

## Now We Are Free

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# Now We Are Free

by [orphan\\_account](#)

## Summary

Eggsy Unwin, the rebellious omega son of the co-ruler of Rome, is arranged to marry his father's co-sovereign, the alpha Harry Hart, as a way of uniting their political alliance. Lee Unwin assures Harry that their marriage will "tame" Eggsy; but his son becomes considerably more disobedient after his forced marriage.

Loosely based on the tragic and epic love story of Pompey the Great and Julia Caesaris (the daughter of Caesar), "Now We Are Free" unfolds as a tale arranged partners turned soulmates, as well as one of Eggsy's determination to put an end to the tyranny, slavery, and discrimination that plagues Rome - motivated when his friend, Roxanne - and her child - suffer greatly at the hands of it.

## Notes

**i.))** This is a story of love and slave liberation in the framework of Ancient Rome, using [Alpha/Beta/Omega/Delta dynamics](#) - a tale of Harry and Eggsy's love as well as Eggsy's bravery in the face of tryanny.

**ii.))** In this omegaverse Roman society, alphas serve as the politicians, wealthy, and military generals of the hierarchy; betas as the merchants, common soldiers, farmers, etc.; omegas as the child bearers and "dutiful spouses"; and deltas as slaves to Rome. Omegas make up half of Rome, but share little rights with alphas and betas, despite being citizens (about half of omegas & deltas are female; the other half, obviously, male; all alphas & betas are male). The ABOD identifiers in this fic are: alphas are brown eyed, betas purple eyed, omegas green eyed, and deltas orange eyed. Somewhere in this omegaverse human history, humanity was able to correlate eye color to a person's anatomy.

**iii.))** PLEASE READ THE TAGS WARNING CAREFULLY ABOVE.

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

# We Are Only As Great as Our Hearts Will Allow

## Chapter Summary

a revision on 8/28 with help from Nickygp aka kingsmanhartwin

## Chapter Notes

What you leave behind is not what is engraved in stone monuments, but what is woven into the lives of others. - Pericles

*"A marriage alliance..."* Lee Unwin breathed, features sullen and eyes clouded with pathos.

He ran his slim fingers over the gilded edge of the open window of his domus, the most prominent home on the posh Palatine Hill, which overlooked the epic, fabled canvas of that almighty, eternal city: **Rome**.

The faint echo of a child's laughter could be heard out yonder, and Lee smiled sadly. Was it not only one moon ago his precious and only child, Eggsy, ran about as a happy and bubbly young one, with no cares in the world? If only Lee could turn back the sun...

"To consolidate our triumvirate, we need not only legal union but also symbolic union," declared Chester King officiously, as Lee, Harry Hart, and he—the three co-dictators of Rome—held a conference over afternoon meal in Lee's triclinium. "The people will love it, Lee. Intermarriage between our families is not only advisable but **necessary**."

Harry nodded in agreement. "I believe in your heart you know it is needed to secure the love of the people, Lee."

Lee sighed longingly, drifting away from the window. "So, Eggsy..."

"Eggsy," Chester swiftly exclaimed, "should marry my son, Charlie." He gritted his teeth – his *beta* son Charlie. "Eggsy and he could surely provide for the House of King an alpha heir."

Lee smiled thinly at Chester's glorification of his *plebeian* family. He may have been the richest man in Roman history, and married to a patrician, but the a son of the House of Unwin, descendants of Venus and the oldest patrician house in the Republic, marrying someone not of noble birth? Lee wouldn't think to put his beloved son in such a situation.

“No,” Lee rejected firmly, “this is how it shall go. Charlie shall marry Harry’s niece and ward, the Lady Roxanne, who has both patrician and plebeian blood. It will be the ideal match. She is young, beautiful, and blooming with health.”

*So is Eggsy*, thought Chester (the most cold and calculating of the three men). In fact, Eggsy was the most beloved child of Rome, famous throughout the Republic for his charitableness, kindness, rosy complexion, regular features, and that alluring, becoming smile that won the hearts of the people.

When Chester was on the verge of protest, Lee held up two fingers.

“I shall marry your wife’s patrician niece, Amelia. And Harry...” He looked firmly into his friend’s eyes – that colossus of a man hailed by the Roman citizens as *Harry the Great*. “I shall entrust you with my son in matrimony.”

Harry’s lips parted, but before he could react, a resounding gasp reverberated through the triclinium from the passageway.

In two strides, Lee was at the great doors, but when he pushed them open, the eavesdropper was nowhere in sight. But he need not guess who it was.

He shook his head. “*Eggsy*.”

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Eggsy hurriedly tripped through the passageways of the domus and found himself panting in the archway of the atrium. Jamal and Ryan, his personal slaves (though Eggsy would never call them anything but **friends**, as if they were his equals), were helping the house slaves clean and lay out wine for the triumvirs, after the three men ended their meal and retired to the atrium to continue their meeting.

“*Oh Gods*, Eggsy, what is wrong?” asked Ryan in panic, immediately halting what he was doing and putting his hand on Eggsy’s shoulder.

Once Eggsy caught his breath, he beseeched the head house slave. “Aquila, may you and the rest of the house *staff* be able to finish up here without Jamal or Ryan? Urgent business to be attended to.”

Aquila looked quizzically at her owner’s son. “Yes, young master.”

Whilst Eggsy would usually request Aquila to simply call him “Eggsy”, he no time to spare: he had to tell Ryan and Jamal.

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“Harry Hart?” whooped Ryan, almost as shocked Eggsy.

The three young men were sprawled casually on the floor of Eggsy’s bedchamber, sharing Eggsy’s personal matters as if the two slaves were not owned by Eggsy’s father, but instead Roman citizens.

“*Harry the Great*,” pronounced Jamal proudly, swinging his head back in mock haughtiness, “Triumvir of Rome. Conqueror of the East and Mithridates—“

“-Defeater of Spartacus and the pirates, yes, yes, Jamal!” cried Eggsy. “Is that supposed to impress me? His conquest of the East led to thousands of deltas, like yourself, being thrown in bondage. I know it is the Roman way—and, truly, I do believe Harry is a good man—but that does not make it right.”

Eggsey was an anomaly not only among his set, but also the whole of Roman society- where enslavement of deltas was not only accepted, but an unquestionable part of Roman life—in which the slaves did all the filthy work, from serving as house servants to carpenters in the oppressive Italian heat, to even forced prostitution.

Ryan had been taken from his family after Lee’s conquest of Britannica, and Jamal after Chester’s takeover of Africa Nova. Eggsy, growing up with the two young slaves, and treating them as equals under the eyes of the Gods, enabled him to examine in horror the treatment of deltas—not looking right on through like his fellow citizens.

If he could, he would free them all, but omegas—patrician or not—would not dare to speak such treason, lest they find themselves **beheaded**. Omegas were citizens in name *only*, only meant to be child bearers to alphas and betas. An omega’s spouse was allowed to beat their partner for displeasing him—or for *entertainment*—and even have them executed for speaking out of turn.

“I own he is handsome,” admitted Eggsy, with vacant eyes, “and honorable—more so, perhaps, than my father, and especially – my Gods! – more than Chester. But...I do not...I do not know how I feel of him...”

Eggsey and Harry had spent the last two years frequently in each other's company, but whatever feelings Eggsy may have felt for Harry--the man who always could make him smile, blush and flutter--they were pushed so deep down he couldn't recognize them if he tried...

“But I promise, friends,” Eggsy resumed, taking the hands of both Ryan and Jamal, “that somehow, I will see you home to your families, even if the deltas in Rome are by law in bondage their whole life.”

Ryan and Jamal looked unblinking at each other, fright dilating their pupils. Such whispers of escape, of freedom, could get them crucified.

“I ask, in the meantime, *if you so choose*,” commenced Eggsy carefully, “that you come live with me, **if** I marry Harry.”

Ryan and Jamal remained silent.

Eggsey winced. “Or you may, of course, stay with my father; or, if you would like, I can find comfortable provisions for you elsewhere.”

Again, his friends said nothing.

Eggsy furrowed his brows, but before he could open his mouth, the two began chuckling.

“Of course we will come with you!” Jamal laughed.

Ryan shook his head with a sly grin. “We were only joking, Eggsy.”

Eggsy smiled brightly, squeezing both their hands. But, then, his simper faltered.

Jamal’s eyes appealed to Eggsy’s. “What is wrong, dear friend?”

Eggsy looked down, his features downcast. “*I will have to lay with him...*”

It was perhaps what Eggsy feared most: not out of nervousness, or his inexperience. But something else, more terrible and unspeakable, something no one knew, nor would he dare to tell.

Tears threatened to fall, but a loud creak was heard outside the door of his chamber. Eggsy swung his head round: it was his father.

# We Risk All That Is Pure

## Chapter Notes

*"The moon is set. And the Pleiades  
It's the middle of the night  
Time passes  
But I sleep alone"*

- Sappho

"Perhaps more honorable than my father', you say, Eggsy," grunted Lee, his face unblinking, lips tightened. His mortified son and he sat uncomfortably in the tablinum, where Lee had silently led his son from the young man's bedchamber after hearing his conversation with his slaves.

Eggsy flushed hotly. He was at a loss for words. Even worse, an awkward smile formed his lips. "I--I'm so--"

Lee shook his head, a simper, too, tickled his cheeks. "It is quite fine, my son. Maybe, it's true." He put a finger under Eggsy's strong chin and lifted his head up. "Indeed, he is a far a better man than your **other** prospect."

Eggsy drew back. "Other prospect?"

Lee furrowed his brows with a chuckle. "It's quite too late to pretend you weren't listening like the sneak you are."

Eggsy shook his head seriously. "I only heard that you are to marry Amelia, and I am to marry Harry."

"Chester suggested, *without hesitation--as if he had the right--that you should wed Charlie.*" Lee grinned. "*Roxanne is a much better fit for Charlie.*"

Eggsy put his hand over his mouth, squeezing his eyes shut. He had suddenly felt ill, wearily falling back on his father's bronze day bed.

Lee leaned down to Eggsy's level. He grabbed his son's fingers with one hand and brushed his cheek with his other. "What is it, Eggsy? I saved you from it, so it is not terrible..."

Tears burned Eggsy's eyes, and a sob escaped him.

"Oh, my love," Lee trembled, as he brushed a loose strand of his son's hair behind his ear, "I don't understand..."

"I can't--I just can't--" Eggsy stammered in a whisper.

His father pressed a kiss to Eggsy's forehead. "Did he do something to you?"

*Something you can't even fathom.*

"I just--feel sorry for whomever has to marry him. He's so immensely arrogant...."

Eggsy worried, in that moment, that Roxanne, his closest friend, might kill herself after she marries him. In fact, Eggsy would **want** to kill himself if he had to bed Charlie, but he was not brave enough to slit his own throat. He was so afraid of dying, he would bear the brunt of Charlie's violent abuse. Maybe he was so afraid of dying because he wanted to see change, for him to *shake* up Rome with its discrimination. Perhaps, maybe, **just maybe**, it was possible.

"I'll just miss Roxanne," Eggsy muttered as he wiped his eyes with his fists.

"You silly boy," Lee replied softly, "you'll probably see more of her after she marries Charlie. You two can do **great** things for Rome together, as the omegas of two of the triumvirs."

Eggsy smiled sadly. "You have no clue, how greatly I want that, Father. *You have no clue.*

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Not long after these events, the three triumvirs and their omegas were betrothed in a very public ceremony on the Field of Mars, much to the cheer and satisfaction of the people.

Chester and Harry were right.

Eggsy, himself, was afforded the greatest dowry between Amelia, Roxanne, and he: 20 million sesterce, about a sixth of his father's property, and a frozen fortune in jewels -- of course, all of which would, in actuality, belong to Harry.

In six months time, Eggsy and Harry would wed in a magnificent ceremony, complete with festivals and gladiatorial games, much to Eggsy's despair - and Harry's joy.

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It was with a shaky hand Harry signed the betrothal scrolls - but not out of reluctance to marry.

He had first met Eggsy when he was a child. It was a fleeting moment he could barely recall, shortly after Eggsy's mother died, when Lee took his grieving, lonely son to the Senate (even though omegas were generally not allowed inside). Pleasantries were exchanged, and they parted ways. But Harry would never forget when he saw Eggsy next.

Harry was gone for six years, in his campaign against that great enemy of Rome - Mithridates. He was hailed as a conquering hero when he returned with Mithridates's head, all the king's treasures, and Greece and the whole of the East as a providence of Rome.

Eggsy had just come of age at eighteen when Harry returned home in all his glory.



During Harry's triumph, Eggsy had sat with his father on the dais in the Roman Forum among their fellow nobility.

Harry might not have even saw the young man, except Eggsy—that humane, **kind** boy—ran down the steps to give aid to a delta who had been injured in the procession, wrapping the bleeding little one in his stola (omegas were not allowed to the wear the toga of the alphas and betas). Eggsy peered up, and his emerald green eyes matching the gems in his small wreath crown and sparkling in the sun, caught Harry's eyes. Eggsy begged the conqueror forgiveness with his eyes. Harry, breathlessly, nodded his assent.

It was that moment that laid that laid the foundations for Harry falling in love.

Harry's niece, Roxanne, whose father—Harry's brother--left her mother and she without one denari from his lavish spending, was his ward of sorts. Roxanne's mother and she lived on one of Harry's properties in Rome, but he rarely saw them, being off in the wars in Greece.

But returning home, he saw them often—particularly, as an excuse, to see Eggsy, who was close with Roxanne.

It did Roxanne and her mother great honor to be a host to Harry, so they never minded his frequent visits. Of course, his visits were on a *formal* basis, so he would only see Eggsy at evening meal.

He held onto every word Eggsy said, every movement he made, and every breath he breathed. Many a sleepless nights were spent going over everything Eggsy did, every blushing smile he shared with the young man, and every handshake they shook before parting ways.

Oh how Harry wanted to make love to him, for Eggsy to bear his children, as a **symbol** of that love.

Two and a half years later, Harry felt he **knew**, Eggsy. Though his love was genuine—and despite truly being a good man—he had the expected arrogance of a triumvir of Rome, so he never thought Eggsy could anything but love him back.

Even if Eggsy may also have loved him too--however unconsciously.

-

Harry squeezed Eggsy's hands in his fingers, caressing his skin as if they were already an affectionate couple.

"When and where you are Gaia, I am Gaius," he promised softly.

*This was it*, Eggsy thought with a check of his breath, *we are to be officially husbands*.

Egsy kept his posture straight and his head high, so his golden-leafed laurel crown didn't topple.

When Roxanne had placed it on his carefully brushed hair as she got him ready, she asked him if the fit was right. Eggsy, miles away, was so inwardly focused, he did not hear her question.

He shook himself out of his reverie. "So sorry, Roxanne. You're are too sweet."

His companion looked sad and tired, as if she were already defeated--and she hadn't even exchanged vows with Charlie yet.

"I'm sorry, Roxanne," he wept, "I'm sorry I even told you what he--"

She pressed her slim fingers to his lips. "Shhhh. I am glad you told me, for I know what I am walking into."

Eggsy took her cheeks in his hands. "You can do this, you understand?"

Roxy grinned. "Shouldn't I be saying that to you, Eggsy?"

Eggsy bit his bottom lip and threw his arms around his friend's neck, just as his father appeared in the archway.

Lee took his son in his arms and kissed him on his forehead, as if it were a goodbye. He pulled back and took in his son's visage. "You're a magnificent groom, Eggsy, and you'll be the most wonderful of husbands."

Tears streamed down both men's faces.

"I just wish your mother were here."

Eggsy nuzzled his head in his father's neck. "I am sure she is watching us from the highest of honorable positions in Elysium."

Lee kissed his son's forehead again. "Come, come, it is time."

Eggsy shook his head, almost shuddering in his fear. "It is..."

All the important people of Rome were assembled in Lee's atrium. Eggsy looked everywhere but the arch, admiring the atrium, decorated lavishly in honor of their ancestress, the great Venus. It almost made him forget, his life would truly no longer be his.

But then he saw Harry.

Lee, with almost reluctant steps, brought Eggsy to Harry, joining their hands with a sorrowful simper.

Harry caught his breath, and took Eggsy in close.

"You look so beautiful," he subtly choked.

Eggsy lidded his eyes, and thanked him quietly.

Harry graced the good-luck knot tied at Eggsy's waist, making his betrothed, strangely, feel a flutter.

But panic struck Eggsy's heart, as he knew, the vows were, by custom, to immediately be exchanged.

The priest asked them to turn toward one another. Eggsy kept his eyes down with a flushed cheek.

Then Harry said his vows.

*"When and where you are Gaia, I am Gaius."*

Eggsy looked at his small hand's in Harry's large fists. He reassured himself, Harry--that man he hailed as a good, honorable man--would not use his fists to beat him, or maim him, for entertainment or otherwise , but to **protect** him.

Eggsy raised his head and, for the first time, perhaps ever, looked Harry in the eyes.

*"And where and where you are Gaius, I am Gaia."*

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The procession was a great event as the new husbands, with their guests, were cheered on by the Roman people.

Those who were lucky to be situated on the Palatine Hill--where Eggsy would live with Harry in his new husband's domus, not far from his father's--craned their necks to see Eggsy be carried across the threshold.

Eggsy, as tradition dictated, rubbed oil over the doorway and wreathed it with wool. It was symbolic of his role as a domestic spouse and child bearer.

"I promise, I won't let you fall," Harry whispered.

They stood on the edge of that threshold; to trip on it meant bad luck for the marriage.

Eggsy smiled. "You promise?"

With a squeeze of Eggsy's hand, he reassured his new husband with a soothing "I promise."

Harry gently pulled Eggsy up in his arms, and the two smiled with hope, as they took the plunge, and they crossed into their new lives...

Without a trip.

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Harry traced his fingers over Eggsy's bare hipbones, taking in and shuddering at his new husband's scent as he pressed his nose into his neck.

Harry's skin was on fire; this was all he ever wanted, all he had dreamed of for the last two years. He finally had Eggsy, nude, between his arms their cocks **almost** touching.

This is what Eggsy had dreaded most: laying with Harry. His knees had nearly locked when they entered his bedchamber, and he nearly fainted from fear when, with a crimsoning of his cheeks, he found them both naked together. He never wanted anyone to lay hands on him ~~again~~; but he knew, it was impossible.

Harry delicately laid Eggsy down on the bed, strewn with white flowers as good luck to bearing an alpha.

"If I go to touch somewhere that makes you uncomfortable, please, oh please, squeeze my shoulder, to let me know," he asked.

Eggsy nodded, warmth stealing over. He almost wanted to weep at such kindness.

But he wasn't ready to let Harry between his thighs - instead, he pressed his knees together, and allowed Harry and his erection to rest against his hip. He involuntary turned his head from Harry, when the man attempted to give him a tender kiss on his mouth, his new husband's lips instead of falling on the young man's chin.

Eggsy smiled awkwardly. He swanned his neck a bit, giving Harry silent permission to put his mouth there.

Inflamed with his passion, Harry nipped down Eggsy's strong jaw, before he licked a delicate stripe on the young man's sensitive skin. Eggsy's cock, to his mortification, twitched at his warm kisses.

Eggsy let Harry explore his arching body with his soft touch, giving his older husband a light squeeze, as instructed, when his fingers graced spots he felt uncomfortable with.

Harry's tongue traced down Eggsy's chest, and found itself circling around one of Eggsy's nipples. Uncontrollably, Eggsy's hips hitched at Harry's tender suckling, a wanton "yes..." escaping from under his breath. His fingers found themselves running through Harry's hair.

"Oh Eggsy," Harry breathed into his new husband's chest. "I've dreamt of this moment since I found out I was to marry you – even before that."

Harry caught Eggsy's other perked nipple between his lips; this time, tears welling his eyes. His love for Eggsy was finally to be consummated, and it hurt in the most beautiful way.

Eggsy's chin shook. *Oh, Gods*, Eggsy thought in horror as he gasped from his pleasure, *He loves me*.

Eggsy shut his eyes. When he opened them, he found Harry cupping his chin, lips barely gracing Eggsy's. Then he said it.

"I'm in love with you, Eggsy."

With a soft cry, Eggsy pushed Harry back.

"I'm sorry, Harry," he sobbed, wrapping himself in the bed's wool blanket, "I'm not worth loving."

Harry shook his head, in disbelief. "Eggsy..."

Eggsy let his fingers unlace themselves from Harry's.

"I'm sorry," Eggsy breathed, before hastily getting up and stepping in shame out of the bedchamber, leaving Harry clutching his stomach in pain.

Once Eggsy was out of earshot, Harry let out the most piercing, heartbreaking cry.

# Are You Not Entertained?

## Chapter Notes

*"...You could have loved me forever  
And maybe in another universe,  
**I let you.**"*

- Gabby Dunn

"Mother..." Eggsy choked quietly, as he tossed and turned restlessly in bed.

A faint silhouette took Eggsy's face between her graceful fingers. She whispered in his ear, "*be brave*, Eggsy. **For great things** await you."

"Please mother, don't go, *please mother*," he begged sobbingly.

She pressed her fingers to his soft lips. "I shall watch over you in Elsyium, while I wait for you to join me...when you are ready. And you are not near ready, sweet boy."

Eggsy laughed sardonically. "Elysium? Only the *brave* ad **pure** go to Elysium."

"*Exactly*, love." As the figure leaned down to kiss Eggsy on the forehead, a crash from outside Eggsy's new bedchamber wrenched the young man from his dreams.

He shot up with a stifled cry, and looked about: *his mother was gone*.

Another boisterous sound reverberated into his room: it was someone screaming. Eggsy tossed back his covers and angrily sought out the disturbance that tore him from his mother.

When Eggsy found himself at the archway to atrium, he recoiled in horror: a guard held a young slave girl by her wrist while he cursed obscenities and backhanded her head.

"What in Pluto's name are you doing?!" Eggsy roared, coming to the aid of the frail, beaten delta.

"She broke one of the Master's vases," the guard reported, crossing his arms over his chest, "its contents splashed onto my boots. I'll have to fetch a new pair because of her!"

Eggsy took the weeping thing in his arms. "You don't *ever* touch her, or **anyone**, ever again. A man carrying the seal of Rome treating others as such! You are a *disgrace* to the Republic."

The man dared to scoff. "*Others*? If you can consider deltas one of us."

Eggsy's jaw went slack. "I shall remind you, *soldier*, that I am your Master's omega, and thus I am the runner of his household. What I say goes." Eggsy's eyes grew wild. "If it happens again, committed by *you* or **any** of the other guards, you shall be flogged, and then you will know the pain you cause to your fellow man."

The man lips parted to protest, but Eggsy swiftly cut him off.

"Now, if you please, let them know."

The man nodded with a sly grin, as if Eggsy's words would hold up later on. He bowed slightly, and retreated from the atrium.

Eggsy pulled a wool blanket from off the day bed, and wrapped the bloodied delta in it. Tears stung his own eyes at such cruelty.

Behind Eggsy, someone coughed.

He turned back, and took in the visage of a tall, serious man, with a bald head and tablet in hand.

"Were you here this *whole* time?" demanded Eggsy, wiping his eyes, "Why did you not lift a finger to help?"

The man craned his neck. "I'm sorry to have grieved you, Master Eggsy, but it was not my... *place* to interfere."

Eggsy blinked at the towering man before him, realizing, by his shabby clothing, he was a delta – and, thus, could not lay one finger on the guard—a *Roman citizen*—lest he find his body hanging from the Appian Way.

"Apologies," Eggsy spoke softly. "What is your name?"

"Merlin," he responded, "I work as your husband's secretary. I am to escort you to the Circus Maximus for the games, and to see to it you get ready on time." Merlin anxiously watched the slowly moving shadows on the atrium's little pool; the games were about to begin soon.

Eggsy sneered. "I'm not going *anywhere* until I help the young woman," he hissed, "so my husband shall have to wait."

Merlin went pale. "But, Master Eggsy..."

"*Please*, do not call me 'Master Eggsy'," the young man insisted firmly as he laid the woman on the day bed, "and fetch the physician, if you please."

When Merlin—reluctantly—left, Eggsy, as he held onto the young woman's hand with care, proclaimed "I am so sorry. I swear, on the stone of Venus and the masks of my ancestors, that as long as I am the husband of Harry Hart, **you**, nor any other delta, shall be touched again. Whether Harry approves or not."

The woman's cheeks were bloodless. "Thank you, she began weakly, "but kind Master..."

"Eggsy," he corrected softly, "Just call me Eggsy. What is your name?"

"Ayana..." she whispered carefully, "Master Harry doesn't know nothing of this."

Eggsy shook his head. "I don't understand..."

"Master Harry is out most days; he is a great, conquering man, Rome simply needs him. And without an omega to run his household, the guards—without permission—take it upon themselves to instruct us slaves."

"*Deltas*," Eggsy reminded kindly. "There is no shame in it, love."

She nodded. "Master Harry is the most kind of owners; he does not overload us with work, gives us clean sleeping quarters and plenty of food, and helps us to send messages to our loved ones elsewhere. He also always has a compliment and smile or two for us when he is home. But we fear if we are caught trying to report the guards to him, they may kill us. But Master Harry is *truly* an honorable man."

Eggsy bowed his head slightly, putting his hand over his mouth. The last two and half years Harry had been home, they were constantly in each other's company. They spoke only formally, and shared smiles, and many compliments that made Eggsy blush. Eggsy didn't know what it all meant, and spent nights trying to figure it out. It wasn't until one dinner, not long before their announced betrothal, Harry and Eggsy made informal contact for the first time: Harry slowly slid his foot under the table, and touched his toes to Eggsy's. Eggsy filled with butterflies, his cheeks flushing hotly. Their toes remained entwined the whole dinner, until, with sadness, their toes parted at the meal's end.

But the next night, Eggsy's world was shattered forever, and whatever feelings he had for Harry, were suppressed so far inside himself he couldn't recognize them if he tried.

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"The crowd grows restless," hissed Arthur, as Harry, Lee, Charlie, Roxanne, Amelia, and he sat anxiously in the pulvinus of the Circus Maximus.

The stands of the massive chariot racetrack were filled with disgruntled Romans basking in the agonizing Roman heat, long past their patience for the games to begin. Grunts, curses, and booing echoed through the stadium. It wouldn't be long before the people would go positively mad.

Lee leaned over the empty stone seat where his son would be sitting to speak to Harry.

"I'm sorry," Lee said quietly, "Eggsy has been without a mother's care since childhood, so he is not as tamed as an alpha would wish; but I assure you, your marriage will see him set right."

"A man who cannot govern his omega," declared Arthur suddenly, "has gone as far as he can achieve in politics."



Harry grinned. “Well, Arthur, it is quite a good thing that I am triumvir, for I cannot go any higher.”

Arthur scoffed inwardly. *Oh how you are wrong*, he thought darkly, *oh how you are wrong, Harry*.

Harry turned smilingly to Lee. “I would not change Eggsy for three kingdoms, Lee. He is perfection personified.”

Lee, who loved his son more than anything or anyone in the world, nodded in appreciation, patting Harry on the shoulder.

Harry smiled at the gesture, before raising his head up to the sun. That morning, before dawn had yet cracked, Harry slipped out of the domus, not caring to wake his young, upset husband.

Harry had not slept that night, too wrapped in his own sorrow, as if someone had taken a soldier’s arrow and shot him through the heart. Since he could not sleep, he had to work—to pretend Eggsy’s rejection was but a disturbing nightmare from which he could not awake.

In his career, Harry had been captured by the Pirates, injured in the Spartacus rebellion, and faced excruciating torture under Mithradetes, but what had occurred last night—the thought that Eggsy, the man he who loved, did not love him back...

*It was unendurable.*

“Your Honors,” a guard suddenly announced, his fist pressed formally to his chest, “Eggsy Unwin-Hart has arrived.”

All six of those sitting in the polvinus turned back. When Eggsy appeared, his eyes lidded, cheeks flushed, and soft lips barely parted, the crowd went silent. When he lifted his glinting eyes with a small pout, the entire arena erupted in chants of Eggsy and Harry’s names.

“The people love him,” Lee whispered with pride, “he can calm even the most deadly of storms, as if he were Tempestas herself.”

“A God among men,” breathed Harry as he stood to greet his husband.

“Didn’t Tempastus also have the ability to *conjure* storms?” Charlie whispered to the bored and exhausted Roxanne, who returned Charlie’s words with a simple shrug of her slim shoulders.

Eggsy stepped down into the polvinus, placing his little hand in his older husband’s.  
“*Harry.*”

Harry’s lips curved into a small smile when their skin touched. “Eggsy.”

“Ah good, Eggsy,” you’ve arrived just in time,” Arthur croaked with gritting teeth as the couple took their seats. “I hope my gift is appropriate for such a...noble son of Rome.”

Eggsy's hand, which remained on Harry's, tightened around his husband's fingers the moment Arthur opened his accursed mouth.

Arthur lifted himself from his seat. "I have brought the best gladiator in the known world, as a gift for your marriage."

Eggsy's jaw dropped. He swung his head to Harry. "I though this to be chariot races..."

Harry blinked absently. "I—I did not know, Eggsy."

Arthur raised his hands to stop the crowd's chanting.

"*Citizens*," Arthur boomed, his malignant, hoarse voice making Eggsy shake. "Today is a glorious day in the history of the Republic. The unification of the two *most ancient* patrician houses to formally be honored before the Gods in **blood and sacrifice**." He steeped his fingers. "From the House of King to the entwined Houses of Hart and Unwin, we bring you Euegetes, the Leviathan of Amaseia."

The crowd interrupted Arthur by stomping their feet and howling cheers as Euegetes entered growling, sword and shield flaunted to the bloodthirsty spectators.

Eggsy pointedly lifted his eyes in Harry's direction: Amaseia was the location where Harry had defeated King Mithridates in a decisive victory.

"...to face," continued Arthur, "**delta scum**; a runaway slave caught trying to stow himself away on a trade ship at Ostia."

A collective, deafening boo shook the stadium as a *horribly* wiped, sunburned, emaciated man was trotted out into the arena.

Arthur smirked and lowered his arms. "Begin!"

Eggsy's enlarged, teary eyes appealed to Harry to stop this madness, but at the first clank of swords, Eggsy buried his face in his stola, not caring if it disrespected Arthur or not.

Throughout the game, Eggsy looked like a scared child sticking his fingers their ears and rocking back and forth. Harry attempted once to take Eggsy's hand, but the young man slapped him away.

It took another booming cry from crowd for Eggsy to be ripped from his hiding. He looked directly into the arena: the gladiator had the poor delta on the ground, the life fading from its young eyes. What had seemed like forever to Eggsy, was only a few minutes for the people, and they were not happy the match climaxed so quickly: a sparing of life would be the *last* thing they'd want.

Sudden chants of "**kill, kill, kill, kill!**" echoed through the Circus Maximus.

Arthur stood up, but before going to address the crowd, he spoke to Harry. "Would you like to do the honors, great friend? It is, after all, a congratulatory gift for you in your marriage to Eggsy."

Eggsy shook his head at Harry, pleading with his eyes that he not do it. *To stop it.*

Harry couldn't bear the way Eggsy looked at him—so hurt, so helpless, **so lost**. Even if he wanted to do the honors, Eggsy's face would have compelled him to refuse.

"No," Harry responded formally, "but I thank—"

Charlie, who sat directly behind Arthur, swiftly found himself beside his father.

"If you do not mind, Harry, I would be honored to make the call for you," he suggested with a creased brow, not looking at Harry, *but at Eggsy*.

Harry let his gaze fall upon Eggsy, who was withering in his seat.

"That is up to your father," Harry said with firm decision, not taking his eyes off his rattled new husband, who seemed to be *cowering* in the face of Charlie.

*This time*, Eggsy **did** stick his fingers in his ears and rock back and forth, but he found it impossible to keep his eyes shut when the crowds began chanting again.

Charlie had his fist out over the polvinus, which was buzzing from the cries and foot stomping of the Roman people. Then Charlie's eyes met Eggsy's, who looked right into Eggsy's with a devious grin.

In Charlie's dark eyes, Eggsy could see what Charlie had done to him *replay*, and once again felt that control Charlie had once held over him—perhaps, *still* held over him. Eggsy sunk back in his seat as Charlie slowly turned back to the crowd. He stilled a moment—probably, to frighten Eggsy—before sticking out his thumb and letting it fall upside down.

The knife of the gladiator plunged into the slave's throat, but the attention wasn't on the slaughter of the man, but on poor Eggsy, who shrieked so heartbreakingly and frightfully, that the entire stadium went deathly silent, and watched in horror at their beloved son of Rome fainted in his seat.

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"What happened?" Harry demanded of the physician outside the door of Eggsy's chamber.

"He seems to have had a sort of maddening spell," diagnosed the physician, "perhaps from the heat. He has mostly lived on the Palentine his whole life, especially after his mother's death. He is not used to the unbearable Roman sun as we are."

Harry sighed deeply. "*C-can* I see him?"

"Yes..." the physician responded hesitantly, "but proceed with caution. He is still weak."

Harry breathed out and gathered his courage. He tentatively pushed his way into Eggsy's sleeping quarters.

The young man was curled up in ball on his bed, his face buried in his blankets, as he wept silently. Harry tingled with every urge to crawl next to him and comfort his husband, but that'd probably make it worse. Instead, he placed a hand on Eggsy's shoulder.

"Husband..." he whispered.

Eggzy violently started, a wail escaping him, as if he were just stirred from a terrible nightmare.

"Please, don't even do that again," he bawled, shaking off Harry's fingers.

Eggzy had always started when touched unawares, but this was something else.

"So were they yours?" Eggsy choked.

Harry leaned down, shaking his head in confusion. "I don't understand."

"Was the gladiator and the man slain slaves that you brought back from your campaign in Greece? Chained and naked, promenaded through the streets of Rome as war trophies? It's a shame. They should have been left home, or freed by now."

Harry stepped back.

"Yes, Harry, I just spoke of liberation. Feel free to have me killed, for it is law. It would be better than what is now."

Eggzy last words were terribly cutting. Harry shakily put his hand on Eggsy's shoulder again. "I would never—"

Eggzy recoiled. "Slavery *disgusts* me. It is cruel to make delta bow and scrape, fight and die for entertainment, and for what? Because it was decided centuries ago the deltas were inherently different from us? *Inferior to us*? Simply because they cannot reproduce? So they are to be thrown away like used rags, then?" Eggsy's lips quivered. "It filled me with warmth to hear you treat your deltas well, but they are still in bondage to you. And most deltas cannot claim to have such a nice master as you."

Harry fell to one knee, taking both of Eggsy's hands in his fingers. "What have I done to deserve this, Eggsy?"

"Harry, you've done nothing to deserve this. But as long as I'm forced to live under your thumb, and deltas are enslaved to Rome"—and *I am forced to live with the memory of something so terrible you would cast me out without even a thought*—"I cannot be at peace with myself, and thus not at peace with you. I'm sorry Harry, maybe in another lifetime, I let myself... but that doesn't matter. In this life, ***we were not meant to be together.***"

Eggzy turned his head as the stinging tears began to fall. Why was this so painful to say? It wasn't the sort of pain you feel when you hurt someone's feelings; but something immensely more sorrowing, *oppressive*, but undefinable. But he couldn't let Harry love someone as broken and shamed as himself. If he had to make Harry hate him, he would, to protect Harry from falling for someone so unworthy of love like himself.

He tenderly removed his hands from Harry's. "I need to sleep now. I will see you tomorrow, if we catch each other."

Harry exhaled a small puff of air, lidding his eyes as he stood and adjusted his toga. "Of course, Eggsy. If you need anything I..." He caught himself. "...Merlin is always available."

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Harry wrapped his hand around his erection gently, his breath hitching at the first stroke.

He had found himself in his bath earlier than usual, reclining against the marble in the warm water, his head touching the side of the pool.

His mind painted an intimate scene in which Eggsy was with him in that bath, the two of them in an intense embrace, Harry showering his young husband with affectionate kisses and touches.

"Are you happy?" he imagined asking Eggsy.

Eggsy nuzzled his head into Harry's neck, blushing at Harry's gentle caresses. "Don't ask questions you already know the answer to."

That made Harry smile. "This is all I needed."

The young man kissed his husband on the cheek as he slid a hand down Harry's arm. Eggsy took Harry's fingers and tentatively moved them down his chest, and then between his thighs. Eggsy's toes curled at the slow caress, with his cheeks blooming crimson from the bubbling excitement of what was to come.

"Eggsy--" Harry breathed, not moving his hand even a little, "--are you sure?"

The young man pulled Harry's head down and parted Harry's lips with his. "Make me feel good, Harry."

Harry nodded his head into the kiss. "Okay, Eggsy."

Taking Eggsy's tongue between his lips, he sucked on it delicately, palming his young lover under the water.

Harry kissed Eggsy through every stroke. He felt consumed, perhaps even *overwhelmed* by Eggsy's imagined presence, desperately needing to show the young man how much he loved him.

Eggsy wrapped his arms around Harry's shoulders, as if he could no longer support himself as he panted and writhed in Harry's embrace. He was coming undone, no longer able to control his hunger for Harry's caresses, unbridled joy overtaking him.

Harry, himself, was conquered by his passion. He had that rapturous ache of heart; that thunder-struck feeling. It pulsed through him: he knew no one but Eggsy could, *or would*, ever make him feel like that.

Eggsy's head fell back with a lustful moan as he struggled to breathe, his arousal at its peak. He chased Harry's lips, both hands holding his husband's face, and pulled him to his mouth with a long drawn, out moan.

Harry tried not to smile as he stiffened his tongue, and formed it pointedly as he tenderly swept it between Eggsy's lips, carefully and delicately letting it fill the young man's mouth until it nearly touched the back of his throat with a roll of his tongue.

And that is what undid Eggsy.

The young husband spasmed under Harry, his orgasm wrenched from him with a sob of Harry's name. Eggsy struggled to breathe once more as he tangled his fingers in Harry's hair, his older husband milking him until there was nothing left.

Eggsy's chest heaved; his body was shaking and vulnerable from the after-effects of intense pleasure.

Harry brushed his finger over Eggsy's lips. "Eggsy, I love you."

Eggsy looked up, and caught Harry's eyes with an open-mouthed smile. He mustered what little energy he had to wrap his arms around his husband's shoulders again. Then, he whispered it.

*"I love you too, Harry."*

It is then Harry comes—and is thrown back into the terrible reality.

**It was all just a fantasy.**

# I Told You to Run, So We'd Both Be Free

## Chapter Notes

*"I said, Go, and be happy  
but remember (you know well)  
whom you leave shackled by love."*

- Sappho

A month had passed since the celebration in honor of the marriage of Eggsy and Harry. At Harry's request, there were no more gladiatorial games during the celebratory events, but the damage was done—as was hoped by Charlie. Eggsy wouldn't take Harry's hand, or even look at him at the events, much to the *delight* of Charlie and his father.

It was Charlie and Roxanne's wedding that was next, but not until the Ides of the next month. Roxanne and Eggsy were spending as much time together as possible, as if it were the last wink of time they'd ever truly have together.

***Perhaps, it was.***

Eggsey was always with Roxanne, and if not with her, with Jamal and Ryan, who had come to live at his new home. It was as if Eggsy and Harry had completely different lives, even though they slept under the same roof. A child for Rome was not to be had—which worked to the advantage of those who opposed the marriage alliance.

Eggsey did perform his *other* duties—at least, on **his** terms. Such as when he performed the salutatio—the morning reception of clientele, most of whom came to flatter Eggsy for the political or financial favor of his husband. But the young man caused a stir among the city of Rome by turning such men away. Instead he gave patronage to artists, building projects, and education, but, **especially**, to charity for the poor.

Eggsey didn't even need to speak to Harry to get his permission to be patron of these causes; Merlin simply served as the intermediary between the two. Harry would absently sign off or give his assent in a subtle nod.

Harry, on his part, *was* able to properly carry out his duties at the Senate as triumvir, despite his grief, but people who dealt with him personally could easily see he seemed remote, quite out of himself, immensely *distracted* and **exhausted**.

The lives of Eggsy and Harry endlessly carried on like this, only meeting by a rare chance, which caused both men nothing short of **immeasurable** pain. It wasn't until Roxanne and

Charlie's wedding they'd have to play the part of a married alpha and omega once again.

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"It's strange, how fast time, passes, eh?" Eggsy asked Roxanne as he lightly painted rouge on her lovely face.

They were in the same room where she had prepped Eggsy for his marriage. They could both feel what the other was thinking: *their friendship would never be the same*. But they dare not speak it, for neither would stop crying if they did.

She smiled sadly. "I'm going to be Roxanne Hart-King today."

Eggsy bit his lip. "Too bad we couldn't marry! Why couldn't I be born an alpha?"

"Pshh, right!" she jested. "I blame you Eggsy! We could have had the best marriage of convenience!"

"But we'd have to have a baby for Rome!"

Roxanne made a gagging sound.

"Oh, you brat!" he cried, tickling Roxanne mercilessly.

"Stop it!" she laughed, squirming in her seat.

"Apologize!" Eggsy demanded with a chuckle.

A sudden cough from behind made them start. It was Harry. Neither had heard him come in.

"I need to talk to Roxanne, privately," he began softly, "if you do not mind, Eggsy."

The young man nodded slowly. "Of course not, Harry."

He kissed Roxy on the forehead. "See you at there, my darling." He squeezed her graceful hands before walking past Harry, a polite smile forming his lips as they briskly made eye contact.

Eggsy was supposed to go to the atrium to wait for Harry to bring Roxanne out and give her hands to Charlie, but instead, he lingered outside the door to listen--which could, if he was married to the typical Roman nobleman, get him whipped.

"I hope you don't hate me, Roxanne," Eggsy heard Harry say.

"Not possible, Uncle Harry," Roxanne responded, a choke in her throat, "You took care of us when my father left Mother and me with almost nothing. You gave us a home. You were more a father to me than he ever was, even if you were gone for so long."

Eggsy heard Harry sniffle.

"Oh, my darling, you haven't a clue how much you mean to me."



The two grew quiet, and, Eggsy assumed, were embracing one another.

His heart stilled. He fingered his laurel wreath-shaped betrothal ring and smiled softly. A warmth stole over him he had never felt before; couldn't imagine he could ever feel, or be **worthy** of feeling. When all was hopeless, Harry gave Roxanne—Eggsy's only true friend--her life back. It was in that moment, Eggsy felt he was stirred from a nightmare, and had awoken happily to the realization it was just a terrible dream.

He thought then, his marriage to Harry, that honorable man, so kind, *so true of heart*, might just be worth fighting for.

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The solemn ceremony passed just as Eggsy and Harry's had—a sharing of the vows, a procession to the groom's domus, and the omega being carried across the threshold.

Eggsy didn't get a moment alone with Roxanne the whole night, and it grieved him. He was determined to be the last guest. With an affectionate squeeze of Harry's hand (that made Harry's heart sputter), Eggsy asked his husband if he could stay, to which Harry smilingly obliged. Harry kissed Roxanne, and went home, and eventually it was just Eggsy, Roxanne, Charlie, and Arthur, the latter two who grew noticeably irritable with Eggsy's lingering. Eggsy only left—with much protestation—when Roxanne requested that he leave, for it was immensely late and she didn't want to keep him on her account (even though Eggsy would stay there forever, if he could). With a loving embrace of his best friend, he reluctantly departed.

As usual, Eggsy insisted on walking the way home (albeit escorted by a small army of Harry and Lee's guards), instead of making the slaves carry him in a heavy litter. When he arrived at the domus, he was surprised that, at six hours past twilight, Harry was still up, sitting in the atrium and reading a codex.

Harry started when he saw Eggsy. "You rarely venture into this part of the house."

"What are you reading?" Eggsy asked with a small smile, genuinely curious.

"Oh, it is an old Etruscan script," replied Harry, his eyes not exactly meeting Eggsy's.

Eggsy carefully stepped forward. "May I see it?"

Harry's eyes sparkled, as if no one else had ever taken interest in his hobbies. He handed the codex to Eggsy.

Eggsy fingered the fine linen of what must have been, a centuries old codex from that enigmatic lost civilization that became one of the many victims of Rome's quest for glory. He gaped at the unique, unfamiliar language, and was envious Harry seemed to be able to decipher it.

"You can read in Etruscan?" asked Eggsy, beaming at having such history in his hands. He had always loved learning, stealing codices from his father's library to read and study. But as

an omega, he was given little of the education that betas and, especially, alphas enjoyed. His formal education ended at only twelve, being merely well-versed in Greek, with bare knowledge of Roman history, Latin literature, and arithmetic. Omegas were meant to be dutiful spouses and child bearers; education was of **little** importance.

“Only a little, the language is mostly unknown.” He admired the dimpled smile of his young husband. “You’re more than welcome to peruse the library whenever you wish, Eggsy.”

Eggzy furred the codex, and looked inquisitively into Harry’s dark eyes. “Are you certain? Most would say it isn’t proper.”

“I don’t care what is proper,” Harry responded softly, “especially when it comes to your *happiness*.”

“Thank you...” Eggzy said quietly, carefully handing the piece of history back to Harry. He had bit down on his bottom lip to stop it from trembling at such kindness. He sank down onto the gilded couch next to him, his gaze lingering on Harry’s, who finally met his eyes.

Harry nervously tapped the codex. “Well, it is late, I--I should go to sleep.” He stepped forward and placed his hand lovingly on Eggsy’s shoulder. “Goodnight, Eggsy.”

But unexpectedly, Eggsy grabbed his hand as it slipped from his shoulder. “***Don’t leave.***”

Unblinkingly, Harry turned round and looked deep into the wells of the green hues of his young husband’s eyes.

Eggzy smiled with a flush of his hollow cheeks. “If you want to stay, that is.”

A small simper formed Harry’s lips, and without letting Eggsy’s fingers slip out his, he sat carefully down next to him.

“I have something to admit,” Eggsy began with a foreboding cast to his features, “I listened to your conversation with Roxanne...” His fingers tightened around Harry’s, his nails pressing into his skin. “I feel I know you more than I ever have. I was always aware you were a good man, but **now**... *I see it clearly.*” His eyes stung with the threat of tears. “I am sorr—”

Harry gently wrung one hand free, and moved it under Eggsy’s chin, raising his husband’s eye line to his. “Don’t apologize. I cannot blame you for following your heart.”

Eggzy brought Harry’s hand to his cheek, reveling in the warmth of the older man’s skin. “I wish—I wish I could tell you, Harry...”

Harry shook his head. “Tell me what?”

Eggzy closed his eyes. He couldn’t even look at Harry. “I cannot tell you because you will despise me. I cannot bear that... I thought, I could bear it, but...I don’t know how to tell you without *breaking* your heart, and mine.”

Harry couldn’t even begin to guess what Eggsy was talking about. He brought his husband’s hand to his lips, without actually pressing them to Eggsy’s skin. “Tell me when you feel you

can, Eggsy. I could never hate you, no matter what, *for I love you more than myself.*”

The young man’s chin shook, a grateful smile curling his lips. He wrapped his arms around his husband, burying his face in his neck. “Thank you, Harry...” Without even thinking about it, he pressed his lips to Harry’s cheek. “I’ll see you tomorrow morning.” He slowly stood up, and, as he started to leave, only let go of Harry’s hands when his arms couldn’t reach anymore.

As Harry touched his hand to the spot Eggsy’s lips had been, something akin to a feeling of promise, *of hope*, passed through his soul.

And he smiled.

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Lee decreed--since Charlie was only a beta and a plebeian—that a large breakfast would suffice for the celebration of Charlie’s marriage to Roxanne, much to the chagrin of Arthur.

That morning, Eggsy smilingly greeted Harry, glowing when the older man informed him they would *not* be taking a litter, but would walk to Charlie and Roxanne’s domus.

It was a peaceful walk, filled with shy chatter, many smiles, and even a holding of the hands. The two husbands only parted ways when they had to sit apart at the breakfast.

A buffet of seasoned bread loaves, eggs, cheese, and olives were set on each table in the triclinium. Eggsy sat with Roxanne, his father's betrothed Amelia, and other omegas of the most esteemed nobility in the Republic, whilst Harry sat in the back with Arthur at the triumvir’s table, where Lee was noticeably absent. Lee did have legitimate business to attend to, but Arthur took it as an affront.

Arthur’s new daughter-in-law was seated right next to Eggsy. She was strangely quiet and downcast, keeping her head low, her eyes averted. She barely responded to any of Eggsy’s inquiries.

Eggsy frowned. “Roxanne, what’s wrong?”

She just shook her head slightly.

“Roxanne?” he pressed. He touched the small of his friend’s back, causing her to start violently.

A few people turned to look, including a smirking Charlie, who sat at the table across from them.

Eggsy put his fingers lightly under Roxanne’s chin, and pulled her to face him. What Eggsy saw made him gasp in horror: though she attempted to cover it up with cosmetics, Roxanne’s face was puffy and red, bruises clearly under the clunking powder painted on her fair face.

He saw in Roxanne’s eyes what she herself had seen in his: a tormented, empty, *destroyed soul*.

“How’s it going with Eggsy?” asked Arthur, keeping his eye on Harry’s face, which took on a concerned expression as he watched his young husband’s features darken from across the room.

For a moment, Harry didn’t answer. Arthur was a man that Harry had once considered a mentor. But as Harry grew older and became a famous conqueror, and Arthur’s few accomplishments faded into black in the face of Harry’s glory, the two grew apart. But he always felt those old tender feelings for Arthur he had as a young one, and was still comfortable speaking to him about personal matters.

“Slow, *very slow*, but, **promising**.” He blushed slightly, which disgusted Arthur. He didn’t train Harry to be a lovesick boy. “Roxanne and Charlie will probably have a child for Rome before we ever do—maybe even a litter of heirs. But that is fine. For I see happiness blooming.”

Arthur cringed. “You’ve become bewitched by a fair face, and it’s made you soft.”

“He’s more than a fair face to me,” Harry responded firmly, his eyes not moving off Eggsy.

“It is your duty to provide an alpha for Rome, yet you let that small boy make the decisions of your marriage.” Arthur emptied his cup of wine. “And you think Roxanne went willingly to Charlie’s bed? You know what you have to do, Harry.”

His old student winced, shifting in his seat. “What do you mean, Arthur?”

“It’s the law Harry. You can take what’s yours.”

*Though you might be in for a surprise*, he thought.

What happened next Arthur didn’t expect: Harry pushed fiercely at the table, the food and drink sloshing onto his old mentor’s lap. The whole room went quiet.

“I’m disappointed in you, Harry,” Arthur hissed, “Thirty years ago, you would have listened to me. You would be unquestioning of my advice.”

Harry stood up, and stared bitterly into the eyes of the monster across from him. “Then you don’t know me,” he snapped. “If I had listened to you all this time, I would be a poorly accomplished, ruthless, lonely **ghost** of a man, *just like you*.”

Harry turned to the guests. “Excuse me, I have taken ill.” He almost congratulated Roxanne and Charlie, as manners would dictate, but when he saw the sunken, swollen eyes of Roxanne, he merely stepped out of the room. When Eggsy didn’t move to come with him, he ordered a number of the guards to wait to accompany his husband when he was ready to leave.

Then he departed.

-

Harry stared into his wine as he waited for Eggsy to return. He could only but see the reflection of Roxanne's empty eyes looking back at him in the drink. He collectively thought of her, Charlie's smirking, and Arthur's suggestion, and crushed the glass in his hand in anger.

He was so involved in his own thoughts he didn't even hear Eggsy come home.

"*You let her marry him,*" Harry heard Eggsy hiss from behind. The young man was unable to control the tears that streamed his face. "How could you?"

Harry didn't respond; he merely looked at the cuts on his hand.

"Have you not something to say?" Eggsy demanded. "You saw what happened to her. *That is on your hands*, for agreeing to the marriage. You **forced** her to marry him. And to think what I thought of you last night..."

Harry looked over at Eggsy and glowered. "And your father forced you to marry me, and you have for the whole of our short marriage acted like I was as terrible as Charlie, so why don't you go to your father and give him an earful, since **he** was the one the arranged all these marriages, *after all*."

Eggsy just stared back with grave eyes, unable to find the words to respond.

Harry stood up with vigor. "What do you want Eggsy? What do you want? ***Do you know what you want?***"

Eggsy shook his head lightly. "I—I don't—"

"I am willing to take the blame for the failure of this marriage." Which Harry believed he was. He turned away from Eggsy, putting his hand over his mouth. "I'm willing to sacrifice the stability of the triumvirate by annulling the marriage if it makes you happy."

Eggsy parted his lips to speak, but he didn't know what to say. The past month he had spent his time wishing he was never forced into a marriage--and he still thought it wrong--yet last night, with Harry...

The older man marched to the archway. He was about to cross the threshold, but stopped himself. He wiped at the tears welling his eyes. Eggsy's happiness was more important to him than his own life, and if that meant Harry had to push the young man he **loved** into—what it seemed—he truly wanted, then Harry would do it. *He would lie.*

"I thank the Gods, Eggsy," he sneered, "***I thank the Gods***, the curse of love has been lifted from me."

And then he left, leaving Eggsy believing Harry, had now hated him--something the young man thought he wanted, and bitterly regretted that he had achieved it.

Eggsy whirled around, and staggered to his bedchamber.

In a small jewelry casket under his bed, Eggsy cautiously removed a magnificent gold chain that belonged to his mother. He thumbed her visage, which was carved into the necklace's pendant, and kissed it. It was the only thing he needed for what he was going to do.

*He was going to run.*

# A Man Must Accept His Fate, Or Be Destroyed by It

## Chapter Notes

*"Down an unknown road to embrace my fate  
Though the road may wander, it will lead me to you  
And a thousand years would be worth the wait  
It may take a lifetime but somehow I'll see it through."*

'Go The Distance' from "Hercules"

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

Eggsy waited anxiously in his dimly lit chambers, listening to the sound of raindrops as they hit the window he'd jump out of in a moment's time. He did not stir once as night fell. Not even Jamal or Ryan saw his shadow. He held his mother's necklace to his heart and waited until six hours past twilight to make his escape—*certainly*, everyone would be asleep.

He didn't want any of the deltas forced to work under him to be accused of helping him to run. If they did, they could be crucified. Though Eggsy was sure Harry would not commit such an atrocity, he wouldn't take the chance. He pulled out a piece of papyrus paper from the bedside table, jotting down in a shaky hand:

*"I left by my own volition.  
Do not think anyone helped me,  
for I am capable of doing things myself."*

When the young man read it over, he frowned. He felt he sounded harsh. It's not as if Harry ever accused him of being incapable; in truth, his husband had shown that he believed Eggsy *adept* and skillful. But Eggsy didn't have time to spare to rewrite something.

He left the paper atop his pillow, and when the time came to go, he carefully slipped out of the window, quietly touching his sandaled feet to the ground. His heart thundered beneath in his chest as he slowly and absently trotted the gilded colonnade of the domus, seeking out the open road, only for his efforts to be in vain - a guard suddenly seized Eggsy by the back of his stola.

*"Do you have a death wish?"* the same guard who hurt Ayana barked. *"Even the Palatine is unsafe, especially for you."* He swung Eggsy round, his grip tight on the boy's shoulders.

“The beloved son of Rome being killed! The triumvirate would fall apart, and the destruction of the Republic would be entirely *your* fault for not providing an heir to leave behind!”

Eggsy looked gravely into the man’s eyes. “Is that all I am, someone meant to bear an heir. After that, it does not matter I die?”

The guard scoffed, pushing Eggsy to the ground in a thud. He smirked when Eggsy put his hand to his mouth, as a rivulet of blood streamed down the young master’s chin. He waved the piece of Eggsy’s stola in his hand that he accidentally ripped off. The broken marriage between the guard’s masters’ was well known among the household; he knew Eggsy was not with child. It was “safe” to hurt him.

“On second thought, go!” the man laughed. “No one shall miss you, you are utterly useless! Master Harry can find an omega who knows how to stay *silent* and **obey**.”

Eggsy leveled himself to his feet. His blood fell to the ground like the rain drops. He raised his tearful eyes to the smirking guard with defeat, before silently turning away.

-

Eggsy picked up speed as the rain became more heavy in the creepily empty streets of the Palatine, the homes of the nobility that studded it black as night. There was no one; yet Eggsy almost *half wished* an enemy of his father, maybe even one of Arthur’s henchman, had been waiting in the shadows to kill him and put him out of his misery.

But warmth stole over him when the form of his old home came into his sight. It was a fleeting feeling, however, for just as he stepped onto the columned porch circling the domus, a heavy hand suddenly covered his mouth, while another twisted his arm behind his back.

“What are you doing here?” demanded a guard. Not that he gave Eggsy the chance to answer, for his hand remained stifling over his Master’s son. “Cato!” the burly man roared to one of his fellow guards as he pushed Eggsy towards the domus’s entrance, “I think I caught a robber, or even an assassin on the Master Lee’s life! *And a foolish one too!* I think the Master would like to see this.”

The vestibulum of the grand home suddenly brightened, and out the door hurriedly came a familiar figure.

After a moment’s scrutiny, the figure pronounced certainly, “Eggsy?”

Eggsy knew the voice immediately.

“Father!” he cried, ripping himself from the guard’s grasp. He threw his arms around his titan of a father.

Lee pulled Eggsy back gently and shook him. “What are you doing out here, Eggsy?” he asked in terror, brushing his finger over the cut on his beloved son’s lip. “Did any of your guards escort you?”

Eggsy shook his head.



Lee pursed lips. “Eggsy...does Harry know you’re *here*?”

His son’s chin quivered as he guiltily admitted he had come absent his husband's knowledge.

Lee closed his eyes with a sigh of disbelief. “Eggsy...you shouldn’t have done that.”

He gently grabbed his son by the arm and, with deathly silence between them, pulled Eggsy through the front door and the dimly lit passageways of his home.

When they got to Lee’s triciculum, a slave came running with a blanket and wrapped it around Eggsy, then promptly dismissed himself.

Lee sat on the seat across from his son. “Do you have any idea what you’ve done,” he fumed. “***Do you?***”

“I was so unhappy, Father...” Eggsy stammered through brimming tears, not fully understanding. “I thought you’d be happy...”

Lee’s face relaxed a bit, but his voice remained measured and serious. “This means, Eggsy, that you have abandoned your spouse, and technically, you are now divorced. Unless, Harry sees it otherwise.” Lee shifted in his seat. “It means you’re guilty party – by law, you will never be able to remarry, nor get your dowry back. When I’m gone, you will be without protection. *You will be at the hands of whoever is in power.*”

Eggy’s eyes clouded. “You mean Arthur and Charlie.”

*This is what they wanted, what they had planned, surely.* To separate Harry and Eggsy. Not just to embarrass the triumvir, but to have Eggsy eventually in their power.

Lee snapped his fingers impatiently. The same slave who had brought Eggsy the blanket came sliding in.

“Yes, Master?” the slave pronounced.

Lee pulled his son to his feet. “See Master Eggsy to his old chambers . He is staying here for the night.”

The slave nodded, and left to tend to his master’s request.

Lee wiped the boy’s tears out of his eyes. “We’ll figure this out in the morning.”

-

But Eggsy decided, before he was even installed in the comfort of his childhood bedroom, he would not see himself to the next sunrise.

Just as he did at Harry's domus, he waited for the home to quiet down, and when he felt it safe, Eggsy sat his feet to the ground, seeking an escape just as before, but one of a ***different*** nature.

Eggsy made his way silently to the kitchen. He crept silently through its door so as not to wake the sleeping slaves in the next room.

When he was a child, he'd sneak into the kitchen to try to adorably help the slaves cook. He was always inserting himself among the enslaved deltas, trying to be useful to them, *to cheer them up* in their dismal lives. It was why he was so *beloved* as the **sunshine** of Lee's household. Even when darkness fell over it with Lady Michelle's death, Eggsy's bright spirit kept them all afloat.

Hanging over the cutting board--which was strewn with beets, carrots, and cucumber for tomorrow's afternoon meal--was a row of knives. Hesitantly, Eggsy reached for the pointed, steel bladed knife the kitchen deltas used to let him use to cut meats and vegetables as a small child.

He ran his finger over the *blade*, and *whimpered lightly when it cut into his finger*.

***This was his fate***, he told himself. *There was no escaping*. Everything had led him to this moment--from birth he was destined for great unhappiness, and to leave little mark on the world.

He slid his back down the wooden table as he steadied the sharp knife directly over his heart—the spot where many great Romans--*unlike himself*, he thought--took their lives in a patriotic suicide, fighting until their dying breath for their cause.

*This is my fate*, he repeated continuously in a low mumble, yet his hand remained still.

Eggsy may not have believed he was meant for greatness, as his mother prophesized, but to let her down, to leave Roxy at the hands of Charlie, and to widow Harry...*it hurt all the same*.

Without pause, Eggsy let the knife drop to the floor.

Lee was awoken by Eggsy moments later. His son professed his intent on returning to his husband. Lee ordered a retinue of guards to escort his son. He kissed goodbye with a sad parting, whispering into Eggsy's ear, "I am so proud of you, *my brave boy*."

-

When Merlin heard the approaching guards outside the domus, he greeted Eggsy at the door.

Eggsy brushed the wetness off his face. "Where is Harry?"

"In the atrium..." Merlin responded, stepping aside to let the young master through.

Eggsy nodded, and made his way to the room where Harry and he had shared that one fleeting, but intimate, moment. He stumbled upon his husband asleep the day bed, Eggsy's

note crushed in his fists.

*Harry had waited up all night for him to return.*

Beside his husband, Eggsy sat on his knees carefully. He took the older man's hand and removed the piece of papyrus, replacing it with his fingers in a delicate touch.

"I'm sorry," Eggsy trembled. "I -I do not know how to do this. I don't know how to be good to you. But all I have, all that is left that is truly mine, is *you*, Harry. I want to cherish that.... Perhaps, in my whole life, you're the only thing I can call my *own*." He stroked his husband's cheek. "But I'm not brave enough to trust anyone. If I was, I would tell you that your guard threw me to the ground, or that Charlie..." Eggsy squeezed the tears from his eyes. "I would tell you all about it, and be assured you wouldn't blame me. If I were brave, I would be speaking to you whilst you were awake." A sad smile formed his bruised lips. "My mother told me in a dream, I could do great and fortunate things; perhaps, together, we *could* achieve that. *If only I could feel safe.*"

Eggsy cupped Harry's strong chin, and gently pressed his lips to his husband's, smiling subtly through it. He hadn't known until now, how much he had wanted to kiss Harry, to *revel* in the tenderness of Harry's lips, in the comfort such affection gave him. With a longing sigh, he slightly pulled his mouth away.

"Goodnight, Harry," he whispered, giving the man one last, exhilarating kiss. The young husband carefully let go of Harry's hand, and retreated with hope that everything would be okay come the first hour of the day.

It was only when Eggsy had left, and his steps no longer echoed the passageways, Harry touched his fingers to his own mouth, where the taste of his beloved's lips were still felt.

Both a painful passion for Eggsy—and violent feeling of *vengeance* for husband's torturers—stirred in his chest.

Harry, that great warrior of Rome, would see to it Eggsy never felt unsafe, *ever again*.

## Chapter End Notes

I'd like to give a huge thank you to my Livia, unwins-boy, for helping me research on Roman forms of death. Love you, bae, so <3

# For Love, or Vengeance

## Chapter Notes

*“Who messed you up so badly that you cringe when someone says ‘I love you’?”*

Harry’s jaw rested on his fist, his burly arm leaning on the gilded curule chair he sat in, with a yawning Arthur seated across from him. The two men were waiting restlessly for Lee’s arrival to the Curia—that is, the Senate house—in complete discomfort with one another. Neither man had enjoyed small talk with the other for a long time, but Arthur sensed *indignation* in Harry’s countenance, and knew well not to speak one word, lest Harry forget his human side and become the beast within that had the power to tear down Mithridates, when Arthur himself couldn’t.

*Of course*, Arthur just thought Harry’s behavior residual anger from a few days ago--anger that stemmed from Arthur simply *reminding* Harry that he could forcibly take Eggsy to bed. *After all*, Harry did have a right to do so by law. But Arthur was unable to discern what was *actually* fanning the *blazing* flames inside of Harry: that Arthur’s son, that *bastard* Charlie, had done something *so unspeakable*, **so evil** to Eggsy that his young husband was in constant terror. Worse yet, Charlie was getting away with it – whatever it was. Harry was determined, by the will of the Furies, to uncover the dark truth, and bring justice to Eggsy.

Harry would **burn** Rome down to protect Eggsy.

Both men looked up when each heard the bronze doors of the brick-faced, concrete Curia open.

“Apologies, my fellow lieges,” exclaimed Lee as he entered. A small Gallic slave removed his silk-embroidered shawl – it was the hottest month of summer. “I was up far too late last night, I only fell asleep just before the first hour came.” He looked briefly at Harry as he said this, and it did not go unnoticed by Arthur, who pursed his lips in curiosity. “It took several attempts by my slaves to rouse me from bed,” he hacked as he sat.

“Are are ill?” asked Harry in genuine concern, scrutinizing the bloodless cheeks and swollen eyes of his father in law. “You’re wearing a shawl and it is as fiery as the Phlegethon out there, and you have cough!”

Lee waved it off, patting his chest. “I’m just *immensely* tired, as I explained. *Now*, shall we get on with business?”

Harry nodded politely, and Arthur yawned a “fine.”

Lee put his hands in his lap. “The triumvirate has, *de facto*, been the government of Rome for almost a year, ever since the inter-betrothals between our two houses. Harry and Eggsy are

married, and now Roxanne and Charlie are.” Harry tightened his fists at the mention of his niece being wedded to that accursed servant of Melinoe. “I am to marry your wife’s lovely niece tomorrow,” continued Lee, with a nod to Arthur, “and everything will be set in stone – our triumvirate will be *de jure*, an official government.” He pursed his lips. “Now to the question that some eminent members of the Senate have asked in fear: are we trying to establish some form of tyranny. Now, what can be done about this?”

Neither Harry nor Arthur spoke. Lee never asked something without knowing the answer first – it was a piece of theatre to keep everyone on their toes, another scene in the epic drama that was Rome.

“Let us face it, my fellow triumvirs,” Lee spoke in firmly, “we work well together, with the same basic ideas of change in Rome, but clearly we three cannot rule the Republic together at once. It will cause confusion, conflict, and scandal, not only the possible breakup of a fine friendship but the regression of the progress that we brought to the Republic. It would be *hubris* for to believe otherwise, considering the history of man.”

“Naturally,” responded Arthur simply, still not venturing to look at Harry.

Lee sat up, patted his chest again, and stepped over to a map of the Republic. “I propose, we split the complex machine that is Rome into three, each of us serving as governor-general of one region. All monies made will be put into a single treasury, of course. The only question is, *who gets what?*”

Harry felt a flutter of hope in his chest. This could mean, with each of the triumvirs possibly having to relocate to separate provinces, that Arthur and Charlie would be thousands of miles away from Eggsy.

“I presume you already know who gets what,” Arthur asked cheekily, knowing Lee all too well.

Lee grinned. He removed a sword from his side, and pressed it to Greece. “I shall take the East,” he explained as he traced over to Egypt, “Egypt and the East.”

Harry frowned. “But—“

“Yes, Harry, you *do* know the East better than anyone else in the Republic. It was you who, in your dealings and wars there, achieved what is possibly the greatest glory the Republic has ever been blessed with, but you should command the city of Rome and the West, for I want you here. I will bear the burden the East and its invading tribes and the complex grain shipments; two burdens that otherwise would take you away from your *other* duties.”

By that, he meant Eggsy, and Harry relented without another thought.

Arthur scrunched his face. “And what about me? What do I get?” he demanded greedily.

Lee regarded Arthur with disgust. “*You*, Arthur, you will get Africa Nova and its surrounding territories, with the task of cleaning up the *mess* you created there, with your destructive campaigns that saw innocent blood spilled as well as the Republic's treasury drained of its money meant for the welfare the citizens and the maintenance of Rome.

Harry smirked. *Perhaps one day, the triumvirate could be a duumvirate between Lee and myself*, he thought dreamily.

“But Lee,” Arthur protested, “Africa Nova is, as you say, in *ruins*. It is not a proper place for Charlie, or, especially, a woman of good breeding, like Roxanne. Right, Harry?”

Harry grimaced, refusing to even look at the earthly Cerberus. He knew what he was getting at.

Lee sighed. “What do you propose, Arthur?”

The old man shifted in his seat with a smug expression. “Like other governors before us, some had to...rule via subordinates. Of course, the governor-general came to visit his region, but he did not live there.”

Lee looked wearily at Harry, who hesitantly shook his head in assent. He had been foolish—and unfeeling--not to think of his beloved niece, and *even more* of a fool to even imagine Eggsy would forgive him for agreeing to have Roxanne live a months-long voyage away with an abusive monster.

-

Harry went home directly, not bothering, as usually did, to return calls that were paid by men for his political favor.

The triumvir’s heart sputtered as he rose from his litter and made his way inside his domus. He cautiously looked about for Eggsy in the main rooms to no avail. He sighed, assuming Eggsy returned to his usual routine of hiding in his chambers for the whole of the day.

And after what Eggsy told Harry last night, the triumvir could never blame Eggsy for it.

Mindlessly, Harry paced to his magnificent library, as he did every day when he came home from dealing with Lee and the heartless Arthur. He would recite aloud a comedic play, or bury his nose in some Plato. *Anything* to take his mind off his troubles.

But when he reached the doors to the library, Harry started, clutching his chest and letting out a strangled swear. He hadn’t expected *someone else* to be in his library. When his blurred vision quickly cleared, he breathed out. The haunting visage of Eggsy was before him.

Eggsy put his graceful hands over his small mouth, stifling a laugh at seeing a great conqueror terrified by his mere presence. The young man had a bronze codex splayed open on his upper thighs as he lounged on the day bed by the window. It made an *intoxicating* sight for Harry; his beloved, so *beautiful*, so *pure*, looking *happy*, *content*.

“Apologies, Harry, I thought...”

Harry shook his head with a beaming smile. “It is absolutely fine. This library is as much yours as mine. I am delighted to see you use it.”

Eggsy flushed crimson.

The elder husband tentatively stepped toward the younger. “What are you reading?”

“Oh!” Eggsy exclaimed shyly, “Sappho. I’ve never had the chance to enjoy her work. She is incredibly ethereal and divine and deep and...” Eggsy blushed. “Have you read Sappho?” he asked a smirking Harry, who admired his young husband’s soft hands holding the codex so tightly, as if someone should take it from him. He could tell Eggsy loved reading and learning, but, sadly, that the young man had been deprived of both—in spite of his dedicated spirit and intelligence—simply because he was an omega.

*It is a travesty*, Harry thought.

“...Have you?” Eggsy repeated quietly.

Harry shook himself from his reverie. “Please forgive me, Eggsy. I was just recalling if I had read Sappho.”

Eggsy grinned, sitting up. “You wouldn’t forget her if you had.” He moved over a bit so Harry could sit next to him. The older man obliged, and sat awkwardly next Eggsy. The warmth emanating off of his young husband was so *powerful* it felt as if they were actually touching. “She has been in your library for how many years and you haven’t perused any of her work?”

“Well, my codices are a collection that was compiled over centuries by ancestors,” Harry admitted, “to be honest, Eggsy, as far as the vastness of Greek poetry goes, I have only studied Homer, and that was because it was required by my schoolmaster.”

Eggsy bit his bottom lip, and laid his head snugly on Harry’s broad shoulder, making his husband’s stomach flutter. Eggsy placed part of codex on Harry’s knee. “Then we both are here to learn. Better late than never, Harry, and we can do it now, *together*.”

Harry’s chest heaved as Eggsy took his hand and traced one of his fingers along an elegantly hand-written verse:

*“What is beautiful is good, and what is good will soon be beautiful.”*

Eggsy looked up at Harry with a dimpled smile. “I never got to read the Greek philosophers—because an omega having too much knowledge will tempt them to evil!” Eggsy giggled with a wink, “but it is my guess, the lyric poets have as much to teach us as Aristotle and Plato and all the rest. Perhaps in a different way, but, maybe, in a *better* way.”

A sweet, small smile now seemed to be permanently frozen on Harry’s blushing face. “Show me more,” he replied softly, indicating his fingers in Eggsy’s hand. The young husband nodded, and drew Harry’s hand down to the next verse—then he suddenly froze.

Harry frowned, not letting go of his husband. “What is it, Eggsy?” But the young man was now far away, his bleary eyes fixated on the verses beside their entwined fingers. Harry leaned in with a raised brow, trying to decipher the passage that had so pained Eggsy. He read in silence:

*“Virginity, virginity*

*Where will you go when you’ve left me?”*

*“I’ll never come back to you,*

*I’ll never come back to you.”*

Eggsy’s chin began to quiver, but Harry squeezed his husband’s hand affectionately, and whispered lovingly in his ear, “*look here.*” Harry indicated a verse on the opposite page. He underlined the words with his fingers, as Eggsy read silently:

*“Come to me now and loosen me*

*from blunt agony. Labor*

*and fill my heart with fire. Stand by me*

*and be my ally.”*

Eggsy peered at Harry with large eyes, sparkling with tears. The older man brought Eggsy’s gentle hand to his mouth. “The guard that hurt you, Eggsy, is *gone*. And he will never hurt *you*, nor anyone, ever again.”

Eggsy’s voice cracked. “How—“

Harry kissed the warm skin against his cheek. “It doesn’t matter, husband. It is my duty to protect you, to stand beside you, to support you, to trust in you, *to treat you as my equal.*” He looked deep into the wells of Eggsy’s green eyes. “I just want you to know me, and above all, I dearly wish to know *you.*”

With a sad but hopeful smile, Eggsy nodded. As Harry wiped away the tears streaming his cheeks, Eggsy whispered “If I tell you...If...I don’t—I don’t want you to hate me...”

Harry brought his shaking husband in close. “I never could Eggsy,” he whispered, kissing him on the temple. “*It would be impossible.* Tell me anything of you, if you want to, when you’re ready to, Eggsy. *I will always be here for you.*”



For the first time, Eggsy felt completely comfortable in Harry's arms – a place he now didn't want to escape from, but a place he could escape *to*. To be his safe place.

*Harry was his safe place.*

# You Shook My Heart

## Chapter Summary

*"Love shook my heart like the wind that falls on oaks in the mountains"*  
- Sappho

## Chapter Notes

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

It was with a heavy heart that Eggsy had to bid farewell to his beloved father. How long it would be until he would see him again—*if ever*, Eggsy shuddered to think—he couldn't know.

If he were still unmarried, Eggsy may be going with his father across the East, seeing the glories of Alexandria and Athens and Jerusalem, all mysterious places he had read about in his father's codices with relish and wonderment. Far off cultures each with the makings of a fascinating fairytale, cultures of which Eggsy's husband had conquered. And whilst the enslavement of the deltas of the conquered cities made Harry's victories anything *but* victorious to Eggsy, Harry managed to save the history and achievements of these great cities when invading tribes and even fellow Romans wanted to sack and burn them. Eggsy couldn't but feel deep *warmth* for Harry fighting for what was right, even when the world was against him.

The sea spray from the seaport of Ostia--where Lee and his new wife, Amelia, were departing--showered on both father and son as they spoke their sorrowful goodbyes. Lee was heavily wrapped in multiple togas and shawls, and after he had given Eggsy his farewell kiss and walked shakily up the ship ramp with some aid from a guard, Amelia put her graceful, but *icy cold* hand on a tearful Eggsy's shoulder.

"He will be fine, Eggsy," she spoke thinly, "I will take *exceptional* care of him." The beautiful, elegant Amelia was the epitome of Roman womanhood, a regular Cornelia Africana. But there was something dishonest, even *cruel* to the curves of the smile she gave her stepson.

Instinctively, Eggsy pulled away from Amelia as if her fingers were serpents' tongues, and simply nodded.

As Lee and his ships pulled from the port, Eggsy got to his knees and sung fervent prayers to Neptune, for his father's safe travels to the East, and to Salus, to keep his father's health and welfare. He could trust none but the Gods with his father's life.

-

At home, during the three week interval between the announcement of the division of Rome and the departure of his father, Eggsy was somewhat lonely and a bit lost. Both Lee and his husband were ridiculously busy dealing with the particulars of dividing the Republic with Arthur. Eggsy would call on Roxanne only to receive messages back from one of Charlie's slaves saying that she was unable to visit (which topped excessive worry on Eggsy's loneliness). And Jamal, Ryan, and Ayana were busy with their duties.

Often, Eggsy found himself staying awake to see Harry, frequently to no avail, as the man, unfortunately for *both* husbands (who both harbored an unspoken, but **deep**, need to be around one another), came home *hours* after twilight, and was gone again before the first hour. However, there were a few nights they would catch each other in the atrium with blushes and smiles, and talk a bit, before both began to doze. Harry would kiss Eggsy softly on his small hand, causing the young man's heart to sputter, and the two would, quite regrettably, bid each other goodnight.

Whilst he dreaded his father leaving, Eggsy also couldn't help but feel a flush of excitement that he would be able to see more of his husband, now that Lee wasn't taking up so much of Harry's time.

-

The morning Lee began his voyage on the Tyrrhenian Sea, bound for Greece, Eggsy returned to Rome just in time for afternoon meal at the domus, only to find Roxanne had *just* arrived at his home to greet him.

In his jubilation at arresting the sight of his best friend for the first time in a month, Eggsy didn't even realize she wasn't expected today. Not that it even mattered—they popped unannounced in on one another frequently prior to their marriages--but after weeks of Charlie keeping her from Eggsy, it would have registered as odd to a clear thinker for her to suddenly appear. But Eggsy couldn't even think of *anything* but his beautiful Roxanne as she threw her slim arms around his shoulders.

Eggsy joyously and politely ordered for Roxy a massive afternoon meal—one of fresh oysters in fish sauce, eggs, grapes, strawberries, carrots, cucumber, cheese, and salted bread, to be laid out in the comfort and serenity of Harry's gardens. But they had barely begun their excited talk when Roxanne's nose caught a whiff of the cooking from the kitchen. She grew green with sickness and covered her mouth with her hands as she gagged profusely.

"Roxanne?" Eggsy asked in alarm as she somewhat woozily fell back on to the dining couch.

He swiftly moved over to her seat, a cup of water in his hand, and pressed it to her lips until she had enough stamina to hold the cup herself. He watched with worry as she drank greedily, emptying the entire cup with a sob escaping her wet lips. She clutched her stomach, and let her spinning head fall back against the seat with a groan of pain.

Eggsy's eyes enlarged with panic. "Roxanne, are you..."

Tears streamed her face, her fingers protectively splaying over her still flat stomach. “Bon Dea has...blessed me,” she admitted with a quivering chin. *A blessing*, she had to remind herself. Not a future victim of Charlie, the baby’s own *father*.

Eggsy took Roxy’s hands with lidded eyes. *Now* he understood why Charlie finally let Roxanne come today—to show Eggsy that Roxanne, Eggsy’s closest friend, was carrying *his* child.

Eggsy pressed one of his hands gently on her tummy. “Roxanne, we—Harry and me—will do all we can to protect your child, and you. *We* promise.”

She smiled sadly, tapping at her best friend’s fingers, but both knew, just from looking in to each other’s weary eyes, nothing could be done, so long as Charlie and Arthur were alive.

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After Roxy left, Eggsy was in depressed spirits. He couldn’t read a codex, or talk with his delta friends without his thoughts turning. *No*, he simply needed something that required his attention completely, or else he would just drown in his own sorrow.

It was Eggsy’s nature to feel guilty for wallowing in his own misery; for there was a great number of people with *true* troubles being pulled mercilessly down in the river of woe, with no way to escape. So he asked Jamal to help him carry out his loom from his chambers to the atrium. They placed it next to the impulvium, so Eggsy could dangle his bare foot in the cool water, and with vigor, he began wool spinning clothes for the poor of the Suburba, where his mother would take him often when she was alive. Eggsy had a great talent for spinning, with swift, slim fingers and unrivaled concentration when it involved helping others.

He didn’t even realize Harry had entered the atrium until the man cleared his throat.

Eggsy gasped, ripping his nose from his loom. It felt as if he’d been weaving for only a few moments, but the shadows on the atrium’s frescoed floors betrayed twilight approaching. “Harry!” he cried, his tone less than that of annoyance at being frightened, but more at unbridled excitement at seeing his husband. “What are you doing home so early?”

Harry’s chest had been heaving slowly from the sight of his husband working so determinedly. He allowed himself a few moments to admire the *natural* talent his husband possessed for a few moments before interrupting. “Well, because I am dealing with only the West and competent subordinates of my own choice now,” he explained smilingly, taking a seat across from Eggsy on an ornate lounge that was a gift to his young husband. The lounge’s carved bone inlays depicted the heroic story of Rome’s founder - Eggsy’s ancestor - Aeneas, son of Venus. As Harry fingered the carvings, he wondered if Eggsy ever even noticed them.

The older husband bit his bottom lip shyly. “So you...you have a remarkable gift for wool spinning! I had never known...You are a regular Minerva.” At once, he blushed fervently at his own embarrassing words.

Eggsy grinned at the mortified expression on Harry's face. It was rather adorable, seeing the great conqueror abashed with cheeks glowing scarlet. "But of course, Harry, I am good with the loom," he began with a bit of cheek, "I was forced, as an omega, to learn to spin wool, whilst I watched all you alphas and the betas have fun...you know, horseback riding, dancing, swimming." He frowned. "You know that I've never touched my toes to the sea? Apparently, it is improper and immodest for an omega to bear only their loin cloth in front of others, especially—*Gods' forbid*—outside!" Then he looked up at Harry and smiled saucily. "How about you try out the loom?" He hopped out of his seat. "I've even already started, you simply have to finish!"

Harry had, instead of finding himself uncomfortable with Eggsy's bold talk, hung onto every word he uttered, and let it soak in. Eggsy noticed this – and appreciated it. He patted the empty seat for Harry, who duly took his place at the loom with a shaky smile. Eggsy sat where Harry had been lounging, tracing his finger around a carving of his ancestor, Aeneas with a sigh---he still couldn't believe Harry had even thought to have made such a beautiful homage to Eggsy's family.

It only took a few moments before Eggsy leapt to his feet and had his hands on Harry's, laughing "stop, stop, you've done quite enough!" Harry had tried to recreate the weaving technique he had witnessed his mother and sister use many times in his presence, to disastrous results.

Eggsy rubbed his nose on Harry's hand like a cat. "It's not so easy is it?"

Harry shook his head. "Do you really enjoy spinning? Does it bring you any satisfaction?"

"I can **help people** with it," Eggsy replied seriously, "even if it is not fun, it is useful." But his eyes grew sad. "Though, I am forced to selfishly admit I always wished I could have had an endless supply of books, and learned to play the lyre, and to swim in the sea, like you and your kind."

Harry exhaled, pulling Eggsy's head up delicately from under his chin. "How do you like Ostia, husband?"

Eggsy raised his brow, considering his answer. "Besides the strangely tranquil feeling the sea spray on my skin gives me, not much. It's all ships and chaos down there." He narrowed his eyes at the smirk forming on Harry's mouth. "Why do you ask?"

-

"Harry, I will not and I *shall not*," Eggsy swore as he shivered on a rock perched against one of the many steep and lushly green calcareous cliffs that were edged by the bright blue waters of the Tyrrhenian Sea.

The day after the loom incident, Eggsy awoke at first hour, when light only stripped the otherwise dark skies. Harry had asked him to get ready at the ungodly hour and prepare an overnight bag. Harry greeted Eggsy outside the entryway of his chambers and escorted him to the awaiting carriages, where he informed the younger man it would be "only" twenty-five

miles of travel until their destination. Eggsy couldn't help but scowl at that; he *had just* traveled the same tiring amount of miles yesterday, and now he was to again?

The whole of the ride there, Eggsy pestered Harry about where they were going, only to end up frustrated at the lack of knowledge his grinning husband gave him. But that frustration didn't stop Eggsy from twining his toes with Harry's as they went along.

The young man's green eyes slit as he saw Ostia off in the distance, unmistakable with the endless dotting of white sails along the seashore, but the carriage took a turn away from the bustling port city, and not many miles further down from Ostia, the carriage rumbled onto a serene, undisturbed beach.

Harry took Eggsy's hand tenderly and pulled his bewildered young husband from the carriage.

"You always wanted to put your feet in the sea?" he asked smilingly.

With a squeal, Eggsy took Harry's hand and pressed it to his warm cheek.

Eggsy had thought himself completely ready his entire life to feel the sea water swim between his toes, but as he blushing removed his stola, left only in his loin cloth, he was paralyzed with fear – and what he feared, whether it be the creepy tales of sea monsters, or being alone half naked with Harry, he did not know.

All he *did know*, was he didn't want to jump into the water.

Eggsy drew back slightly when Harry popped out of the water, and turned away with crimsoned cheeks at his husband's bare upper-half. The man swam up and put his wet hands on Eggsy's dry knees. "You say you have always wanted to dip your toes in the sea, yet you sit here and refuse to even try?"

Eggsy's chin shook. "Perhaps it was foolish dreaming. There's a reason us omegas are kept ignorant, after all."

Harry grimaced at Eggsy's foolish, uncharacteristic talk. "Since when have you ever been afraid to grasp for what you want, even if it was looked down upon?"

"*My whole life...*" Eggsy replied firmly. "I've just never ran from my fears."

*Except for you, Harry*, he thought sadly.

Harry smiled, lacing his fingers in Eggsy's. "Why start now?"

Eggsy, who had his knees pressed tightly together, parted them to slide down. With a heavy exhale, and more loving encouragements his husband, he slid off the rock and down Harry's chest, accidentally dipping underwater.

Harry swiftly pulled his husband up and brushed back the young man's wet hair from his eyes. "Are you okay, Eggsy?" he asked in panic.

Eggsy braced his arms around Harry's shoulders. His toes couldn't even touch the sea floor. "I'm fine," he stammered, "just don't let go, okay?"

"Okay," Harry whispered, tightening his grip on his husband, who kept his eyes sealed. "It's okay to open them, Eggsy," he assured, with a rub of Eggsy's back, "the beauty out here far outweighs the fear in your head."

Eggsy nodded his shaking head into Harry's skin. Something about his husband saying it was okay, made it so. With one last squeeze of his arms around Harry, he tilted his head up, and unpeeled his eyes.

And his breath was taken away.

The hills were so vibrantly green, with the waves reflecting off its rocks. They were bigger than anything Eggsy had ever thought to be real. The sun on his face made his shoulders roll in delight. And the feeling of the ocean's current between his toes, had him feeling he was *not* going to be dragged off unwillingly and drown, but that he could swim freely and stay *afloat*.

"Is this what it feels like?" Eggsy asked Harry tearfully.

"What?" Harry whispered.

***"To be free."***

Harry drew back a little and faced his husband, whose face betrayed such an internal oppressive sadness Harry couldn't fathom ever existed, even in the tortured souls under Pluto's foot in the underworld.

Eggsy touched both his hands to Harry's cheeks, and with a racing heart and smiling eyes, he gently but slowly, captured Harry's bottom lip between his own lips.

Both men *melted* into it.

"Harry..." Eggsy moaned, as Harry caught his tongue and began tenderly sucking on it. Harry tried to hold back tears as his beloved and he finally, *truly* kissed one another.

Oh, how Eggsy, in that moment, wanted to ask his husband, who had always been so kind and gentle with him, if he *still* loved him, despite him saying otherwise.

But that would require Eggsy to admit something to Harry he wasn't yet ready to, maybe never have the courage to.

*I love you.*

You can consider this part 2 of "Love or Vengeance", or a week or so early update ;) Just so everyone knows, chap 8 will be up on 11/12 because of school :( BUT ITS BEEN ALMOST EXACTLY TWO WEEKS SINCE THE LAST CHAP SO....)

So chap 8, got monumentally long (again Reg's fault), so like with 6-which was split into 6 & 7 -i'll be posting chap 8 today (11/12) and chapter 9 (or 8p2, think of it how ever lol) this weekend (at latest Monday; it's all written, just needs to be typed up, but EXAMS NEXT TWO DAYS UGH)

The titles of Chapter 8 and 9 are "Dare You To Move" and "Take My Hands, Take My Whole Life Too", respectively :3

chap 9 .well, be prepared for the end, if chap 8 doesn't kill you ;)



# Take My Hand, Take My Whole Life Too

## Chapter Summary

*"Maybe redemption has stories to tell  
Maybe forgiveness is right where you fell  
Where can you run to escape from yourself?  
Where you gonna go?  
Where you gonna go?  
Salvation is here"*

*'Dare You to Move', Switchfoot*

## Chapter Notes

So I should of wrote this at the beginning of the fic, but the ABOD identifiers in this fic are: alphas are brown eyed, betas purple eyed, omegas green eyed, and deltas orange eyed. Somewhere in this omegaverse human history, humanity was able to correlate eye color to a person's anatomy.

(Will put this at the beginning too, for new readers. So very sorry about that. Hope that you enjoy this chapter!).

Ayana was in the kitchen putting away the last of the dirty dishes from evening meal. It was four hours past twilight, and night had fallen over the cliffs surrounding Ostia. Harry, Eggsy, and their retinue had taken up residence for the night at guest villa overlooking the sea.

She had only an hour ago set Eggsy to bed, and when she returned to the quarters assigned to him, she peered into his bedchamber – her heart palpitating when she arrested the sight of an empty bed. She picked up the skirt of her stola and ran briskly across the villa, straight to Harry's quarters.

*What if Eggsy had ran away again? What if this time he didn't come back? What if he were dead?* Tears stung her eyes as she knocked fervently on the door of her master's bedchamber. It was going to break his heart that it seemed Eggsy left him, again.

She heard two heavy feet step onto the bedchamber floor, and march nimbly to the door. Harry opened it with alarm washed over his features.

“Ayana,” he began nervously, putting his hand on her slim shoulder, “what is wrong? Did something happen?”

“Master Harry,” Ayana responded mournfully, “I—“

She suddenly stopped herself when she heard a groan in the bedchamber, and a slight leaning of her person allowed her—with the greatest relief—to see Eggsy tucked snugly into Harry’s bed. She exhaled heavily. Ayana hadn’t taken a breath since believing Eggsy gone.

Harry smiled softly. With a shoulder pat of gratitude for Ayana’s concern, he said softly, “go to sleep, Ayana. You’ve earned it. We’ll see you in the morning.”

“Master Harry,” she answered with sparkling eyes, curtsying slightly. “Thank you very much.” With a last glance at Eggsy, she smilingly left her master’s company.

Her masters’ were finally sleeping in the same bed.

-

After Ayana had left Eggsy to go wash the dishes, Eggsy laid sleepless in his bed. He could still feel the waves of the sea splashing onto him, and even more vividly, the taste of Harry on his lips. His body ached from the long day of travel, and slumber was not to be had. He had tried to imagine himself falling asleep in Harry’s arms; it worked, *for but a moment*. But just when he began to doze off, he was jolted fully awake when he remembered Harry wasn’t actually with him – and felt *terribly* lonely for it.

With tentative steps across the villa, Eggsy found himself at Harry’s door. His heart thundered beneath his chest as he knocked quietly, and when Harry opened it, he only hesitated a moment before he pressed his lips to his surprised husband’s mouth. Harry wrapped his arms around Eggsy and kissed him back with need.

“I cannot sleep,” Eggsy confessed when their lips parted. “Can—can I stay here?” His cheeks flushed with shyness.

Harry caressed Eggsy’s cheek with dreamy eyes, and took his husband’s hands shakily, helping him into the bed and under the covers with a blush upon his cheeks. Carefully, he slipped in next to Eggsy, who splayed himself over Harry’s body and tucked his head in the crane of his neck, the scent of the older man rapturous to his senses.

They sleepily kissed for a little, Harry massaging Eggsy’s aching back with a soothing gentleness.

“Thank you, Harry,” Eggsy whispered happily into his husband’s neck as he fell into slumber, Harry’s arms wrapped lovingly around him.

Harry tenderly kissed Eggsy on the head and mouthed “you’re welcome”, shaking with pleasure at the smell of rose water in Eggsy’s hair. It took everything in him not to say “I love

you” in Eggsy’s ear, for he had never been more happy, more at peace, *more tormented* in love than in this moment, with Eggsy breathing heavily atop him, trusting Harry to keep him safe.

Eggsey slept deeply, with the most pleasant of dreams, for the first since his mother died.

-

After that night, Eggsy and Harry never slept apart. When they returned home and Harry was not stuck dealing with the idiocy that was the Senate, he was always with Eggsy.

Harry took it upon himself to give Eggsy his lifelong dream of being able to have his own library. One day, he brought home one of the oldest known codices to have Homer’s words recorded on - which sat on one of a many shelves in an ornate room Harry had converted into a small personal library for Eggsy. The younger husband melted into a puddle on the floor when Harry opened the door to the library—*his* library. Harry wrapped his arms tightly around his husband, Eggsy burying his face in Harry’s toga. He hadn’t remember the last time he cried for joy, and it would be far from the last time Harry would make him so.

Every day, Harry brought Eggsy a new codex specially picked for him, things that omegas usually could never get their hands on—the Athenian philosophies like Plato and Socrates; Herodotus’s histories; the Theban plays; and the Greek lyric poets. Once, Harry even commissioned the full nine books of Sappho’s poetry copied, with meticulous care, into a single, beautifully illustrated codex just for Eggsy.

Harry usually was at the Senate House just after the first hour, and back home by mid-afternoon to go out with Eggsy and teach him all the things he’d wanted to learn: they would spend hours at the stables and heated pools at the Field of Mars, where Harry would help Eggsy to learn how to swim and to horseback ride. Their sojourns were always followed by a private, intimate dinner at home in the garden, complete with twinning of toes and kisses on the cheek, before the couple retreated hand-in-hand to the atrium to read, with Harry usually the narrator.

“You have such a lovely voice,” Eggsy would praise blushing, “better than any poet claiming to have Minerva as their benefactress.”

Harry would smile radiantly and delicately draw up Eggsy’s lips to his for a tender kiss. “If it were not for you, my darling,” he whispered in Eggsy’s ear, “I would not appreciate and be enchanted by the beauty of literature.”

Harry would soothingly read to Eggsy until the young man dozed off in his arms, giving Harry’s hands little kisses until slumber took him. It was as if the atrium became their new bedroom, for they’d sleep there every night, and every morning, they would, with oppressive sadness, say their goodbyes with fervent kisses, for Harry had to leave for the Senate house.

The hours from when they awoke with sorrow at their inevitable parting, and joyously running into each other’s arms when Harry returned, were absolutely torturous—not because Harry was dealing with a factious, unruly senate. Not because Eggsy busied himself with his wonderful charity and studying his new codex—he loved both.

*But because they were apart from each other.*

-

One morning, after Harry left for the Senate with a longing kiss to Eggsy's lips, Eggsy performed his daily salutatio, with anyone seeking political favor *completely* unwelcome. Only those representing the poor and destitute dare step inside Eggsy's tablinum.

But one morning proved an exception.

A surly and stout, but well-mannered and finely dressed older man arrived just in time before Harry's slaves closed the back entry to the tablinum. Ayana was the one to greet the late arriver, and nearly turned him away, until she saw what he had in his hands. With a squeal, she briskly led the elder inside the fauces leading to the tablinum door and knocked fervently.

"You don't have to knock, Ayana," Eggsy called with a smile, "I know it's you."

"You have one last guest sir," Ayana replied hurriedly.

Eggsy lowered his brow and peered up at the water clock. Salutatio was technically over in less than one minute. Reluctantly, he allowed Ayana and the visitor in.

Ayana excitedly ran straight up to Eggsy, who extended his hand graciously to his guest.

"Master Eggsy," the man wobbled to his knee and bowed his head. "A great honor to meet a son of Venus and husband of the great Harry Hart."

Eggsy flushed red. "There is no need for that," he responded kindly, helping the old man to a comfortable lounge. "What is your name?" Eggsy asked graciously.

"R—Rufus, Master," stuttered the man.

"Master Rufus has brought you something," rejoiced Ayana.

Eggsy nodded in gratitude at the man, before Ayana handed the present to him. He frowned in confusion when it was just a single gold coin. It was magnificently beautiful—the gold coin always was, but it was the same the others made before, the only difference that, instead of the visages of the consuls of Rome, those of Harry, Lee, and Arthur were etched on them.

"Harry looks lovely," Eggsy sighed longingly, rubbing his thumb gently over his husband's image, "but it isn't surprising he's on it."

Ayana looked at the older man, then back at Eggsy with grin. "Eggsy, look on the back!"

Eggsy shook his head as he turned the coin over, only to jump back and gasp when he saw the back.

It was his own visage.

“Master Hart specially commissioned them,” the old man explained in his hoarse voice, “with Master Unwin’s approval.” The man smiled thinly at Eggsy’s agape mouth and amazed expression. “You’ve made history, Master Eggsy.”

Eggsey looked up with damp eyes at Ayana.

She squeezed his hand. “You’re the first omega, ever, Eggsy, to grace a Roman coin.”

He shook his head again, choking back a storm of tears. “But don’t coins take quite long to mint?”

The old man nodded. “Six months, Master Eggsy.”

Eggsey put his hand over his mouth, but he could not stifle the sob that escaped him.

Six months ago, Eggsy and Harry were married, but, in essence, living apart. But Harry still commissioned Eggsy the honor of being the first omega have their visage on the money.

This wasn’t a gift for Eggsy warming up to Harry these last few months; but a symbol of Harry’s love for Eggsy even when Eggsy kept his enchanted husband at arm’s length.

And that, that made Eggsy *smile*.

-

Five months since their return from Ostia, Eggsy was able to meet Roxanne for the first time. Even though they both lived on the Palatine, they minus well have lived across the Achaean sea from each other. Charlie kept her tightly bound to their domus, with only a select few visitors-none of whom, naturally, were Eggsy.

Last time she was allowed to visit, it was Charlie showing off Roxanne was pregnant with his child. Eggsy was seized with terror when he was interrupted from his weaving to be informed “Lady Roxanne has arrived.”

But he couldn’t help sighing with relief when he saw her healthy, and maybe, happy? With her lovely pregnant belly.

They took an early afternoon meal of grapes, figs, cheese, lentils, and baked bread in the atrium, and this time, Roxanne didn’t get nauseous, but enjoyed her food very much. “Just do it,” Roxy spoke with slit eyes, popping a grape in her mouth.

Eggsey shook himself. “Whatever do you mean?” he asked genuinely.

She giggled. “You’ve been gaping at my stomach since I got here.” She put down her small gold dish and waved over Eggsy to sit next to her on the lounge.

As he nervously did, Roxanne took both his shaky hands and tenderly placed them on her growing belly. Eggsy started when he felt a little foot hit him from inside Roxy’s womb. Sitting back a bit, he observed in awe tiny, moving hands and feet imprinting themselves on Roxy’s pregnant stomach.

He looked up and smiled softly at Roxanne, who smiled back through tears.

“It must be amazing to have new life grow inside you...” Eggsy marveled.

Roxanne nodded at Eggsy, who was completely enchanted by the movements of her unborn child. “A feeling of which you have the right to and *deserve* to know, Eggsy. Especially being such a loving, compassionate, young man that you—“

Roxanne cut herself off when Eggsy’s chin began to shake. She took his fingers softly between hers. “What’s wrong, Eggsy?” she whispered in his ear.

“I’d have to tell him the truth, Roxanne,” Eggsy cried, “of what happened, before I could even think of carrying his.... But he’ll despise me, and cast me out, and I couldn’t bear it, I couldn’t bear the look of *hatred* in his eyes he’ll surely look upon me with before turning me out.”

“Eggsy,” Roxanne breathed impatiently, putting her head on her best friend’s shoulder, “Uncle Harry isn’t like that. You’ve no clue how lucky you are...” She turned her face away, her hand protectively rubbing her tummy.

Eggsy placed his hand atop hers. “When should I tell him, Roxanne?” he asked with a kiss on her head.

She raised her large hazel eyes to him. “When he gets home, tonight, Eggsy, or you’ll never do it.” She cupped Eggsy’s chin in her graceful hand. “And if you never do it, you’ll never be truly happy with him, because it will eat away at you until you’re nothing.”

Eggsy pressed his lips to her rosy cheek. “You are everything, Roxanne, you are my world.”

She rubbed her head to Eggsy’s forehead, letting the tears fall freely. “Then do as I say.”

Eggsy nodded with ghost of a smile, slowly putting his up hands to touch Roxy’s pregnant belly again, and with a nod of approval from the mother, he did just that.

He lidded eyes and took in the preternatural feeling of Roxy’s baby moving. It could be him, too, he thought happily. Harry would cry joyous tears when he found out Eggsy was with child, spoiling him, and fretting over him throughout Eggsy’s nine months. He would hold and fervently kiss Eggsy’s hand through the pain of childbirth, and both would be brave in the dangers of bringing life into world. No matter the status of the child—whether it popped out with the brown eyes of an alpha or the orange eyes of a delta—Harry would love and cherish the wee babe, a symbol of the love between Eggsy and he. Maybe they’d have more babies, maybe not. But it wouldn’t matter. They would dote on their new child, and be overjoyed in their immense love for him.

But *then*, Eggsy thought sadly, what if it went *terribly*. What if...what if Eggsy died in childbirth, like his own mother, and left Harry and the baby all alone. Gods *forbid*, the baby died too, like Eggsy’s brother did. At least Lee had Eggsy; Harry would devastatingly have nothing left. He would be alone in a cruel world without the man he loved, and their child to pour all his love into.

But he still had to tell him.

-

Eggsy waited with a heavy heart for Harry to come home. It had only been a few hours since he reluctantly parted from Roxanne, but it felt like an eternity in Pluto's fields waiting for Harry to come home.

Eggsy had sat on a longue in the atrium and rehearsed everything in his head, but panic struck him when Harry arrived home an hour early. He placed his hand over his stomach and breathed out, but was unable to suppress the tears that brimmed his eyes when Harry entered.

"Eggsy!" the elder husband cried, flying to his husband's side. He took Eggsy's hands and kissed them. "What is it, dear?"

Eggsy could see sorrow in Harry's eyes at Eggsy's distress, and it made it all the more painful to speak.

*If you don't do it tonight, you never will.*

Eggsy pressed his forehead to his husband's, who wrapped his arms lovingly around his young husband. "It is about...Charlie, Harry."

Harry squeezed his eyes – he knew he'd find out what Charlie did to him sooner or later, he just knew he'd never be prepared to hear it. But he'd *always* be strong and supportive of his love. He kissed Eggsy, letting him know it was *more than okay* to continue. Surely, it caused Harry pain, but whatever his young husband was about to tell him, he was sure, was *immeasurably* torturous to Eggsy.

"I'm afraid you'll hate me!" Eggsy sobbed.

Harry sighed with sorrow, kissing Eggsy warmly on the neck. "***I love you*** with all my heart, my precious boy." He gasped a little when he realized what he had uttered, and pulled Eggsy delicately back to look him in his haunting, emerald green eyes. "I'm sorry, Eggsy. I got... carried away. Please, oh please forgive me, for I only speak my heart."

"Harry," Eggsy whimpered, "it's not that...it's not that I don't love you." He smiled sadly, wiping the tears from Harry's love-struck eyes. "It's that I need you to know what happened, and if you turn me out for it, I would die, either by a broken heart, or...or...or by my own hand."

"Tell me, Eggsy," he responded compassionately, "I will love you to the ends of the world. *We were made for each other.*"

Eggsy let out another sob, and rested his head on his husband's shoulder. "A few weeks before the announcement of our betrothal, I was paid a call by Charlie. For the usual reasons, probably; to suck up to the son of his father's co-triumvir. But it is custom, you know, to repay a call, and I did as soon as possible."

Harry brushed his fingers through Eggsy's hair, and nodded silently.

“Arthur was there. He served Charlie and me drinks and after a while of awkward conversation with them, I began to get woozy, and couldn’t get up. Next I remember...” Eggsy put his hand over his mouth and drew back from Harry, whose cheeks began to flush with anger – and **not** at Eggsy.

He cupped an inconsolable Eggsy’s chin, and said seriously, “what happened to you was a **crime**, Eggsy. Not at all or in any way or shape or form an affront to me, but a crime against *you*. The fault lies with Art—“ Harry couldn’t even say the bastard’s name, he was shaking so terribly with anger that all he could do was hold Eggsy close and vow silently vow vengeance for his husband.

Eggsy hugged him back tightly. “You have the right to divorce me.”

Harry pulled back gently again to look into Eggsy’s tearful eyes, “For what?!”

Eggsy’s lips trembled. “Harry, I was not pure on our wedding night as I vowed to the Gods, and to you.”

“Pure!” Harry cried. “Eggsy, *you were raped!*”

Eggsy flinched at the word, a word that never crossed his mind when thinking about what Charlie did to him.

“Their hopes were,” Eggsy stuttered, “is that I would persuade my father to give me to Charlie, Arthur and Charlie believing no husband of mine would believe I was...touched unwillingly, as you would have surely found out our wedded night.”

Harry kissed Eggsy fervently on the lips. “I would have believed you, Eggsy.” He took Eggsy’s hands and held them to his heart. “I hope you know that, darling boy.”

Eggsy’s eyes flicked up to Harry’s, and he didn’t even need a moment to know, Harry was genuine in what he said. He pressed his lips tenderly, to his husband’s, then buried his face in neck.

“Harry?” he whispered into his husband’s skin.

Harry kissed Eggsy’s neck again. “Yes, my dear?”

*“I love you too.”*



# I Was That Man, And You Were That Someone (PART 1)

## Chapter Notes

Life is beautiful  
But it's complicated  
We barely make it  
We don't need  
To understand  
There are miracles  
And I will hold you tightly  
When the hurting kicks in

- Life Is Beautiful from Vega Four

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

*“I love you,”* Eggsy smiled, nuzzling his head under Harry’s strong chin. The elder man kissed the younger’s head lovingly and held him snugly in place as they relaxed in their domus’s luxurious heated pool.

After the night Eggsy had spoken to Harry of the crime that was committed against him—as Harry so worded it; as Eggsy had never thought it—all of Eggsy’s things were moved from his bedchambers to Harry’s wing of the domus. Omega and alpha slept in the same bed every night henceforth; which was actually rather rebellious. Spouses of the upper-class usually slept in separate wings anyway, but now Harry and Eggsy shared one like a common couple. And they carried on as such, a common couple, *except* in what most would consider *the most important part* of any marriage.

But this wasn’t any marriage; and Harry wasn’t like any alpha. He declared to Eggsy that if all he could do was hold him and nothing else, he would be content.

And no truer words had ever been spoken by a man.

*“I love you too,”* Harry breathed into Eggsy’s lavender scented hair.

Eggsy was not yet comfortable being naked with Harry, so they both donned their loincloths in their intimate baths together. Harry’s pools were completed with blue mosaics depicting scenes from the *Odyssey*, mostly ships and sailors, and gleaming marble edging. Petals from freshly cut lavenders flowered the waterline. These nightly baths were the only time the two felt truly able to be alone, and forget the world.

*“My beautiful Eggsy,”* Harry continued in raptures, *“the most blessed of all of Venus’s descendants, the loveliest of all mortals born.”*

Eggsy laughed lightly, his eyes full of merriment as he playfully bit on Harry's chin. "Ah, do you fancy me your Ganymede then? He, too, was praised as such, and was a descendant of a goddess, no less. Am I your cup bearer, Harry? Are you my Zeus?" the younger husband continued to tease between affectionate kisses to his husband's neck.

Harry smirked, shaking his head lightly as he took Eggsy's graceful little hand and kissed it *fervently*. "Absolutely not! Zeus *stole* Gandymede and made him his servant. You are my **equal**, Eggsy, in everything." Harry raised his other hand. With a swelling heart and that infectious smile, Eggsy put his hand to the elder's. Their fingers laced and closed into a single fist.

They were the perfect fit.

"There is no kinder heart in existence," Harry beamed, running the fingers that were holding Eggsy's other hand across his husband's crimson cheeks, the young man's smile not abating, but growing with each affectionate word, each reassuring and loving touch. "I would know that even without our plans for tomorrow."

Eggsy nodded. Harry and Eggsy had been working on a large scale charity for the Suburra, the poorest part of Rome.

The Suburra was situated between the Viminal and Esquiline hills of Rome, far from the comfort and luxury of the posh Palatine. The district was the dwelling place for the most poor and horribly destitute of Rome, mostly omegas and betas, with the occasional cast out alpha, along with a great number of slaves working as forced prostitutes, under ownership of brutal, greedy masters. The dangerous streets were lined by dingy, cramped brothels and one-room, run down shops, with glaringly tall, stone apartments—*insulae*—stacked atop them. The Suburra was particularly infamous for its great fires, often leaving hundreds of residents homeless, severely injured, or dead. Eggsy's mother had taken him there as a small one, and he could not, would not ever forget the suffering. When he brought the idea up to Harry, to help the people of the Suburra, Harry jumped the idea, and kissed his husband with such genuine affection it brought tears to both men's eyes.

Tomorrow was the unleashing of this project husband and husband had worked so diligently on, *together*.

"But it would not be possible without you, dearest and kindest of husbands," Eggsy reminded him, burying his face in Harry's neck as he was so fond of doing. Only Harry could understand him protect him....

*save him.*

## Chapter End Notes

Great apologies this is now over 2 months late!!!! Life has been hellish both school wise, and especially, personally. I've been working on this chapter for a very longtime,

and decided to release it in two parts.

I hope to get the next out in the next couple of weeks, but I won't make any promises as I have broken them before.

HOWEVER, there is an exception to this: I promise this fic will be finished sometime this year, though it will be sad when it is over, as I love writing it and love that so many of you enjoy it!

all love to you

P.S. a lovely friend of mine made fanficlet of this fan fic that is immensely cute!  
<http://hartwin-danny.tumblr.com/post/133494874527/garden-is-the-place-for-love>

# I Was That Man, and You Were That Someone (Part 2)

## Chapter Notes

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

After their heavenly bath, Harry and Eggsy always spent their time reading in bed before spooning and kissing before sleep. Oh how Harry's kisses made Eggsy weak at the knees, and full of passionate love!

In bed, Harry always found himself with Eggsy's legs wrapped around him, as the young man rested his head on his pillow and moaned softly at every sensual touch, at each pressing of the lips by Harry to his mouth, to his cheeks, to his neck.

Harry ran his hands softly up and down Eggsy's bare arms, and suckled very gently on the skin of his husband's neck. Tears welled both men's eyes at the sheer contact; their hands and bodies were so in *sync*, as if they were made for each other...

Eggzy's breath hitched when Harry began slowly nibbling down to his collarbone. Bit by bit, the lovers would attempt new things, so long as Eggsy was completely okay with it.

The elder husband's lips kissed down to the middle of Eggsy's chest, making the younger husband shake with pleasure. Harry's point of destination was Eggsy's naval—and no further—but he didn't get far before Eggsy flinched violently and cried for him to stop.

Harry shot up with a gasp. "Eggzy, I'm sorry," he stuttered, his hand raising to brush his husband's cheek. "I'm so—"

"No, no, Harry, It is me who is sorry," Eggsy bawled, wrapping his arms around Harry. "I'm a terrible husband Harry! The most terrible, a bedwarmer, *nothing else!*"

"Shh, my darling boy," Harry whispered in Eggsy's ear, caressing his husbands' cheek, "You are nothing of the sort – Jupiter glows crimson with jealousy that the Fates would bring you to me, the most wonderful, intelligent, kind, loving, and beautiful of husbands."

Eggzy shook his head, and cried into Harry's shoulder with heart-breaking wails. The elder husband cradled the younger with soothing affection. He would let Eggsy cry, he needed to let it all out. Gods' know how long he has stored up such grief. Through each gentle touch he whispered affectionate reassurances in Eggsy's ear, letting him know how much he truly loved him.

Eggzy drew back a little when he finally calmed a bit, rubbing his eyes, which he kept averted from Harry's gaze.

"It's Charlie, Harry..." Eggsy admitted with shame in his voice. "He, um, he...he knotted me, Harry." Eggsy put his hand over his eyes, shaking violently, whilst Harry rubbed his thumb across Eggsy's cheek to let him know it was okay to continue—or to not, if he so wished.

The rising rage inside Harry was almost tangible; he vowed to himself in that moment, to have Charlie's life, to strike off his hands, and nail them to the Senate door—symbolic that he would never lay a filthy hand on another ever again.

With a sniffle, Eggsy continued tentatively, "He did it in hopes that I would carry his child; as, you know, there's an almost guarantee of a pregnancy if an omega is...knotted." He squeezed his eyes again at the very word. "It was a ploy for me to marry him; for if I didn't, I would be some slut with a bastard, my only other option death by my own hand, or marrying Charlie, before the baby began to show." Eggsy finally raised his eyes to Harry's. "That's not all that happened though... After he spilled his seed, Charlie...Charlie he, um, he kissed down my chest and...forced pleasure upon me." This time Eggsy put his face in both his hands, and broke down in terrible sobs, disgusted with himself, hating himself, wanting to die.

Harry's chin shook; he couldn't bear the sight of his husband so broken. He pulled Eggsy in close, his grip tight enough to let Eggsy know he would never let go. Eggsy's heart beat against Harry's, their beats in sync, and the contact slowed down their racing hearts. Eggsy choked back tears and pulled back gently to look into Harry's eyes once more.

"But by what had to be the intervention of Venus," he recommenced shakily, "a child did not come, and for now, I was *free*. Then you and I married...and...and I didn't want you to hate me, so I couldn't tell you, Harry, you know. I took false vows of purity..."

Harry shook his head, "Purity! You are the most pure of heart! Please, please, believe it, you were a victim, of a most horrific crime; Charlie could never take your purity."

Eggsy's head lowered. "I don't know...I don't know if I can ever enjoy being touched the way an omega would want to be touched by his alpha or beta, and I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry."

Harry took Eggsy's hands in his and kissed each of his young husband's fingers. "That, Eggsy, does not matter to me. I hope you know this by now, and if not, you will do so in the future, because just knowing you love me, is all that I need. And I love every part of you, with all the joy and all the pain."

Eggsy nodded, a glint of hope in his eyes, a swelling of love in his heart. "I love you... I wish I could say it a thousand times to make up for the one time I didn't..." He touched Harry's face and tenderly pressed his lips to his husband's.

"You needn't have to worry about that, Eggsy," Harry whispered, "the words of your love may not have been on your lips, but they were in your eyes." He gently laid Eggsy back onto the bed, Harry's arms snugly holding him. "I love you, too. By Venus, we are one."

Eggsy, in his absolute joy, finally smiled--it was hardly perceptible, but glowing for the husband who loved him so dearly, and whom he loved so equally in return. Eggsy pulled Harry into a warm embrace, the two cradling each other, Eggsy snuggling his face in the crane of Harry's neck. A smiling Harry pulled the blankets over them both, kissing the top of Eggsy's head lovingly, then his lips, before nestling his face in his husband's golden hair, reveling in the scent of lavender.

"I love you, Harry," Eggsy muttered sleepily, kissing the side of Harry's head.

Harry returned the kiss with fervor to his husband's hairline. "And I love you, Eggsy. **No matter what.**"

## Chapter End Notes

Hope you all really enjoyed this! Even though it was quite sad.

I do have the next chapter largely written, so HOPEFULLY it will be out in at most two weeks time, but again, can't make promises. It will be out relatively soon, though, for sure.

all love!!!

# This Was Living

## Chapter Notes

"Even in the most wretched life, there's hope."  
-Michelle Moran

*"This was living,"* Eggsy thought dreamily, happiness bubbling in his slim chest. He lidded his eyes and reveled in the familiar scents and sounds of Rome—the mist from the river Tiber, the laughter and arguments and cooking food from the market place, the incense and chanting from the temples. The breeze that seeped through the curtains of the ebony litter he sat in with Harry made him feel alive, but the twinning of his toes with Harry's set his heart aflame. None of the other things made him so happy as having Harry touch him.

It was only when they were closing on the Suburra, the laughter ceased, and dread filled the air, and the stench of uncleanness filled the nostrils.

"It was beautiful of your mother to take you here when you were young," Harry said smilingly. "You have her kind heart, and her beauty, and very haunting eyes."

Eggsy beamed. He knew Harry had grown up with Michelle, along with Lee and Arthur (just as Eggsy grew up with Charlie). Michelle always spoke highly of Harry. "She always wanted the appreciation of all human lives. Most of...our class care very seldom for the unfortunate."

Harry nodded sadly, squeezing Eggsy's sweet hand. He had always been charitable, but was never among the poor of Rome. He opened the curtain of the litter and looked to see the rundown insulae of the Suburra. "We're here," he said, pinching his nose from the smell.

"Here," Eggsy offered, handing smelling salts to his husband. "It shall help with stench."

Harry smiled in great gratitude, giving a kiss to his husband's hand, before stepping out first. Harry took Eggsy's soft hand and helped him carefully out of the litter. Harry tried not to wince at the smell.

The litters that trailed theirs were stocked full of food, clothing, and blankets, and when the people saw Eggsy, they cried for their divine son of Rome and asked for his blessing.

**"Back!"** barked the guards, pushing the poor people back.

"These people mean no harm!" Eggsy proclaimed as mightily as a God (he was a descent of one, after all. "Let them by."

And so they did, Eggsy and Harry greeting them with great smiles and joy.

Throughout the long day, Harry, Eggsy, and several of their deltas handed out the goods to the poor, Eggsy shyly giving blessings to the people by lightly tapping them on the head with laurel wreaths.

“Bless the children too, divine son,” one woman cried, just as twilight was beginning to descend.

Eggsy looked confused. He blessed many children this day.

The woman saw his confusion, and raised her finger to a shady passageway. Eggsy made a move to go, but was stopped by Harry, but Eggsy gently rebuffed him, instead taking his hand and leading him to the location. Harry nodded at the guards to follow, though there was no actual danger—but what Eggsy would see, he couldn’t bear it.

Down the passageway between two insalae, were dozens of babies lying in baskets, crying and hungry and wet.

Eggsy gasped. “What is this, Harry?” One cute baby raised its hand up to Eggsy.

Harry lowered his head.

Eggsy took the finger of the baby between his fingers. The baby smiled and laughed when Eggsy kissed his little wee hand.

*“What is this Harry?”* Eggsy repeated, more demanding than before, as he picked the baby up and cradled it in his arms.

Harry lidded his eyes, shame filling his soul. “The Columna Lacteria...it is where the unwanted omegas are brought.”

Eggsy furrowed his brows, and turned to look at his husband. “I didn’t know... I didn’t know it was legal to dump omega children...” He peered down at the perfectly healthy baby in his arms. “Who put this very wicked law in place?!”

Harry bit his lip. “Your father and I, Eggsy. Before, babies were brought to a dump. But this gives them a chance to be adopted...”

Eggsy’s lip trembled. He carefully placed the baby back in its basket, tucking him in very snugly. “If they’re not?”

Harry’s eyes hollowed. “They die, Eggsy. They aren’t wanted. Arthur wanted to keep the regular law, but...”

Eggsy cut off Harry by standing up, a searing pain in his chest he had never felt before, rivalling that of the pain Charlie inflicted on him. Babies left to die. **Murder!** Thought Eggsy.



“This is a travesty,” Eggsy snapped, not looking Harry in the eyes. He scanned over the poor babies, nodding to each one, recognizing their personhood, even though no else did. He said a silent prayer to Venus, before brushing past Harry. “Let us go home,” he grumbled, slipping past Harry.

“Eggsy, I’m sorry,” Harry called after him.

The young husband stopped, but did not say a word. He just held his hand out for Harry to hold, though he still wouldn’t let him see his swollen red eyes. Harry took Eggsy’s hand and the two walked drearily and silently back to their litter, in which Eggsy buried his face in Harry’s toga the whole way home.

-

“I’m not mad you,” Eggsy reassured Harry with a sad smile, as he and Harry laid in bed. It wasn’t yet time for evening meal, but Eggsy was immensely exhausted, and Harry massaged his husband’s aching body.

Harry kissed Eggsy’s face. “I hope not, Eggsy. I’d understand if...”

Eggsy put two fingers to Harry’s lips. “Shh. You, my father, you did the best you could do, in the face of such...” Eggsy coughed, squeezing the tears from his eyes. “A monster.”

Harry nodded, then shook his head slightly. “Eggsy, I need to finish some work, I will be back as soon as possible.” He took his younger husband’s hands and kissed them. “I love you.”

Eggsy pressed his lips to Harry’s temple. “I love you too, Harry, but please don’t go, not yet. Hold me so I can fall asleep, otherwise, I won’t be able to even shut my eyes.”

Harry chuckled a bit, and did just that. He held Eggsy close to his chest, stealing a full kiss on the lips from the younger man before cradling him in his arms. Eggsy snuggled him gratefully, the warmth of Harry more effective than any blanket or fire. If it were icy and there was no shelter, Eggsy could find warmth in Harry, he could sleep peacefully. But if it were warm, comfortable, and safe, and Harry were not there, all that wouldn’t matter—he’d be wide awake and afraid.

Eggsy stirred awake to an empty bed. He sat up wearily, rubbing his bleary eyes with his fists. No light emanated under the door from the hallway braziers. They had already been put out. It must have been very late, yet Harry was not next to him. He frowned as he got out of bed and made his way down the hall way.

Eggsy got to Harry tablinum. Soft murmurs could be heard inside, and a light shone from under the door.

Eggsy breathed for a moment, not sure that he should intrude, but Harry did say everything he has is also Eggsy's. Eggsy knocked once as he opened the door to Harry pouring over papyrus paper, his hand writing furiously. Merlin stood to his right, looking over his master's work.

"There," Harry said, "Bring—" He stopped himself and smiled when he saw Eggsy. He handed the papyrus to Merlin and stood up to wrap his arms around Eggsy.

"Apologies," he whispered in EGggsy's ear. "We ran late but..."

"Should I summon Vitruvius tomorrow, Master Harry?" Merlin asked seriously, standing as if to attention.

"Yes, thank you very much, Merlin," Harry responded, gently waving Merlin to the door. The moment Merlin's body was fully out of the door, Eggsy stood on his toes to bring his lover into a lip lock, a fiery need in Eggsy to claim what was already his.

Harry laughed after a minute or two of snogging Eggsy.

"I know it's late," he whispered, tenderly stroking Eggsy's cheek. "But I have something to show you. Close your lovely eyes." He walked over to his desk, gently guiding Eggsy with his hand. "I was going to wait until the morrow to show you, but since you are awake..."

The elation in Harry's voice made Eggsy smile and his heart pound with excitement. Eggsy was never one to enjoy surprised, but he always trusted Harry.

"Open," Harry said smilingly.

Eggsy did, his hand flying over his mouth at what beauty he saw. "Harry, what is this?"

The elder husband caressed Eggsy's back. "This, love, is architectural plans for an orphanage for the abandoned omegas, to replace the Lacteria. It shall be located at the base of the Palatine."

Eggsy's eyes widened, his eyes sparkling with tears as he admired the intricate outline of the orphanage, which included a nursery, several dormitories, a large triclinium, and a bathing room—all within a structure that had the shape of a glorious, massive domus." He peered up at Harry with a simper. "Did you do this?"

Harry shook his head. "The plans, no, Vitruvius was here earlier and drew out what I envisioned what you would have wanted. Merlin will be delivering the rewritten law on abandoned omegas I penned to the Senate to vote on."

Eggsy took Harry's hand, squeezing it. "Will they allow the law to change?"

Harry nodded assuredly. "Without a doubt. The factions of both me and Lee together make up over two-thirds of the Senate, so..."

Harry was silenced—Eggsy pressed his lips to Harry's, throwing his arms around Harry's neck. Harry. Naturally, Harry kissed back fervently, with absolute need and passion. He felt

the slipping of Eggst's tongue into his mouth, and sighed dreamily. He sucked on Eggsy's tongue and the younger husband moaned in a way Harry had not heard before.

Eggsy palmed his own erection over the cloth covering it, and badly wanted Harry to put his hand there. Eggsy pushed Harry back slightly so they fell back on the tablinum's day bed. The younger husband held his breath as he slowly took Harry's hand, and with a look of gleam into Harry's eyes, moved Harry's hand underneath his loin cloth, Eggsy letting out a cry of pleasure when Harry's fingers were pressed to his already leaking cock.

Harry's breath hitched, his own mouth agape at finally feeling his husband's cock.

"Harry," Eggsy breathed, "please untie me." He blushed at his own request as he indicated his loin cloth.

Harry moved his free hand, very delicately putting his hand on the ties. "Are you sure?"

Eggsy caressed Harry's arm. "Harry, please..." he moaned .

The elder husband nodded happily, reluctantly moving his hand from Eggsy's bulge, to untie his loin cloth, a sharp breath escaping Eggsy when he was bare. Eggsy leaned down and kissed Harry with subtle movements of his hips, letting Harry know he wanted to be under him. In sync, they rolled over, hanging positions seamlessly. Harry's still clothed cock pressed against Eggsy's exposed one.

Eggsy tugged lightly at the skirts of Harry's toga. "I want you between my legs, Harry," he whispered sensually.

Harry kissed Eggsy's inner wrist, before carefully slipping off his loin cloth. He leaned down with eyes filled with joy. He kissed away the tears that ran down Eggsy's crimson cheeks as their cocks pressed tenderly together.

The young husband stilled and wrapped his arms around Harry's hulking shoulders, his head falling back in a very lustful moan. His toes curled and legs shook when Harry began rolling his hips, adding a torturous friction to their cocks.

"Oh, Harry," Eggsy cried, his nipples aching as he ran his slim fingers through Harry's hair.

"My dear boy," Harry moaned, before taking one of Eggsy's nipples between his lips, with another buck of his hips.

Eggsy sobbed with pleasure. He kissed the top of Harry's head as the elder husband suckled. "I love you too, Venus has blessed us!" It was as if the Mother Goddess had made it so Harry and Eggsy's souls mirrored one another; they were only half themselves without the other. Her gift of their love was all according to plan....

"Oh..." Eggsy sighed happily, scrambling for purchase, shaking as his and Harry's cocks glided together. He thrust his head from side to side with each suckling of his nipples, Harry moving from one to the other.

Harry shifted his body upward and pulled Eggsy up against his heaving chest. He let his hand go between them and held their cocks together, stroking them as if they were one. Eggsy let out a strangled sound at the motions of Harry's expert fingers.

Eggsy's knees spread wider as he felt himself close to his conclusion.

Harry whispered sweetly in Eggsy's ear. "It is okay to let go, Eggsy, if you want to. You don't have to." He ran his hand up and down their joined shafts one more time before Eggsy, weeping into Harry's shoulder, released his pleasure, which covered Harry's chest. Harry kissed Eggsy's neck through the shock of the orgasm, his own orgasm claiming him just after Eggsy came all over him.

They laid back gently on the bed, and Eggsy breathed contently, tears streaming his flushing face—but not tears of sadness.

Harry smooched each of the tears away, though it was rather in vain as his own tears dotted Eggsy's cheeks.

"I am so in love with you, Eggsy," Harry choked.

Eggsy brushed the tears out of Harry's lovely eyes. "And I am in love with you, too. Venus bless us! I love you more than the Gods themselves."

Harry beamed, and pressed his lips to Eggsy's—a sweet, delicate, tender kiss that left both men swooning...

Until a knock at the door startled them both.

"Don't enter!" Harry thundered. "Who is it?"

A frightened voice spoke from behind the door. "It is Merlin, master."

Harry sat up angrily. "And what is so urgent to disturb me so late, after I sent you away?"

"Apologies, master," Merlin trembled, "but the word has just arrived...that the Lady Roxanne has gone into labor."

# Let The Monsters See You Smile

## Chapter Notes

"When you run into my arms  
We steal a perfect moment  
Let the monsters see you smile  
Let them see you smiling"  
- Vega4

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

Eggsy would have ran absent clothes, with just a blanket over his shoulders, all the way to Roxanne's domus. He sprung so fast from the bed that Harry blinked and he was at the door. If the situation weren't so serious, Harry would probably giggle at Eggsy, who he stopped at the door, pulling the young man's stola off the floor and wrapping it around Eggsy, having him breathe in and out. *One, two, three*, he said softly, helping Eggsy catch himself.

Merlin asked if the litter need be ready, but Eggsy waved it off. Harry had barely got back into his toga when Eggsy grabbed his arm and they ran, hand-in-hand straight to Roxanne's domus. The litter would be too slow, though it would have been a better option for the guards, who had very terrible time trying to keep up with the two (in truth, even the conqueeo Harry had a hard time keeping up with his very determined love).

Eggsy practically busted through the front entrance of the domus, the door accidentally hitting Arthur's trusted slave, Dean, in the nose. If it were anyone else, Eggsy would have apologized. But he had great reason not to apologize, besides being in a rush...

When Eggsy recognized one of Roxanne's body slaves in the atrium, she quickly directed Eggsy up to the birthing room. Harry squeezed Eggsy's hand before letting him go. Eggsy looked back quickly, with a loving glance at Harry, who slowly turned his head to see a snarling Arthur and a bored Charlie sitting on opposite curule seats. Arthur waved him over to sit, raising a glass.

"Here's to alpha!" Arthur spat, "hopefully one for you too, in time." His eyes danced with challenge and triumph, and the fire in Harry threatened to engulf everyone around him--this monster, and his wretched son, ripped from deeper pits of the underworld, set loose to wreak evil, and one of his victims being Eggsy...

Harry put his war-torn hands behind his back and stood stiff. "Thank you," he said through his teeth, "but I shall remain here."

---

Eggsy sat behind Roxanne in the birthing room, his legs on either side of her as he helped her to breathe and to push. The remarkably dim room cast an eerie feeling over Eggsy, and it wasn't just Roxy's terrible pain. There was something *haunting* and **frightening** in it. It figured Roxanne would be forced to give birth in such a creepy and uncomfortable room.

He massaged her shoulders through the violent pain, the screams so blood curdling that even the midwife looked gravely concerned.

"He's coming, milady, just a bit further," the midwife encouraged, the baby's head of golden blonde hair—the hair of his mother's—finding its way into the world.

*Life's a struggle before we even leave our omega parent's wombs*, Eggsy thought sadly.

"Thank you for being here, Eggsy," Roxanne managed to whisper through her groans. "I'd be all alone otherwise."

Eggsy answered her with a kiss to the back of Roxy's head. She clasped her hands on Eggsy's, clutching hard, and one prolonged, wailing cry later, Roxanne's face as red and hot as fire, the midwife announced that the child had wrung free!

The baby cried pitifully in the arms of the nurse, who cleaned it with rose water and wrapped it in a fine silk cloth. But the midwife's face went completely ashen at when she met the baby's eyes.

"What's wrong?" Roxanne demanded breathlessly.

Eggsy gave Roxanne another gentle kiss, then flung his leg to the other side of the bed and got up to meet the terrified midwife. When she put the baby in his arms, he shrank back - for when the baby blinked at him, Eggsy knew *exactly* what was wrong.

He smiled sadly and quickly handed the baby to his new mother, who felt no more pain in the absolute overjoy of holding her long awaited for baby, that she loved and cared for since she knew she had conceived him. The little one's cries dimmed with the soft touch of his mother. He fluttered his eyes contentedly, but the color of his pupils remained unnoticed by the mother, whose own eyes were full of happy tears and fixated on the new life.

Eggsy felt stiff; he looked at the midwife, then back at the baby. The woman was too scared to approach Roxanne, so Eggsy nodded--more at himself, than the midwife-- and sat down slowly beside Roxanne.

"Roxanne," Eggsy breathed shakily, placing his palm on on her elegant hand that held the baby's head.

It was as if the touch unlocked Roxanne's sense and rationality, for when she blinked all she could see was the green eyes of an omega looking back at her.

"**Oh, Gods!**" she cried in utter heart break. "He wanted an alpha—"

She gave her baby a kiss and began to shake with tears, this time not of joy. But of *profound, deathly fear*.

“No, no, no fretting, Roxanne,” Eggsy protested, a faint smile curving his mouth. “You have a baby! A living baby! Many omegas cannot say such; many die with their baby. You and your baby are both alive! It is a good sign, you’re healthy and you have a healthy baby, so you can bear a healthy alpha too! Lucina and all the goddesses of birth bless you!”

Roxy nodded silently, wrapping the baby tighter in her arms.

Eggsy’s smile grew a bit. “What shall you name him?” He looked into those innocent, beautiful green eyes and couldn’t help but feel a strange happiness—and *unexpected want*--stir inside him.

Roxanne thought only a moment, before her smile reappeared. Eggsy clutched a wiggly little finger between his thumb and index finger, and the baby made adorable blubber.

She hadn’t time to answer though, when suddenly the entry door to the birthing room violently slammed open

The baby began to cry again, and Roxanne held him close, trying to move backwards in fear, even though there was nowhere else for her to go. Eggsy swung his head around, only to be face to face with an puffing, enraged Charlie.

Charlie’s deathly gaze moved from Eggsy to the baby, then snapped to the midwife. “Take the omega brat and throw it in the dump!” he ordered resolutely.

Eggsy broadened his shoulders and sat up straight. “Why the dump, Charlie?” Eggsy said quietly, trying to appeal to any human side Charlie may have had. “Why not the Columna Lacteria?” he suggested, knowing full well that it would be shortly turned into a happy, safe foster home. “We can just bring—“

But the sentence went unfinished with a firm, open-palmed thrash across the face, which flung Eggsy across the bed and over Roxy’s shaky legs. Eggsy’s hazy vision raised to the ceiling, and he instantly recognized why he was feeling so eerie in the room: the story of the defeat, and Venus’s eventual rescue of, Eggsy’s ancestor Aeneas in book five of the Iliad, known to any Roman even if they had not read the old Greek script, was told in a series of murals above.... Those images of his ancestor and ancestress were focal points of Eggsy concentration, or rather distraction from the suffering and pain, when Charlie was rapping him. It was the same room where it happened.

Eggsy touched his face, his cheeks burning hot with tears. Suddenly he felt Roxanne jolt beneath him, his gaze raising speedily to hers. Behind them, an urn crashed to the ground, and Eggsy rapidly turned his head to see Harry lunging at Charlie.

He hadn’t even heard Harry come in.

Charlie, backed into a corner, threw a plant weakly at Harry, who blocked it easily. He evaded Harry’s capture for but only a brief moment: when Charlie attempted to round a table, Harry pulled him over it and slid through all the items on it, causing a lantern to crash aside the broken urn and start a small fire on the floor.

In just a flash, Charlie was on struggling the floor, and Harry savagely punching him in the face *over and over and over*, the wretched new father's face strained crimson with his own blood. Harry's hands found themselves around Charlie's neck, and began choking him fervently. Eggsy heard steps outside the door and saw the outer shadow of Arthur coming forth, and a clamoring of swords and helmets. Eggsy jump from the bed and took Harry's head between his hand "Harry look at me! Stop it!"

Arthur, followed by a mix of his guards and Harry's guards, appeared in the doorway. "*What is going on here?*" thundered Arthur, but Eggsy didn't turn back.

"Harry, Harry!" Eggsy cried, his husband's determined, dark eyes still focus on Charlie's neck, "please, please, please look at me." Harry's eyes raised to Eggsy's finally, his grasp on Charlie' a a bit lighter. "You cannot kill him," Eggsy whispered, "*Rome needs you. Roxy and her baby need you. I need you.*"

Harry sucked his breath in through his teeth, sweat running down his face like a waterfall, splattered with the blood of the whimpering Charlie. With a great reluctance, he sharply let go of Charlie's neck and stood up with help from Eggsy.

Harry breathed out forcefully, as if he couldn't breath naturally anymore. "Eggsy," he finally said, "Please help Roxanne from the bed," he asked kindly, with a glance at his frightened niece and her crying baby. "Go to the domus, have litters brought with the physician," Harry ordered to firmly to one of his guards, who promptly dismissed himself to fillful his master's wishes.

Eggsy helped Roxy out the bed, blood circling down her legs to the floor as he feet touched the marble. Harry swooped in and protectively took her baby in his arms, stepping aside to allow the grieving new mother and Eggsy exit first. A warmth stole over Eggsy--not just seeing Harry defend him or Roxanne, or saving her baby, but that the monsters--Charlie and Arthur--lay defeated, Charlie choking on his own blood on the floor with his father on his knees looking disgusted at his weakling of a son.

Arthur's fiery gaze raised to Eggsy, who just smiled right on though.

## Chapter End Notes

So!! School is over, now shall commit thyself to at least one chapter per 2 weeks again! Really hope you enjoyed this chapter, and thank you for chugging along ovo



# Wear a Necklace of Rope Side by Side With Me

## Chapter Notes

"There are many things given to us in this life for the wrong reasons; what we do with such blessings that is the truest test of man." - Sparatacus: The Gods of the Arena

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

The Palatine was slippery with rain as Harry, carrying Roxanne, and Eggsy, who held the baby, escaped outside the evil of Arthur's domus. The winds were picking up and a storm threatening to hail, as thunder began to shake them beneath their feet.

*"Punishments from the Gods,"* thought Eggsy frightfully, grasping his best friend's tight.

Harry—the physically stronger between he and Eggsy—suggested switching the mother and child. It was a ways back to their domus, and who knows when the litters would be able to meet them.

Two burly guards helped the husbands' exchange, and when Roxanne's little baby was in Eggsy's arms, he was *immediately enchanted*. The wee one slowly stopped crying with Eggsy's gentleness, and let his little head rest against the elder's chest, eyes closed in almost solitude. Eggsy felt insurmountable bliss stir in side him.

The group walked slowly, not wanting to injure Roxanne or her baby by moving too fast, though Eggsy enjoyed every moment with the little one. With that dimpled smile, Eggsy peered down at the newborn, glowing when he realized, since the baby was his husband's grand nephew, then the baby, too, was Eggsy's grand nephew by marriage! "Oh my sweet nephew, my kin, my family," Eggsy lovingly cooed to the baby. "Now I shall always love you, protect you. I bless you. You have Venus on your side."

A rattle of litters could be heard coming, and Eggsy looked up sharply to see a retinue of deltas carrying litters, accompanied by guards and a physician. Harry carefully laid his wriggling niece in one litter, and waved over the physician to get in with them.

Eggsy glimpsed over at his husband before he and the baby were lifted into the second litter. The baby in Eggsy's arms warmed Harry's cheeks; he looked so natural with a baby.

*"How loving, how caring, how compassionate a parent he would be! Just look at the way he is with the baby. So beautiful, both of them. Such love!"* Harry mused to himself, before Eggsy and the baby disappeared behind the purple velvet hangings of the litter.

When they arrived at the domus, Harry and the physician helped a weeping Roxanne into Eggsy's warm bed. Blood still trickled from her privates, all down her excessively swollen legs. The physician, lifting her skirts, nodded at Harry to look away as he began his examination. Harry duly complied, stepping back with a stilled heart as he watched Eggsy and Ayana swaddle the newborn in wool. Eggsy sat next to Roxanne with the baby so she could see him all alive and well. For the first time since holding him, she smiled, and somehow the pain of the invasive examine subsided.

It was *a much necessary* operation. Almost half of all omegas died or were left unable to have any more children after birth; and half of all babies died. Eggsy cradled the baby gently in his arms, holding onto him securely but not too tight, the fragile, beautiful, sweet creature.

Eggzy and Harry caught one another's eyes again, perhaps this time with a bit of melancholy in their eyes in spite of their smiles. This could be Eggsy as a father, with the baby Harry always wanted d to have with him, but in pain and torture and heartache, and if the baby died...

The young husband flinched, and looked away. The elder husband closed his eyes. Harry could almost see a vision of it reflected in Eggsy's eyes, and Eggsy swore he could have felt the pain for a fleeting moment.

Eggzy suffered under the torture of Charlie, which kept him from laying properly with Harry....perhaps, on the brink of finally wanting too, he realized now he could share the fate of many of his omegas—and his baby that of many of the othes. And Harry did too.

"I'll stay with Roxanne," Eggsy offered openly, giving his best friend a sweet, small kiss. "You do not have to stay now." He nodded slowly, knowing Harry had plans to make—and fast, before Arthur could get his hands on the baby.

Harry obliged, striding to the side of to bed to give his niece a kiss on the forehead. He planted a particularly soft kiss on Eggsy's soft lips before taking his leave – with a certain sadness felt in the touch.

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Eggzy saw Roxanne and her baby through their respective examinations, tentative and very loving with both. He hadn't the heart to leave her when the physician was finished, which allowed Roxanne and the baby to sleep for now. As much as he wanted to hear the plans for the baby and Roxy, Eggsy crawled into with his best friend, and thought nothing of it, *he needed to be with her*. But as he settled himself in the bed, smiling at the baby in its little cradle, Roxy prompted Eggsy.

"You must go," she whispered very weakly. "You must know what is going to happen." Eggsy was startled, and began to protest, but Roxanne put her elegant hand on his wrist. "You are blessed with the blood of our founder and our mother goddess, you have gifts, and you have influence in your life. Unlike me. *You must go.*"

The young man breathed in, and nodded slowly. It pained him to leave her, but Ayana offered to stay with Roxanne in his stead, and—in spite of his own curiosity of the plans—*went*

*quite unwillingly* to Harry's tablinum.

At the door, there weren't any voices to be heard.

Eggsy entered quietly, witnessing his husband breathlessly pacing across the floor, with Merlin seated in contemplative silence, watching his master with an unwavering eye. Ryan and Jamal sat on either side of Merlin, clearly having been put to task as evidenced by the rain on their shoulders.

Eggsy stepped toward Harry, and took his hand softly, giving the elder man a start, so very deep in his thoughts he was. But he mustered a smile for Eggsy, taking his husband's fingers with one hand and gracing his face softly with the other.

He relented into the sweet touch. "What's the plan?" Eggsy whispered.

Harry lowered his head, and Eggsy frowned deeply. "The shipments from Egypt to Rome are naturally--as governor-general of the West--under my command," Harry spoke, almost formally, perhaps even with deliberate detachment. "A man from the wars who served loyally by my side is now the captain of one of the grain shipments. He is to take the baby and give it to an obscure family somewhere in their journey through Greece, safe from the grips of Arthur." His gaze lifted. "The captain will be here by the first hour."

Eggsy's eyes widened, and he stepped back with involuntary force. "The first hour!" he cried. "Roxanne has only had a few moments with her baby..." He hugged himself, feeling suddenly cold and afraid. "How can Rome be so cruel? *Oh, oh*, I am tired of watching of it, of being oppressed by it, watching it tear apart families and love by forcing omega parents to give up their children at the whim of their alpha, and enslaving innocent deltas because of who they are."

Harry's chin trembled at Eggsy's words; he stepped forth, and wrapped his arms around his shaking husband.

"*It is her baby* she bore, a blessing from Venus, the mother goddess of Rome's founder, the man who I claim as ancestor!" Eggsy continued, the rage in voice growing. "Venus could not want this. This is not the true Roman way at all." He spoke the words as if they were sung from the goddess's own mouth. "This is an act against the Gods, against the love sanctioned by Venus, against the laws of the cosmos, and directly pandering to the fiery shores of the underworld, spitting in the glory and the goodness of Elysium." He looked up at Harry with fiery eyes, and suddenly all of his fear had evaporated.

Harry caught his breath, in terror of what Eggsy would say next. Merlin, Jamal, and Ryan, too, checked their breaths, as if awaiting on a glorious finale.

"You, and all of you alphas," Eggsy began firmly, "go against the natural order of the true Rome and all her gods, and you must do something to change it. Not a small dent, but *revolution*. If *you* shall not do it, then somehow I shall find a way; if it be my death, then *so let it be*."

A glorious finale, indeed: **one of treachery**.

## Chapter End Notes

Great apologies for this lateness. It was unexpected, and some of you know the reason; quite difficult to write publicly as it is very very painful, but thank you for your patience. I have set up a system now with this, with my other writings, that will see a chapter a 1-2 week(s) out from henceforth, it should be finished sometime by October (sads!) but strap in x

# Go the Distance (P1)

## Chapter Summary

Yes, so I decided to break this in two cuz for real I start a chapter and end up writing way more than I planned and two parts of a four part chapter become the length of a full chapter. Part 2 shall be done b y tues ^^ . It will have what everyone has been waiting for for too long; so..

## Chapter Notes

I will beat the odds  
I can go the distance  
I will face the world  
Fearless, proud and strong  
I will please the gods  
I can go the distance  
Till I find my hero's welcome  
Right where I belong

Roxanne clutched her wriggling baby so tight; it was as if she had to, because if she would let go, he would vanish.

Perhaps, he was about to.

The atrium was lit by nothing but the moonlight t above, and its shadows cast over the mournful faces of those present. A single man came with several slaves while the rest of the Palatine still slept. Eggsy had his arms draped around Roxanne's shoulder. Her gaze did not avert from her baby's for even moment. Only he r baby existed in that room, no one else. To part from her baby was to rip her heart from her chest, and here was the moment.

"How shall you carry him?" Roxy asked in a low voice, so as not to wake her sleeping baby.

The grain captain's features, though in the darkness, were cast in sadness. "Very, very well, milady. I have four young ones of my own back home."

Eggsy turned his head to look at Harry, who had tears in his eyes. He had to look away immediately; the knot in his throat swelled and wanted to make good on the threat of tears Eggsy had been holding back.

Roxanne shook her head. “*I cannot do it!*” she cried under her breath.

Eggsy gave Roxanne a kiss on her head. “Baby will be safe, and one day you’ll see him again.” He prayed in that moment it were true. That Charlie and Arthur would die and every one would be safe.

“Gaius,” Roxanne corrected.

“What?”

“His name is Gaius,” Roxanne explained, “after my father, who was a greatly misunderstood man, and the brother of the greatest uncle one could be blessed with by Gods.”

Harry stepped forward and hugged Roxanne from behind. “And you are the child I always wanted!”

Eggsy’s soft lips parted, and his hand went involuntarily over his stomach. Instead of feeling anger at Harry, he felt very sorrowful. Maybe one day, he would give that to Harry. But when, he didn’t know.

Roxanne finally looked up, with a trembling chin and eyes welled with tears. “You’ll take care of him, right? You’ll send word he’s okay?”

The man nodded slowly. “Of course, milady.”

The new mother gave her son a sweet kiss on his head, and she counted to three in her head. She tightened the swaddling around her baby, hugged him close to her heart, before holding him out to the captain. When the man carefully took little Gaius from Roxanne’s hands, Roxanne almost fell to the ground in grief, only caught at last minute by Harry.

The man covered the baby under his cloak, and with an inclining of his head at Roxanne, he turned and walked out of the atrium, leaving a mother devastated and everyone in tears, and guilt stinging the heart of Harry.

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Roxanne’s troubles for the night did not end there. When the sky was just beginning to be dotted with pink, as Eggsy slept with Roxanne in his bed, Harry sat listlessly in his tablinum; he couldn’t even think, he was so exhausted from his extreme guilt he couldn’t form a proper thought. But he couldn’t sleep either. His hours-long repose was interrupted when Merlin entered, short of breath, to tell Harry that someone had arrived: a retinue with the seals of Arthur.

Harry cracked his knuckles, and with a fire in his eyes, went to the courtyard of the domus, only to find the smug, evil Charlie waiting there for him.

“I shall forgo complaining of you taking your sweet time to greet me,” Charlie began with cheek, “just to let you know that I’m here to collect my wife and the mistake she bore, and set the order of the world back to its proper place.”

Harry's eyebrows furrowed. "You mean to beat and rape your wife, and send the baby to the dump to die."

"And to see *your* heart ripped from chest, for what you've done," Charlie hissed.

Harry knew he wasn't talking about Roxanne or the baby. "You have a lot of nerve to challenge a goddess in who she divined we marry. You might want to watch your step."

The villain scoffed. "Is that a threat?"

"It needn't be," Harry reassured, "the Gods punish the blasphemous as they see fit."

Charlie smirked, but the fear in his eyes was palatable. Eggsy was not only a descendant of Venus, but he was through Aeneas, that hero of Troy and the founder of Rome. His descent hailed from the very Kings of Rome and Romulus. But as much as Arthur wanted to be a king, he had no lineage, certainly not by the Gods, not even from great but mortal politicians like Cincinnatus. Eggsy had the pedigree of a king consort, and the very fact that Arthur couldn't have him to marry Charlie was infuriating; to Charlie, he felt it as a denial, for Eggsy to hate him so. He deluded his sick obsession with Eggsy into "love."

"Perhaps the harm you've caused, has resulted in you not being so blessed."

Harry's eyes were dark, and challenging, and, with fear striking his heart, Charlie realized Harry, usually so good at masking his feelings, knew what he had done to Eggsy.

"Perhaps you're right," Charlie mocked, "it's best to be married to Roxanne; after all, she's not a whore who asked what was coming to her like Egg—"

Harry's fist slammed into the side of Charlie's head, the fist of the man who had taken down Mithridates and Spartacus, crushing the face of a man who knew no honour, nor deserved it. He fell to the ground in a thud, a rivulet of blood dripping from his mouth.

"Tell your father, that Roxanne shall not and will never return to your home, and you will never get your hands on the baby," Harry thundered, with a very violent kick to Charlie's side, "nod that you understand."

Charlie looked up with hatred at Harry, who he saw as a rival to his heart, and received another violent kick for his lack of answer. Finally, he nodded.

"Get him on a horse," ordered Harry to Ryan, who stood with Jamal by the door, "and send him home."

"Yes, master," complied Ryan.

"Harry," the conqueror replied, "just Harry."

When Harry turned to go inside, he was started in the entrance.

"Eggsy!" Harry cried. "What are you doing here?"

Eggsy just smiled lovingly, before throwing his arms around Harry and pressing a kiss to his lips. Eggsy had woken up and heard the servants whispering nervously about Charlie being there.

“Thank you,” Eggsy whispered into his husband’s mouth.

Harry shook his head, embracing Eggsy tight to his chest. “Nothing to thank for, Eggsy. Only doing what is right.”

Eggsy brushed his finger over Harry’s lips. “If only more people were so good as you. If only I were so worthy of you, being so broken...”

“I’m not good, Eggsy.” He took Eggsy’s hand to his mouth. “I’m a very, very, very bad person. *You are all goodness and hope and light*, without even a blemish upon your cheek.”

Eggsy protruded his lip. “You speak *kindly* of someone who is unworthy of any it.”

“Shh, Eggsy. You cannot convince me otherwise that you are perfection,” Harry whispered, kissing Eggsy’s neck.

Eggsy smiled. “Well, then, I guess you can believe it for the both of us.”

Harry brushed a stray hair of Eggsy’s behind his ear. “I was thinking, about the center for abandoned babies. What happens if adoptions cannot be procured? Surely you have an idea. This wouldn’t have happened if it were not for you.”

Eggsy beamed, with a slight slyness to his countenance. “I have already thought of it.”

The elder husband caressed his fingers over Eggsy’s face. “I’d expected so. What is it?”

“The babies who are not adopted can become helps to the temples, preferably those of Venus.” He grinned. “Then eventually become their priests and priestesses. It will really annoy Arthur.”

Harry chuckled. “He will received his due punishment for defying the Gods, you shall see.”

The younger husband nodded solemnly. He felt a tear wet his cheek, and Harry wiped it away. He tightened his embrace of Eggsy, so much his feet lifted off the ground.

“How many times can I say ‘I love you’, without it getting old?” Harry whispered, rubbing Eggsy’s back.

“I challenge you to it,” Eggsy teased.

Harry pulled back with a smile and pressed his forehead to Eggsy’s. “I love you, love you, love you, love you, love you,—“

Eggsy caught Harry’s moving lips, and sucked gently on his bottom lip. “I don’t think I can ever get sick of it,” he finally breathed.



Harry groaned, his smile not abating. “Good.”

“We will win this battle, right?” Eggsy asked.

“We will not only win the battle but the war,” Harry promised, “to avenge you, Roxanne, Gaius, and all the omegas and deltas who have suffered. It is my cause as much as yours.”

Eggzy nodded. “For Roxanne and Gaius, especially.” He smiled sadly. “I forgot to tell you I love you too.”

# Go the Distance (p 2)

## Chapter Summary

"I will search the world, I will face its harms, until I find my hero's welcome waiting in your arms." - 'Go the Distance' from Hercules

## Chapter Notes

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

A few long and emotionally grueling weeks passed. Roxanne was in *a constant* state of fear and anxiety, for both her baby, and at the very thought Charlie might try to take her back. But Harry quieted the fears on the latter; a spacious, grand, well lit room was given to his beloved niece and made into an elegant, comfortable bedchamber. Word was sent to Arthur that he would never allow Roxanne back, and that he could think of any lie (not damning or scandalous, he viciously warned) why the wife of his bastard beta son was living apart now.

Roxanne kept a constant vigil for her baby, often spending her days at the altar of Venus in the domus, or sprawled out on the floor beneath the masks of her paternal ancestors, beseeching them to keep little Gaius safe, and if possible, to have word sent to her.

Happily, her prayers were quickly answered.

Eggsy had slept most nights in Roxanne's room—save for the times she stayed up praying, or wanted to be alone—and whilst both husbands' dearly missed each other, Harry completely understood, and Eggsy was grateful for it.

It was one of those nights where Harry laid alone in his and Eggsy's bed, when the sleepless triumvir heard a rap on the door of his bedchamber. With a genuine smile and skip of the beat of his heart, he kindly asked the person to come in—and when he realized it was not Eggsy, but Ayana, his features contorted into disappointment and sadness.

"Apologies, Master Harry..." she began, only to be cut off.

"No master. Just Harry," the man insisted, with a small smile, as much as he could muster. "What is wrong?"

Ayana matched his smile, brighter and more excited than his. "Good news, nothing wrong... Harry. A man has arrived with news of..." She made sure the door was closed, and lowered her voice. "...news of the baby. And he doesn't look the least bit distressed; on the contrary, rather joyous."

Harry gasped. He threw back his covers and asked Ayana to go fetch Roxanne and Eggsy. But she needn't have; as Merlin had already told them, which Harry found out when his niece

threw her arms around him as he left his bedchamber.

“Oh Uncle Harry, is it true, can it be true?” Roxanne cried. “That Gaius, there is news of him? That there is *good news*?”

Harry smiled brightly as he felt Eggsy take his hand. “I believe so. Come on, let us go to the atrium, I asked Ayana to bring him there.”

Roxanne beamed, picking up the skirts of her silk night tunic, her hair a flutter behind her, as she ran to the atrium. When she got there, her cheeks flushed from running so quickly, a messenger stood with a hood over his eyes, as if to blend into the darkness. To be found by Arthur’s men would prove very fatal, but even though the night was upon them, there was still a perceptible smile on the man’s face.

“Lady Roxanne,” he spoke with a slight crane of neck. Roxanne immediately recognized the man as the one who taken her baby.

She ran up and took his hands, pressing a warm kiss to his cheek. “How’s Gaius?” she cried.

"

Have peace, milady.” the man soothed, “the baby is safe. He lives with my sister and her husband, childless since they were married, now blessed by you.”

Tears stung Roxanne’s eyes. Even in the tragedy of giving up baby, she brought happiness to a couple who had the tragedy of being childless.

“Blessings, dear sir,” she replied, the tears that brimmed her lashes falling down her cheeks. “And Uncle Harry,” she breathed, turning to the mighty triumvir, his eyes filled with pathos, and throwing her arms round him. “Thank you.”

He wrapped his arms around her. “You needn’t worry anymore love. Everything will be better from now on Roxanne, I promise.”

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*It wasn’t the only splendid surprise of that night, however.* Harry had seldom been in his bedchamber after the excitement, when he heard another rap on the door. And this time, it was who he wanted to be there.

“Eggsy,” Harry breathed, taking his beloved in his arms.

Eggsy pulled back gently and gave Harry a full kiss on the lips. “Would you mind if I stayed here tonight?” he asked smilingly.

Harry chuckled. “Oh yes, I mind very much. It’s not as if you’re, you know, my husband.” He took Eggsy’s hands in his. “Is Roxanne okay?”

“Oh, she is very well,” Eggsy said, the deep wells of his sparkling eyes revealing his happiness, “she said that she has kept me too long from you, and insisted that I come you.”

Harry smiled. "She is very generous."

"As are you," Eggsy responded softly, his famous dazzling smile forming on his lips. "You'll be a great *father* one day, Harry."

At that, Harry gasped. He squeezed Eggsy's hands, and brought them to his. "What are you saying, Eggsy?"

"That...that I love you, and that, to secure Rome, to save Roxanne...." Eggsy commenced with flushing cheeks, "and the slaves, we need a child to cement our marriage in the eyes of Romans, and carrying your child, *would be the greatest of honors.*"

Harry choked back a sob – *don't cry now*, you idiot, he reminded himself – and pressed a kiss to his husband's hand. He took Eggsy in his arms, just as he did when they first crossed the threshold in their domus, lavishing the young man with tender kisses on his face and on his as he laid Eggsy on the bed.

He sat beside the young husband, whose chest was already rising up and down, his cheeks crimson, lips parted. Harry leaned down and pressed his lips to Eggsy's. "I'll be tender," he whispered, taking his fingers to the bottom of Eggsy's tunic, asking permission with his eyes, which was readily given by Eggsy with a little nod and shy smile.

Harry moved and positioned his body between Eggsy's burning thighs. Eggsy gasped as he felt Harry's breath on his bulge, as the elder husband lifted the younger's stola up to his waist.

Eggsey's legs began to shake as Harry untied his loan cloth, unwrapping it carefully as if it were a gift to be treasured. Harry had untied Eggsy before, but never so openly, so close to his lover's cock, on the verge of—

"Oh..." Eggsy panted as felt Harry kiss his inner thigh, sucking and teasing, before doing the same to the other side. He could feel the cold air on his exposed cock, but it was quickly warmed by the heavy panting of Harry as he left leaving bites on his husband's thigh.

With a wanton moan, Eggsy's hip positively lifted off the bed as Harry caressed a single finger up his husband's shaft, wrapping his hand around the base of Eggsy's cock. Harry just wanted *to taste him*, and *could* take him all at once, but even more, he really **wanted** Eggsy to enjoy this. A pressing of his tongue to Eggsy's tip, caused the young man to cry out in pleasure, his hand flying over his mouth.

Harry didn't want to pin down Eggsy by his hips, he felt it would be wrong, so he merely licked a broad stripe up Eggsy's cock.

Eggsey's fingers found themselves in his husband's hair, a long drawn out "Harry" escaping as the elder man allowed the warm expanse of his mouth to slide tenderly and slowly down Eggsy's cock. A strangled sound escaped Eggsy as Harry began to suck gently, bobbing his head in tender ministrations that made Eggsy's head fall back to the bed and thrash from side to side. It was *unreal* pleasure.

And Harry...Harry savored the taste of his husband, just as much as he gained his pleasure from Eggsy's, to make his younger husband open up like a flower. He massaged Eggsy's hip with his fingers, keeping his pace as he licked, kissed, and suckled at Eggsy's cock. And though he was sexually inexperienced, Eggsy *knew exactly* what he wanted, and on the verge of telling Harry, the elder husband had already divined Eggsy's desire. He felt Harry's tongue snake down his cock, across his taint, and settle at Eggsy's opening. An almost ghost like dragging of Harry's tongue around Eggsy's hole had the young man digging his nails into the bed cloth.

Omegas were self-lubricating, but Harry wanted Eggsy to be as comfortable as possible before he entered him....

With a pointing of his tongue, Harry slowly wiggled himself inside Eggsy's hole, making the young man pant open-mouthed. Harry's chest heaved as if he were the one being eaten out, not Eggsy – but Eggsy's pleasure drove him wild, and he needn't be touched: his husband's passion was enough.

Harry's gentle caresses...it was also enough to get Eggsy off. Harry licking and kissing him opening was enough to pull him to the edge, if his leaking cock was any indication. He didn't want to spill over now, however, and with blushing cheeks, and embarrassment in his tone, Eggsy moaned, *"I want you inside me, Harry."*

Oh, Harry had to catch his breath at that. Giving Eggsy hole a parting kiss, he looked up to his love and asked him carefully, "Are you sure, dear heart?"

Eggsy's face reddened further. "More than anything, Harry."

The elder husband smiled, pulling Eggsy gently by the hips closer to him. He slid one hand up Eggsy's stola, helping the young man pull it over his head, but not without stealing a full kiss on the lips.

Eggsy, though naked, somehow didn't feel as if he were. He didn't feel exposed, or shamed with Harry, and when the elder man nuzzled in the crane of Eggsy's neck, Eggsy couldn't help but say, "I love you."

Harry smiled, blinking back his tears. "I love you too Eggsy, by Venus, I do."

"We're going to make a life," Eggsy thought wondrously, his own eyes sparkling with tears. "Promise me, Harry, that no matter if the baby be an alpha, a beta, omega, or delta, you will love him all the same, and that he will be ours, not a pawn."

Harry chasied Eggsy's lips once more. "I promise, Eggsy," he said quietly, "on Venus's stone."

Eggsy smiled, his fingers gracing the hem of Harry's toga. "Good."

And with that, Harry—very reluctantly—pulled back, and Eggsy hadn't realized he had forgot to breathe until Harry removed his toga and untied himself. His eyes grew wide at the sight of Harry's cock, and squirmed a little at the size – alphas naturally were larger than

omegas, but Harry... he was utterly **huge**. Yet, Eggsy wasn't afraid – his heart teetered with excitement, and some nervousness, but the want of Harry to be inside him out powered any fear.

Still, he felt the pounding of his heart in his ears as Harry parted his legs a little wider to get between them. Harry locked eyes with Eggsy as he settled between his thighs.

“Are you sure you're sure?” Harry asked.

Eggsy giggled. “You're making me blush, Harry. I am.”

Harry nodded, pressing a small kiss to Eggsy's inner knee, as he lined his cock to Eggsy's hole. He was torn between watching Eggsy's face, and watching himself moving inside him, piece by piece. And what he hadn't expected was the absolute rush of emotion he felt doing so, his heart swelling, and the tears flowing. He had never felt such ecstasy before, but then how could he, if it were not Eggsy? He wasn't even conscious of his moaning until he found himself fully inside Eggsy, and looked at his flushing face, which was only matched by Harry's own reddening cheeks.

Eggsy groaned as he wrapped his arms around Harry's neck. “I **trust** you,” he whispered lovingly.

“I'm glad.” Harry took Eggsy's lips once more, pulling his beloved tongue in his to suck on. He held Eggsy in that tender embrace as he began to roll his hips.

“*Oh, Harry,*” Eggsy whined into his husband's mouth, the very thrill of it all racking him, his body *thrumming* to each tender press inside. Sweaty flesh against sweaty flesh, their bodies moved in a perfect rhythm, and everything bad in the world ceased to exist. *It was just only them.*

Eggsy could feel the swelling of Harry's knot inside him, and that only made him wetter and hotter. When he felt the knot teasing at his cervix, whilst Harry sucks at his neck – his eyes roll back into his head and he submits fully to everything he was feeling as Harry completely filled him. His fingers tightened in Harry's hair; he hadn't even realized his hand was nestled in Harry's smooth locks until Harry sobbed with pleasure, as he allowed his swelling knot to finally take hold of Eggsy.

Overheated skin and ragged breath overtook both husbands as Harry thrust his knot lovingly against Eggsy's cervix. And all it took from then, was for Harry to reach down between their bodies, and stroke his fingers on Eggsy's cock, to feel the young man spill over in his hand.

It's when Harry releases, that both men hold each other tight, because they knew – they knew that a child would come, and that alone made Eggsy's tears spill over but not of sadness, but of pure, unbridled, complete *joy*.

The only thing that hurt, was the odd heat that tingled his wrist, and it wasn't until his body was slowing down from being racked by his orgasm that he saw on his wrist, tangled around Harry's neck as he kissed his face, that a small, golden lined image of an apple formed on his skin.

But Harry, so in tune with Eggsy, hadn't even noticed his own wrist bore the same symbol, and it was only when Eggsy gasped at the very light pain at his own wrist that Harry looked at his. The initials "H.H." were etched in the center, and when Harry took Eggsy's wrist, his bore the initials "E.U.". Both men met each other's eyes, and smiled. The goddess had spoken.

*They were made for each other.*

## Chapter End Notes

this is it. finally. hope you enjoy!

# A Perfect Beginning

## Chapter Summary

“But smiles and tears are so alike with me, they are neither of them confined to any particular feelings: I often cry when I am happy, and smile when I am sad.” — The Tenant of Wildfell Hall, Anne Bronte

## Chapter Notes

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

It had begun to rain that very night they first made love. Drips of water sprinkled in the pool of the atrium. But Eggsy did not see rain as a negative; rain, so he told Harry as he excitedly jumped from bed, was a cleansing of Earth, the sign of a new beginning - the sins of the world washed away.

He took Harry's hand, their hastily put on robes scarcely covering them, and led his older husband to the atrium, and with almost a childish delight, Eggsy dipped his feet in the impulvium. He lidded his eyes and breathed in the invigorating scent of rain, enjoying it on his face, but even more, Harry hugging him from behind, pulling him into a tight embrace.

The opening of the skies was a sign of a new life about to begin, and quite soon - Eggsy knew this, but what neither husband knew yet was that, that it wouldn't have been necessary for Harry to pick up Eggsy and bring him back to the bedchamber, as he next did, and to have him again, again, and again, that night, and almost every night after.

The seeds of a new life had planted at the very first touch.

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“He looks infuriatingly glowing,” Arthur hissed to himself. He regarded Eggsy and Harry's affection with disgust, even more put out the people loved it.

It was the Liberlia, a festival to honour the Liber Pater, the ancient God of fertility. Sacrifices, ribald, and processions filled city. Gauche songs echoed through the streets day and night, and trees were decked out in glamorous fertility masks. Arthur was in misery; for what if that damnable God gave Eggsy a baby.

He studied Eggsy's red flushed cheeks and winning smile and growled low. If he were pregnant, the baby would secure Harry-Lee's rule of Rome, and would demote Arthur forever to third wheel - or even, thrown off.

If Eggsy was, Arthur would never let it come to fruition. The baby would have to go, by whatever means necessary. And oh, did it made him hot that Eggsy didn't carry Charlie's



baby, as he had wanted. He was further enraged that his daughter Amelia had not yet conceived, in spite being with her husband in the Eastern provinces. The ceremony for the festivities were celebrated at Lee's domus, presided over by Harry and Eggsy. Lee had been gone for months now. Last word was he was in Alexandria, staying on with Ptolemy XII, the Macedonian Greek ruler of Egypt, hosted at the palace by his daughter, Cleopatra VII Philopator. But only Eggsy received intimate letters; Lee had left almost all letters by Arthur unanswered. Last word he had, was in a year or so, Ptolemy and his three daughters Cleopatra, Berenice, and Arsinoe would take a state visit to Rome, accompanied by Lee and Amelia. Any hopes of a marriage alliance with one of the Ptolemaic-Greek princesses to Charlie was shot down in one of the few letters answered.

Eggysy did look wonderful in his pure white stola. He blushed a little from his shyness, but Harry was there to take his hand. "You look beautiful," Harry whispered, tickling Eggsy's ear with his lips, making the young husband giggle sweetly.

The light in his eyes, however, went out when Charlie, having stepped out, brushed by him on his way back in. Eggsy was suddenly light headed, and didn't think it was for any reason than making skin contact with his rapist. His skin burned not in the way that Harry made his in passion, but as if he was on fire.

Harry, who had tried to pull Eggsy out of his way, nearly reached out and struck Charlie from behind. And oh did Charlie thought it was coming. He flinched, squeezing his eyes waiting for the punch that would reveal to everyone the division between the triumvirs, but all he heard was a collapse to the floor, and people exclaiming.

Eggysy had lost consciousness, falling to the floor. If Harry hadn't been so concerned for husband, the light of his life, the whole world would know what Charlie did.

He wrapped Eggsy up in his arms. Concerned whispers echoed through the atrium. Gazelle, one of the slaves of Lee who took care of the domus in his absence, came running with a wet cloth to put over his master's son's forehead.

"Fetch the medicus!" Harry demanded, as Eggsy began to lightly moan. "It's okay, Eggsy," he soothed, "I've got you."

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In a half hour interval the guests took leave of the domus, quite understanding why the festival had to end early. Arthur and Charlie were the first to go.

Harry paced back and forth before the bedchamber that was his husband's growing up. His breath was ragged with how many times he walked to and fro the door. When the physician finally made his appearance, Harry almost boomed, "What is it? How is he? What's wrong?"

The medicus had the faintest smile from his lips, and Harry frowned. "I'll let him tell you himself."

Harry near hissed at the medicus's vague answer, and with a kick to his walk, he opened the door gently to the bedchamber, only to see Eggsy seeming giddy, with a smile that reached

his eyes.

Harry took fast to his side. "Eggsy are you alright?" He kissed his husband's cheek.

"I've never been more happy in my life," Eggsy responded with a gleaming smile.

Harry furrowed his brows. "Eggsy are you feeling well?" He felt his husband's forehead for fever. "You're as as cold as the mist outside."

"That's because nothing is wrong," he responded. Eggsy took his worried husband's hand from his forehead and brought it to his mouth for a warm kiss, then placed the hand over his belly. "Harry, you div," Eggsy teased, "I'm with child."

Harry caught his breath, his lips parted. His breath became as rugged as it was when he pacing before the door. The warmth that stole over him was evident in amazingly reddening cheeks and his brown hues glittering with tears. His flushing spread and he didn't even try to hold back the absolute rush of emotion that consumed him. The hand that was over Eggsy's stomach suddenly itched with Harry's protective instinct.

"That's our baby in there," he whispered. Your baby, and my baby, who we made."

Eggsy brushed his fingers over Harry's cheek. "Are you Happy?"

Harry laughed incredibly heartily. "Eggsy, does that question need an answer? For I've never been happier in my life," he says in echo of Eggsy's words. He leaned over Eggsy, and in a rather slow move, gave his husband's still flat belly a kiss, that made Eggsy tingle and smile.

Harry was loved, and he loved Eggsy. He almost didn't think they would make it.....but here they were, with a small child stirring in Eggsy's belly one they created. It was a divine feeling; all the Gods had blessed them. Oh, how he felt a strange burn in the identifying mark on his hand. It burned good.

## Chapter End Notes

Wow am I sorry about the lateness of this! Life's been rough, but now I have lots of inspiration. Thank you for sticking around<3

## End Notes

This work is in dedication to the talented [sententiousandbellicose](#), who not only inspired the work, but also is an amazing person. As well, I'd like to extend thanks (alphabetically) to [@colinfirthslutdrop](#), [@eggxy-unwin](#), [@elletromil](#), [@kings-boy](#), [@kingsmanhartwin](#), [@pizza-shenanigans](#), [@miss-bronte](#), [@myfairlad](#), [@takeanotherpieceofmyhartwin](#), [@unwins-boy](#), and [@vivimortuus-archive](#) for their unwavering support, inspiring writing, and invaluable tips they have bestowed upon me.

For updates, feel free to follow on [tumblr](#)

I also have a playlist, with recs from lovely Regency and kingsmanhartwin, [on 8 tracks](#)

Kudos and comments always appreciated!

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