into it for *hours* in the garden. He came back inside grey-faced, and unplugged the phone.

"How was she?" Mum tried to sound calmer then her husband and daughter.

"She wasn't great, Sue."

"Funny, you'd think that was in the job description for a Great Aunt." Jem frowned at the lukewarm reception her lame joke recieved. Her lame jokes were *awesome*, thanks a-fucking-lot. "

"Maybe we should change the number." Mum said quietly. Dad shook his head quickly.

"It'd be inconvenient for people. She won't call again."

Mum looked dubious.

"Well," he ammended, "she'll have calmed down, at least."

The next day Mum got to the phone first, and hung up after a few seconds looking like she had stepped in dog shit. "How did the Victus campaign people get our number?" She moaned quietly.

Jem looked at her, and knew that they both knew *exactly* how the Victus campaign people had got their number. Who exactly had given it to them.

They got the number changed that night, and Keiren never knew the difference.

# Aunt Carol

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Steve's sister Carol had been staying with the Walker family every Christmas (excluding those during the Rising and the war, of course) since Keiran could remember being able to co-ordinate walking and talking. It had been a family tradition; going into town to pick her up from the bus stop with Keir and Jem, then trundling back in the car - packed too tightly because Carol always brought *far* too much stuff. But a week before she was due to arrive, she had sent Sue a letter, saying only that she had made other arrangements for this year, because that she didn't think she would be able to face coming to see their family this year. That 'maybe in the future things would change.'

Sue threw the letter away before the rest of the family could see it, along with the Victus pamphlet it came along with.

"Is everyone in our combined families trying to get us voting Victus?" She asked Steve that night.

"Well love, I wouldn't say that *everybody* --"

"I would," Sue huffed, "and it's true."

"Yes, some of them haven't reacted well *yet*," He continued cautiously, "but they could change their minds Sue! Remember Jem when Keir first got back from Norfolk?"

Of course Sue remembered. But Jem had been different; a member of the HVF, no less. A certain amount of prejudice was expected from them. Besides, Jem had been -- different -- ever since Keiren's funeral. Since he left them. But a sister who has to live with her changed brother was not the same as an extended family that refused to even *see* Keiren.

Sue retrieved the Victus leaflet from the recycling bin the next day, and posted it back to Carol. She included any photos she could find of Carol and Keiren together.

She didn't expect a reply.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry, I just like the idea that Sue and Steve come from families that are huge Victus supporters. Reminds me of all the people I know that vote for Left-wing parties and come from solidly Conservative homes.

(Sorry it's so fucking short)



# Cousin Tom

## Chapter Notes

Look out folks, it's the President of the Protect Keiren Walker Club.

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

Steve had told Simon that Keiren's Cousin Tom had been emailing for days. What he hadn't said was that said Cousin was the type who would turn up one Sunday morning at Amy's bungalow, unannounced, and attempt to force his way past Simon to 'see if it was true that his Cousin was a Rotter'. Steve probably hadn't known, but now Simon did, and he was fighting the urge to fight Tom off.

It wasn't a very healthy instinct, nor was it one that Simon was proud of, but still. He couldn't help but see this living, breathing, *stinking* man stuffing Keiren's things in a bag, and making him leave. And Simon couldn't let that happen. Not while the other Disciples were still out there, knowing about Keiren because he had been *stupid* enough to tell them about him.

Tom wasn't making it easy for Simon to keep calm, by the pure fact that he wouldn't stop talking. The only thing that kept Simon in his place, not advancing (and crushing the life out of that worthless meatsack) but not retreating either, was the only other thing that had ever been strong enough to block out all Simon's other thoughts. It had always been hard for Simon to keep track of his mind with Keiren around, in the way that rain can't help but be drawn towards the ground - it seemed that all his thoughts ended with the First Risen, and always had.

Cousin Tom wasn't that dangerous, in the grand scheme of things (or as grand as things could ever be, in Roarton where the height of society was the pub), and he didn't have any power over Simon or Keiren.

He shut the door in Tom's face, and went back to his room. He been momentarily surprised that Keiren wasn't there, but then he remembered. He had gone to see Amy's grave. Simon could have punched Tom right in the face, and Keiren would never have had to know.

Somehow Tom must have known what Simon was thinking, because by the time Simon had dashed back to the door, he had gone. It was like he had never been there, which was as it should be.

## Chapter End Notes

Again, sorry it's so fucking short. I should've made them all one thing, but oh well.



## End Notes

(please like/comment/donate your soul to the Protect Keiren Walker fanclub)

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