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**Bite Me [currently being re-written]**

by larryent

**Summary**

[CURRENTLY BEING RE-WRITTEN]
"You're a sassy little thing, aren't you?"

"Bite me, Styles."

OR

Part one of the "As Sweet As Devotion Series", where Louis is a teasing cheerleader (maybe a bit of a bitch too) and Harry is the popular football captain.
Follow Harry (harrystyliar) and Louis (gaynotdesperate) on instagram

larryent April 2017

Notes

THIS STORY INCLUDES:

- top!harry
- bottom!louis
- feminine!louis
- crossdresser!louis
- headcheerleader!louis
- footballcaptain!harry
- drinking, drugs and smut (because parties)
- louis wears panties
- mpreg

HERE WE GO BABY
"Wear the pink ones!"

"But they're a bit itchy."

"Then the white lace!" Niall sighs, covering his eyes with his arms. All he wanted was get drunk, make out with someone and get laid. He could almost feel his chances of getting a hook-up fading with every second since his best friend stole it with his own indecisiveness.

"Maybe," Louis says thoughtfully, a finger on his chin, "What if I pair it with a skirt and white thigh-highs?" He asks, not bothering to give Niall a chance to answer before he was talking again, "Or would that be too much? You know?"

"You're taking so long that I think I've got a few grey hairs."

"Ha, ha, ha." Louis fake laughs, "You're so hilarious, Niall. Is that why your parents won't let you tell any of your knock-knock jokes at home anymore?"

That statement earns Louis a pillow to his face if he had make-up on—Niall would've been six feet under.

"Hurry up, you prick."

"Calm down, don't get your panties in a twist."

"Says the one wearing panties."

Louis rolls his eyes and walks back into his closet. From the floor and up to the ceiling; it was stacked with the most expensive clothes in the city, maybe country. The only reason why Louis could afford such luxury, was because his parents were filthy rich, not that he was complaining. He absolutely loved living in the largest house in town and going off to New York or L.A every couple of weeks in his parents' private jet, and not to mention weekly shopping sprees with his sisters.

One could say Louis was truly blessed with his life. With his pretty appearance of bright ocean blue eyes, pink lips, and button nose. His sinful body with his thick thighs, cute tummy, and plump bum. And the cherry on top was his weekly allowances of more money than most people make in a couple weeks; Louis was a proper rich bitch.

LOUIS' OUTFIT: MIU MIU (photos found on store.miumiu.com)
Louis slipped on a cute white t-shirt with words on it, and blue denim jeans with a chain on the side. He pulled the band of his panties a little bit higher which made them visible if he raised his shirt just a
bit. As he was smoothing his hands down the fabric of his pants, Louis heard a wolf-whistle from behind him.

"Tommo the tease!"

Whipping his head around and shooting a death glare at his blond friend, Louis hisses, "What'd you say?"

"It was something Cap said at last practice."

"Cap?"

"Football captain," Niall informs, getting up from Louis' bed and walks over to the mirror. "Harry Styles? I thought you knew everyone at school." He scoffs.

"I do know everyone," Louis props a hand on his hip. Then, kisses his teeth. "I just don't like that lug." He goes back into his closet and carefully picks out a pair of white sneakers. As he makes his way to his bed, he shoves Niall into his vanity.

"You don't like Cap?" The blond mutters as he tries to soothe the aching in his rib.

After a few moments consisting of Louis trying to tie his shoes without chipping his nails, because he's learned from that already. He finally finishes tying his shoes. "Could you stop calling him that?" He stands and faces Niall with a disapproving look. "And, I do like him."

"Oh my God, could you speak English? I honestly don't understand you. First, you said you didn't like him and now you say you do-"

"Niall!" Louis sighs in exhaustion, "Do you not understand bitch-talk? I was positive I rubbed off on you a bit at least." The boy continues, "I don't like that I like him."
"Get a room, will 'ya?" Louis shouts at the couple making out and practically humping each other by the front door.

"Shut up, Louis!" His fellow cheerleader exclaims, her bright blonde hair flipping over her shoulder.

The blue-eyed boy laughs, pulling Niall by his hand, the two were being squished from all sides as they squeeze their way through the crowd. With the pounding music and flashing lights, Louis shrugs off the hands that pull him to dance. After what feels like hours, because the stench of alcohol and sweat nearly had Louis passing out, they finally make it to the kitchen.

When Louis and Niall are in the comfort of the dimly lit kitchen, he breathes out in relief. "Jesus, tell Liam to not invite as many people next time." Louis frowns and takes a red solo cup before filling to the brim with one of the bottles with brown liquid.

"Now, what fun would that be?" A deep warm voice says.

Louis turns, a grin making its way on his face. He snatches his cup off the counter and wraps his arms around his friend's shoulders, but steps onto his toes in the process. "Liam!"

The taller teen pats Louis on his head, softly. "You got here just in time, we were about to dig into Zayn's stash." Liam winks, one of his thick brows twitching. He was always a horrible winker.

And that was how Louis found himself sitting in between Zayn and Niall, with a fresh joint in one hand, feeling kind of fuzzy.

He takes another pull of the stick and rolls his head back feeling his body instantly relax. The loud thud of the bass and blasting music added to his bliss-filled state.

While Louis was more giggly when high, Zayn and Liam got horny and would end up making out with each other—they were dating anyway. Niall being the most energized whenever high, would be wild and run around half naked. Niall was on YouTube somewhere, Louis' seen it before.

And as they say, all good things come to an end. That being Louis' little relaxation period, aside from the fact that he was constantly being bumped Zayn and Liam.

Immediately narrowing his eyes, Louis furrows his eyebrows at the boy who was now magically sitting on his left—Niall was there before, where did he go? Louis wondered but wasn't left unanswered because not a second later, he spots Niall's head in the middle of the dancing crowd.

"Hey, Tommo the tease." The curly haired boy greets, scooting closer to Louis.

If Louis wasn't high on weed, he would've shoved Harry's thigh away from his.

"Not nice', huh?'" Harry reads Louis' shirt. "Does that mean," the teen leans closer, his lips brushing Louis' ear, "you're naughty?" Harry ignores the bored expression on Louis' face and swipes the sunglasses off the boy's head. "How do I look?"
"Like a douchebag because no one wears sunglasses inside."

"Says you." Harry swings his arm around the back of the couch, and also around Louis' shoulder. "These are yours, after all, princess."

"Ugh," Louis takes a pull from his joint. "Don't call me that, and give me back my sunglasses." Louis makes a move to grab them, but Harry dodges him. It wasn't that hard to avoid Louis' hands since the boy's movements were slow and dragged on thanks to the joint in his hand.

"How much were they? $500?"

"$410 actually." Louis blows the smoke in Harry's face, but the latter remains unwavered.

"More like 420," Harry giggles.

Louis smiles before quickly looking the other way and not at the cute partly drunk curly haired boy next to him. "What do you want?"

"Well," Louis faces Harry again as the latter slouches against the couch and his cloudly green eyes flicker to the joint in Louis' hand before biting his lip.

The smaller boy sighs in annoyance. "No. get your own." He tries to scoot away from the teen, hoping his wandering eyes will go away as well.

Harry pouts, his pink lips looking fairly plump. "But, Zayn is too busy with Liam to roll me one." He whines.

"Fuck, no." Louis shifts in his seat. Though, Harry wasn't lying, as Zayn and Liam have now moved to a free couch and were still aggressively making out, despite the party-goers around them.

"Fine," Harry gives in, scooting closer to Louis again. "Wanna shotgun?"

The cheerleader scoffs, blinking slowly. "No. Find someone else to put your chapped lips on." He retorts.

"Chapped?" Harry raises an eyebrow, licking his lips.

Well, maybe weed made Louis a little bit horny because he couldn't take his eyes away from Harry's pink tongue poking out and sweeping over his plump lips.

He hates Harry.

The blue-eyed boy's silence must have been mistaken for denial because Harry pouts again. "C'mon, Louis." He nearly begs with a twinkle in his eye. He knew what he was doing and Louis couldn't stop him.

Before Louis knew it, Harry was crashing their lips together in a hard kiss. Which caused the smaller boy to melt, his shoulders slouching and relieving the tenseness in his lips when he felt Harry lick his lip. Jesus, Harry was pushing harder and harder against Louis' lips before the latter felt a hand cupping his own. Just as Louis' jeans begin feeling tighter, Harry pulls away while Louis is left to desperately chases his lips.

"Thanks, princess," Harry smirks, taking a pull of Louis' joint before standing from the couch and disappearing into the crowd, leaving a flustered and partly-high Louis behind.
"What's got you in a ditch?"

Louis looks up through his lashes at the taller boy. It was Monday and Louis has a major hangover from the whole weekend of pure partying. He absolutely did not want to deal with the weed-stealing and ever so hypnotizing-kisser right now.

"Fuck you, Styles."

"Is it 'cause I stole your joint?" Harry pulls his hands out from the pockets of his varsity jacket. It was gold, white and red, matching the cheer-leading and football uniforms. The most eye-catching part of his jacket being the large printing of 'STYLES' on the back as well as '57' on the front, right on Harry's chest. Probably over one of his nipples, that's assuming he even has nipples. Why do men have nipples anyway? It was like Louis' brain was still high but the rest of him wasn't.

"And my sunglasses."

Harry licks his lips, slowly. Not bothering to hide his wandering gaze as it travels to Louis' hips where a small strip of skin is exposed from the low band of his sweatpants. "I'll give you your sunglasses if I think you deserve them."


"Babe, don't pout. Even though you look cute when you pout." Harry hums in delight. "Actually, pout. You're the cutest on the planet."

Louis blinks profusely—out of confusion and disbelief of Harry's words. He clears his throat and breathes in slowly. "Harry, go away."

"Princess, are you all right? Looking a little..." Harry pauses. "Just little. You're looking fairly little today."

"Harry."

"How tall are you exactly?"

Louis huffs and angrily stabs his salad. Fucking cucumber slice. They're only bearable when they're sliced. Not when they're all raw and hard. All green and long and shit, like a fucking overgrown alien dick. Fucking cucumber.

"Damn, do all short people hate cucumbers?"

"Go have a quickie in the janitors closet, Harry." Louis sasses.


Absolutely not. Louis is a virgin and he would never give away his one sliver of innocence to this curly-haired cunt.

Louis furrows his brows, "You're a player, Styles." He drags his eyes up and down Harry's tall lean figure with an unimpressed expression. "And, I don't date players."

Harry laughs into his sleeve, and eyes Louis as if he's delusional. "I'm not a player, babe." He purses
his lips then smiles charmingly. "I'll get you, Tomlinson. You'll be mine by the end of the year." Harry smirks his infamous cocky grin before sauntering somewhere else in the cafeteria. *Who the fuck says that? All fucking cliche and shit. Who the hell does he think he is? A fucking Prince?* Louis makes the decision to hit Harry with his bicycle one day.

"What was that about?" Asks Liam as he, Zayn and Niall sit down in the empty seats of the table with full trays of food in front of them. All three of them may have been watching the whole exchange from afar.

"Nothing." Louis dismisses with a wave of his hand, returning his attention back to his sad salad, he would probably get his driver to take him for pizza after school.

"But if can I get arrested for running over someone on my bicycle?"

The rest of the day goes perfectly well, Louis watches a fight from the safety of his classroom so there wasn't anything new.
Now, a few days later - he stood on the football field, his cheerleading skirt rolled up just a bit and his crop top tight around his chest.

He clapped his hands happily and squealed, "Yes! That was perfect." He jumps up and down, a grin on his face as his teammates high-five each other for finally getting their routine right.

"Damn," Harry hears a voice utter next to him, "Tommo the tease has a good arse on him."

Harry rolls his eyes, "Lay off, Nate." He turns around to face his fellow football player, "And, I made up that nickname for him."

"Shut up, Styles. Neither of us are dating him." The blonde shoves his shoulder.

"Whatever, Nate. Go fuck the librarian or something."

"I'd much rather fuck the blue-eyed cheerleader instead."

Harry cringes and shields his eyes from the bright sunlight, "Find your own twink. Louis is mine."

He hears his name in the distance and jogs towards his coach.

Louis finishes congratulating his teammates and scans the large football field and regrets it immediately.

He grumbles as he watches the many football players warm up by doing suicides. Their muscles visible through their tight t-shirts and loose shorts as sweat drips down their faces and necks. He can't help but search for a particularly annoying and rather cocky teenager but comes up empty.

"Louis," the boy averts his attention from the very distracting football players to Lindsey, a short blonde with brown eyes; he shoots her a grin, "This is for you." She hands him a single yellow daisy, the petals perfectly symmetrical and the stem a light green.

He feels a heat fan over his cheeks and takes the flower from her hand, he brings it to his face and sniffs the pollen, "Who is it from?" He asks softly.

"It's from Ha-" A tall body shoves Lindsey from Louis' view and he jumps.

"Me," A deep voice said, "I'm Nate." The teen holds out his hand, a charming smile on his face as his blue eyes bore into Louis'.

Louis blinks, shaking the boy's much rougher hand and watches the sweat drip from his brow, "Oh.. Thanks."

"No problem, gorgeous. I couldn't help but notice how-"

"Nathan, buddy, pal." Another voice chimes in and Louis looks to his left and sees a familiar mop of curls.

Harry makes his way towards them with an unreadable expression on his face, but Louis was too distracted - again - by the fact that Harry was shirtless. His abs glistening in the sunlight and v-line dipping into the band of his loose black shorts.

Harry smirks, obviously noticing Louis' stare and slaps a hard hand on Nate's back, "Coach wants to
chat with you."

"Where's your shirt?" Nate asks.

"Got too hot." He pretends to have just noticed Louis, "Oh hey, princess. Didn't see you there."

Louis stammers, "Uh-Um. Oh-hi." The small boy shuffles his feet and fiddles with the stem of the daisy.

"I'll see you later, sweetie." Nate actually has the guts to bend down and take Louis' hand in his and presses a kiss to his knuckle. Louis doesn't move and simply stares at Nate's back as he walks away.

"That flower was from me." Harry starts, a frown on his face, "Don't believe that dickface."

Louis cocks his hip out, "I'm not stupid, Harry. I know when someone lies and he," he points to Nathan across the field, "is a horrible liar."

"Mhm." Harry nods, eyes trailing over Louis' high cheekbones and thin lips. "Just out of curiosity, would you ever date Nate?"

"Oh, please. He's the last person I'd ever go on a date with."

"So, you'd go out on a date with me?"

Louis squints, "What?"

"If that asshole is the last person you'd go on a date with. That means you'd go on a date with me before him."

The blue-eyed boy purses his lips, "Maybe."

Harry smirks, "Great. See you tonight at seven, princess." He takes the flower from Louis' hands and gently places it behind the boy's ear.

Louis is left speechless - again.

"Styles!" Harry's coach calls out, "Put on a shirt, what the hell do you think this is?! A porn?!"

"What's 'a porn'?"

"He's old." Harry says.

"Harry Styles!" Coach practically screams. "Put on your shirt!"

"Yes, sir!" Harry nods and makes his way towards Ed, who was just how Harry left him.

"Yes, sir." Harry nods and makes his way towards Ed, who was just how Harry left him.

Wide eyed and mouth agape.

"Did you seriously just take off your shirt to go up to Tomlinson?" The red-head asks.

"Yep. And landed a date with him too." He winks and slips on his shirt.

"You slick bastard."
5. "He's very pretty, mum."

"How about--"

"Mum." Louis says through clenched teeth, "I'm not wearing that." He points to the fabric in his mother's hand.

She pushes it towards him, desperation clear on her face, "Louis, ple--"

"I'm not wearing footie pyjamas on my date!" Louis nearly screams as his arms fly out at his sides.

Jay pouts and holds the new pink onesie closer to her chest, "But I bought these for you and they've got little kittens on them."

Louis falls back on his bed, still half dressed in his over-sized t-shirt and panties, "Muummm," he groans. "This is my first date with Harry and I don't want to look like a five-year old."

His mother sits next to him with furrowed eyebrows, "I thought you didn't like Harry."

"That doesn't mean I can't dress nice."

His only reply is his mother's narrowed eyes, staring him down as he sits up and slouches his back.

He bites his lip and sighs, "He's very pretty, mum. Louis admits, holding out his hands. "And we may have kissed."

Jay jumps up and nearly smacks Louis in the face with her wild arms, "You kissed?!!" She squeals, "Oh my goodness! I was a teen before, Lou. I know what happens on dates. That means anything can happen tonight."

Jay's little freak out fest was cut short by the familiar chime of the doorbell echoing through the house. Louis' eyes widened while he took a deep breath while slowly standing up.

"Mum," Louis said slowly, inching towards his mother, "Do not answer the door--"

And just like that. In the blink of an eye, he's standing alone in the middle of his room like a statue with the faint smell of his mother's perfume. It's like he's frozen, while he listens to his mother's loud feet running down the stairs and the creak of the front door swinging open.

Harry almost jumps when the white wooden door is flung open and a red faced woman grins at him. He quickly regains his composure and shines his charming smile, "Good evening, I'm H--"

"Harry," the brunette finishes for him. "I'm Jay, Louis' mum." She holds out her hand.

Harry shakes her hand and shifts on his feet as they pull apart.

"Oh goodness, where are my manners. Come in, Harry."

Upstairs, Louis is frantically running around his room. His bedsheets are on the ground as well as most of his belongings. Endless bottles of lotion and various makeup products are decorating the carpet, as well as poking Louis in the foot every once in a while.

"Where the hell are you?" He asks to really no one since he's the only one in his room.
The blue-eyed boy drops to his knees and bends down under his bed, making a noise of accomplishment, he reaches out and pulls out his missing left adidas shoe.

Slipping on the shoe and tying it, he walks to his mirror completely ignoring the crunch of bottles and tubes under his feet.

A black high-waisted skirt falls to his mid-thighs as his creamy muscular shins are covered in white knee-high socks that have little frills at the top. His torso is draped in a white sweater with a rainbow collar as the sleeves fall past his finger tips. Louis' hair is in a fluffy mess - or what Zayn calls it, a 'fless' - while a light coat of mascara frames his bright blues and a peachy pink gloss shines perfectly on his lips.

Harry is in the middle of handing Jay the bouquet of flowers when he hears soft footsteps trailing down the stairs. He looks to his side and the sight he's met with is one he definitely wasn't expecting. Tommo the tease is showing off his thick thighs and small frame in possibly the cutest outfit Harry has ever seen. His tan skin contrasting with the snow white of his jumper as his lips are pulled in a large grin. His eyes glance at the bundle of pink gerberas in Harry's hand and the latter is almost positive he saw the faint colour of red fan over Louis' cheeks.

"Wow." Harry breathes out, "You look really good."

Louis' blush deepens, "Thanks, Harry. You don't look too bad yourself."

The blue-eyed boy wasn't lying either. The football captain is dressed in skin tight black skinny jeans that outline his long legs as a black sheer shirt - that was halfway buttoned - showed off his well toned abs and black ink.

"So," Both boys jump at the sound of Jay as their little mutual checkout session ended abruptly. "I see you didn't choose the onesie."

"And Harry and I are off!" Louis jumps down the last step and takes Harry's hand after shoving the bouquet in his mother's hands. He kisses her cheek and whispers, "Put the onesie in my dresser, I still want to keep it."
"So," Louis starts, rolling down the window as he shifts in his seat. "Where are we going?"

Harry starts the car and grins. "I have a whole bunch of things planned for us."

Louis furrows his eyebrows, "You're taking this seriously, aren't you?"

"Of course, baby." Harry smirks as he drives down the empty road. "The best treatment for my little blue-eyed princess."

"Jesus, this is our first date and you're already a sap." Louis huffs before giggling into his hand.

"Your giggle is the second most cutest thing ever."

Louis feels a blush spread over his cheeks while the warm breeze pushed through his hair, "what's the first?"

"Your face."

"With all these compliments that you give me," Louis paused, reaching over and placing a hand on Harry's sharp jaw, "I'd say that you have a little crush on me."

It's quiet for a few moments, just the sound of the wind breezing into the car and Louis' fingers slow down tracing circles on Harry's jaw before he fully stops.

"I thought I made it obvious." Harry says slowly, nudging Louis' hand with his chin, "why'd you stop?"

Louis fish mouths, "I-What?"

Harry nudges his hand again, "What do you mean what? I like it when you tickle my jaw."

The blue-eyed boy resumes to softly dragging his fingers along Harry's skin, "I mean you like me?"

"Oh, that. I like-like you." Harry says as if it's the most simplest thing in the world while pulling into a parking lot.

"Wow." Louis says in disbelief, "for how long?"

"Eh, just a few months."

"Months?!"

Harry nods and pulls the keys out of the car, "that's right, princess."
"Is this an arcade?" Louis asks, his eyes trailing over the bright lights and endless game machines while the sounds of catchy tunes dance to his ears.

"Sure is. I didn't think you'd like something too fancy."

That was right, Louis always had a bad taste in his mouth whenever his mother would drag him to one of the town's most expensive and classy restaurants. He liked simple things, like pizza or pasta.

"Where is everyone else?"

It was a Friday night, around seven thirty and usually the arcade would be packed. Instead, it was just the sounds of the machines and absolutely no one in sight - only a few employees.

"I rented out the place for the night." Harry says with a cheeky grin and swings his arm around Louis' shoulder as he leads them towards the token machine.

"Harry-"

"Nope. I'm not listening to you ramble about how this was too much because it's a fucking arcade and I want to have fun with you." Harry dismisses Louis' shocked expression with a boop to his nose.

Louis is left speechless as he watches Harry take bills out from his wallet and slip them into the slot, he stares at the tokens dropping into the plastic cup and barely moves when the other teen nudges his shoulder.

"What?" Louis shakes his head and takes the hand as Harry offered it, "sorry, what did you say?"

Harry chuckles and eyes the smaller boy's lips when his tongue pokes out, "I was asking if you wanted to play skee ball."

"Oh, yeah. Okay." Louis gulps.

"Hey," Harry gently turns him around, "don't be so nervous or anything but happy. Well, you can definitely feel horny if you want." The boy winks.

"You know what? That was almost sweet." Louis rolls his eyes and takes the tokens from the bucket and walks over to the red and yellow machine.

He slips the tokens into the slot and grins when the lights flicker and the balls drop. Just as he throws the first ball, he feels a warm hand sliding over his waist and sit snug on his hip.

"Sorry, princess." He feels Harry's chin drop on his shoulder and his warm breath fan over his cheek. "Forgive me, please?" He can hear the pout in Harry's voice.

"No. You're hornier than a... Um.. Than an animal with horns."

"I won't lie about my sex-drive, sweetums."

Not even a few minutes later, Louis is laughing as Harry juggles skee ball balls. His eyes crinkling and watering the slightest while his ribs start to ache. Louis can't help his loud crackles as he throws his head back and watches as Harry makes funny faces while juggling three balls.
"Harry! You aren't allow to do that." He says through giggles.

"Oh right. I need four balls."

"Harry!" He scolds the other boy and clenches his stomach as Harry grabs yet another skee ball ball.

"Sir, please don't juggle the balls."

The red face of the young employee was enough for Louis to slap a hand over his mouth and giggle, while Harry jumped and fumbled with the balls in the process. The four white balls fell to the ground after smacking Harry on his head and shoulders a few times, leaving the green eyed boy to wince.

"Right, sorry." Harry nods at the blonde boy as he rubs his head with a pout.

The employee leaves and Louis begins to pick up the balls, "that hurt." He hears Harry say from above.

Louis stands up again and raises his eyebrows, "well, they're hard balls."

"You wanna know what else is hard?"

"As I said, hornier than an animal with horns."

"As I said, you've got a dirty mind, princess."

"You've never said that."

"Well, now I am. Anyway, I was talking about that jumping game over there." Louis' face flushes red when Harry points to the other side of the room, "wouldn't you agree, princess?"

"I don't know, I never tried it."

"You should try it out. It's really hard."

"Every time you say something like that, you owe me a-"

"Kiss."

After a small glare was shot from Louis to Harry, the blue-eyed boy nodded, "fine. A kiss."
"Are you sure you don't want some ice?"

Louis could've sworn he saw a faint pink appear on Harry's cheeks, "positive."

"M'kay." The blue-eyed boy nodded, he skipped next to the older teen while the light breeze blows his skirt up the slightest. Louis hears Harry mumble something and looks over his shoulder, "what did you say?"

"Um.. You probably shouldn't skip like that for the rest of the night." The other murmurs lowly, his eyes dropping to Louis' thighs as his lip disappears between his teeth. "Tommo the tease."

"What do you mean?" Louis stops walking and turns to face Harry as his forehead wrinkles while he dismisses the nickname.

"Livin' up to your name hm, Tommo the tease?"

There's asshole Harry again. Louis crosses his arms, and cocks his hip out, "stop being a dickface." He pouts, "why can't I skip, Styles the asswipe?"

Harry visibly deflate at the nickname and the same prize winning smirk crawls onto his face a moment later. His legs carry him closer to the smaller boy as he towers over Louis' tiny frame, "I may have saw your pink panties."

That statement has Louis' eyes widening to saucers and his mouth falling open, "you fucking perv-"

"Clam down, princess." Harry raises his hands in defense, "I wasn't trying to see them. The wind blew up your pretty little skirt."

Louis pretends not to blush at Harry calling his skirt pretty and looks at his shoes, "sorry for assuming."

"It's alright, princess." Louis looks up just in time for Harry to begin leaning down, "how about a kiss for Daddy?"

The taller of the two closes his eyes and puckers his lips, only for a finger to pressed against his mouth, Harry opens one eye and is welcomed with a somewhat flustered Louis.

"I'm not kissing you-

"But we made a deal."

"Yeah we did, only when you say something inappropriate."

"Isn't calling myself Daddy inappropriate?" Harry raises an eyebrow before he takes Louis' small finger between his lips and sucks on the tip.

Louis stutters, "um.. I-I.. Y-you.." His eyes glued on Harry's pink lips as he whimpers softly while seeing the latter's tongue poke out. Harry's plump cherry lips distract him to no end.

"C'mon, princess. Just a kiss for Daddy." Harry mumbles around Louis' digit.

"I-" Louis is cut off by his phone ringing in the waistband of his skirt, he rips his finger away from
Harry's mouth and steps back. He looks at his screen and sees 'Blonde Haired Boob', he shakes his head and answers the call without sparing a glance in Harry's direction, "Niall, why did you change your name on my phone again?" His voice cracks and he prays that his friend will ignore it. Louis closes his eyes and tries to forget about Harry's warm lips.

"Niall was too boring." Is his reply along with shuffling, "I have a question."

Louis rolls his eyes, prepared to hung up and continue his almost awkward with the football captain, "I'm on a date, I can't talk-

"Wait! Answer my question first."

Louis sighs and shifts on his feet, "oh my God. What is it, Niall?"

"Why was Harry sucking on your finger like that?"

Louis gasps and chokes on his breath, "Niall! Where the fuck are you hiding?!" He immediately looks behind Harry just in time to see a blonde head of hair disappear in a car, he scowls and bolts towards the dark alley

"Louis? Where are you going?" Harry's voice comes from behind Louis along with face footsteps, "Louis!"

In less than a second, Louis finds himself furiously banging on his friend's car window, they weren't tinted and he could see right through. He glares at the blonde head ducking behind the front seat, "oh for God's sake, Niall!" He smacks his fist harder on the glass and yanks at the handle. "Open the fucking door, you lug!"

"Louis! Don't run off like that-" Harry is cut off by Louis gripping his shirt between his fingers, "princess-"

"Break his car window and I'll kiss you."

"Don't break my car window, Styles!" A voice screams from inside the car. "We're on the same football team!"

Harry stares at Louis' eyes and trails over his pink lips. The curly haired teen nods, "okay, princess."

"What the hell?! Harry, don't break my fucking window for a kiss!" Niall's red face is pressed against the glass.

"Two kisses!" Louis shouts, slapping his hand on Niall's window, right over his face causing the blonde to fly backward and crash into the seat.

"How about a heated make-out session?" Harry winks at the small boy, while biting his lip. "Fine."

Harry grins, pulling his pants higher on his waist and securing his feet to the ground. He grabs a heavy stone by the wall and holds his hand back. "Alright, stand back, Niall. Don't wanna hurt you."

"Wait!" The door swings open and Niall scrambles out, on his knees and curls himself around Louis' legs. "Don't hurt my car, please!"

"Niall!" Louis frowns and tries to shake his friend off his leg, "why the fuck were you spying on our date?" He pinches the blonde's ear.
"Ow," Niall squeezes his eyes shut, "I'll tell you when you let go of my ear!"

"No." Louis pinches harder.

"Fine! I knew you were going to skip over some things when you would tell me about your date so I decided to come and watch for myself!" Niall says in one breath and falls on his ass when Louis lets go of his ear.

"Jesus Christ." Louis holds his face between his hands, his date with Harry must be ruined by now. "Ugh, just get into your stupid car and go home, Niall."

"So you aren't going to hit me?"

"No, but you owe me a shopping spree."

Niall sighs, he knows how much his best friend loves shopping. He might as well start looking for two more jobs to work off the debt Louis' going to put him in. He pulls the smaller boy in a hug, "I'm sorry for spying on you."

"Don't do it again on another one of our dates."

"Oh, so there will be more dates?" Harry chirps and strides towards Louis with his dimples on display.

"Oh, shut it, Styles."

"Don't you mean Daddy?"

"Wha-"

"Niall, you should be going now." Louis pushes his friend back into his car and slams the door shut.

He waits for Niall to drive away and leans on the brick wall, "I'm sorry about him." He says quietly, staring at the scratch marks on his shoes.

He watches Harry's boots nudge his toe, and he looks up to see Harry with a soft smile on his face. "Don't be, he made our date fun."

"Are you sure? You aren't freaked out?"

"Of course, princess." Harry wraps an arm around Louis' waist and leads them out the ally, "I have to start planning another date soon."
"So," Louis began, buckling his seat belt and pulling the hem of his skirt down, "where to next?"

He turns to look at Harry and sees the teen already staring at him, his green eyes glued to Louis' face before he clears his throat, "I have something panned for us at ten and it's not even nine yet." The older of the two started the car and rolled down the windows, "what do you want to eat?"

Louis let his hand drop out the window and hang freely in the zooming breeze, "don't put that pressure on me." Louis said quietly.

"Okay, okay." Harry raised a hand in defense, "have you ever been to that restaurant on Mavis street?"

Louis jumped in his seat, "you mean the one that just opened up? The one with spaghetti?" He rushed, clearly excited.

"Yes," he shot a glance at the smaller boy and chuckled. "Excited, Anthos?"

"Of course! It takes weeks to get a reservation and-" Louis turned to face Harry completely, his legs curling on the seat and his hands on his lap, "what did you call me?"

"It's from Ancient Greek," the teen reached over and placed his hand on Louis, "it means flower."

Louis' face was a bright red in less than a second, his ears a pink and his eyes darting everywhere but Harry's face. The blue-eyed boy gulped and bit his lip, "thanks, Harry."

The other grins, "no problem. Do you wanna know why you're my Anthos?"

My. Louis shyly nodded and shivered when Harry began tracing his knuckles with his finger.

"Flowers are delicate little plants, but some can be strong. Like a sunflower, or a rose with it's beauty and thorns." Harry pulled into the restaurant's parking lot - it seemed to be closer than Louis thought - and drove slowly to the valet, "And I don't know you well enough to call you one specific flower name like nemophila or chrysanthemum. So for now, I'll just call you Anthos."

By the end of Harry's short somewhat poetic speech, Louis is as red as a freshly bloomed rose. He feels Harry take his hand away with a quiet chuckle and mentally curses at himself for getting so flustered over a simple nickname. A simple but incredibly cute nickname that is.

Before he knows it, the door by his side is being pulled open and a hand is being offered to him.

"You okay, Anthos?"

Tonight will be the death of Louis. He knows it.

Louis takes a deep breath and fits his hand into Harry's, their fingers tangling and the latter's cold rings sending a wave of goosebumps up Louis' arm. He is gently pulled from the car and is welcomed by the faint smell of tomato sauce and burning wax. An arm is immediately finding home around his waist and fingertips sneaking under his shirt.

Harry clears his throat and drops his keys in the teenage in the tux's awaiting hand, "try not to get it scratched, mate."
"Can I have your name?" The boy asks, holding up a clipboard and a nervous smile taking over his features.

"Harry. Harry Styles."

The redhead chokes and quickly recovers, "are you related to Pete Styles, by any chance?" His voice is nearly shaking.

Harry nods slowly, "yes, I am." He reaches out and pats the teenager on his shoulder, "don't worry.." He glances at the name-tag, "I'll put in a good word for you, Keith."

Relief washes over the redheads face as he shuffles towards the restaurant and swings the door open, "thank you. It's my first day."

"No problem, just don't stress, okay?" Harry says as he leads him and Louis into the fancy restaurant.
After the two teens were seated - after skipping ahead of the very long line of customers, they found themselves at possibly one of the most gorgeous places Louis had ever been.

He stared in awe at the dazzling chandeliers and elegant pillars with swirls of shimmering gold and white. The high ceiling looming over his head and dim lighting from the heavy mix of metal and glass hanging above him. The faint sound of live music welcoming his ears, the lone piano player in the center of the room, their fingers flawlessly gliding across the keys and the ever so mesmerizing chime of the instrument tying perfectly with the low chatter of the other people surrounding Louis and Harry.

"It's beautiful isn't it?"

Louis turns his head and gives an eager nod, his hair flopping over his eyes before he softly brushes the strands. "It's amazing. Even if I do feel a bit under-dressed."

"I was talking about you." Harry says slowly, his gaze trailing over Louis.

Louis face is overcome by a wave of red, "you cheeky bastard." He tries to hide his blush while looking everywhere but Harry's intense stare. "Let's not forget you tricked me into going out with you, Styles."

Harry smirks, holding out his arms, "but you're enjoying yourself, aren't you?"

Yes.

In fact, Louis was positive that this was the best date he has ever been on. Sure, Harry was a sometimes an annoying and irritating weed-stealing asswipe but he surprised Louis with how much he planned for them. But, at school there were always rumors circling the green eyed boy, claiming he's a player and a 'sex god'.

Louis wasn't about to throw himself at Harry just from one date, regardless of if it was the best one ever. He knew that Harry has had his fair share of people in his bed, Louis wouldn't want to get involved with that. At all.

"No."

Harry eyes him suspiciously, "I saw your hesitation."

Just when Harry is about to probe at Louis' obvious pause before his answer, a fairly attractive woman approaches their table. Her red hair in a tight bun and her lips a pink, her eyes framed with semi-curled lashes. Louis almost wants to pull her aside and thank her for saving him from a determined Harry.

"I'm Rosie, and I'll be your waitress today."

Louis grinned, "hi, can I have a-"

"What can I get you, babe?"

Louis looked up from his menu and rolled his eyes with a huff. The waitress was clearly ignoring him, for whatever reason. Instead she was standing a bit too close to Harry.
"I'll have the spaghetti with meatballs and garlic bread. Oh and a bottle of white wine, please." Harry said politely, and shutting his menu. "What about you, Lou?"

"I'll have the same thing." Louis faked a smile and was offended when the waitress mimicked his face.

His bitch face is better, she can go eat shit.

The woman took their menus and stood at their table for a second, before turning to Harry. "I'll be back soon, babe." And she left when a wink.

"What?" Harry blinked, shifting in his seat as Louis simply glared at him but it burned through his skin.

Just when Louis was going to begin a rant. He chose that if this was probably the only date he'll ever be on with popular football captain Harry Styles, then there was no reason to be jealous over a waitress. Who knows, Harry might hit it off with her instead and never bother Louis again. Not that Louis didn't like when Harry bothered him, he found it quite ego-boosting.

There is no reason to be jealous, Louis chanted in his head before shaking his head and leaning back. "Nothing."
11. "Lou, of course I like you."

"So," Harry said slowly, "do you have a favourite colour?"

Louis furrowed his eyebrows, "colour? If I had known this date was going to be boring as hell, I
wouldn't have let my mum open the door for you."

The other teen fights the smile from growing onto his face, "c'mon, it was just a question."

"Fine," Louis huffs. "If you must know, my favourite colour is pink."

"Are you panies the same colour?"

Louis' mouth falls open, his cheeks heating up and his ears turning pink.

"Before you say anything, I think you owe me a kiss." Harry smirks.

"You asswipe, that whole deal was rigged."

"You agreed with it." Harry says simply, leaning forward over the table and puckering his lips, "kiss me."

He looks very cute, if Louis would say so himself.

"Thanks, I know I'm cute. Now kiss me."

The blue-eyed boy only blushes a deeper red as he watches Harry pucker his lips again and shut his eyes. His gaze travels over the sharp edge of Harry's jaw and the very pink of his lips while his eyelashes flutter against his cheekbones.

Instead of the soft cushion-like feeling on his lips, Harry feels something particularly flat and partly dry touch his lips. Confusion is clouding his brain but when he opens his eyes, expecting to see a pair of blue eyes and high arched eyebrows, he sees fingers.

He pulls away so fast that he slides his chair back and nearly bumps into a passing waiter, his mouth his left open as he sees Louis pull his hand away.

"Did you just make me kiss your palm?"

"No." Louis scoffs, "you kissed my hand. I just brought it closer to you."

Harry glares at him, "you owe me a real kiss. Lips and maybe a bit of tongue."

"I don't owe you anything."

"You agreed on the deal, princess." Harry points at him, "all you to do is stick to it."

"Let's not forget you tricked me into going out with you, Styles." Louis crossed his arms over his chest.

"Oh, c'mon, baby." Harry rasps, nodding briefly at the waitress as she brings them their wine bottle in a bucket of ice. "I'll make it up to you." He waves her off and Louis can't help but feel a bit smug. Not to mention that he must also look a bit smug, considering that the woman shots him daggers.
Louis tries to remember that it isn't a competition between him and the waitress, he reminds himself that Harry is an asshole, and this will probably be their only interaction other than football games.

"With another date? Oh, please, like you'd actually want to go on another with me." The boy sighs and crosses his legs too, while curling in on himself.

Louis hides his cringe in his elbow, what he had said sounded a bit too harsh - not on Harry but on himself.

"Louis," Harry says gently, leaning forward while the lights highlight his face nicely. "Do you think I don't like you?"

Louis shivers, he doesn't like any of this sappy shit. He hates talking about his feelings, it was just something he wasn't comfortable with.

"Lou, of course I like you." Harry's voice is low but sincere, "if I didn't like you, I wouldn't have asked or 'tricked' you to go out with me in the first place." He actually reaches over the table and pulls one of Louis' arms free and holds his hand tightly over the tablecloth. "Louis, I rented out a fucking arcade for us, now we're about to eat dinner at one of the best restaurants in the city."

Louis doesn't say anything, he just glues his eyes to his shoes.

"I told you I've had a crush on you for months, literally months. I just don't understand how you think I don't like you."

Louis sighs, everything he's been telling himself seems utterly stupid now. Ridiculous even.

"It's just. You're the popular hot jock and I'm the bitchy head-cheerleader. You could get anyone you want, like the waitress who was giving you heart-eyes, and I'm positive that every guy I've ever went out with, just wanted to get in my pants." Louis finishes with a deep breath, it's almost like a weight is lifted off his shoulders.

"Louis, you can't be serious. You don't know how many of the football players talk about you in the locker rooms after practice." Harry looks as if he may explode, "it's always, Louis this or Louis that. You're a normal topic in the locker rooms." He squeezes Louis' hand and breathes through his nose, "and you don't know how many of them I had to out-race in the track field to get them to back off of you."

"Really?" Louis says just above a whisper and shyly looks at Harry from under his lashes.

"Of course and Louis," Harry brings Louis' hand to his face and presses dozens of kisses on the boy's knuckles, "I never want you to think I don't like you."
"You're a lot sweeter than I thought, Styles." Louis pulls his hands back into his lap, oblivious to the way Harry's face fell.

"Really?" Harry quickly recovered and raised an eyebrow. He began pouring wine into their glasses and listened to Louis hum.

"Yeah. I have a feeling you taste a lot sweeter though."

Harry gasped and accidentally splashed the wine on the table. He cursed under his breath and began to quickly wipe the mess. Louis giggled at Harry's sudden flustered state and chose to ignore the tingly feeling in his stomach. He had no idea where that confidence came from but he enjoyed the way it made the football captain's face heat up.

Harry visibly gulped and sat back in his seat. "That was very naughty of you, princess."

"Was it really, Daddy?" Louis swallowed his giggles and remained with a straight face, thanks to those drama classes.

Harry once again choked and violently coughed, he took a sip of his wine with watery eyes.

"Not so cocky now, Styles?" Louis smirked.

The boy across from him only glared, "you know exactly what you're doing, Anthos."

Louis shrugged and glanced to his side, seeing the same redhead waitress approaching their table with plates on her tray. Perfect. Just as she was in a proper distance, Louis put on an innocent smile and bit his lip, "what am I doing, Daddy?"

And then a loud crash echoed through the restaurant. Louis looked in fake surprise at the now pasta covered waitress, the empty plates flipped over and Harry's and Louis' dinner pooling around her body. Considering that he was only expecting a loud gasp and maybe a small trip, it was a complete bonus to see her dripping with tomato sauce.

Other customers quickly jumped from their seats to help the woman but she only shoved them away roughly, leaving Louis agape. What a bitch.

"I know right." Harry mumbled from across the table, his own eyes widen and a somewhat amused glint in them.

 Turns out that the waitress also heard him, and she was red - not only from the tomato sauce. Just as she was marching towards Louis, her hand raised, another body slots itself in between them.

"Miss Rosie." The tall man says, his voice deep and his black tux fit around his shoulders nicely. "What do you think you're doing?" Louis could see the waitress' expression of fear and tried not to giggle at it.

"I-nothing, sir." She lied helplessly, Louis would be sorry for her if he didn't know she was about to probably smack him in the face a second ago.

Everyone around their table watched with wide eyes, and holding their breath.

"I've had enough of you today, I know that you were about to hit that customer-"
"It's my first day-"

"And you're fired."

Everyone gasped, and immediately began whispering to one another. Louis had a small smirk on his face as he watched the waitress mumble out apology after apology.

"No, Miss Rosie. Leave this property this instant." The man said firmly.

Louis made eye contact with the woman before she mirrored his smirk. He stared at her as she made her way towards Harry's side of the table and lean over him.

"Want to come with me?" She said, her voice was enough for anyone listening to cringe. She reached out and placed a saucy hand on Harry's shoulder.

Louis had enough - so much for not being jealous - and abruptly stood from his seat, his chair scooting back a few inches. He pointed a finger at the woman, "listen here, you fucking vagina head-"

"I don't appreciate you attempting to flirt with my very gay nephew, Miss Rosie." The man cut Louis off with before shooting him a polite smile, "security." He lifted his hand and not a second later was two large men at his sides and hauling a screaming woman out the restaurant.

"I can make you straight!"

And Louis wrinkled his face in disgust. She was just embarrassing herself now.
"Excuse my manners," Louis quickly turns his head away from the screaming woman and looks at the large man who held out his hand. "I'm Pete, Harry's uncle."

Oh. The blue-eyed boy shot Harry a sideways glance before shaking hands with the man, "I'm-

"His name is Louis." Harry smirks and it's that same cocky grin on his face. "He's my boyfriend."

"Wow, how long?" Pete seems to be surprised and fixes his tie around his neck with a smile.

Louis furrows his eyebrows and sits back in his seat. "We aren't-"

"Today is our five month anniversary." Harry once again, cuts him off and gently takes his hand from across the table. His thumb rubs soothing circles over Louis' knuckles but that does nothing to calm him down, why was Harry lying?

"Well, I'm happy for both of you." Pete grins and stands back to his full height, "I'd love to know more about you, Louis. Harry, why don't invite him to our monthly family get-together?"

"What do you say, Anthos?" The green eyed teen softly smiles and Louis wants to glare at him until he catches on fire.

"I'd love to." He gives Pete a closed and forced grin.

He half listens to Harry and Pete talking, only hearing something about the valet boy. He doesn't know why he didn't say he couldn't make it, actually he does. Pete protected him from a nasty fight with an annoying redhead waitress. Not that Louis couldn't take her, but he doesn't know if he would hit a woman. If she smacked him, he would probably just pour wine on her head or something. Maybe even splash the hot candle wax on her too. Or shove her into a bush, a bush of thorns.

"That's a bit brutal, isn't it?" Harry says as Louis snaps out of his little daydream.

The other teen is still holding his hand, Louis ignores it and only frowns, "I'm not your boyfriend."

"Not officially yet." Harry corrects, "but, you'll meet my family next week like a normal boyfriend."

"Why'd you lie?"

Harry shrugs, "thought it would be funny to see your face." He bursts into laughter, "and it was." He says through his giggles.

"You're an asshole."

"And you're pretty."

"I'm stuffed." Louis wipes his mouth with the napkin and shifts in his seat. "I don't think I've ever tasted better food."

"I'll make sure to tell your mum that." Harry sips on his wine across the table.

Louis glares at the other teen and leans his elbows on the table. "Then you can kiss your second date with me goodbye."

"Speaking of kisses," Harry winked and mirrored Louis by resting his arms on the table. "I think you owe me mine."

"Let's see what else you have planned and I'll chose whether to give you your kisses."

Harry eventually crumbles and nods his head at the deal while he makes plans to 'woo' Louis tonight. The smaller boy soon gets up and goes to the washroom which leaves Harry alone at the table. He asks a waiter for the bill and takes out his phone for the bit of free time.

From: Jade
how's your date with THE louis tomlinson going

From: Harry
he's very pretty and sassy . i think he's having a great time ((:

From: Jade
i'd date him if i was straight . you treat him well , mister

From: Harry
i've told you dozens of times , louis will never date your ass

From: Jade
oh suck a dick harry

From: Harry
i'll suck louis' dick and eat his ass for the rest of my life , dude

"I'm not even kissing you. Definitely not letting you anywhere near my dick tonight."

Harry jumps and shuts off his phone, he whips his head around and sees a very small and very red Louis standing at his very short height.

The green eyed boy clears his throat and takes out his wallet. He looks away from Louis and stares at the numbers of his credit card instead. Soon enough, their dinner is paid for and Harry awkwardly walks out the restaurant, right behind Louis. Tums out, the valet boy recognizes them and leaves to get Harry's car.

"Sorry." Harry says quietly, causing Louis to shoot him a confused glance. "I didn't mean to disrespect you or anything. I don't want you to think that I only see you as a sex symbol or something like that. No one should ever be thought of that way."
Louis' lips part before shutting again, after a few moments he says, "it's okay. I wasn't mad, maybe a bit flustered but I know you'd never disrespect me or objectify me like that."

Harry lets out a breath he didn't know he was holding and slowly reaches out to grab Louis' hand. Cradling the boy's delicate fingers and mesmerized by their size difference. "I really like you, Lou." He Breathes out, "like a lot. You make me feel all bubbly and kind of like I'm high."

"I know that I can be a bit too bitchy or stubborn, but just don't give up on me. I'll come around, babe." The boy smiles, his eyes crinkling at the corners and his cheekbones becoming more prominent.

And once they're in the comfort of Harry's car. The older boy doesn't hesitate to take Louis' hand again and tie their fingers.

He knows that he'll never get over the cheer-leading boy next to him, so waiting for Louis to come around was possibly the best thing he's ever heard.
"Really?" Louis raises an eyebrow at other teen and stares in awe the large screen.

It wasn't as packed with people as Louis would've thought, since it was late and not many people enjoy outdoor screenings. But it was something he wasn't expecting, definitely one of a kind.

"Yes, really." Harry replies and hops out of the car, leaving Louis to unbuckle his seat belt and meet him at the trunk of the car. "Hold this, please." He hands the blue-eyed boy a pile of neatly folded blankets and a sweater.

He can't help but chuckle at the small boy who struggled with the tower of fabric in his arms. Only the top of his head was visible and Harry reached out to pat his hand on the fluffy hair.

Louis huffed and says, "don't touch my hair, Styles." And glared at the other boy even if it be blocked by the blankets in his face.

"Okay, okay." Harry surrendered and gave in to the blue-eyed beauty. He took the blankets from Louis and smirked when he heard the latter's sigh of relief. "Can you shut the trunk, please?"

"So, Styles, what movie is playing?" Louis asked as he watched the other teen lay out the dozens of blankets on the grass in front of his car.

"It's called Dunkirk. It's about-"

"I know what it's about. If you forgot, I'm was in your history class."

"Right."

Halfway through the movie, Louis had barely taken his eyes off the large screen that was in the middle of a field. He didn't even flinch when Harry swung his arm around his shoulders and instead slowly melted into the green eyed boy's warmth.

It was full of suspense, the music blasting through the various speakers and his heart was racing.

Harry, on the other hand, was watching Louis watch the movie. Seeing the light reflect off his blue eyes and cast shadows over his flawless features. The boy's pink lips were shining with the glimmer of the screen while his nose would twitch every once in a while - Harry found it completely endearing.

Soon, the movie was over and Harry felt a bit disappointed that he couldn't stare at Louis anymore. He breathed out and slowly folded up the blankets and saw his date shivering in the corner of his eye.

"You cold?"

"A little bit." Louis held up his hand with a small distance between his thumb and index finger.

Harry smiled softly and picked up his red sweater from the pile of blankets. He stepped towards Louis and gently wrapped the sweater around his shoulders.

He broke out into a grin because Louis was clearly drowning in his sweater.

"You know what?"
"What?" Harry asked turned down Louis' street.

"You kind of look like one of the characters in that movie." Louis admitted.

"Really? Who?"

"His name was Alex and he was a proper asshole." Louis bit his lip. "I see the resemblance between you two, both personality and appearance wise." He joked and giggled when Harry let out a loud laugh.
"So," Harry pursed his lips, cutting off the engine of the car with the twist of his key. "Did you have fun?" He asked timidly.

"No," Louis said with a straight face before bursting into laughter. "Oh my God! You should've seen your face." He giggled and reached over to poke Harry's pouted lips. "You looked like a frog."

"Hey," the green eyed teen drags the word. "You're not very nice."

"Oh, honey, I know." Louis waves his hand dismissively. "But, all jokes aside, I had a really good time."

Harry lights up like a Christmas tree. "Thank God." He holds a hand over his chest, "I've been pining after you for forever."

"Oh, shut up." Louis smacks his arm. "You shouldn't have never treated me so well, now I'm going to be waiting for our next date."

"I'll start planning now." Harry smirks and reaches over to him.

Louis watches their hand entangle over his lap and looks at Harry from under his lashes. "What, Anthos?"

Harry chuckles at the nickname. "What, Harold?"

"I'm quite a handful. Are you sure you'd like to stay with me?"

"I'm positive I could handle a small princess like you, babe." He grins, "I think you owe me something or somethings, though."

Louis raises an eyebrow, "really?"

"Mhm," Harry leans closer. Louis can feel the boy's breath fanning over his face, the tingle of his hair on his forehead and he could see Harry's individual eyelashes and freckles.

"Instead of being in my bubble, how about you tell me what I owe yo-"

Harry lurches forward, catching Louis off guard and nearly kissing the boy's teeth, which would've been strange. Instead, he kisses Louis' puckered lips and feels a wave of relief through his body. Their lips move together in sync, almost too eagerly. Soon enough, Harry is prodding his tongue at Louis' bottom lip and to his hopes, the cheer-leading boy doesn't hesitate to open his mouth and they're sloppily making out in the football captain's car in the driveway of Louis' house.

Louis whimpers against Harry's lips as the latter nibbles lightly on his bottom lip, the older teen's hand is trailing up the blue-eyed boy's arm until reaching the back of his head. He tangles his fingers in Louis' hair and yanks the boy's head back. They arrange their bodies so that Harry's hips are snug between Louis' thighs and the boy is leaning against the car door.

Harry can't resist and latches onto the bare skin of Louis' neck, sucking and swiping his tongue along the surface, Louis' high pitched and moans are music to his ears. He gives it one last semi-rough bite and pulls away, a string of saliva connecting his lips and his work of art - the skin that what was once a creamy white is now bruised with washes of reds and purples, faint teeth marks decorating it
perfectly - until his tongue darts out and is nearly shoved down Louis' throat again.

"Jesus, princess." Harry groans when he feels Louis' hips thrust up. "I want to fuc-"

"Louis?" A series of knocks on the door have the two teens scrambling up. "Louis, are you in there?"

The boy curses, and turns around while wide eyes. It's his mom, dressed in her purple robe and curlers in her hair while a mint green mask is spread over her face. She squints into the car and continues knocking.

"Hello?"

Louis quickly gives Harry a last kiss before pulling away and straightening out his clothes. "Thank fuck for tinted windows." He breathes out.

Harry nods in agreement. "You should probably open the door before your mum breaks my window."

"Right." And then the door is swung open and Louis' mother stands there with her brows furrowed, "Lou? What are you doing in the driveway?"

"I-"

"Hi, Jay." Harry smiles cheekily from the drivers seat.

She isn't stupid and sees both boy's red bitten lips and messy hair, her mouth falls open and she slowly walks backward in her bunny slippers. "Hi, Harry. I.. Um, sorry for interrupting."

"Wait, mum!" Louis calls out but the front door is slammed shut. He faces Harry again and pouts, "sorry about her."

"What's there to be sorry about? I like your mum."

"Okay, that's weird."

"How? I just said I-oh." Harry blinks in realization. "I'm gay, like super gay." He rushes, "or maybe I'm Louis-sexual."

"You're a fucking egghead, I swear." Louis goes to kiss Harry again but the other boy puts a finger on his lips. "What?" Louis says against the digit.

"Your mum is watching from the window." Harry can't keep the smile off his face.

Just as Louis whips his head around, the curtains are yanked closed and he hears a loud crash along with his mother's voice screaming, "fudging lamp! I knew I should've never bought you!"

Louis' head drops down in embarrassment. "I guess I'll see you at school? Pick me up for breakie?"

"Sure thing, Anthos."

After one last kiss on Harry's pretty pink lips then Louis disappears in his house and helps his mother pick up the broken lamp. He never liked it anyway.
"What about-"

"Mum," Louis held up his hand, "I will not tell you anything other than we kissed."

"But-"

"And yes, it was nice."

Jay huffed and continued to smear the face mask over her son's face. She's been trying to get every single detail of Louis and Harry's date for nearly the last hour.

She sighed and turned around to wash her hands, "do you like him?"

"Maybe." Louis answered, "now, do my nails."

"Hey, watch who you're talking to, mister."

"Fine, please do my nails birthgiver."

Jay scoffed and took out her hag of nail polish.

Now, it was Monday morning and Louis was slipping on his shoes - very slowly since he didn't want to chip his baby pink nails.

"You look very cute today." His mother observed from her spot at the dining table with a mug of coffee in her hands.

"Are you saying I don't look cute every other day?" Louis sassed, jutting his hip out.

"Yes."

"Mum!" Louis gasped. "I think I look cute every second of every day." As he was about to sass his mother out again, a honk outside made him squeal in happiness. "That's my ride, I'll be back after school. Love you!" And then he was out the door.

Harry was already leaning against the hood of his car, his mile long legs in jean shorts and a pair of bright yellow runners on his feet. He had a cheeky grin on his face, dimples as deep as ever. And the loose white t-shirt showing off his tan nicely. To be honest, Louis might take a mental picture to use for his next wank session.

"Ready to go, sweetums?"

"Yep." Louis nodded and blushed under Harry's obvious stare.

He had on a pair of loose blue jeans with the ankles rolled up, his favourite sparkly white jelly platforms that make him look an inch taller. A floral tank top that he stole from his mother showed off his curves perfectly while a cute little bow was by his ear - which he also took from his mother.

"Hm." Harry opened his arms with a fond expression. He wrapped his arms around the small boy and nuzzled his nose into Louis' hair. "I missed you." He said softly.

"Missed you too." Louis relaxed in Harry's arms.
"You look taller today." The older teen began to lead Louis to the car door.

"Good."
"Louis!"

The boy turns around and sees Niall practically sprinting towards him. He laughs and faces Harry again. They're both leaning by Harry's opened locker, just talking - actually, they were just making out.

"I really like kissing you." Harry says, tracing Louis' pink lips with his finger before dropping his hand to the boy's hip, right over the fabric of his cheerleading uniform.

"Oh, shut up, Styles." Louis giggles, "you went a weekend without kissing me. Don't get addicted to me so fast."

"I did, a whole fucking weekend. It was torture." Harry smirks and clears his throat, "hey, Niall."

The blonde his panting, bending over and breathing heavily before he drops his bag at Louis' feet. "Hey, Harry." He says through breaths.

"Why the hell are you so tired? Don't you play football?" Louis pokes the blonde's forehead.

"So what if I slack sometimes. It's not like Cap is going to tell coach, right?"

Harry purses his lips and Louis' eyes are glued on the action. "Don't know, Ni. Maybe if you do something for me."

"I'm not sucking your dick, Louis would fucking kill me."

"Mr. Horan!" A voice says from behind them and all teens turn around to see their principal. He points his finger at Niall and down the hall, "my office. Now."

The blonde fish-mouths and slumps his shoulders. Picking up his bag and following after the principal is with his head down - only turning around to flip Harry and Louis' giggling off.

Their laughter quiets down after a few moments and Harry is brushing his thumb under Louis' cheer shirt when he asks, "would you really kill anyone who sucks my dick?"

Louis scoffs, "oh please. It's not like your dick is fucking gold or something." He crosses his arms and stands straight, "I won't commit a crime for your one inch cock."

"Yeah well, this one inch cock is your wet dream, Anthos." Harry smirks and crosses his arms too.
"Hey, boo."

Louis feels an arm wrap around his shoulders and the familiar smell of cigarettes and leather find its way to his nose. "Zayn, I told you to stop smoking."

His friend sighs and drops a good amount of his weight onto Louis, "I know. It's hard to quit." He leads them down the hall, through the crowd. "On the other hand, I heard you had a date with Styles. And I heard you two were making out in the hallway."

"What else did you hear?"

"That he sucked your finger."

"I'm going to kill Niall."

"You can't do that."

"You're right," Louis says thoughtfully. "Killing him would be too easy, I want him to suffer."

Zayn simply rolls his eyes and stops at Louis' locker before reaching a hand out to drag through the latter's hair. "I love your fless today, boo."

Louis blushed and poked his friend's nose, "thanks, I like your nose."

The other raised an eyebrow, "seriously?"

"Is that hard to beli-"

"Hey, Tommo!"

Louis turned his head and wrinkled his nose, three of the football players smirked before turning around. He watched as they wrapped their arms around themselves and-oh. They were laughing, being stupid, and also mocking Harry and him.

"Fuck off, at least I don't have an STI!" Louis sasses, his voice echoing through the pretty empty hallway.

"Oh, so you haven't bedded Cap yet, huh?" One of them smirks.

"I'd watch out if I were you, Tommo. Cap probably has a load of STI's." Another dusts off his shoulder.

Louis is about to defend his not-so-boyfriend but another voice cuts in.

"Shut the fuck up, Stanley, before I make you do triple in today's practice." The curly haired boy appears from down the hall. His tall frame coming towards them and a varsity jacket draped over his shoulders.

The football player rolls his eyes. "Like you would, Styles."

"Want to bet?" Harry tilts his head but only gets a laugh in reply. "We'll see who's laughing when the whole school finds out about your failed stripper career." He holds out his hand as he stops
beside Louis and Zayn. "Which, might I add, ended way before it even started."

"Hey-"

"I have nothing against strippers and if that's how you want to live your life - go ahead. But, Jesus, Stanley. You can't even dance for shit and no one wants a stripper who can't move."

The football player huffs and whips around, bumping into one of the other players as he makes his way down the hall.

"Well," Harry starts, a satisfied smirk on his face as he looks down at Louis. "Don't mind him, he's an egghead."

Louis nods, "right." But he furrows his eyebrows, "you don't have an STI, do you?"

The green eyed boy shakes his head, "no. But if it makes you more comfortable, I'll get tested."

"Really?"

"Anything for my little Anthos."

I'm still a virgin.

"I'll get tested too."

"And I'll be going." A third voice quips up.

"Oh yeah," Louis reaches out and brings his friend by his side. "This is Zayn."

"Hey, Malik." Harry nods before looking back at Louis. "He's in my history class. We sit next to each other so there isn't a need for introductions."

The cheerleader's hands drop by his sides. "Fine."

"Are you mad?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"You didn't kiss me."
20. "Ugh, I hope she gets hit by a bus. Regina George style."

"Oh shut the fuck up, Rebecca."

"How about you shut up, Stacy."

"What did I do?"

Louis almost gasps, placing a perfectly manicured hand over his chest, "let's go through the list, shall we?" He snaps his fingers and holds out his free hand, a notebook is immediately given to him. The small boy places his glasses on the tip of his nose, "number one: you spread rumours of all cheerleaders having sex with the football coach to keep our practice time in the gym on rainy days. Number two: you brought me a banana smoothie when you and the whole school know that I am allergic to said fruit. Number three: you attempted to leak our routine to the other cheer teams before Regionals."

He shuts the notebook and cocks his hip out, "would you like me to go on? It's practically a full notebook of your screw-ups." Louis crosses his arms after handing the notebook off to the other cheerleaders, "truth is, we only kept you here because you're a good dancer," he steps towards her and soon enough they're just a few inches apart, "but, dance moves don't make up for your bitchy personality, honey."

The blue-eyed boy feels actual spit land on his face and a stinging on his right cheek and his mouth drops open. He is seeing red when he is tackling Stacy to the ground, yanking at her hair and yelling curses in the middle of the football field.

"You fucking airhead!" He pulls at her fake eyelashes and pulls at her ears. "Don't hit me," Louis is straddling her waist and slapping her face.

Stacy flips them over and is holding Louis' legs down by hers, hitting his face with her hands and scratching his once clear smooth skin. "You think you're all high and mighty, whore!" She rips his glasses off his face and continues to beat his face with her palms. The other cheerleader quickly try to pull the girl off Louis, but step back when Louis flips them again. What can they say, no one liked Stacy.

"Go eat a cactus, bitch!" Louis screams and twists his body enough to push Stacy off him, and then he's on top of her again. This time, holding her arms down by his knees and he pinches her nose, "holy fuck, you are one strong bitch." But Stacy ends up freeing her hands and begins to push at Louis' chin, forcing his neck to stretch painfully.

"Hey, Styles?"

"What?" The green eyed teen asks, squeezing his head into his football helmet just as the whole team walk out the gym doors and into the hot sunshine.

"Isn't that your boy fighting that chick over there?"

"He isn't my boy. Not officially yet anyway." Harry turns around to where his fellow teammate was pointing and drops his water bottle and towel. "Oh shit!" And then he is bolting across the football field, ignoring his coaches calls for him.

"Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you." Louis chants, landing a hard slam on Stacy, he doesn't know where since he can't even see the girl. His neck his burning and he could only hit her harder.
"Louis!" Then there are arms wrapping around his waist and tearing him off Stacy, he doesn't even bother to look at the person who picked him up and is instead focusing on the girl with messy hair, red cheeks and a nose bleed in front of him.

Just when he is catching his breath and fixing his skirt, Stacy is barely even off the grass before she is lunging at him and they go tumbling to the ground again. She is pinning him to the ground and lands one smack on his face before she is being yanked off him and tossed to the ground - not before landing a punch on the other person's face.

Louis blinks rapidly and slowly sits up, the wind being knocked out of him when he was shoved to the ground.

"Fuck!" He hears Stacy swear, and looks up to see her clutching her hand in between her legs.

"Hey, are you okay?" It's Harry, in his tight white football pants, loose black tank top and a football helmet on his head. He is kneeling by Louis and brushing the boy's hair out from his face. "Oh, your nose is bleeding."

Then he is taking off his helmet and then his shirt, even though it might be drenched with sweat and holds it up to Louis' nose. He does a quick check up on Louis' body and frowns, "what a bitch, she bruised your pretty face."

The smaller boy nods and leans on the back of his hands, he nods towards the cursing ex-cheerleader and raises his eyebrows, "did she punch you?"

"Yes-

"I'll kill that ugly fucking-

"She punched me but I had my helmet on," Harry pushes Louis back by his shoulders when the boy made a movement to get up, "really hard and probably broke her hand."

Louis looked over Harry's shoulder and sees the principle and coach walking towards them. "Thanks for the shirt, even if it was completely cliche."

Two hours later and Louis is finally freed from school, he flips Stacy off before shutting the principals door and could already see the older man shaking his head at his actions. He stops by his locker and decides to leave his bag and work inside, he couldn't be bothered to care at the moment. He only grabs his cardigan and makes his way out to outside of school, holding his thin button up cardigan close to his body.

"Hey, babe." He almost jumps.

"Hi." He says, touching the band-aid on his face and shoots Harry a suspicious look.

"I got you this." He holds out a bouquet of daisies that have a small balloon that says 'congratulations' and a card. "It's a congratulations gift for not letting Stacy get away with slapping and spitting on you."

The boy opens the card and it reads:

'dear, baby

i like how you don't take shit
plus she deserved it
and she hit you
which isn't nice
but your face is still nice
really nice
- harry xx'

"Thanks, babe." He leans up to kiss Harry but winces.

"What's wrong?" Harry's eyes widen and his arms cradle Louis' small frame almost instantly.

"She got me good, hurts almost everywhere."

"Ugh, I hope she gets hit by a bus. Regina George style."

"Don't make me laugh," Louis pursed his lips as a means of trying to hide his smile. "It hurts to laugh."

"Sorry, sorry." Harry begins to lead them towards the parking lot, "what is your punishment?"

"Spankings."

Harry looks astonished and stops walking right next to his car, "w-what?"

"Kidding, babe." Louis pats a hand on Harry's cheek. "Don't look so flabbergasted, you probably daydream about spanking me."

He is being pushed gently against the trunk of Harry's car and he feels a hand slip under his skirt. "Well, you aren't wrong, Anthos." The football captain presses a gentle kiss to Louis' bruised lip and pats his bottom before fingerling the band of the boy's panties.

Louis rolls his eyes, "could've just asked if you wanted to touch my ass." He lazily wraps his arms around Harry's neck and lets the latter's hands massage his bottom cheeks. "I have to write an essay on school violence and I have three detentions, last one is on Thursday. Stacy got it worse, the principal was dropping hints on getting her suspended."

Harry stared deep into Louis' blue eyes, smiling softly when the boy pulled at his ear playfully, "so you're free on Friday?"

"Maybe."

"I want to take you shopping, my family's dinner is on Sunday."

Louis pouts, "what's wrong with the clothes I already own?"

"Nothing at all," Harry quickly says, "I might just want to buy you pretty things because you're very pretty." He pinches Louis' bum, "pretty people deserve pretty things."

"Oh, so you want to be my sugar daddy?" Louis raises an eyebrow.

"Yeah, baby." Harry smirks.
"You think I'm still pretty with bruises and cuts on my face?"

"You could have green skin, no eyebrows and a beard longer than my dick and you'll still be beautiful."
"Louis Tomlinson!"

The boy immediately cringes, hugging the bouquet of flowers close to his chest and slowly toeing off his shoes. "Yes, mother?"

There is the sound of pots and pans clashing, before the sound of his mother's slippers. Jay pops up around the corner and points a spoon covered in pasta sauce at him. "You are in big trouble, mister."

Louis drops his head and follows after his mother, sighing loudly and dragging his feet along the carpet. It will be a long night.

As Louis walks into the school, the whispers began and scared freshmen scatter. He can't help but roll his eyes and continue to strut down the hall, if they weren't staring at him for the fight yesterday, they were definitely staring at him for his clothing.

He didn't have of his usual feminine and pretty clothes, his mother had stolen all of them - including his panties expect for a couple pairs that Louis hid under his pillow - and told him that he was banned from wearing pretty clothes. It was his punishment and honestly, Louis was more pissed than he would be if she took away his cellphone or laptop.

His mother wasn't a complete monster, because she loves her son to pieces, and ended up leaving him only a small selection of feminine clothes. Plus, after much begging, his mother agreed that only today he would wear incredibly ugly clothes.

Now that he thinks of it, it is barely a punishment. After all, his mother was giggling awfully loud when Louis had walked down the stairs in white sweatpants and a black turtle neck. It was the least feminine Louis has looked in a couple of years.

"You look different, Lou." His mother had said through her giggles.

"Ha, ha. You're hilarious, mum." He pouted and slouched over her shoulder. "I don't feel pretty, mama."

Jay reached up and patted his cheek, "maybe you'll remember this before getting into another fight." She looked up at her son's face and kissed his lips. "I feel terrible, boo. If you want, your clothes are in my closet."

Louis grinned but looked at the time on his phone. "Can't, I'll be late if I choose what to wear now." He walked to the front door and blew his mother a kiss. "Mum, you're a little weak. One bat of these lashes and I have you wrapped around my finger."

His mother shook her head with a smile, "shut up, you." She waved her hand, "I'm sorry for taking your clothes."

This made Louis laugh and run back inside to kiss his mother's cheek, "it's okay, mum." Then he
"Hey, baby."

Louis breathes out and rolls his cherry flavoured lip balm on his lips, and he catches sight of the idiotic football player in his mirror. "Can I help you, Stanley?"

The teenager smirks and it was anything but attractive. "No skirt today? I don't get to see your legs and it makes me sad."

"You're annoying, rude, and frankly remind me of a troll." Louis spins around and smacks his lips. "I could care less if you're sad."

"Jesus Christ, Stanley." Zayn appeared next to Louis with his leather jacket swung over his shoulder. "Don't ever give up, eh?"

"Shut up, Malik." Then he is looking over Zayn's shoulder before walking away with a huff.

"Hi, babe." It was Harry, at his locker a couple feet away from them. He pulls out his bag and stuffs it with books before making his way towards them. "Was that asswipe bothering you again? Did he touch you?"

Louis sighs and fixes his fringe in his mirror, "he always bothers me. I'll punch him in his throat if he lays one of his dry ass hands on me."

Harry grins at Louis through the reflection of the boy's mirror. "That's my baby."

It's lunch now, and Louis walks into the cafeteria with Niall.

"And so, they killed all these black cats which made a huge increase of the rat population which brought a plague that was carried by the fleas on rats." The blonde babbles. "stupid superstitions."

Louis frowns, "I heard that if you eat from a pot, it'll rain on your wedding day. And I eat from pots all the time."

"I guess we'll just have our wedding inside."

The small blue-eyed boy jumps, holding a hand over his chest and using his other one to shove at the other teen's shoulder. "Don't scare me like that."

Harry laughs and takes Louis' hand in his before the boy could pull it back. "Sorry, sorry." He wraps an arm around the cheerleader's waist and presses a quick kiss on the latter's eyebrow. "Forgive me, please?"

Louis sighs dramatically and tilts his head, "I guess I could. If you propose to me somewhere romantic." He smiles and leans up to kiss Harry's lips.

"Mhm," the taller hums, "I'll start planning now." He pulls away and nods his head to the left, "go grab us a table and I'll get you a lunch." And then he was gone, not even taking Louis' wallet.

Louis eventually finds a table and drags Niall to it. "Harry still needs to plan your second date, and now he has to plan his proposal." The blonde grumbles. "He's going to be overwhelmed."

Louis just shrugs and lays his head on the table yawning. He feels a hand brush through his hair and
leans closer to his friend.

"So," Niall starts, "are you two official?"

Louis pouts, "no."

"You should ask him where you two stand. Everyone is confused as fuck when they see you make out and then Harry chats up girls."

"What?" Louis sits up and furrows his brows. "Harry chats up other people?"

Niall frowns, "that's what I've heard. Sorry, Lou." He reaches out and combs his fingers through his sad friend's hair.

"The first guy I have liked in a long ass time and he's cheating before we're even a thing."

"Who's cheating?" Harry pops up and sits down next to Louis. He has one tray packed with food and slides it towards the smaller boy before scooting his seat closer too. He only pouts when Louis shifts away.

"Harry, do you like me?" Louis asks, batting his lashes.

The teen nods without a thought. "Yes, very much."

"Then why do you flirt with other people?"

He watches as Harry's face slowly break into a grin and then he is full out laughing. This makes Louis clench his teeth and stand up, he flicks Harry in his head and turns around.

"I fucking hate people. Stupid good-looking bitch-" He is cut off by his own squeal when he falls into Harry's lap.

The football player nuzzles into his neck, "aw babe, you think I'm good-looking." He wraps his arms tight around Louis' waist and twists his boy so Louis is trapped between him and the table.

"Leave me alone," Louis pushes at the table. "Let me go, you egghead."

"Anthos, do you really think I'd cheat on you?" Harry's lips are right next to his ear. "I ramble on and on about you to everyone, I'd never be unfaithful to you."

Louis visibly goes limp. "But, Niall said-"

"Niall will say anything for ten bucks."

Louis watches the bill slap on the table and is fish-mouthing at his so called 'best friend'.

"You ugly fake blonde." He points his finger, "I can't believe you would do this to me."

His ex-friend pouts. "You'll forgive me. I'll buy you candy with this ten dollars."

Louis only rolls his eyes and drops his head to the table.

"Oh, don't hurt yourself, babe." Harry's hand is squeezing it between Louis' forehead and the table. "I'm sorry, I just wanted to see your reaction."

"You owe me big time, Styles."
"How about you be my boyfriend? Officially."

The cheerleader lifts his head, not before biting Harry's finger. "Surprise me after my detention and I'll tell you my answer then."

Chapter End Notes

hello beautiful baby bubble hotties

i have an announcement

drum roll please

i have made instagram accounts for louis and harry !!!

thank you to everyone who has been reading this story and to those who bookmark, give kudos and comment! also special thanks to those who said that i should make an account for them <3 ya'll are my babies

harry's instagram is harrystyliar
https://www.instagram.com/harrystyliar/

louis' instagram is gaynotdesperate
https://www.instagram.com/gaynotdesperate/

follow them please! or don't, it's up to you :) ))

this is going to be fun (°_°)


"Hi, Louis." Felix, a boy in a few of Louis' classes walks up to him, "you look nice today." The tall boy comments with a smile.

Louis grins and blushes, "thanks, Feli-

"Hi, Louis, you look beautiful everyday." It's Harry, with a frown on his face and his hair pulled back by a headband. He comes up next to Louis and shoos the other teen away with a wave of his hand, "bye, Felix."

The tall blonde boy looks confused but leaves with a small smile wave .

"Harry." Louis scolds, slapping the teen's chest.

"What?" Harry tilts his head.

"Ugh," the cheerleader rolls his eyes, "I'm going to have no friends if we start dating."

"We are dating, though."

"I actually hate you." Louis huffs, turning around and rummaging through his locker. "Leave me alone, I'm still mad at you for making Niall lie."

"I didn't make him do anything," the green eyed boy holds his hands up in defense, "he just wanted the money."

"Harry, I can either stay here and sass you to death but I have detention in a couple minutes." Louis shuts his locker and leans up to hug the taller boy. "I'll see you later-" His body becomes rigid as soon as he sees the familiar top of bright blonde hair, "bitch."

Harry pulls away and frowns at him, "why did you call me a bitch?"

Louis groans and pushes the boy out of the way, "not you." He points across the hall. "That bitch is back."

And at that exact moment, the tall thin blonde catches sight of him and immediately smiles as she begins to make her way to them.

"Is that Louis Tomlinson?"

Louis can feel his ears bleeding, "Taylor." He puts the most bored expression on his face.

She bats her lashes as her smiles widens. "Long time no see, my dear." Taylor's gaze travels to Harry, "Harry!" And then shes wrapping her arms around the taller boy's body.
The blue-eyed boy raises one of his brows and cocks his hip out, he isn't surprised when Taylor glares at him over Harry's shoulder so he sends one back - if looks could kill, she'd be lying dead the middle of the hall.

"So, Taylor," Louis crosses his arms, "how was your vacation?"

The tall blonde pulls away from Harry but keeps her hand on his bicep, "San Fran is beautiful." She pauses and over dramatically gasps. "Wow, Harry. Have you been working out?" She flutters her lashes and uses her free hand to twirl a strand of her hair.

"Actually I have, I got this new membership at a gym a couple blocks from my house and-"

"Well, would you look at the time." Louis holds up his cellphone. "I have to get going." He practically rips Taylor's hand from the football player's arm and pulls the latter down by the collar of his shirt, kissing Harry's lips forcefully but it isn't a second before the Harry is kissing back twice as hard (nearly sending Louis flying back into the wall of lockers). Louis pulls away, not before biting into the green eyed boy's bottom lip. "I'll see you later, baby." He places his finger on Harry's mouth when the boy tries to kiss him again. "You can get more kisses later."

Louis turns away and begins walking down the hall, "bye, Taylor." He says with a smirk and a wave.

"I must say, Mr. Tomlinson, I'm surprised you showed up." The school principal says, his bushy grey eyebrows high.

Louis gives him a tight-lipped smile, "it isn't like I have anything else to do."

The older man sighs and rubs his forehead, "Mr. Tomlinson, I understand that you are mad-"

"I really don't want to talk about this, Sir." Louis cocks out his hip and gestures to the shut door. "Can I go inside now?"

Detention isn't as bad as Louis thought. He made a couple of friends with the other students there, they offered him some weed when the supervisor left for the washroom. And Louis may or may not have taken it, (he did). They even invited him to a party that was next week.

"It's at Julia's house," the redhead boy says, pointing to the girl sitting on Louis' other side. "Her parents are gone for all of next week but the party is on Wednesday."

"It's on Friday, Nate." Julia rolls her eyes. "I literally told you that this morning."

"Oh, Jules, we all know that Nate was faded as fuck this morning." Henry speaks up, another one of the friends Louis has made.

"Bye, guys!" Louis calls out to the small group of teens.

"Bye, Louis! Remember to wrap the tip!" Julia screams in the empty hallway.

The cheerleader bursts into laughter, and bumps into a locker. He winces and makes his way out the school, holding his elbow with a pout on his lips.
"Are you Louis William Tomlinson?"

"Um," Louis shoots the middle aged man a weird look. "Who are you?"

The older man straightens his blazer. "I was sent by Mr. Styles to pick you up and take you to his house."

"Why couldn't Harry just pick me up himself?"

"Mr. Styles was not finished planning your special evening together and asked me to take the longest route possible to ensure that he has enough time." He opens the back door of the car and holds out his hand. "I'll take your bag, Mr. Styles'-soon-to-be-boyfriend."

"Louis is fine." He hands his bag over to the man and gets into the car.

"Mr. Styles specifically instructed me to only refer to you as Mr. Styles'-soon-to-be-boyfriend." Then the door shut.

Louis huffs. "That little shit."
"Thanks, Leon." The cheerleader grins and hops out of the car. Louis stares up at the large house with wide eyes and takes his bag from the older man. "Holy shit, Harry lives here?"

The house is huge, definitely bigger than Louis'. It's gated off and in the richest neighborhood in the city, not a surprise. Tall trees surround the home, large windows cover most of the walls as a large garden takes up most of the front yard. He could only imagine what the interior is.

The man in the tux nods and shuts the car door. "This is where Mr. Styles is when he isn't with you."

Louis rolls his eyes, "did he tell you to say that too?"

Leon nods and leads the smaller boy to the front door, "Mr. Styles told me to reassure you that he is not cheating on you."

"What else did that fucker say?"

Leon's face is still emotionless. "Mr. Styles told me not to tell you anything else." He rings the doorbell for the two of them and stands back once it opens.

"Baby," Harry smiles, swinging a rag over his shoulder and tugging Louis into the house by the boy's hand. "Thanks, Leon!" The older gentleman leaves with a too formal bow and returns to his car.

"Smells good." Louis notes, dropping his bag in Harry's hand and slips off his shoes. "Do you have chefs?"

The taller teen places his free hand on Louis' waist, "I sent them home. What you're smelling is my signature dish."

"Mhm," hums Louis, he stands to his full height and lets Harry take off his jacket. "What is it?"

"Pasta."

"Wow, so original."

"Hey," Harry pouts, "I thought you liked pasta."

"I do." Louis nods, swinging his arms around Harry's neck, yanking the other boy down for a short kiss. "I just don't know if I'll like your pasta."

Harry only scoffs, he takes Louis' hand into his and pulls them away from the front door. "This is the living room." He brings them to a wide open room, a combination of reds and browns cover it from floor to ceiling. A long couch is up against one wall and a fireplace and flat-screen television on the other. A coffee table in the middle of the room and a sparkly chandelier hangs from above their
heads. "Well, it's one of them."

"Jesus." Louis' eyes are wide, "wait, where are your parents? How big is your house?"

"My dad and mum went away for the week. I think they went to California this time, or Las Vegas. I don't know but they took the private jet." Harry shrugs. "The house is four floors if you count the basement, I don't know how many rooms or what most of them are for, indoor and outdoor swimming pool, backyard tennis court and.." Harry taps his finger on his chin, "a movie room, and I'm getting my own gym renovated upstairs, which is why I have a membership down the street."

"About that," the blue-eyed boy huffs, "what are your thoughts on Taylor?"

Harry's eyebrows knot together. "She's nice, and kind of funny." He says, "she asked what gym I use and wants us to workout together."

Louis blinks and takes his bag from Harry, walking towards the front door and putting on his shoes - on the wrong feet - and opens the door. A hand shuts it before he could even get one foot out.

"Lou, what did I say?"

The cheerleader crosses his arms and faces Harry with a brow raised. "Are you serious?"

Harry just nods, reaching down and taking the bag from Louis' hand to set it down. "I don't know why you're mad."

"Fucking shit." Louis curses, "I'm mad because you actually like her!" He stomps his small foot.

"Who?"

"Taylor!" Louis nearly screams, "I hate her with all my soul and more." He bites on the inside of the cheek. "And I'm a jealous bitch so if you want to date me, you're going to have to put up with me."

Harry laughs, surprising and offending Louis in all the same breath. "Oh god, I would never go for her."

"No shit, you're gay." Louis rolls his eyes.

"Baby," Harry wraps an arm around Louis' waist, "honey." He lets his hand other drop to the boy's bottom and squeeze a cheek through the sweatpants. "Bunnyboo." He nuzzles their noses. "Sweetcheeks." Harry's fingers dig into Louis' ass, "little one." He pushes their crotches together. "Babycakes."

Louis keeps his bitch-face on. "What?"

The football player purses his lips to hide his smile. "I get jealous. Really jealous and I think you're the one who has to put up with me."

"I don't care."

"I guess we'll just have to be two jealous asses together."

"Fine." The smaller breathes out. "But I still don't want you working out with her without me." He frowns, "you're gay but that isn't going to stop her from dropping to her knees to suck your dick."

"Trust me, babycakes. This dick is yours."
Louis giggles, before looking away from Harry. "I smell something burning."
"My pasta!"

"Nice going, Harold. Gordon Ramsay would be disappointed." Louis is sitting on the counter, swinging his feet and staring at Harry attempt to save the pot from the stuck on burnt pasta sauce. "Face it and toss that pot."

"No," the older is stubborn. "I wanted to make a romantic dinner for us and I even bought little candles." Harry points over his shoulder at the box by the kitchen table. "Bought a whole fucking box so I could spell out your name in the backyard."

Louis smiles softly, "Harry, don't stress yourself too much."

The teen drops the pot in the sink, slumping over the counter and groaning deeply. "I just wanted to make this a cute ass cliche date that we could tell our kids someday."

The cheerleader bites his lip and pats the counter next to him. "C'mere, big boy." Like a child, Harry trudges over to the boy, his head hung low and curls covering his face. He walks into Louis' opened arms and lets the younger rub circles on his back. "Let's just go to the supermarket and buy a whole bunch of food."

Harry lifts his head and pouts, "can I get cheesecake?"

"Yes, you can get cheesecake."

"Can I get maple cookies?"

"Yes, you can get maple cookies."

"Can I eat your ass?"

"Yes you can eat my-" Louis pauses and shoves Harry away and wipes his hands on his pants in disgust. "Harry!"

The once upset football player smirks and leans over Louis, despite the smaller boy squirming away with cute little giggles. "You almost said I could."

"Oh, fuck off." Louis squeals when Harry picks him up by his thighs and brings them to the front door.

Louis is wiggling in Harry's arms when the latter is grabbing his wallet, keys and slipping on slide sandals. He brings them to the garage door and manages to get Louis into the passenger seat.

"Harry!" Louis pokes at the man's stomach. "I need my shoes!"

"I can't believe you didn't let me go back for my shoes."
Harry shrugs and pushes the cart, "it was an excuse so I can carry you everywhere."

Louis pouts and crosses his arms, the metal bars are making his ass hurt and he hates not being able to grab things without Harry knowing, the older boy is pushing the cart away just when Louis is about to take a bag of chips.

"Yeah, and now look where I am." The boy gestures to the cart. Truth is, Louis doesn't care about the bizarre looks being shot at him, a teenager sitting in the a cart.

"Oh sweetums, don't you just love this?" Harry is holding up a box of oatmeal. He shakes the box and grins, "don't you love the dinosaur egg oatmeal?"

The cheerleader keeps his glare set on Harry, nodding once but not smiling when Harry drops it into the cart. It continues like that for the rest of the trip, Harry showing Louis various foods and letting the boy decide on whether to get it or not. The only time Harry gets a different reaction from Louis is when he holds up a banana causing Louis to throw a box of granola bars at him from inside the cart.

It isn't until Louis is in line, still sitting in the cart and almost groans when he sees there is only one cashier open. He actually does let out a short scream when he sees who is working the register. Louis turns away from the girl at the register and silently helps Harry set out the food on the conveyor belt.

"Louis."

"Stacy." He sticks out his chin and raises an eyebrow. "Suspended yet?"

"Shut up," the girl hisses.

It's quiet for the rest of the time, until Harry finishes setting the last bag in the cart and begins pushing it away.

"Harry, stop." Louis holds out his hand, and leans onto his knees, "Stacy! You're off the cheer-squad!"

And the mixture of anger, annoyance and most importantly aggravation made Louis' hour in a metal cart worth it.

Harry starts to push the cart again, stiffing his laughs into his arm as they leave the supermarket. "Anthos, you're mean."

Louis nods, "I know." He rolls his eyes, "like I was going to keep that bitch on the team when she hit me."

"And spit on you."

"Get me back in there." Louis is about to jump out the cart, "I need to smack her stupid face."

"Oh, no, no you don't." Harry steadies the smaller boy as they reach his car. "Be a good boy for Daddy and give him a kiss."

And Louis may have bit Harry's lip too hard, causing him to bleed but Harry only gasped and pinched Louis' nipple through his shirt.
24. "Just keep the piercings and we'll talk about it."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I'm going to fall asleep in here." Louis whispers into his cell phone and hides his face behind his bag. "Save me."

"Anthos, there is only fifteen minutes left."

"You sent me nudes, and you expect me to just stay here."

"You wanted them."

"Harry," the cheerleader groans, "you bitch, you owe me."

"I'm not going to sneak you out of detention." Harry's laugh rings through the phone, "I'm waiting outside for you, I brought something different today."

"Is it a ladder to get me the fuck out of here?"

"Mr. Tomlinson!" A hand is ripping his phone from his hand. "No cellphones in detention." It's the detention supervisor. He watches the man shut off his phone and place it onto his desk. "You have one more chance." And a finger is wiggled in his face.

The small boy only huffs and drops his head on his desk. He denies Julia's offer for a blunt and lazily scribbles dicks on his desk. Soon enough, detention is over and Louis is strutting down the hallway in his red pants and stripped shirt, his slider slippers slapping against the floor. The blue-eyed boy flicks his hair from his face as he comes to the entrance of school.

"Looking as gorgeous as ever, babe!" A voice shouts.

Louis looks up and smiles, he waves to the older teen and practically tackles Harry into a bush.

"I'm guessing you missed me." The football player laughs, balancing himself and pepperings kisses all over Louis' face.

"Very much so." Louis giggles, shying away from the kisses and pinching Harry's nipple. "What did you bring today?"

The green-eyed teen smirks, taking Louis hand and leading him around the parking lot.

"Oh."

"Do you like it?" Harry asks, grabbing a helmet and passing it over to the smaller boy. "I got it like two years ago and barely use it."

"It's fucking hot," Louis is in awe, dragging his fingertips over the leather seat of the motorcycle. "You're so fucking hot."

Harry bites his lip, "you're hotter than a pot of boiling water that is about to evaporate."

"Gee, thanks." Louis rolls his eyes, he cocks one hip out and flutters his lashes. "Harry."
"Baby cakes."

"Daddy."

"Little one."

"Say.. If I asked you to get a piercing with me, would you?"

Harry's eyes widen and he almost drops his keys. "What are you on?"

"Nothing! I didn't take the weed this time." Louis purses his lips. "I've always wanted to get MDs in the back of my neck and my collarbones but I don't want to get it alone."

"MDs?"

"Mircrodermals."

"Oh," Harry nods. "Now that I think about it, you'd look sexy as fuck with piercings."

"Thanks, babe." Louis grins, leaning forward and pulling Harry down by the collar of his flannel. "Will you come with me?"

"Mhm, I'll definitely come on you." The taller of the two grins, earning another nipple pinch and chuckles, "hop on, sweet cheeks."

"So?"

Harry looks up from his magazine and blows a kiss. "Looks beautiful, baby"

The cheerleader goes to dramatically flip his hair but winces, "fuck, can't move my head. How the hell will I cheer with this shit hurting." Louis huffs, and turns his whole body to face Harry and takes the magazine from his hands. "Ready to go?"

"Wait." The football player stands up, holding Louis' shoulders and inspecting the four piercings on his collarbones. He stares at the tint of red surrounding the piercing and presses a kiss to Louis' nose before turning the boy around. At the back of his neck are two more piercings, little tiny shiny ones contrasting with his tan skin. "I really like it."

"Do you?" Louis slowly turns around, "I was thinking about a tongue piercing too." He sticks out his tongue for a moment.

Harry's mouth drops open as filthy thoughts fill his mind. "Fuck."

"Or maybe even hip bars."

"Fucking fuck."

The smaller boy laughs and puts the magazine down, "I'll get it later maybe. Ready to go?"

To his surprise, Harry shakes his head and gives him one last kiss before walking up to the front desk. He watches Harry talk to the tattoo-and-piercing-covered-man behind the counter and sits down with a confused expression on his face.

Harry returns a while later, but he's shirtless.
"What the hell," Louis looks up too fast and a pain shoots up his neck. He winces and waves his hands around, "Harry, what the fuck."

"I think I look hot." The football player glances down at his chest and back up at the cheerleader. "Don't I?"

"I'm going to have this burned into my brain forever." Louis closes his eyes.

Harry's chest is covered with his tattoos of birds, a butterfly, a small little heart, leaves on his hips and the weird little bright yellow flower right next to his belly button. Now, there are fucking rings on his nipples, the skin is red and obviously irritated.

Louis reaches out, "I can't believe you did that."

A wash of regret flashes through Harry's eyes and a quickly turns around to the empty desk. "Oh my god, what did I do."

"No!"

"How do I get these out of me-"

The cheerleader almost jumps on Harry's back, "keep them. Keep them forever."

The older teen faces Louis again, he's biting his lip and twisting his shirt in between his fingers. "And then will you marry me?"

Louis just sighs fondly and shakes his head. "Just keep the piercings and we'll talk about it."

Chapter End Notes

harry has his nipples pierced and louis has his collarbones and nape pierced
Detention is utter hell. Louis got a cracked chair and the supervisor won't let him change it, and the ugly pointy plastic is poking his ass. To add on, Stanley is right next to him, making fairly stupid comments about Louis' new piercings.

"Hey, if you pass a fridge will you cling to it like you cling to Styles?"

The cheerleader rolls his eyes, reading over his essay. "I'm not going to waste my breath on you."

"How about you don't waste your time with Styles and go out with me?" Another voice says from the back of the room.

Louis turns around and actually groans. "Fuck off, Nathan."

"Mr. Tomlinson, no swearing." The supervisor points a finger.

"Hey, Harry!"

The football captain turns around, wiping the sweat off his forehead and highfiving Niall. "What's up?"

The blonde jogs in his spot, the jersey he's wearing is drenched in sweat and possibly water considering his bottle is the only one empty. "I was wondering when you were going to ask Louis to be your boyfriend."  

Harry finishes tying his cleats and stretches his back, "I was thinking on Sunday just before my family dinner."

"Are you serious?" Niall raises his brows. "He's going to have no choice but to say yes when he's about to see your family."

The taller of the two starts following the rest of the team by doing laps around the field. "That's the point."

Niall sighs, speeding up to keep up with the other teen. "No offense, Cap, but that's evil."

"I know it is." Harry easily moves to the front of the team, leading them around the perimeter of the football field.

They pass a group of cheerleaders in the bleachers and get whistles and shouts - sadly, a certain blue-eyed boy is missing so Harry doesn't bother to wink in their direction.

"I don't think you have anything to be scared of, Louis is going to say yes if you ask him right now."
"I guess," Harry shrugs.
 "You should ask him like right now," Niall elbows him, "right now as in right now."
 "Why?" The taller nudges him back.
 "Nathan is in detention with him, Stanley too."
 Harry frowns, taking off towards the school instead of around the field again.
 "Where is he going?" A football player asks.
 "Maybe it's a different warm up."
 "We should follow him."
 Niall stops running and watches with his arms in the air, "guys! Where are you going?"
 "Following Cap! New warm up!" A player shouts back.
 "Twats." The blonde shakes his head but eventually runs after the rest of the team.

"You know what, Tommo the tease."

"What do I know, Stanley?" Louis drops his head in his hands.

The teen leans closer, after shooting the sleeping supervisor a glance. "I bet you know Styles' credit card info."

The cheerleader makes a noise of annoyance. "You're a stupid piece of shit, you know?" Louis stands up, and begins walking towards the front desk before slamming his paper down - scaring the sleeping supervisor who falls of their chair with a scream.

"Tomlinson!"

Louis rolls his eyes, cocking out his hip. "Don't sleep on the job." He walks back to his desk and slumps in his seat, taking out his headphones and plugging his ears with the sound of Lana Del Rey.

A few moments later, a loud knock on the door breaks Stanley and Nathan's talk about the hottest girls in the school. The supervisor stands from their chair and swings it open before walking backwards, "what the heck-

"I need to speak to Louis."

The small boy is scribbling over his desk, drawing small faces over the dicks from yesterday when a hand lands over his 'masterpiece'. He knows that cross tattoo and slowly looks up. "Harry?"

"Hey, bunnyboo." The cherry cheeks of the captain become brighter. Harry drops to his knees and lays his head next to Louis', "can I ask you something very, very important?"

"I don't know who you are, but you need to leave." The supervisor is standing by their desk. "This is detention and no visitors!"

Louis ignores them and takes off his headphones. "What did you say?"
"Will you do me the honor, and pleasure, and also save a large part of my ego and self-esteem by being my boyfriend?" Harry's eyes are hopeful, his tongue poking out to moisten his lips and nose crinkling the slightest.

The cheerleader smiles, closed mouthed but it makes the corner of his eyes wrinkle. "Harry Styles, you egghead."

"Say yes!" A voice shouts from the door, and Louis quickly shoots up - colliding his and Harry's heads in the process.

At the door, also ignoring the supervisors pleads to leave, is the whole football team. All of them, standing in sweaty clothes and all piled over each other as if they're watching a teen drama.

Louis turns back to Harry, rubbing his forehead and bites his lip. "I guess I have to say yes."

Harry grins, almost squealing in delight. "I guess you do, boyfriend."

"Finally!" A familiar voice says from the back of the team. "Only took you half a billion years!"

With a short make-out session, incredibly short because the supervisor threatened to call the principal, Harry and the rest of the team leave - not after Harry points a finger at Nathan and Stanley and says, "don't hit on my boyfriend or I'll fuck both of you up."

And in the hallway, Harry got several pats on the back, ruffles of his hair and a couple slaps on his ass from his teammates.
"Good morning, sweet cheeks."

"Hi," Louis pulls Harry in by his wrist and shuts the door. "Did you bring it?"

The taller teen nods, opening his bag and passing Louis the lilac fabric. "I don't know why you can't just wear one of your sweaters." Harry says, toeing off his shoes.

The cheerleader rolls his eyes and turns around to the stairs. "I saw you wearing this sweater once and now that we are together, it's my goal to raid your closet." He makes it halfway up the stairs before waving a hand. "Come on, babe."

"Is your mum home? I don't want it to be awkward if she sees me in your bedroom." Harry's steps are hesitant, and he lingers at Louis' doorway in a pair of red-ish pants, white shirt with a trench coat hanging from his arm.

Louis opens a drawer and pulls out tights, he is only wearing a large t-shirt and sits on the bed. "She's at work, plus she already met you. You're fine."

Harry's eyes are glued to Louis' bare legs, "y-yeah."

The smaller boy looks up with a grin, "I think you're going to like what I'm wearing today."

The football player steps into the bedroom, looking over the opened pink curtains and blue bedspread, the cluttered dresser and vanity before nodding towards the computer desk that has clothes thrown askew over it. "You're messy, Anthos."

Louis finishes rolling the black tights up his legs and runs his fingers over his thighs. "I know, but look." He stands and strikes a pose. "They're sparkly."

Harry's mouth drops open. Glimmering in the sunlight coming through the window are small little sparkles or jewels on Louis' legs. Harry wants nothing but to have his mouth on the skin.

"Now," Louis turns around, "for the sweater."

Before Harry can prepare himself, Louis is tearing off his shirt and standing in the middle of his room in only tights and from what he can see, red lace panties.

His knees wobble and he crashes into a dresser when Louis bends over to pull spandex shorts on.

The smaller boy whips around, topless and with his piercings sitting pretty on his skin. "You okay?"

"Fuck," Harry rubs his side, "yeah."

Louis finds humour in Harry's pain - and the latter isn't sure if he should be upset or happy - and the blue-eyed boy bursts into laughter. The football captain steadies himself on the dresser and watches with a hungry gaze as Louis adjusts the lilac sweater over his shoulders. It's a little big on Harry causing him to roll up the sleeves but it's devouring Louis' tiny frame.

And, when the boy turns around and looks into his mirror, Harry can't help but to mutter out curses, dropping his bag and walking before pressing his body against Louis'.

"Hey, big fella." Louis giggles, leaning away from Harry's mouth. "Ask me why I wanted your
sweater."

The taller groans, having been deprived of kisses. "Why, oh little one, did you want my sweater?"

"It's because it's a pretty colour and bigger on me." The boy stretches out his arms and looks at Harry through the reflection of the mirror. The sleeves are well past his fingertips, and the bottom of the sweater falls close to his knees. "And plus, it shows off my piercings."

He's right, the collar dips low and exposes his new metal studs on both his collarbones and nape. So, Harry does what anyone would've done in that moment and latches on to the skin of Louis' neck.

"Harry!" The cheerleader squirms in Harry's hold, the latter only tightens his grip on the boy's waist.

His lips are sucking at Louis' skin, making blood rise to the surface. The skin is turning a red under his mouth and Louis' legs are tingling when Harry's tongue swipes over the sensitive skin. And when the football player's teeth start to bite at Louis' neck, the boy feels as if he'll faint.

After a few moments of sucking and nibbling, Harry pulls away with one last lick at his masterpiece and grins through the reflection. "There, marked you up good."

"Ass," Louis mumbles, turning around and jumping. Harry successfully catches him by his thighs and hoists the boy up on his hip. With one hand playing with Harry's hair, the other is running down the teen's chest before circling on a ring. "I love this." The boy leans down and mouthes against the fabric.

Louis' mouth sucks at the ring through the fabric - wetting it. And his tongue circling it, causing small shocks of pain to shoot down Harry's spine. He kind of likes the pain. He is happy that Louis knows better than to touch it directly, considering it took Harry a bit longer to wash his body this morning. But when the cheerleader swipes his tongue over the nipple once, Harry can feel his cock perking up.

"Shit." Harry almost loses his balance. "Louis, you have to stop or we aren't going to leave your house."

"Okay," with one final kiss on the nipple through the shirt, Louis pulls away and takes the glasses from Harry's head. "Are we still going shopping?" He puts the glasses on the tip of his nose. "These aren't even prescribed."

"We are and that's because it's for fashion."

"Okay, Mr. Styles."

"Nice pun." One of Harry's hands slip under the sweater and squeeze Louis' bottom. "Or should I say, nice buns."

"You're lucky I like you." Louis wiggles until he is set down and begins searching around his room. "Forgot to tell you, there is also a party today at Julia's house." He drops to his knees by his bed and holds out two pairs of small heeled boots, one is white with little diamonds and the other is a sparkly gold. "Which one?"

"Julia? As in the one who smokes pot in the washroom?" Harry asks, sitting on Louis' bed. "The gold ones."

"Obviously you would chose these." Louis rolls his eyes and picks up the other pair before sitting next to Harry. "And yes, she invited me when I had detention with her."
He feels Harry lean over his shoulder and his mouth is against his skin again. "I guess we can go after shopping."

"There." Louis stands and cocks his hip out. "How do I look?"

"Like Harry Styles' cute ass tiny boyfriend." The football player reaches a hand out to run over the boy's tights. "Fuck, I can't wait to show you off."

"Aw, you aren't one of those people who would cover up their partner because you don't want people staring." Louis cooes and picks up his bag.

"Are you kidding? I mean I get jealous but if you want to wear booty shorts and a crop top - I don't care, I don't mind if people stare as long as you're happy and they know you're mine."

"Thanks, baby." Louis kisses him once on the lips. He turns around and looks over his vanity. "Which lipgloss, baby pink or just clear with tiny sparkles?"

"What are the flavours?"

"Raspberry and cherry."

"Cherry." Harry is by his door, with his trench coat on and bag swung over his shoulder. "I would love to taste cherries when I kiss you today." He earns one short kiss after Louis swipes on some gloss, Harry pulls away humming, "just makes me wonder how the rest of you tastes."

"Yeah, yeah. Let's go, Romeo."

"Wait," Harry frowns, "I thought you were supposed to kiss me every time I said my something inappropriate."
"I can't stand this shit."

"Then don't stand."

"You're right," Louis jumps onto Zayn's back. "Carry me."

Zayn screams, before latching onto his friend's thighs. "Louis!"

"Much better." He pats Zayn on the side of his face, "now, to the lunch line."

The brown eyed teen mumbles curses and reluctantly obliges. And now he's helplessly trying to get a cheerleader off his back. A stubborn cheerleader.

"Zayn! Just let me stay on a little longer!" Louis squeals, tightening his hold on Zayn's shoulders.

"Louis, no. I brought you here and get off me!" He attempts to pry Louis' legs from his waist. "If you don't let go of me, I'm not going to take you to the field to watch the football practice."

That has Louis hopping off his friend's back with a huff, he stands in his little gold boots and crosses his arms. "You're an ass."

"Oh, honey!" Louis calls out, "I bought you a lunch and some water." The cheerleader grins, waving the paper bag in the air. His jumping must've gotten the captains attention, since he begins walking towards Louis with a wide smile.

"You didn't have to." Harry is holding his football helmet in one hand, and wraps his other arm around Louis' waist. "But, thank you." With a smirk, he leans forward, "can't wait to taste those cherry lips of yours."

The smaller boy frowns, "you smell." He pushes the bag into Harry's chest and leans back. "I hope you shower before you kiss me."

And so, Harry eats his lunch next to Louis with a couple inches between them — a request from Louis. He munches on his sandwich and sips his water, trying to make a conversation with his boyfriend but only gets a couple murmurs in reply. Louis' hand is over his nose. The cheerleader turns and is talking to Zayn when Harry heads to the showers with the rest of the team.

"I feel bad for him, he only wants to show you affection."

Louis scoffs, "he stinks." He stands and puts a hand on one of his hips. "Don't you like my outfit today?"

"I do." A voice says from behind.

Louis turns around and waves at the blonde, "you guys done showering already?"

Niall shakes his head with a laugh, "Harry's the only one taking a shower, everyone else just sprayed on some cologne and deodorant." He takes a seat next to Zayn an swings his arm around the latter's shoulder. "He looks like a proper loner in here, butt naked."
"I just don't like when he's sweaty."

Niall rolls his eyes. "Anyway, I heard he's taking you to meet his family this weekend." Niall purses his lips, "you should tell them you're pregnant."

"What? Why?" Louis raises an eyebrow.

The blonde shrugs, "shows you two had sex."

"Why would I.. Niall, if you forgot, I'm a pure and innocent virgin." Louis pats his chest, and bats his eyelashes.

"Oh please, you may be a virgin but you're anything but innocent." Zayn scoffs, and it earns him a wack on the head.

"I'm all clean, can I have a kiss now?" Harry jogs up to the trio, pulling his boy in for a bone crushing hug. He holds Louis' hips and puckers his lips, "kiss?"

And Louis leans up and connects their lips, he's on his tippy-toes and has his hands on Harry's biceps. "Fuck, I love your arms." He digs his fingertips into the muscle when he feels Harry lick his bottom lip.

"Yeah?" The football player says into their kiss.

It's the end of the school day and classes just finished. Louis is at his locker, smearing more cherry gloss on his lips. He fixes his fringe and props his glasses on the collar of his shirt before shutting the metal door. The boy walks outside, and meets Harry by his car.

"Hey, bunnyboo." The taller smiles and opens Louis' door. Instead of shutting it, he leans in till his nose is almost brushing Louis'. "I know your secret."

The cheerleader licks Harry's nose, "what?"

Harry isn't bothered by the nose lick and just licks Louis' in return. "My baby is a virgin." His green eyes trail over Louis' body. "Fuck."

"Yeah, so?"

"Nothing, I'm just a little satisfied that no one has touched you yet."

"Just a little?" The blue-eyed boy raises an eyebrow.

"Okay, maybe a lot." Harry corrects with a nod. "A whole lot."
28. Wanna feel that stream of dopamine.

Chapter Notes

Credits to that one meme for the knock-knock joke !!

Listen to Dopamine by BØRNS if you want (recommended).

BØRNS - Dopamine

"Knock Knock."

"Who's there?"

"Harry, your boyfriend. And guess what,"

"What?"

"He's always going to be there for you."

"You, fuckwad."

"You, cutie." Harry quips.

"Do you mind if I play some music?"

"There is music already."

"My music." Louis doesn't wait for a reply and instead plugs his phone into Harry's car. He clicks his tongue on the roof of his mouth as he searches through his music library, swiping across the screen until he finds one is his favourites.

The sound of building music echoes through the car, and Louis turns it up as the first lyric starts.

"Wanna feel that stream of dopamine. Wanna feel that stream of dopamine."

He bobs his head and lowers the window, letting the wind blow his hair.

"I know this song," Harry smiles, "and it might not be logical, but baby my mind just won't let you leave." He sings along.

"Who sings it?"

"Borns."

"Yeah, let's keep it that way, Styles."

Harry fish-mouths. "Um.. I-Okay."

So instead, the music continues to blare. And, Louis sings along, "And I'm craving your taste under
my tongue everyday. *Keep the forbidden fruit coming my way."

"How come you can sing along?"

"Because I'm better than you."

*You sip what the devil's drinking. Hot as hell and I'm thinkin'."

It's quiet for a few moments, before Harry asks, "how was your day?"

Louis turns his head and smiles. "It was okay, I didn't see the snake so that made it better."

"There's a snake at school?" Harry's eyes widen.

"Yup. Long and thin."

"Are you serious?"

"100%."

"Oh fuck."

"Yep."

"Holy shit, they need to call an exterminator or something!" The football player pulls into the parking lot of the mall.

"I don't think that'll do anything." Louis carelessly picks at his nails.

"Why not?" Harry asks, finding a parking spot. It wasn't too far from the entrance.

The cheerleader unbuckles himself after rolling up the window. "It's Taylor."

Harry furrows his brows, taking out his keys and opening his door. Louis does the same and they meet around the front of the car, and Harry immediately wraps an arm around Louis' shoulder.

"What do you mean the snake is Taylor — oh." Harry crackles, throwing his head back. His laugh is loud and certainly draws a few glances from shoppers around the large glass doors of the mall.

"Wow, I can't believe it took you that long."

"Hey, don't be mean." Harry pouts as they walk into the mall, he holds the door open for his boy.

"Besides, I haven't gotten my kiss from you yet."

"A kiss for what?" Louis scoffs, and skips towards the map.

Harry follows after him and drops his chin on Louis' shoulder as they scan the layout of the mall. "A kiss for.. Um, being nice to you," it's more like a question if anything.

"Hm." Louis hums, spinning around and leaning up to press a less-than-a-second kiss on Harry's awaiting lips. "There you go, Romeo."

The mall isn't as busy as Louis originally thought, except when they reach Starbucks.

"Holy fuck." Harry gaps at the line that stretches out the door and along against the wall. "*Anthos*, do you really want Starbucks now?"
"Harry," Louis whines, tugging on the other teen's t-shirt. "I need it."

And that was how hey found themselves standing thirty minutes in line for one venti vanilla bean frappe with no whip cream and one grande caramel frappe with no whip cream and extra caramel.

"That's one mighty frappe for such a small boy." Harry comments, before wrapping his lips around his straw.

"You'd be surprised what my body can take."

Harry chokes on his drink and coughs roughly, patting his chest. "Shit."

Very explicit images of him hovering over Louis' curvy body race through Harry's mind. Their skin glistening in sweat as he works himself harder and harder into the cheerleader-

Louis scoffs, "you dirty minded freak." The boy's eyes widen and he quickly tugs Harry to the side opposite of Starbucks. "Let's go to Victoria's Secret!"

Today was going to be long.

"Not longer than this dick."

Louis turns around, "what?"

"What?"

"I thought you said something."

Harry shakes his head, "nope."

"Okay.." Louis trails off, and swings the glass door open. "By the way, I still believe that your cock is one inch so there's many things that can be longer than it. Including whatever you were thinking about."
"Hi."

The girl gives Louis a side-glance but continues to scroll through her phone.

The cheerleader frowns, averting his eyes to Harry not too far who's scanning through a rack of robes for God knows why. Louis wants to say something again but he's far too embarrassed and pretends to have never spoken in the first place.

All he wanted to do was tell the girl she was pretty but wow, she ignores him. Fine, Louis is fine.

No he's not. The boy huffs and waits for the girl to walk away before trudging over to his boyfriend.

"Hey, I thought you'd look cute in this." Harry holds up a sheer black robe with pink feathers at the sleeves, collar and the bottom. It has small little sparkles spelling out 'Love' on the back along with a feather boa-like tie for the waist.

Louis only squishes his face into Harry's chest.

"What's wrong, Anthos?"

"All I wanted to do was tell this girl she was pretty, you know because she could be having a bad day, but she just fucking ignored me. I'm mad and I'm embarrassed."

"Don't worry about her-"

"I'm not worrying about her — I'm worrying about me and how I'm going to think about this at night as one of my most embarrassing moments ever." Louis fake cries.

Harry stifled his laugh. "Aw, princess."

"It isn't even like that she didn't hear me because I know she did. I'm loud as fuck."

"You are loud."

Louis wraps his arms around Harry's waist. "Fuck, I hate this." He turns around and looks for the girl. "Fuck her."

"Some people are just rude."

"Her personality is ugly." Louis peeks under Harry's arm and finds her. She's right outside the store, tapping on her phone as her other hand drops her foam cup on the ground. It's empty and she doesn't even look away from her screen. "Look at her! Just littering inside like that." The girl begins walking away and it only makes Louis stomp his foot. "What an ugly bitch."

[by the way, this actually happened to me today. I was going to tell his girl she was pretty and she just bluntly ignores me. Fucking rude ass bitch. I take it back, you aren't pretty. Thank you for reading this if you did. I just want to spread my embarrassment so I don't want to eat a tide pod late at night as I relive my most embarrassing memories. DO NOT EAT TIDE
"Forget her." Harry takes hold of Louis' chin and makes the boy face him. "Now, lets get you pretty panties."

The cheerleader smiles softly and pulls Harry down by his shoulders. "You're so amazing."

"You're so egocentric."

[ someone also brought it to my attention that louis is just plain rude in this story, guess i'll change him a bit bc i don't want anymore comments about how i write my characters ]

[ also this fic barely has a storyline — sorry. just some cute ass fluff and hot smut ]

"Wow, I was actually going to kiss you."

"Still can." Harry hums, "plus you always say you're better than me. You bruise my self esteem."

"But you put up with me because you like me." Louis pecks Harry's lips before biting down on his bottom one. "That's what you get for being honest."

"So I can't be honest?" Harry pouts, leaning on a wall and rubbing his fingers over his slightly throbbing lip.

"Didn't say that. Be as honest as you want because so am I." Louis turns and checks out the other robes on the rack. "Just be prepared to not be agreed with. Simple."

"You know, baby, you're smart." Harry reaches out for his boyfriend but gets a smack on his hand instead. "Ow."

"Sorry, I thought you were going to say I have a big ego."

"That too."

"Asshole."

"Honesty is the best policy."

"Bitch."

"The truth can set you free."

"Egghead."

"Being honest."

"Stop." Louis glares and frankly reminds Harry of a kitten, or a hedgehog, maybe any kind of small animal but a rat or something. Louis isn't a rat.

"I know I'm not a rat."

"I'm going to say something, but I'm also prepared for you to kick me in the balls."

"What is it, Styles?" Louis moves to a rack of corsets.

"I don't want you to say you're better than me anymore. I want us to be equally hot and amazing."
Louis freezes, "Are you being serious?"

"Dead serious."

Louis puffs out a breath. "Okay then, I guess I'll stop saying that." The cheerleader steps forward and reaches into Harry's jacket pocket, pulling out his phone. "I dropped this in your pocket when you weren't looking, but thanks for holding it." He blindly pats Harry on the cheek. "I just need to change my Instagram bio now." Louis sighs.

"You should put 'I have a boyfriend named Harry, and he's the football captain'."

"What the fuck." Louis blinks. "No."

"Why not?"

"I'm not going to advertise you on my Instagram."

"Not advertise. Just warn people that you're taken and your boyfriend is strong."

"And I'm the one with a big ego?" Louis cocks out his hip and raises an eyebrow.

"You actually say your ego-fueled thoughts. I usually keep them to myself." Harry flips his hair, or at least attempts to.

"How about I put, 'I have a daddy, and I love his sugar'."

Harry smirks, and it's quite cocky. "You haven't even tasted my sugar yet."

"Mh," Louis plays along. "Is it sweeter than candy?"

"Sure is." The football captain pins Louis against the counter. "I eat a lot of fruit."

"Maybe," Louis licks his lips, "I'll have a little taste in the car later, would Daddy like that?"

"Fuck, yes."

"Ha, no." The cheerleader turns around and Harry just gets a glimpse of the boy's bottom in tight spandex shorts. "Suck your own dick, bitch." Then he's walking away with Harry's wallet in his hand and the black robe in the other, and the football captain stands by the wall with his jaw dropped because how the fuck did Louis get his wallet.

And when Harry looks away from where Louis had walked off to, he sees an employee staring at him.

"He just called you a bitch, man."

"Yeah, I know." Harry awkwardly scratches his head.

"But you two are cute," the girl nods, "like the kind of cute that I want to lock you in a castle in the sky and call you my kids."

And that's when Harry walks away to the cash register, only to see Louis whipping out his credit card and swiping it.

"I got some cute-ass panties and a bunch of other things." Louis says to him once they've left the store, after unfortunately having to pass the employee who just excitedly waved at them.
Harry was scared.

"Slippers?" The taller teen searches through one of the two bags they got. "You need slippers? And a corset? What's this?"

Louis sips on his drink and rolls his eyes. "It's a whole lingerie set. With stockings and all that."

"Hot." Harry nods in astonishment. "You know, it isn't fair that we haven't done anything yet here I am, just buying you sexy lingerie."

"Patience is virtue." The cheerleader grins and takes out a pack of gum from Harry's pocket before popping one into his mouth. He blows a bubble and giggles, then he's sticking his tongue out. "Tastes bad with Starbucks."

Harry huffs and pulls them to a bench, and he yanks Louis down onto his lap. "Fuck virtue, I just want my mouth on you."

Louis squeaked and ungracefully fell onto his boyfriend's lap, "you fucker."

"You're so fucking hot." Harry's nose is nuzzling into Louis' hair. "I'm going to get a boner in the middle of the mall." The football player jerks forward and grunts when something collides with his shoulder.

"Shame on you!" It's an elderly woman, with her bag in her hand and furrowed thin grey brows.

"Hey," Louis stands after giving Harry his drink, he smacks his gum loudly and faces the woman who's actually shorter than him. Shocker. "Don't hit him, lady."

"You are a sinner, and so is he!" Oh, she's one of those people. "You are a boy but you dress like a girl! These boys are faggots!" She shouts, and surely there is a small crowd forming.

"Listen here, you closed-minded old witch" Louis leans down and blows a bubble only for it to pop in her face. "How I dress or if I like things up my ass doesn't concern you, so why don't you return to your retirement home before they send out a search for a missing crabby lady."

"Shut up, you two are going to hell! Dysfunctional queers!"

Louis blinks slowly and carefully looks at her, from her feet to her white hair. "It's the kind of people like you that make me happy to be gay. All rude and narrowed minded and shit." Louis blows one last bubble and smiles at the shocked expression on her face.

The lady gasps, "you are a disease! You ruin families!"

Louis finds amusement in her red face and chuckles, "who hurt you, hun?"

She lifts her bag again, but Louis catches it just before it can hit his face. "Please don't hit me with your fake-ass Coach purse, mam." He lets go of the purse and clears his throat. "I'd much prefer the real one smacking my face rather your cheap knock-off."

Louis stands straight again and yawns, "oh yeah, and I know you're jealous of me because I'm gorgeous, I'm young and I have a fucking hot boyfriend while you, honey." The cheerleader sighs in fake sympathy, "you're a homophobic wrinkly hag who hits people with her bag full of decade old mints and free samples. I know they're free but, fuck, leave some for other people."

Louis really doesn't take shit, except for that girl who ignored him. And yes, he's going to think
about that tonight and painfully regret it.

Chapter End Notes

lol
"Harry, I don't know." Louis mumbles, smoothing his hands down the blue velvet dress.

It was down to his mid-thigh and hugged his curves, and most definitely made his ass look great. Louis knew wanted it, but he also just wanted an excuse to make Harry flustered by 'accidentally' bending over in front of him.

"Let me see," a knock came on the door.

"Okay," The cheerleader unlocks the door before swinging it open. He pouted and did a unenthusiastic spin. "I know it matches my eyes but how do I look?"

Harry's eyes widened to nearly twice their size, his lips parting the slightest as his phone slipped from his hand, before falling right onto his crotch. The football player grunts and rubs a hand on his dick, "fucking fuck."

"I look fucking fuck?"

"What?" Harry looks up and almost has tears in his eyes. "No, you look gorgeous. But I think my dick is broken."

Louis smiles and runs a hand over the velvet dress. "I don't know if I want it." His voice trails off, "might be a bit too tight. What do you think?" And the cheerleader kicks one leg up on the doorway of the change room, he lets his foot slide up the wall until he's doing practically a full split on the wall. Obviously not too much that his panties were on display, but just enough for one of his ass cheeks to poke out — and almost automatically, Harry's gaze falls onto his bottom.

"I-um," Harry chokes out, before reaching out and grasping a handful of Louis' ass. "Holy shit."

"Hey," Louis giggles because he's a minx. "Don't get handsy now, Daddy." The cheerleader tsks while prying Harry's squeezing hand off his bum. "I'm guessing that you like the dress."

"Fuck the dress, I just like you." Harry pouts when his hand is removed but stands, and pockets his phone. "I like you a lot."

Louis hums, "cute." Then he's turning around and bending over, picking up one of his boots while saying, "wonder how these babies would look with this dress..."

Harry clears his throat, before peeking down the narrow hall of the change rooms. Once he deems it as clear, he leans down to wrap his arms around Louis' waist and haul him into the change room and kick the door shut.

"What the fuck." Louis almost falls over with only one heel on. "Harry!" He wiggles in the football player's grasp.

"You just love to tease me." Harry has him pressed up against the mirror, holding both of Louis' wrists in one hand and gripping the boy's hip with his other one. "You find joy in taunting me with your body. But, this is what you wanted, right?" Harry says against Louis' neck, before nibbling and sucking at the skin.

"I love how you get worked up," Louis confesses and moans softly when Harry's hips line up with his and the other teen grinds dirtily. His breath his fogging up the mirror but he honestly couldn't care
less, because frankly he just doesn't care. If negative-cares existed, Louis would take a fuckload of them.

"I want your first time to be special, not in a tiny change room with strangers who could hear us." Harry lets out a low groan when Louis pushes his ass back on the bulge in his pants.

"There's a way for us to get off without having your cock up my ass." Louis rolls his eyes, from both pleasure and slight annoyance. "You're even an egghead when you're horny."

Harry growls and turns Louis around so fast, the cheerleader practically has whiplash. "I can't wait till I have you withering on my bed — I'm going to make you beg for it."

"And by 'it' you mean your one inch cock?"

"You just know how to ruin a moment, Tommo the tease." Harry's hands drop to Louis' hips, his thumbs rubbing over the fabric. "My cock is well over one inch."

"You're right, it's two."

"Higher."

"Two and a half."

"Try eight."

"Milimeters?"

"Inches."

"Centimeters?"

"Eight inches." Harry winks, "all for my princess."

"Whatever." Louis looks at Harry through his lashes.

The football player smirks, "you calling me a liar?"

"I am." Louis nods.

"Hm," Harry leans down and presses a small kiss on Louis' ear before whispering, "want Daddy to show you just how big he is?"

Louis hates it when his breath quickens, and his walls crumble. "I-I think I'll need a magnifying glass."

"Really?" Harry's hips push forward, and once again the hard bulge is against Louis, but this time on his own cock. "You feel that, sweet cheeks?"

"You get really asshole-y when you're horny."

"Always the sassy remarks with you, babe." Harry pulls away completely and leans against the door. "You'll know the truth in a little bit, and I know you'll love my dick."

"Ew." Louis fixes himself and begins stripping out the tight dress, this time Harry doesn't bat a lash. "Bitch, get out."
"You really want me to leave?"

The cheerleader thinks for a moment. "No, stay." The dress is bunched up around his hips. "I like when you look at me. I feed off attention and with you as my boyfriend, I'll never go hungry."

"I love your confidence." Harry hums, his eyes freely roaming Louis' body clad in panties and one gold boot. "And your smile, your laugh, your eyes-"

"And my panties?"

"And your panties."

They end up buying the dress and a bunch of other things Louis placed on the counter without Harry noticing. But that didn't stop Harry from swiping his card for the red high waist latex pants, black mesh shirt, pink fluffy mini skirt, and that damned blue velvet dress.

Harry thanks the cashier and takes the bags. He leans down for a kiss from Louis and gets a sloppy one on the tip of his nose. "What a sweet kiss."

"You're welcome."

"Hey, bunny boo?"

"What?" Louis slows down his steps.

"I want to get your face printed onto contacts so I can always look at you."

"Wouldn't you be looking through me?"

Harry thinks for a second before huffing. "I'm trying to make your heart all mushy."
"Easy, sailor."

"Touch me and I'll punch you in your fucking neck, you turd."

Liam holds his hands up in surrender, "holy shit, why're you so mad?"

Louis blinks slowly and scowls. "I'm so hot, have a hot boyfriend and I'm standing here alone."

"Well, I guess my presence means nothing." Liam mumbles.

"You know I love you, I just love me more."

Liam just bats away Louis' hands. "You just got here an hour ago, and you're already shit-faced."

The blue-eyed boy only shouts, "let's fuckin' party!" He gets whistles and cheers in reply and raises two red solo cups before chugging one, then the other. "I love alcohol."

"You're drunk."

"And.. you're a waffle." Louis smiles and reaches for a lemon from the counter then shoving it in mouth.

"Louis!" Liam rips the full lemon from Louis' mouth. "You just can't stuff a whole fruit in your mouth."

"But I can stuff Harry's dick in my mouth." Louis winks, but it just looked like his eye was having a spasm. "Speaking of my daddy, he bought me this outfit." He spins around for good measure but only trips over and finds himself face-first in the sink.

With a drunk giggle, Louis lifts himself from the sink before kicking up his heel. "He bought me these YSL boots, they're like.. so much fucking money." Louis falls to his bum and begins running his fingertips over the boots. "So much money and they're on my feet." He screams, "out of all the feet in the world, they choose mine!"

"I need to get you to Harry."

"I don't get it, I have money." Louis falls completely on the kitchen floor, just flat on his back. "I could've bought these for myself. But daddy said that he wants to buy me things." The cheerleader nods to his own words. "Liam! Do you like my bra?"

"You aren't wearing a bra." Liam bends down and helps Louis off the floor but the boy is practically dead weight.

"Shhh, yes I am." Louis stands on wobbly knees and pulls down the hem of his red and black bodysuit. "See?"

"Louis, those are your nipples covered in cat stickers."
"It's my bra!" Louis cries, "it's my bra and I got it from this book at the dollar store." He drags his feet next to Liam, even holding onto a few strangers shoulders to stay upright. "Don't you like my skirt? It's leather."

Liam groans, pushing through the crowd of party-goers to get to the staircase. "Did you buy the book of stickers?"

Louis' eyes water and his bottom lip wobbles. "N-No," the drunken cheerleader bursts into full on tears. "I stole the stickers!" He sobs into his hands and leans on the wall when Liam lets go of him. "I'm going to go to jail!

Liam sighs and makes his way to the backdoor of the house. He swings it open and waves a hand at the other football player not too far. Harry is in a circle, surrounding a fire-pit with a few players from the team and a of couple girls. He has a red plastic cup in his hand and a joint in the other.

"Hey," Harry greets once he's closer, and looks as sober as ever, "what's up?"

"What's up is your boyfriend is having a meltdown about kitten stickers on his nipples."

Harry chuckles then takes a pull from his joint. "Wh..what?"

"Where did you get that?"

"From your man, Zayn." Harry says. "It's a Malik-juana."

The brown eyed teen rips the joint from Harry's fingers and points over his shoulder, "go take care of your boyfriend."

And the last thing Harry expects to see is Louis hanging off the shoulder of a short brunette.

"Listen here, you're a.. a cute little bitch." Louis points at her, "wow, you're like... so pretty." The boy jumps up and yells, "I love this song. You want my... groupie love!" He faces the girl with a serious expression and says, "groupie sounds like Louis, Louis is my name and this song is by Lana Del Rey. Conclusion: Lana Del Rey wrote this song about me and it was originally called Louis Love. But she changed it because she doesn't want me to be swarmed with paparazzi."

He waits for a moment. "You want my... Louis love!" He does a short twirl, "see? Sounds lovely."

Harry wants Louis love.

"You alright?" She asks with a tiny smile, and sips from her drink.

"I'm fine, like a parking ticket—Harry!" The cheerleader catches sight of Harry and immediately clings to the teen's arm. "Harry meet Daniel."

"My name is Danielle."
"Danielle! Her name is Danielle." Louis nods a few times and begins poking at Harry's armpit.

The football player bats off his hands, "hey, get out of there." Harry then waves politely to the girl and begins dragging Louis away, towards the back door.

"Wait—Damien, save me!" Louis shouts, just before he's swung over Harry's shoulder.

Harry holds onto Louis' thigh, and the bottom of his skirt as he makes his way through the crowd of people. Louis sways over Harry's shoulder, and even reaches into the boy's pocket. He pulls out the football player's phone and enters the pass-code.

"Louis, what are you doing?" Harry asks over the booming music, successfully opening the screen-door and breathes in the fresh air before setting Louis on his feet.

The younger boy is tapping all over the screen, with a drunk grin on his face. "I just deleted someone's number," he hands the phone back over to Harry and then blows a sloppy kiss.

"Who did you delete?" Harry doesn't get a reply, instead Louis is leaning forward for Harry's lips but gets a mouthful of Harry's cheek.

"I..I don't have good aim when I'm drunk." He whispers against Harry's cheek, then passes out in the football player's arms.

It was only 11:00pm.
"Good morning, sunshine!"

Louis plops on a chair and puts his head on the table. "Please be quiet, bighead."

"Aw, is little one all hungover?" Harry slides a plate of pancakes and red cherries towards his boyfriend. "You were completely smashed last night."

"What happened?" Louis mumbles, reaching out and tapping Harry's arm. "Feed me."

"You look so soft, cuddly, cute and... I'm still whipped."

"Feed me and I'll look even cuter, I bet."

Then there's a cherry pushing against Louis' lips, he eats it and hums. "Where are you parents?"

"They land at about five." Harry feeds his boyfriend a slice of pancake.

"Now," he chews, "tell me what fucked up shit I did last night."

Harry purses his lips, "after you fell asleep on me, and woke up like an hour later, you kind of begged to give me a blowjob." He cuts off a piece of a pancake and eats it. "And got mad because I said no and then you tried to suck your own dick."

"What?" Louis' mouth drops open the slightest, only for Harry to fake-feed him a slice of pancake — he brings it to Louis' lips only to pull it away at the last second and shove it in his own mouth. "Jackass."

"You're pretty flexible and got really close to sucking your own cock. Like only an inch away. Maybe even centimeters." Harry continues to eat Louis' pancakes. "Then, you were all clingy to me." The football player smirks, "you couldn't get your hands off me and sat on my lap the whole night." Harry chews on the pancake slice and mumbles about how good of a cook he is. "You're a proper daddy's baby."

"Shut up." Louis rolls his eyes.

"You also cried because you thought breathing air was taking away the home for like.. flies and butterflies."

"Can you stop being a selfish prick and feed me?"

Harry hums and slowly feeds Louis' a piece of pancake. "What kind of fish never shares with anyone else?"

"A Louis-fish."
"A selfis-" Harry is cut off by a loud bang, coming from upstairs.

Louis screams too, jumping out of his seat and stumbling towards Harry. "The fuck?!

"Lou-

"Harry! There's someone in your house!"

"Babe-

"Call the fucking police!" Louis is close to tears, "holy fucking fuck."

"Louis!" Harry grabs the boy by his shoulders. "Calm down."

"No! I'm not a little bitch." The cheerleader fixes Harry's shirt around his shoulders - that falls just under his bum - and blindly takes something from the kitchen counter, which happens to be a very, very small frying pan.

"That's for eggs-

"Move, Harry!"

"-to make them into perfect circles-

"B.T.F.D!"

"What?"

"Bitch, turn the fuck around!"

"That would be B.T.T.F.A." Harry frowns, "I know that B.T.F.D. is 'buy the fucking dip'."

Louis groans. "I can't English!"

"Aw, you're cute."

"Fucking toad!" Louis shouts and pushes Harry out of his way, bolting up the stairs towards the loud noises. He flings the door open, tiny frying pan in hand and says, "I'll beat you little bitch to death!"

"Lou!" Harry gets to the top of the stairs and only to see a mouth-agape Louis.

"D-Did y..you-" Louis stutters helplessly, waving the frying pan between his three friends. "Do the sex?"

Niall scratches the back of his neck, "I woke up naked, and in the same bed with these guys."

"In other words," Liam cuts in, "I'm pretty sure we had sex."

Zayn nods, and swings an arm around both Niall and Liam. "Good sex, considering the love-bites on our necks."

Louis frowns and throws the frying pan at Niall, only for Liam to catch it. The cheerleader huffs and whips around, facing Harry with an adorable pout. "Did you know about this?"

"I was going to tell you, but you just went all nuts."

"You let them have a drunk threesome?"
"They weren't drunk, they all knew what they were doing."

The three boys nod, "we did." They say in unison.

Louis sloughes his shoulders. "You guys are like.. so gay." He jumps and wraps his legs around Harry's waist, forcing the boy to hold him.

"As you literally jump into your boyfriend's arms. And flash us your panties, thanks." Niall rolls his eyes. "Are you on the devil's lettuce or something?"

"What?"

"Weed."

"No, unless it was in the pancakes. Anyway, Harry and I are a better gay, cuter gay, a hotter gay."

Louis concludes and pulls Harry's hair into a bun, a very tiny bun that barely holds any hair up. "Houis is better than whatever ship name you guys have."

"Houis?" Harry laughs, "sounds like an old man lifting something heavy."

"Then what are we?" Louis asks, "Halo? Do you want to be Halo?"

"How about Larry?"

"Larry." Louis repeats. "I like it. Larry is better than Niamyn."

"Niamyn sounds like a deadly disease." Zayn shakes his head.

Louis shrugs, just as Harry begins walking back to the staircase. "No printer, just fax — as in F-A-X. Harry told me to say that!" He pauses for a moment, "I want my frying pan back!"

"It's my frying pan." Harry calls out.

"I want Harry's frying pan back!"
Harry was content.
"Your armpit hair is making my skin itchy."

Harry pouts, removing his arm from around Louis' shoulders and pulls the blanket closer to his chest. "You are so.."

"Beautiful? I know."

The football player shakes his head, unable to keep his smile from growing into a large grin. He attempts to swing his arm back around Louis, but the cheerleader scoots away.

"How about another episode of *Family Guy*?" Louis asks, reaching for the remote before settling into the movie theater seat one over from his previous. "Still can't believe you have a movie room."

"Come back here." Harry pouts.

"My house is filled with people, I mean there's more than enough space for all of us but we have like.." Louis purses his lips. "Never mind, I'll ask my mum and dad about getting our own movie room."

"Anthos."

"That reminds me, I might not be here for about three days next week — family trip to California I think." The cheerleader tucks his hands into the pockets of Harry's hoodie, that he may have stolen after his shower.

Harry groans and smacks a hand on the cushion between them. "I want to cuddle with my boyfriend."

Louis shrugs, his eyes glued on the large screen before them. "Not my fault your armpit hair is out to ruin this relationship."

"I'm going to say something, and it's going to be very fluffy. Maybe sickeningly fluffy."

That has Louis whipping his head around and facing Harry with a glare. "I dare you to say it, egghead."

"First off, you should call me eggward instead. Second, cuddle with me." Harry counts off his fingers. "And, third, I don't think I'm going to say it anymore."

"Why not?" Louis raises an eyebrow. "No, you have to say it. You made me look away from *Family Guy* and have stolen my attention. And, no cuddles." The blue-eyed boy narrows his glare. "Say. It."
"I bet Taylor would cuddle with Harry." A voice says from behind them.

Louis jumps from his seat and gasps, "I thought you bitches were fucking upstairs." He crosses his arms. "Also, I have no comments about her."

"Well, we were fucking." Liam winks. "We've been down here for an hour, listening to you guys bicker and then compliment each other."

"I hate you all." Louis grumbles.

"Even me?" Harry asks.

"Depends on what you were going to say before."

Harry licks his lips and tilts his head. "I was going to say that I have never liked someone so much that my heart actually swells to the point that it's life-threatening." He sighs, "even if they won't cuddle with me."

"Cough, cough," Louis clears his throat. "I'm allergic to cute-ass-fluffy-shit."

Niall sits up in his seat, "why didn't you just cough instead of saying 'cough'?"

"No, you're not." Harry shakes his head. "You love my fluff. My squishy fluff."

"Yeah, Louis. That was a plain lie." Zayn speaks up.

"Whatever," Louis rolls his eyes. "I'll see you bitches on Monday." He points to his friends and then begins to walk towards the door. "Harry, baby, come drive me home, please."

"And the princess awaits his chauffeur."

During the drive home, in one of the Styles family's many sports cars, Harry talks endlessly and trails his fingers over Louis' thigh.

"You're going to look so pretty tomorrow." Harry nods once. "I just know it."

"What should I wear?" Louis asks, reaching down and tracing the tattoos on Harry's wrist. "Should I take out my piercings?"

"Leave your piercings in, but wear something like you're going for a job interview."

Louis scoffs, "are you serious?"

"Baby, dating me is a job that you already got." Harry pulls into Louis' driveway. "Now, you're just getting promoted."

Once Louis is inside his house, he sees Fizzy on the couch next to a fairly pretty girl. Her skin is dark and her hair is in pretty buns. His other sisters are playing with the youngest twins in the living room by the television and he greets them all with a short kiss.

"Who's the girl?" Louis asks his mother, she's standing by the blender with a frown.

"Fizzy's got a crush, I think." Jay answers. "They've got class together and I think you would've known that if you were home for more than ten seconds a year."

"What?" Louis furrows his brows. "Ten seconds-"
A very upbeat ringtone cuts Louis off, and he's forced to watch his mother tap on the screen and bring it up to her ear. "Hello?" She talks for a few moments then hangs up, and by this time Louis is sat on the kitchen counter and sipping from his mother's smoothly straight from the blender.

"Hey!" Jay pulls away her drink and waves Louis off. "You came out of me, you should not drink my smoothies without permission."

"Your insides have be blessed by me." The cheerleader flips his hair, or his imaginary hair. "Who was on the phone?"

"Lottie," Jay drinks from the blender too and hums. "She's bringing a girl home and they're going on a date later. My smoothie tastes like watermelon. I didn't put any watermelon."

"Oh, Harry's gum was watermelon flavoured."

Jay coughs, and turns around to spit into the sink. "Louis!"

"Ew! Holy fuck, mum, that's gross!" He nearly screams. "Harry gave me gum! It isn't like you kissed him or tasted his saliva."

"I.. I can't do this right now, Louis." Jay blinks slowly. "I almost had a heart attack because I thought I ate Harry's saliva-"

"You can stop there." Louis holds up a hand. "Stop, please."

"It's just so gross-"

"Stop."

"I might vomit later today."

"Nope." The blue-eyed boy smacks his gum. "Next topic: so far, all your daughters like girls."

Jay leans on the counter, her eyes locked on the blender in Louis' hands once again. "No one in this house likes boys."

"Excuse you," Louis places a hand over his chest. "I am currently wearing my boyfriend's hoodie and joggers." The cheerleader stretches one of his legs high. "See? Look how long this shit is. Oh, and the Styles' family dinner is tomorrow and I can't wait to embarrass myself."

"Ha, sucks for you."

"Gee thanks, mum."

"I already met your father's parents, and they love me." Jay grins. "Do you want a tip?"

"Maybe."

"Here."

"Mum, why are you handing me the pointy-end of a carrot?"

"It's the tip."
"Thanks for breakfast, mum." Harry stands from his chair and starts walking out the dining room.

"Where are you going?" His father asks, setting down his coffee mug. "Don't you need to get ready for the dinner tonight?"

Harry places a hand on the door frame, "I'll be back in time to get ready." He starts walking slowly backwards and smiles. "It's time to wake up the sun."

Jay answers the door with one of the youngest twins on her hip. "Harry? What are you doing here?"

The small child waves over enthusiastically. "Hi!"

"Hi there, I'm here for Louis."

"It's barely noon, and he's still asleep." Jay furrows her brows and sets down her young boy when he gets fussy. "I thought it was a dinner, anyway."

"It is." Harry nods. "Let me rephrase that, I'm here to wake up Louis."

Jay's eyes widen in amusement and a smirk makes its way onto her face. "Good luck, boy." Then she's swinging the door wide open and allowing Harry to walk in.

The tall teen walks up the stairs and down the hall, he hopes not to run into Louis' father — just as he's sneaking into Louis' bedroom. The boy is about to open Louis' door but he hears the soft patter of feet behind him. Harry looks over his shoulder and sees the same young toddler from a few moments ago.

"Hi!" The child nearly shouts.

"Shh." Harry holds his finger over his mouth, "we need to be quiet. Can you be quiet?"

The toddler nods quickly, covering his mouth with both his hands. "Mhm."

"Okay, good. I'm Harry, I'm Louis' boyfriend." Harry bends down, and pokes the younger boy's nose. "What's your name?" He asks in a whisper.

"I Ernie." The toddler whispers back, through his fingers. "You a boyfr'end." He reaches out and pulls on one of Harry's curls.

"Your brother's boyfriend." Harry smiles, closing one of his eyes just before the curl could poke his eye. "Do you want to help me wake your brother?"

"Wake Lou?" Ernest tilts his head to the side, dropping his hands at his sides.

"Yes, he needs to eat breakie."

"Breakie." The toddler blinks before grabbing Harry's hand, and pulling him away from Louis' door. "We get breakie."
"We need to wake Louis." Harry can't help but smile.

The younger boy shakes his head. "No. We play."

And when a red firetruck is shoved into his hands, Harry finds playing with a three year old is one of the most softest things in the world. That is, until a particular blue-eyed boy stumbles into the living room in a pink kitten onesie.

"The sun is up!"

Louis almost jumps out of his skin. His head shooting to the owner of the voice and he doesn't know whether to be happy, annoyed or just play bitchy.

"Gross."

He chooses to play bitchy.

"'arry not gross." Ernie says from being curled up by Harry's legs. He tugs on the football player's shirt, "please keep readin' 'arry."

Louis glares right back at Harry and makes his way into the kitchen. "Who let the egghead in?"

"I let Harry in." Jay says from where she's making sandwiches. "He isn't an egghead, Louis."

"You're right." The cheerleader fixes the sleeves of his onesie and opens the fridge. "He's my egghead."

"Louis."

"That egghead didn't even get me a bagel from the bagel shop."

"Louis."

"What?"

Jay shakes her head. "I hope you treat Harry right. He's a sweet boy." She sighs softly and spreads mayo on a slice of bread.

Louis grabs the milk, shuts the fridge and cocks his hip. "Mum, I'm not going to be all nice just because we are dating." He opens up a cabinet and pulls out a bowl and a packet of cookies. "Harry liked me as I was when we first met, which was bitchy, loud, somewhat rude, and somewhat egocentric." He drops a few cookies in his bowl and pours the milk before getting a spoon.

"Excuse me," his mother holds up her fingers. "First, that is not a proper breakfast. And, I don't know how Harry is so polite but you are so.."

"Watch what you say. The apple doesn't fall too far from the tree." Louis shoves a spoonful of his cookie-cereal and hums.

"I just hope you aren't making Harry sad."

"Don't worry, Jay." The teen himself waltzes in, holding a sleeping toddler on his hip. "I'm always happy around Louis. Also, your son kind of fell asleep while I was reading a magazine article about teenage girls and their periods."

"Oh, God." Louis smacks his face with his hand. "He's three, Harry."
"Actually, he wanted me to read it." Harry hands off Ernie to Jay when she holds out her arms. "Never too young to know about the human body and it's functions."

"Three." Louis repeats, "mum! Why aren't you saying anything about this?"

Jay pokes her head around the corner. "Harry is kind of right. Sooner better than later, Lou. And, I find your banter fairly amusing. Out-beats any of my noon dramas."

Louis kisses his teeth and crushes more cookies in his bowl. "Loser says what." He mumbles quickly.

"What?" Harry asks, confused. He has a tiny frown on his face as he makes his way around the counter and towards Louis.

The cheerleader giggles. "Nothing. Want some?" He holds out a spoonful of cookie and milk.

"I ate before I got here," Harry sets his hands on either side of Louis' hips, bracing the boy against the kitchen counter. "Wouldn't mind eating something else though." He leans down and whispers in his boyfriend's ear, before he slowly pushes his front to Louis' back.

Louis' breath hitches as he drops his spoon into his bowl. "Fuck. You make it really hard to stay a virgin."

"I know you deleted Taylor's number."

"And there goes my boner along with all your chances to get in my panties."

Harry laughs quietly, and presses a soft kiss to Louis' jaw. "She isn't that bad."

"Your chances of touching me are slipping too. I'd watch what I say if I were you."

"What happened between you two?"

Louis huffs, "we went to the same middle school. And we were kind of close." He gags. "Then, she just kind of changed when I came out to her, I mean to told everyone at the same time so there wasn't any deep dark closet secrets but she just.. got all distant with me." The blue-eyed boy says quietly. "She was practically a best friend, then she just stopped talking to me all together. She left me when I needed her and I turned into the loner-gay kid."

"Bunnyboo." Harry says softly.

"Then, I met Niall, Zayn and Liam. Now here I am." Louis leans back into Harry's chest. "A super confident, happily gay boy with the most irritating, hot, and caring boyfriend in the world."
I posted a new one shot (more of a short story anyway) and if you like bitchy Louis — I recommend reading it ;^) it's called Deadly Nightshade and here's the summary: The one where Harry is the top drug lord in the North America but he isn't alone, he's got Louis, his little Deadly Nightshade.

And feel free to check out my one shot series too !! It's called Power of Youth

"You're hostile when you're putting on makeup." Lottie mutters from the door, where she was busy rubbing her arm after a football-player-like shove from her brother.

"I told you not to bother me today." Louis says from his vanity, finishing his makeup with a nice coat of mascara. "I specifically told everyone not to bother me today, even the little twins."

"What did they say?"

"They babbled and vomit on my arm." Louis wrinkles his nose at the memory.

"And what did dad say?"

The cheerleader scans through all his lipstick and lipgloss. "He said he wants to have a small chat with Harry before we go." Louis purses his lips.

"You know he's going to try to scare Harry off, right?" Lottie crosses her arms over her chest as she steps into the room and walks towards her brother.

Louis turns around and shrugs. "Harry will be fine. Now, help me choose what to wear." He watches Lottie practically skip into his walk-in closet. "Remember, I'm meeting his family!"

"So you want it to say: I am well behaved but I will also ride your son into the sunset." Lottie says aloud. "In that case, I think you should wear Gucci!"

Louis hums and follows after his sister, "Gucci what?"

"Gucci everything."

About twenty minutes later, Louis looks at his reflection and fixes his skirt. "Should I wear tights?"

"No," Lottie squints, "yes. Don't want to flash your panties by accident."
"Oh," Louis' father's mouth twitches. "You two are matching."

Louis looks down at his skirt, and then his shirt, before looking at Harry's pants and button-up. "What?"

"All Gucci."
"It wasn't planned." Louis says at the same time Harry says, "Gucci on my body."

[biTCH I FEEL ACCOMPLISHED ]

Clearing his throat, Louis smiles. "Dad, this is Harry."

Louis' father steps forward and holds out his hand. "Harry.."

"Styles, sir."
"Oh." Louis' father blinks. "Harry, do you not remember me?"

The taller teen furrows his brows, shooting Louis a short glance and shakes his head. "Can't say I do."

"It's me, David. You used to call me Uncle Dave."

An expression of realization washes over Harry's face before he's nearly lunging forward and tackling Louis' father in a hug. "I knew you looked familiar!"

Just at that moment, Louis' mother is passing by. She only gets a few steps away before Louis is dragging her into the kitchen.

"Mum," the boy takes Jay's cellphone from her hands and sets it on the counter. "Did you know that dad already met Harry? And I don't know.. called him Uncle Dave?"

"What?" Jay tilts her head before she's surprising Louis with a few small giggles. "Oh, honey, I knew."

Louis waves his hands out. "And you didn't tell me?"

Jay shrugs. "Didn't want to."

"Mum, how do they even know each other?"

His mother leans on the counter and smiles. "Your father went to high school with Harry's father — best friends and all that. A long time ago, Harry's father also tried to buy this house when it was on sale but we got it first." Jay reaches out and fixes Louis' shirt. "Harry's father got mad and showed up about to bribe us but he saw your dad and went crazy. You were really young too, I doubt you remember meeting Harry."

Louis frowns. "I met Harry before this?"

"Boo, you're so late." Jay shakes her head. "If you were a girl and this whole thing was a period," she draws a circle with her hands. "You'd be pregnant, boy."

"Are you saying I knew Harry before high school? Are you kidding?" Louis taps his foot on the tiled floor. "This is insane."

"Well, I mean you and Harry had only a couple play dates. Then, you got more into dance and Harry's father put him into sports." Jay explains. "And then after one play date, you came up to me and said you didn't like Harry because he always made you be goalie and you were too small so all the goals would go in."

"So Harry was a cheater from a young age." Louis hums. "Interesting."

Jay rolls her eyes. "That was the last time you played with Harry. And what do you know, now you two are dating."

"I honestly don't remember anything from before I was seven. It was like I just couldn't bother storing anything from those years." The cheerleader fixes his his skirt. "So technically I'm like, ten years old."

"Mentally, yes." A voice says from the doorway. "C'mon, bunnyboo, we'll be late."

And so, Louis bid goodbye to his parents and his siblings, narrowly avoiding vomit from Doris. To
make matters worse, when they were halfway out the door, Louis' father said, "Harry, guess you can't call me Uncle Dave anymore, hm? Since you're like married my son and all. I'll be your daddy-in-law Dave." To which Louis had dragged Harry away, only for Ernie to appear out of nowhere and latch himself onto Harry's leg.

It also took a few minutes to get Ernie off Harry, but in the end he was waving from the front door with a frown and another teen magazine in his hand — he was grumpy Harry didn't read to him again.


Harry laughs, loudly and nearly crashes his car. "Hey, not yet," he breathes through his crackles, "this is a Lamborghini. No jokes or we'll die."

They drive for a while, and soon Louis is dazedly staring out the window. He watches the trees pass and the sunlight cast itself over the road and tall grass fields. That is, until Harry clears his throat.

"What?"

Harry glances at him, "what?"

"What do you mean 'what'?" Louis shoots back. "When someone clears their throat, it usually means they're about to say something."

"Or, it means that they just have phlegm and don't want their voice to crack in front of their pretty boyfriend because that would be totally embarrassing." Harry gives Louis a knowing look as they stop at a red light. "Or, you know, what you said."

Louis scoffs softly. "Did you remember me?"

"Not at all." Harry shakes his head. "I thought high school was the first time I'd ever saw you."

"So did I." Louis quips. "It's weird, don't you think?"

"What is?" Harry moves one of his hands from the steering wheel to Louis' thigh, just below the hem of his skirt.

The blue-eyed boy reaches down and twists the rings on Harry's finger. "That you were practically born a cheater and yet I'm still dating you." Louis hides his giggles with his sleeve. "Oh, what has the world come to."

"It's fate."

Louis raises his eyebrows. "You suck, you know that?"

"Yeah, I'll suck your-"

"If you say cock."

"Dick." Harry pulls into a parking lot of a beige and white building. "I was going to say dick."

A few moments of comfortable silence pass as Harry parks his car and searches through his wallet for his membership card for the country club.

"You go to a country club? And this is where your family has their get-togethers?"
"Well, we own it."

"And, I'm not surprised." Louis glances out the window. "It isn't like I couldn't see the giant sign that reads, *Styles Country Club.*" He does a double take on the sign in front of them. "Or the sign that says, *Reserved Parking for Harry Styles.*" Louis' mouth drops open when he sees *another* sign, "why do you need two parking spots?"

"Golf-cart." Harry fishes out a card and unlocks the doors. "Hope you wore sense-able shoes, Anthos."

"These are Gucci." Louis says just before the football player shuts his door. He watches Harry jog around the car and swing open Louis' door. "Sylvie."

"Who?"

Louis gets out of the car and grabs his boyfriend's hand. "It's the name of the shoe."

"I just hope you can play golf in those." Harry looks down at Louis' feet. "I probably should have told you we were going to golf."
"No."

"Yes.

"No."

"Yes."

"No!" Louis stomped his foot.

"Yes!" Harry mimicked him, and even crossed his arms.

"I don't want play." The smaller boy glared.

"If you were my best friend, you play."

"I just meet you. We not best friends."

"Then we be best friends if you play."

"I no play." Louis muttered.

"Play, or no best friends."

That made Louis twirl around and say, "Then guess I have no best friend."

Louis spent the rest of his time playing with other kids but, when they were playing tag, Harry joined. And Louis watched Harry get kicked out when he used T-O too often and the same, "I need to tie my shoe."

Cheater.

It was beyond amusing. That was, until Louis saw Harry sulking in the sandbox, attempting to make a castle only for it to fall apart.

Sure, he didn't know Harry that well and this was practically their first play date but he still felt a little guilty.

So, Louis walked around the park until he found a stick, and made his way back to Harry. He dropped the stick by Harry's side, only getting a short glance before running up the slide.

"Oh no!" Louis screamed. "There is dragon!"

That had Harry's head snapping towards Louis.
"Only boy named Harry can kill dragon!"

"My name is Harry." A boy who looked a few years older said. "Do you need me to save you?"

"No!" Louis shouted. "Only boy named Harry Styles save me!"

"Me!" A high pitched voice screamed. "I Harry Styles!" Harry appeared at the bottom of the slide with the stick in his hand. "I save Louis."

"I going to say it."

"No!" Harry slapped his hand over Louis' mouth. "You get in trouble."

"Don't care." Louis pushed away Harry's hand. "Ew, hand taste like French fry."

"Lou, don't say it."

"I'm going to say." Louis puffed out his chest and looked the other boy right in his eyes. "Bitch."

"Louis!" Harry burst into giggles.

"I like that word." Louis nodded once. "Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch."

"Stop!" Harry whisper-shouted.

Louis shook his head. "No. Do you know anymore bad words?"

"Yes."

"Tell me." Louis leaned closer, until Harry's cupped hands were around his ear.

"Hoe."


"It is!" Harry insisted.

"Nope. Santa is good old man." Louis pursed his lips. "Santa always watching. And now, Harry get no Christmas presents because he lie about Santa."

That was the first time Louis made Harry cry.

"Louis, you a noodle."

"I'm not food." The youngest boy pouts.

Harry tried to do the splits. "I cannot," he grunts. "That means you alien."

"I'm just flexible."

"Spell it."
"F-L-E-X-A-B-O-W-L."

"Wrong," Harry shakes his head. "So wrong."
"Harry, I can't believe you cheated." Louis mutters under his breath. He also rolls his eyes at the giant 'S' engraved on practically every door of the main entrance. The dark wood walls and red carpeting remind Louis of an old mansion.

"How?"

The cheerleader watches Harry show his card to the woman at the desk. "I'm a golf-pro and you sabotaged me by not telling me to not wear heels." Louis glares at the back of Harry's head. "You know what? You're a little bitc-"

"Harry, darling!"

Louis snaps his lips shut and stands awkwardly when a tall woman waltzes up to Harry and wraps her arms around him.

"Hi, mum."

Harry's mother is beautiful — she has long curly hair and a great figure and obviously knows a thing or two about fashion considering she's wearing the clothes Louis just ordered online. Louis makes a mental reminder to not wear his new outfit when meeting Harry's family.

"Oh," the woman turns to Louis, her green eyes wide. "Who is this pretty gentleman?"

Harry hugs the man who Louis can only assume is his father and takes the few steps necessary to get to Louis. The taller teen wraps his arm around Louis' waist and smiles. "This is Louis, my boyfriend."

"Louis?" The woman's mouth drops open. "Louis Tomlinson?"

The blue-eyed boy smiles. "Yes, m'am."

"Honey, you don't need to call me that. The name's Anne." She holds out her hand and shakes Louis'. "Wow, you're so grown up. The last time I saw you was when you were this short." She holds her hand by her hip.

"Louis, it's great to see you again. I know you don't remember me, my name is George." A man steps out from behind Anne, wearing a fitting white button up and light grey slacks. He offers Louis a one-dimpled smile and holds open his arms. "You used to call me-"

"Uncle G?" Louis raises an eyebrow and returns the hug to the man.

"No, I wish. You called me Gee-Bee."

Louis pulls away with red cheeks and settles back under Harry's arm. "Oh my, God."
"Oh, don't be embarrassed. I think it was just because you couldn't pronounce my name right. Always came out like, 'Goge' or 'Geege'." The man laughs, and it's deeper than Harry's.

"Is Uncle Pete here yet?" Harry clears his throat.

"He just got here before you did." Anne says.

"Okay, I'll need to come clean to him. He still thinks Louis and I have been dating for a couple months."

Louis wanted to elbow Harry even if his parents weren't standing there — so he pretends to straighten his cardigan and jab his elbow into Harry's rib. The older boy chokes out a grunt.

Harry's parents only shoot them both an amused expression. "How long have you been dating?"

"We've been official for four days. Dated for five before that." The green eyed boy says without a beat.

George's eyes widen and Anne has a grin on her face. "Very cute." She says through her smile.

Then, she's taking Louis' hand and begins leading the boy down a hall. "Louis, I'm so surprised that you and Harry are together now. It's practically fate." She says in amazement. "And I just love how you've matured, and might I say," she pauses, "I'm a Gucci-lover as well."

"We have good taste."

"Sure do." Anne wraps her arm around Louis' shoulders and hums. "How's your family doing?"

"They're-"

"Finally!" A deep voice cuts him off. "The boyfriend is here."

Louis looks away from Anne to see dozens of eyes already on him. His gaze travels over the faces of what he can only assume to be Harry's relatives, some have brown hair and others hand blonde, some have bright green eyes and others have a much muted green with washes of brown. If there's one thing they all have in common, they all look extremely happy to see him. Among the different smiles and grins, Louis' eyes seem to meet that of a familiar tall man.

"Hello." Louis waves.

"See? I told you all he was going to show up." Pete takes a sip from his glass and makes his way over to Louis. "Long time no see."

"It's great to see you again, Pete." The blue-eyed boy hugs the older man and pats his back.

"Uncle Pete," Harry appears by Louis' side and hands his boyfriend a glass of lemonade. "I've been meaning to speak with you."

"Louis, come meet the rest of the family." Anne drags Louis off.

Pete swooshes his drink. "What happened? Your dad scared Louis, I'm telling you that my brother is just about the most intimidating men anyone will ever meet."

"No, that didn't happen." Harry sips his lemonade. "The opposite actually."

Pete hums with a quirk on his brow.
Harry takes it as a sign to continue. "Louis and I found out we used to be playmates. And our dads were close too."

"Eh, I never bothered to meet your father's friends in school. He was always a jackass anyway."

"Also, Louis and I weren't dating for five months that day at the restaurant. It was actually our first date."

Pete's eyes widen and his mouth parts. "Are you joking?"

"Not at all." Harry can't help but smile. "We have been official boyfriends for almost a week."

" Barely." A cute high-pitched voice says from beside Harry. It's Louis and he's holding a small baby, rocking them back a forth.

"Four days." Harry admits and reached out to brush his thumb over his cousin's cheek. The baby only babbles and a tiny drop of spit lands on the towel swung over Louis' shoulder.

"I find that hard to believe." Pete says. "I honestly thought you two were serious."

"We are."

"Negative."

"Louis is just immature sometimes." Harry groans when Louis stomps on his toe with his heel.

"No offense, but your nephew is like fifty percent asshole and fifty percent puns."

"And I'd say a good chunk of his puns aren't even his."

"Hey." Harry pouts. "You're my uncle, you're supposed to be on my side."

"I'm on the side of facts." Pete states. "And your boyfriend is full of them."

"He'll be full of something else too."

"What?" Pete furrows his brows.

Harry shakes his head. "Nothing."

"You sure?" Pete gives him a confused look. "I swear I heard you say something."

"Nope. Didn't say a word." Harry turns around and takes his cousin from Louis' hands and hands the tiny baby to his uncle. "I almost forgot, I promised Louis I'd show him the spa." Then he's off, and once again, Louis is being dragged. [Lol]

"I'm not going crazy," Pete says to the small baby who only suckles on his own fingers. "I think I just heard a sex innuendo from my nephew."
"He's so small." Harry cooed. "Such a tiny baby."

"Harry, stop that." Louis waves his hand dismissively.

"But, it's true." The taller of the two nods to himself. Harry pouts when his aunt comes over and takes his cousin away, "aw, he's gone."

Louis feels his phone vibrate in his purse and takes it out. It's a text from Niall.

**The Blonde Beauty:** Harry is so in you.

**The Blonde Beauty:** And like he took you to meet his family. Not even his sister and parents — his whole fucking family

**Louis:** Harry is so into* me

**The Blonde Beauty:** that too

The cheerleader rolls his eyes, he still didn't know when Niall managed to change his contact name again. So he puts his phone back and sips his lemonade, then he takes the glass away and makes a face, "you know, I think this lemonade has vodka in it."

"Guess I'll just cuddle with my tiny baby," Harry then proceeds to wrap an arm around Louis' shoulders, pulling the blue-eyed boy closer just a tad. He sticks his tongue out and swipes it across Louis' cheek. "I licked you so now you're mine."

"When are we going to golf?" Louis asks, not even bothering to wipe off the saliva on his face. "Oh, I mean when I am going to watch you golf while I sit on the sidelines because of my heels?"

Harry laughs, "try once, just once." He sits up and reaches for his phone. "We're waiting for my sister. She takes longer because she's huge."

Louis shoots his boyfriend a look. "Harry, that's rude."

"No, I mean it." The teen puts his arms out in front of him. "She's this big."

"Gems!" Louis hears a voice shout, then most of Harry's family is crowding around the entrance of the room they were in. All he could see are heads and various designs of expensive clothing before they slowly part, revealing a short woman with blonde hair.

"See?" Harry nudges Louis as they stand. "She's fucking ginormous."

"Harry, she's pregnant." Louis smiles as she waddles towards them.

The taller boy tugs Louis' arm and they are only a few feet from Harry's sister. "With twins." He opens his arm and with a wide grin, he says, "hey there, oven with two buns." His sister laughs and pinches Harry's hip as they pull away. "Gemma, this is my Louis."

The blonde looks at Louis, her green eyes scanning his face. "It's great to finally meet you. Harry has been talking my ear off ever since he saw all that time ago, he's been practically creeping on you forever. I'm sure my unborn babies even know about you too—"
"Okay," Harry says loudly. "That's enough, go harbor your fugitives over there." He points across the room.

Gemma rolls her eyes, "can you believe this imbecile is going to be the uncle to my kids? The horror."

Louis finds himself giggling almost uncontrollably in his sleeve. "How far along are you?"

"Almost eight months." Gemma rubs a hand over her belly. "I feel like I'm going to pop any second." And not a moment later, a tall man is sliding his way next to Gemma to plant a kiss on her hand. Louis assumes that's her husband.

The four chat for another minute — Louis now knows that Gemma's husband's name is Mike — before Gemma complains about standing, to which they move to the couches. She has endless stories about her childhood shared with Harry, and Louis loves to watch Harry's cheeks redden story after story.

"Harry loved to eat glue. He used to lie to mum about why he needed it, 'I have a project' or 'I want to make something'." Gemma rambles. "Then, I'd walk into his room and see his face covered with glue and a spoon in his hand."

Louis chokes on his lemonade, "that's fucking gross."

"Or this one time, we were at the park and I saw him eating rocks,"

"Gem!" Harry scolded with his hands over his face.

"He spit them out, don't worry."

"Time for golf!" A small child, Louis learned his name was Jacob and he was Harry's little cousin, shouts at the doorway.
"Because flowers smell nice and you smell nice."

"Holy shit." Louis whispers. "How old is he?"

"Twelve." Harry answers, swinging the golf club back about to hit the ball but he feels a hand on his wrist. "Anthos, I could've hit you."

Louis stands there with his hand on his hip. "Let me try first."

So, Harry moves out of the way and hands Louis the club. He steps back with his arms crossed and watches the rest of his family hit the balls closest to the target. His younger cousins were in their plaid shorts or skirts and polos, on the furthest end, and everyone lined up beside them.

"Well," the football player murmurs. "Look at all those balls."

Louis simply rolls his eyes and swings but stops right before hitting the ball. "I don't think I can get anywhere near the target."

"I know you can."

"I hope the fuck you do."

Harry squints. "What?"

"It's okay for me to have doubt in myself, but you have to always have confidence in me." Louis looks back with a tiny smile. And so, Louis steadies himself and lets out a breath before swinging. "Yes!" He shouts. "Look at it!"

"They all look the same, babe. I can't tell which is yours."

"That one." Louis points, and it isn't helping at all. "Right there."

"Oh, yeah, I see it." Harry nods, even though he really can't see anything but a bunch of white dots on the grass. "See? You did great in heels."

Louis hums thoughtfully. "I guess you're right."

Soon enough, Louis is tired and lets Harry get his turn. The blue-eyed boy sits on the benches and puts his purse on his lap. He watches Harry golf for a few minutes, admiring his long legs and lean body — not to mention his big hands gripping the rubber part of the golf club, and Louis' mind travels to the way Harry's long rough fingers would feel if they were inside his—

"Hello!"

Louis snaps out of his thoughts and blinks rapidly. He looks to his side and sees a young girl. Her eyes are green and her hair is in two low pigtails and a Adidas small white visor on her head. And with one glance, Louis knows that she's wearing Burberry.

"Hi."

"I'm Jennifer." She holds out her hand and it has a mini deck of cards in it. "Do you want to play Crazy Eights?"

"My name's Louis, and I would love to play Crazy Eights."
Once they sit in front of each other and get their cards set up, Jennifer asks, "Do you live in a flower?"

Louis smiles, "no, I don't."

"Oh." The little girl deflates.

Louis places down a ten of spades. "Why would you think I live in a flower?"

"Because flowers smell nice and you smell nice." Jennifer scans her cards. "You smell like sunshine and sunflowers."

The cheerleader places a hand on his chest. "That's sweet." He watches the little girl place down a queen of spades and smirk up at him. "But, that was not sweet."

Not long after, other kids are joining and soon there are about six of them playing and the smallest, Timothy, is in Louis' lap.

"You gon' win, Louis." The three year old says. "I don't know how play but you gon' win."

"Thank you, Timmy." Louis says softly.

The kids get bored after a while and end up asking Louis questions, he isn't surprised though.

"Do you believe in unicorns?"

"Yes."

"Is high school like the movies?" One of the boys, Owen, asks. "Is there one bossy girl and dance numbers and singing? I like singing."

"My high school is nothing like High School Musical." Louis says carefully. "But maybe if you go to an arts school, you can have dance numbers and all that."

"What about the blonde bossy lady?" Jennifer asks with a frown.

"You can say I'm popular, in my high school." And the whole town. "And I think I'm bossy."

"You not bossy, Louis!" Timmy almost screams. "You nicest human ever!"

Louis wanted to squeeze him to death, but he settles for a tight hug. "Thank you."

After everyone is done practicing, they all divide into groups to go out onto the golf course.

"I call Louis!"

"No, I call Louis!"

"Louis is mine!"

The cheerleader turns around for the owner of the deep voice and raises an eyebrow. "Really, Harry?"

The teen simply shrugged. "You are mine."

Not a moment later, Louis feels hands tugging on his arms. "Be in my group, Louis." It was Jennifer and Owen. "No, be in my group."
"Sorry, kiddos." Someone wraps an arm around Louis' waist. "Louis is in my group."

The kids pout and drop their hands just as Timothy stumbles over. "Lou, be in my group, please."

Louis faces Harry with wide eyes, "why don't we have the kids in our group?"

"The two of us with three kids?" Harry shakes his head. "I think we need two adults with us, at least."

"Hey, groupies!"

"No, Gems." Harry says with no emotion.

"You need two adults. So here I am with my husband."

Harry sighs loudly, and tugs Louis closer before burying his face in the latter's hair.

"Let's play some golf!" Gemma shouts as the children cheer and scream too, but the only thing Harry does is sigh again.
"-and so, you just kinda smack it." Louis purses his lips together. "With this." He holds up the club.

"We know how to golf, Louis." Jennifer sasses with her hands in her hips.

The cheerleader backs away with his hands up, "alright, missy."

Turns out the kids are good at golf, they go around the golf course with their little bags inside the golf cart and continuously beg Harry to let them drive, but the football player refuses. He does let Louis drive, only for a bit before the kids complain about motion sickness.

"Louis, the kids are going to vomit."

"I drive just fine!" Louis says and speeds up.

That was when Harry leaned over and wrapped an arm around his boyfriend's shoulder. "Baby cakes, I know you do." He says softly. "Best driver I know."

"Oh, yeah?" Louis slows down. "Really?"

"Yes," Harry confirms. "If I were to rob a bank, I'd want you to be my getaway driver."

"Aw," Louis cooes, "that's the sweetest thing you've ever said to me."

Harry tries not to point out all the very cute and sweet thing he's said to Louis before, and instead waits for Louis to bring the car to a complete stop.

"You're welcome, bunny boo." Harry smiles, and already knows that he's charmed his boyfriend a million times more. "How about a kiss?"
And just when Louis shuts his eyes, Harry rips the keys from the golf cart and presses a hard kiss to Louis' lips. Harry places his hands on his boy's hips and lifts him until he's on his lap, ignoring his cousin's noises of disgust and holds a finger up to them. Turns out, Louis is too distracted by Harry's lips to notice they've switched spots.

"You taste like spiked lemonade."

"Well, that's all I've had." Louis murmurs as they pull away and his eyes widen almost immediately. "How did I get here?"

"Sorry, Anthos." Harry turns the golf cart back on. "I just don't think you'd want to clean up vomit."

"Fucking-"

"Language."

"Fudging gay bitch-"

"Language, again."

"I hate you."

"Ouch." Harry winces, "that hurts."

They've played just a bit more than half of the golf course now, passing by family members and having short conversations before continuing. And Louis has been ignoring Harry for the most part. It was funny at first, Harry would get a simple eye roll or a glare, but now whenever he compliments Louis on his strokes, he is just painfully ignored, as if he isn't there.

"Hole in one! Congrats, babe."

Louis actually glances at Harry for a moment, before a tiny, tiny smile appears on his face before he turns back around and high fives the kids.

"'Cause you make me feel like, " Louis screams, "I could be riding you all night!"

"What did you just say?"

The kids had requested music, and Harry was proud to say that his boyfriend didn't object. But now, he wasn't too sure if he was that proud.

"It's the lyric."

"It's 'I could be driving you all night'."

"It sounds better my way."

"Just because it sounds better doesn't mean it's right."

"Did I ever say it was right?"

"You sounded pretty confident when you were singing."

Louis turns to harry with an eyebrow raised. "Do you really want to do this now? Right in front of
"You're the one singing about riding someone— hey!" Harry rubs over his shoulder. "Why'd you pinch me?" Then, Harry looks up and feels Louis blowing at him — literally. "What are you—"

"Be gone, annoying thot."

[ favourite video at the moment: https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=Q_8uxuM1Dok ]

It's about half an hour later and they're the first ones back from the golf course. Jennifer got tried of the sun, Timmy got sleepy and ended up taking a nap in the golf cart, and Owen had thrown too many tantrums whenever he got the ball to hop over the hole.

As soon as they returned to the comfort of the country club, the kids ran off to their devices and Harry pulls Louis towards one of the lounge corners. He plops on the couch and tugs his boyfriend after him, if earns him a knee to the balls and an elbow to the rib.

"Fuck," Harry hisses. "Louis, fuck."

"Is it weird if I have a kink for swearing?" Louis asks. "Of maybe I just have a kink for you swearing. It's kind of hot."

That perks Harry's interest. "Hm, really?"

Louis settles on his boyfriend's chest, with his legs tightly closed to ensure no one could see his panties through his tights and takes off his heels. "Really." He kicks his shoes on the floor.

"God, with you on me like this..." Harry's voice trails off. "I wish we were alone. All the things I would do to you."

"Better do them as soon as you can, my family and I are going to California next week."

Harry makes a noise of protest. "No," he drags on the word. "Don't go."

"It's only for like three days."

"So I have until then to do something to you." Harry drags his hands down Louis' hips to his thighs. "You want to come over after school tomorrow?"

"I have cheer practice. You can stay and watch them we can go to your place."

Harry holds in a groan, he's seen Louis in his cheer uniform before and it's possibly the best thing Harry has ever seen, and he's seen about a billion puppies. The way the fabric is tight around his hips, swirling around his thighs and revealing the smooth tan skin of his beloved boy. Some times Louis would practice in a pair of spandex and that was a permanent edition to Harry's wank bank.

"I would love to watch you practice."

"Feels like little Harry would too." Louis shifts himself on Harry's lap, rubbing up against the latter's boner. "You should get rid of this, your family is here."

"Then stop grinding up against it."

And so, Louis hops off Harry's lap. He stands back and his mouth drops open at the bulge in Harry's Gucci pants.
"Wow."

"Yeah."

"That's.. pretty impressive."

Harry smirks, his ego absolutely out of the roof. "Thanks, lover boy."
"This has got to be the best salad I've ever had." Louis murmurs to himself as he stuffs his mouth with more of the delicious veggie. "Holy fuck."

"Hey," a nudge on Louis' arm has him glancing to his right. "Stop swearing so much."

"Sorry, Jennifer. It's a habit."

And of course, Louis continues to swear for the rest of the time as they wait for their dinner. The kids ended up sitting on both Louis' sides, Jennifer on his right and Owen on his left as Timmy was taken away by his parents for the time being, leaving Harry to sit across from Louis.

Sure, it foiled Louis' plan of poking Harry's thigh every time he said a bad joke but the football player hasn't even said one in a while.

"Hey, babe, what were the shoe's vows on his wedding day?"

Spoke too soon. Or maybe thought too soon.

"You're my sole-mate."

The only thing Louis can do is send a cold glare to his boyfriend and swing his foot under the table, then watching Harry's face crumble with pain.

That gives him an idea.

Louis slides a little down his seat, absently listening to Owen's story about going to Disney land last week for the fifth time and slowly brushes his shoe against Harry's leg. That only gets him a short glance before Harry's eyes return to his salad. So Louis pushes further, he brings his foot all the way up Harry's leg and eventually reaches the teen's thigh, pride weighs in when he sees Harry shiver. He teases a bit, trailing his foot up and down the inside of Harry's thigh, before finally reaching the bulge in the latter's pants — even though he remembers telling Harry to get rid of it.

Louis adds pressure over Harry's cock and keeps the smug look off his face as the dinner is brought out by waiters and waitresses. He quickly sits upright again and can see Harry let out a breath, little bitch thinks it's over.

The cheerleader's goal is blow Harry in his car later, and he intends for the football player to almost explode with release, just because Louis likes to tease.

They eat for a few moments, all uninterrupted before Harry shivers and his eyes widen when Louis' foot returns backup his leg, this time without his shoe.

"Harry, are you okay?"

"Yeah," the boy swallows. "I'm fine."

"Are you cold? Because you keep doing this," Owen proceeded to 'shiver' but it only looked like he was having a seizure.

Harry cleared his throat, and slouched a bit in his seat. "I'm a little cold, yeah."

Before he knew it, dinner was over and desert was being brought out. Jennifer and Owen ordered
brownies and Harry ordered a slice of caramel cheesecake. And obviously, Louis being the minx he is, ordered a cherry cream popsicle.

Harry gulps nervously when Louis is given his desert and the green eyed teen quickly stuffs his face with his cheesecake, gluing his eyes to the table. His hormones get the best of him and he glances up, just in time for Louis to swirl his tongue around the top of the popsicle. His blue eyes burn into Harry's as he drags his tongue along the bottom before closing his lips around the tip.

"Fuck." Harry mutters under his breath.

Louis' pink lips are stretched around the popsicle, the cream melting around his mouth before his tongue pokes out and licks his lips. He even moans around the popsicle, "this tastes so fucking good."

"Language."

"Sorry again, Jenny."

The blue-eyed boy continues to suck and lick at his popsicle, and Harry can't believe he's doing this in the same room as his family. But Louis is so fucking pretty.

"Thanks, I know I am." Louis says after popping his lips off his popsicle.

Harry blinks quickly. "How do you do that? How do you know what I say?"

"You say your thoughts aloud, egghead."

"Oh. I thought we had like... soulmate telepathy."

Louis rolls his eyes, of course Harry can ruin the sexual tension with saying something stupid.

It's later in the day, and Harry's family announced it was time to leave. Harry's aunts kissed Louis on his cheeks and his uncles hugged him tight as they all promised to meet again. All Harry's cousins got Louis' phone number, including Jennifer and Owen since they had their own cellphones already.

Harry, his parents, Gemma and her husband, and Louis were the last ones to leave.

They were all talking about Harry's most embarrassing moments and he had plenty.

"This one time we were walking to the park and the snow was up to here," Gemma points to her hips. "And Harry was behind me because he's so slow and when I first looked back I saw him, then I look back again and he's just gone. Like he disappeared. Turns out he tripped and the snow was so high I didn't see him at all."

"Harry once cried because of a power outage, he cried so hard he gave himself a nosebleed."

"Harry used to cover his eyes when playing hide-and-seek because be thought no one would see him."

"Wow!" Harry exclaimed. "Look at the time, Louis best be getting home. Right, Anthos?"

"What is that? What did he call you?"

"It means flower." Gemma tells her father. "Cute, right?"

"Very." Anne and George say.
And they do end up leaving, with kisses and hugs from Harry's parents and Mike and a side hug from a very pregnant Gemma.

And when they get back into Harry's Lamborghini, the last thing Louis expects is for Harry to refuse to start his car.

"Harry, just put the fucking key in."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because of this." Harry points to his pants.

"Oh." Louis mutters.

"Oh." Harry mocks. "You gave me a fucking boner in front of my family. I had to hug them all with my ass pushed out so it wouldn't touch them."

"Shut up." Louis rolls his eyes but leans over the middle of the car. "I'm about to give you the best blowjob of your life, Styles."
No, Louis has never had a dick in his mouth. Right now, he thinks he's watched enough porn to know what to do — or not, he'll just have to find out.

"Fuck." Harry mutters, watching Louis' delicate fingers trace over the bulge in his pants.

The cheerleader trails his fingernails over Harry's thigh, taking a moment to look around for any onlookers before leaning down and mouthing over Harry's clothed cock. The football player's hips buck up, giving Louis a face full of Gucci pants.

"Bitch, calm the fuck down." Louis breathes out.

"I-I.. I have wanked to this and it's actually happening." Harry shuts his eyes when Louis starts to slowly unbutton his pants. "Heaven is real."

Louis rolls his eyes, and massages over Harry's boxers, no surprise that they're white Ralph Lauren. And after pulling down the band of Harry's boxers, a long, thick cock nearly smacks Louis in his face. The bulbous head was a bright red and cum leaking from the tip.

"Shit." Harry clenches his fingers in Louis' hair.

"I haven't even touched you yet."

Harry's hips thrust up again, and Louis' warm breath over his cock is to blame. "Just, please."

Louis stares at the vein wrapping around Harry's member, before swiping his tongue across the tip. He hums at the taste of his boyfriend, "you eat a lot of fruit."

"Lou."

Louis may be loud, somewhat obnoxious, and maybe a bit promiscuous — but he was close to terrified at that moment. "Harry."

"I'm sorry I talked to Taylor that time! Just — fuck. I will fucking ship her away from here, just put me in your mouth."

"I'm not mad about that anymore." Louis takes another small kitten-like lick. "I'm just a bit scared right now." A whole lot scared actually.

"Bunnyboo." Harry's hand tightens its grip on his hair and brings his face up. "What's wrong?"

"I've never done this before." Louis confesses. "I don't want to disappoint you."

"Here," Harry shifts in his seat, and pulls his pants all the way to his ankles. "I'll talk you through it."

Harry was really going to teach Louis how to give a blowjob — what a lovely Sunday.

"Just.. suck on the tip." Harry's voice shakes the slightest.

"I've only watched porn and all they do is swallow that dick." Louis mutters before obeying Harry, he wraps his lips around the tip of the boy's cock and sucks lightly. Even running his tongue over it for a moment.
"Take it in, slowly."

With a deep breath, Louis takes more and more of Harry's large girth in his mouth. He hums around the length, and breathes through his nose before going down further.

"Now—fuck." Harry throws his head back. "Like, run your tongue along the bottom and suck on me."

Louis presses his fingertips in Harry's bare thigh before doing as told. Harry is huge and the corner of Louis' lips stretch painfully. But, a good kind of pain. He sucks Harry's cock like his life depends on it — the older boy's moans and groans fuelling Louis. He can feel Harry's vein, his skin and the head of his cock touch the back of his throat. And his (surprisingly) sweet cum is an added bonus.

He bobs his head up and down, up when only Harry's tip is in his mouth and down until his nose brushes Harry's pubic bone.

"Baby, fuck!" Harry's hand tugs at Louis hair harder, rougher and almost has the latter yanking off his boyfriend's member to give him a good scold. "Keep going." Harry sighs but nearly chokes Louis on his cock when he hears his phone ring. "Lou, my phone."

The cheerleader doesn't move from his spot, he's always had a slight interest in exhibitionism.

Knowing his boyfriend isn't moving anytime soon, Harry searches through his pants pockets and pulls out his phone. It's a FaceTime call, from his mother, fuck.

"Lou baby, it's my—" he moans loudly when Louis massages his balls. "My mum, it's my mum."

"Go ahead, answer it. I don't care."

Harry was going to die.

He taps on the green circle and waits for it to load.

"Harry honey!"

"H-Hi, mum." The football player keeps his phone angled so only his face shows, he keeps his eyes on the screen and watches Louis' head bob up and down in his peripheral vision.

"Hun, your father and I were wondering if your boyfriend and you were busy tomorrow night." His mother says, she's at home sitting in their bedroom by her vanity. She's taking off her diamond earrings and gold necklace.

"Why?" Harry breathes out, curling his fingers around the back of Louis' neck when the younger boy hums lowly around him.

"I mean, is Louis' family busy tomorrow? I can't bring myself to survive another day not talking to his mother."

He doesn't mention how it's been years since they've last talked. Harry nods, "I'll ask them." Harry holds in a groan when he hears Louis spit on his cock. The same Louis who was nervous about giving him a blowjob.

"Harry, are you in your car?" His mother leans closer to the camera. "Are you in the country club parking lot?"

Harry's eyes widen and his breath quickens. He quickly mutes the FaceTime and covers the camera
with his thumb. His stomach clenches and his hand tightens around Louis' head, pushing the boy further down.

"I'm close," Harry groans, "Lou." In the next moment, he's letting out his load into Louis' mouth. Spreading himself on the boy's tongue and down his throat. "Let me see."

Louis sits up, opening his mouth and showing Harry his cum.

"You're so pretty." Harry says, in a daze. "You can spit in out if you want."

To his surprise, and also to his hopes, Louis swallows it.

"Spitting is for peasants. Queens swallow."

Harry was in love.

"Harry?!

He rushes to bring his phone up again and unmute it. "Sorry, mum. Dropped my phone." He lies.

"Don't go breaking it again, honey. We just got you a new one."

"Anne, I'll keep an eye on him." Louis says.

"Louis! I was wondering why you were so quiet." Anne smiles and waves as Louis leans on Harry's shoulder.

"Sorry, my mouth was full." Louis grins, and with his glassy eyes and red cheeks, he's as pretty as ever. "Manners, you know."

"I do." Anne nods. "Do you mind asking your parents if they can come over for dinner tomorrow? I want to catch up with them."

"Sure, okay."

"Your siblings are welcomed to come too."

"How do you know about my siblings?" Louis asks.

"I still have your mother on Facebook. She updates a lot."
43. "Shut up and kiss me, you fool."

Louis' outfit:

Harry's outfit:
When Louis comes out of his walk-in closet, Harry manages to shut the bathroom door on his finger.

"You look great." The football player says with a straight face.

"Babe, did it not hurt?" Louis fixed the sleeves of his dress.
"When I fell from heaven or crawled up from hell?" Harry held his throbbing finger in his hand.

Louis cocked his hip. "When you got your finger caught in the door, egghead."

"No."

"You sure?"

"No."

"So, it hurts."

Harry feels his bottom lip wobbling. "It's throbbing." Though, he was in a great deal of pain, he still was charming as ever. "Like my heart for you."

"Let's get you some ice, Romeo."

The drive to school in Harry's car if full of playful banter, and a few sex innuendos. Louis claims he can beat Harry in a game of hide-and-seek, to which the football player began making comments about Louis' height.

"I could fit you in my pocket." Harry quickly glanced at his boyfriend. "Stop pouting."

Louis huffs, "just because you're gigantic doesn't mean I can't fight you."

"Sorry, were you talking about my height or my dick?"

"How about your ego."

Louis was in English class, and slouched in his seat when they were assigned group work. Harry leaned back, his eyes darting between the two boys. Louis deadass stared at Carlos, with a great deal of bitch. Carlos had the decency to offer Louis a smile, just as the latter looked away. Louis was the kind of person to take someone's
simple question and twist it into a sly shady comment — he had a slight problem.

This bitch was acting like he was going to pull all the weight, Louis thought.

And so, Louis pretty much stole away Harry's attention after that.

In the cafeteria at lunch, five boys and two girls sat at their lunch table.

"So like.." Louis chews on his pizza, "Are you guys dating?"

"Lou." Harry nudges him.

"What?"

"You can't just ask them if they're dating."

Louis faces Harry and wipes his greasy fingers on a napkin. "Why not? They had a fucking threesome already."

"Oh, that reminds me." Perrie fixes her hat, "who bottomed?"

"Perrie." Jade scolds as she angrily stabs one of her blueberries with a fork.

"What?"

"You can't just ask who bottomed—"

Louis made a noise similar to a gorilla, or maybe a lion, or a whale.

"What the fuck was that?" Niall laughs from across the table, as jolly as ever as he sat between Liam and Zayn.

Louis frowns. "That was the sound of my frustration, irritation and hatred for your threesome."

"Are you jealous?" Zayn winks, "maybe you can replace Niall next time—"


"So, Niall bottomed!" Perrie exclaims, before slapping a hand over her mouth.

Everyone at the table has wide eyes and takes turns scolding the blonde, causing her to drop her head in shame.

"Well," Niall blinks, "people know that I had my ass stretched out."

Harry wrinkles his nose, and sits back into his seat. "This is not a conversation to have during lunch." He swings his arm around the back Louis' seat and takes a sip of his water. "Not a conversation to be having in general, actually."

"Since when are you all PG?" Louis furrows his brows, "you literally call yourself daddy."

That had Jade choking on a blueberry, Perrie patting her back, and Zayn and Liam staring with wide eyes as Niall has a tiny smile on his face.

"Calling myself something is different than talking about my ass and two cocks."
That was how Harry and Louis found themselves in detention.

"For someone a hundred years old, she has good-ass hearing." Louis says as soon as the teacher leaves the nearly empty classroom.

"She's thirty-four."

Louis glares at Harry and puts his sunglasses on. "I'm taking a nap." He puts his head down on the desk. It's quiet for a few moments, Louis is nearly sleeping when Harry speaks again.

"What about cheer practice?"

Louis sighs, "I moved it to tomorrow."

"Okay."

And Louis settles back into his chair and uses his bag as a pillow, closing his eyes and relaxing his body.

"Hey, babe."

Louis squeezes his eyes shut.

"Anthos."

Louis refuses to open his eyes.

"Bunny boo."

"What?!" He shoots up from his desk.

"Two things." Harry purses his lips. "One, you have lines on your face from your bag. Two, we're the only ones here."

Louis shrugs his shoulders, "okay? So?" He was cranky, Harry knew that and he didn't stop talking.

"Two teenagers, alone in a classroom." The football player winks with a smirk, but deadpans when Louis just looks confused. "Want to fool around?"

Louis' face heats up and he bites his lip. He would happily admit that Harry looks especially cute today. His skin in contrast with his red and white striped shirt, long legs shown off in his shorts and his hair looks fluffier today, probably the humidity. Not to mention the fact that he has the prettiest pair of eyes Louis has ever seen — God, Harry was just so nice to look at.

"You going to just stare or come sit on daddy's lap?"

Louis flips his glasses on the top of his head and straddles Harry's thighs. The blue-eyed boy feels his dress slide up a bit and braces his hands on Harry's shoulders.

"Hm, did you get hard from just looking at me?" Louis asks when he feels a bulge.

Harry licks his lips, and runs his hands over Louis' back before just grazing the boy's bum. "Don't be so surprised, baby."

"Thank God, it's illegal to have cameras in classrooms." Louis leans forward to kiss Harry but the teen opens his mouth.
"Is it?"

"I don't know." Louis tries to kiss Harry again.

"I mean, what's wrong with it—"

Louis groans. "Shut up and kiss me, you fool."
"I just want to eat you up." Harry looks longingly at Louis when he pulls away.

The cheerleader smirks, a little twinkle in his eyes as he shifts himself on Harry's lap. "Well, you can eat me out."

That has the green eyes of the football player widening, his hands gripping Louis' bottom tighter and his tongue poking out to moisten his lips. "Really?"

Louis nods, "mhm."

"Are you sure? I mean, we're in a classroom, the teacher could walk in at any moment." Harry rants. "And, it'll be your first time. Don't you want it to be special?"

"Anything with you is special." Louis confesses. "I like you very much."

Harry curls his arms around his boyfriend's waist, "I think."

Louis twirls one of his fingers around Harry's hair. "What?"

"I think I could love you someday." Harry says, and he didn't mention how close he felt the day would come.

Louis' heart unwillingly picks up, and the corners of his mouth quirk into a smile. "Only think?"

"Let me rephrase, I'm almost certain that I'll love you someday."

"Ugh, you're so fucking adorable — let me give you a blowjob."

And shamelessly, Louis does. He wraps his pretty lips around Harry's cock and sucks until he has the football player groaning loudly. Harry doesn't last that long, considering Louis was not so subtly grinding on his boner as he was confessing his (almost) undying love.

"You're coming over today and I'm giving you a rimjob." Harry breathes out, "I'd like to see someone try to fucking stop me." He fixes his clothes, "I mean, unless if it was you — I'd stop because I wouldn't force you to do anything you didn't want—"

The classroom door swings open with force before the teacher walks in, her eyes zero in on Louis and Harry. Louis being in his seat, cheeks the slightest bit red and blue eyes glassy. Harry's eyes were wide and his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat.

"Detention is over—" the teacher begins walking towards them and reaches their desks, she stops right in front of Louis' desk and leans down. "What is on your face?"

Harry chokes on literally nothing and whips his head in the direction of his boyfriend. Right next to Louis' mouth is hiscum, his fucking cum, what the fuck.

Louis, being the gem he is, plays off his part nicely. He hums with one brow raised and he swipes his index finger on the corner of his mouth. He examines the substance on his finger and pops it into his mouth, sucking on his finger. "Mhm, I had a glazed donut."

Harry doesn't know if he should be proud, flustered, or ashamed.
"Food is forbidden in detention." The teacher stomps back to the door, "get out, if I see you two in here again, it'll be double the time and a call home."

Louis slips on his sunglasses just in time to roll his eyes, he stands from his seat and struts out of the class, Harry following quickly.

The school is nearly empty, except for some janitors and a couple teachers. The halls are dimmed and the only sounds were of Louis' heeled shoes and Harry's sandals on the floor.

"Well," Harry starts, "you should take drama."

Louis looks over his shoulder and smiles, "I was thinking of auditioning for the role of Peter Pan in the school play."

Harry swings an arm around Louis' shoulders and presses a quick kiss to the boy's head. "I will cheer so fucking loud for you when I'm the audience."

"I expect no less from my loyal boyfriend." Louis reaches up and blindly pats Harry on his jaw.

They walk out the doors of the school, the white sunshine beaming on their skin and Harry puts on his own sunglasses before locating his car.

"I'm guessing your parents aren't going to be home, mine will be out shopping probably. That reminds me," Louis is about to mention his upcoming trip to California when a bright blonde head catches his attention. "Why the fuck is she still here?"

"Who?" Harry unlocks Louis' door and holds it open.

"Taylor." Louis mutters, "look at her. All alive and breathing — that's fucking shit."

Harry grabs Louis' hands, "hey, what's wrong?"

Louis is still distracted, his glare set on the blonde not too far from them. "She's coming this way, get inside your car."

"Lou—"

"Just get inside your car—Taylor," Louis flashes a smile. "What a surprise, any reason why you're still here?"

Taylor giggles into her hand, to which Louis rolls his eyes at, but he has his sunglasses on. She fixes her ponytail and glances at Harry. "My car won't start."

"And you were here the whole time? It's been almost an hour."

Louis has a tiny smile on his face when he hears Harry's tone, he's clearly annoyed.

"I just finished studying in the library, actually." Taylor tilts her head. "I was wondering if you could help me out." She winks, "and we could help each other out in other ways too."

"No thanks, but I have some errands to run." Harry answers, holding Louis' door open with one hand and the boy's wrist in the other.

Taylor doesn't seem too happy. "What errands do you have? Surely can't be more important than me."
Louis is about to ask Taylor who she thinks she is but Harry beats him.

"And who do you think you are?" The football player turns to face her. "Who do you think you are to me? Not much, sorry to burst your bubble but eating my boyfriend's ass sounds more pleasant than standing here and talking to your for another minute."

"Excuse me?"

"You know what, you're as stupid as a fucking crayon." Louis bursts. "When kind of person offers sex to someone whose boyfriend is right there?! And it's not like if I wasn't here that it would make a difference but you just did it right in front of me." Louis steps up to Taylor. "You have some nerve. You know what you are?"

"Beautiful, popular, intelligent."

"Okay, let's take care of one thing today, and that's you." Louis crosses his arms. "You decided that your best friend wasn't worth shit the moment they became vulnerable, that's the kind of person you are, Taylor. You're a bitch, who knows no boundaries whatsoever and clearly has nothing better to do than try to seem relevant."

Taylor's face is white, her mouth open and eyes wide.

"You know what? I'm glad you left me because then I would never know what kind of person you are, I would have no idea who I was getting myself involved with and now, I can see right through your good girl act." Louis takes the two steps towards Harry's car and sits down in it before poking his head out, "so do my boyfriend and I a favour and scoot, you're blocking our way."
"Well, they want me to go home and get ready." Louis says as he hangs up his phone. "They're a little mad I didn't tell them about my detention."

Harry groans. "I forgot about that — now I can't even give you a rim job." The football player takes a turn onto Louis' street. "Fucking hell."

Louis nods. "I was so fucking ready." He reaches over and takes a hold of Harry's hand. "We got cockblocked so hard."

The football player bites his lip, as he pulls into Louis' driveway. "I could still get you off."

"I'd rather not have you eat my ass in your car."

"No one said anything about a rim job." Harry wiggled his eyebrows. "But, it will still be in my car."

"What are you on about, Styles?" Louis squints his eyes.

"Come sit on my lap, Princess."

Louis loved attention, so it was only a moment later when he was straddling on Harry's thighs, fluttering his pretty lashes at his boyfriend. "Hi, Daddy."

"Mhm," Harry let his hands firmly grasp Louis' thighs.

Louis shivered, Harry's cold rings sending goosebumps all over his body. "What are you going to do to me?"

"Finger you — unless you just want me to get you off." The green eyed teen let one of his hands trail up Louis' spine, to the back of his head.

"What's up with all of my first sexual experiences being in your car?"

Harry pursed his lips. "Unless you want to wait, we can sneak off later, you know.. during dinner?"

"Then, I'll feel like we're in a porno."

"What about if we do it now?"

"Then, we're still in a porno."

"During school?"

"Again, a porno."
Harry lets out an airy laugh. "Well, I don't know what to do, babycakes."

Louis leans in, pressing his lips on Harry's in a short kiss. "If you find a way for us to sneak off during dinner, I'm all yours."

"Thought you were already mine." Harry mumbled, his eyes glued on Louis' lips.

"Always, baby. I'll just be even more yours."

"I don't think that makes sense."

Louis rolls his eyes, curling around Harry as he shifted on his lap. "Thanks for saying that stuff to Taylor back there."

Harry lets his tiny boyfriend play with his rings. "Of course, but I hope you know I won't always stand with you because sometimes you're wrong."

"Ugh, go eat a bag of dicks." Louis smacks Harry on the back of his head.

"Ow, what was that for?" The teen rubs his back of his head. "One point of being in a relationship is being honest with each other and I'll truthfully tell you when you're wrong. Or maybe I'll lie because you're cute when you think you're right." Harry thinks for a moment. "I'll probably just lie, I like to look at you."

Louis rolls his eyes. "Who even are you."

"Your boyfriend."

Louis walks into his house, and up to his room, he finds Lottie waiting by his door tapping her foot on the floor.

"You miss me?" Louis says.

His sister raises an eyebrow. "It's your fault that I have nothing to wear."

"How is it my fault?" He opens his bedroom door and walks in, Lottie following after.

"I need to know at least a day in advance if I'm going anywhere because it takes so fucking long to choose what to wear."

Louis swings the doors open to his walk in closet and almost sighs in happiness, he loves his clothes. "And?"

"I want to wear something of yours because it's the least you could do for me."

The cheerleader hums, "okay, I don't mind."
"Ma, Harry sleep over?" Louis looked up at his mother with wide blue eyes. Jay knelt down, and shook her head. "No, sorry baby."

Louis smiled, "good." Before bolting down the hallway. Jay sat back on her feet in shock, "Louis! That was very mean." She calls out. But then Louis appears again, with a backpack in his hand. "Then, Louis sleep over at Harry!" He looks up at his mother. "What mean?"

Jay blinked. "Oh my God."

"Oh mummy's God."

"No, Louis. Don't say that."

"Why?"

"Because it's bad."

Louis tilted his head. "But, mummy said it."

Jay pursed her lips, "honey, go put your bag back."

The little toddler rolled on the balls of his feet. "Why?"

"You aren't sleeping over at Harry's." She watched her son's face furrow in confusion. Louis shrugged. He didn't really want to go to Harry's house anyway, he only wanted to play with Harry's toys and maybe take a few. Harry wouldn't notice — he hasn't noticed his missing pirate hat, red firetruck, or stuffed piglet.

Jay watched her son slowly walk back to his room with his bag dragging behind him. *That was surprisingly easy* even though she had no idea about the little thief she loved unconditionally.

"Wow! Look!" Louis squatted down, hovering over the tiny creature. "Harry!"

"I am coming!" The green eyed boy stumbled before completely tripping over his own feet and fell face first into what had all Louis' attention.

It was frog.

"Ah!" Louis screamed, jumping back and watching Harry roll over before rubbing his eyes. "Harry kissed frog!"

"Huh?" The toddler looked to his right and there it was, a green frog, frozen but still alive.

Harry's eyes widened before he was screaming bloody murder. Louis was rolling around on the floor, laughing at Harry who spat on the ground.
"Harry kissed a frog!" Louis was still giggly slowly stood up, wiping his hands on his pants.

The taller boy pouted, he stomped over to Louis and grabbed his shoulders. He leaned in and planted a big kiss on Louis' lips. "Ha! Now Louis kissed frog too!" He laughed manically and ran away.

Louis cried and sobbed and refused to move from his spot until Harry got him a clean wash cloth to clean his mouth.
47. "Walk, walk fashion baby, work it move that b*tch crazy."

Chapter Notes

title from Lady Gaga's "Bad Romance"

Louis' outfit: VERSACE
*that square thing is a foulard and it's like a square scarf, an ascot?? yes*

"Louis! We have to leave in five minutes."

"Gaga oh-la-la! Want your bad romance." Louis bobs his head to the song bursting from his speakers.

"Lottie, what colour?" He hold up three lip glosses, pink, red, and clear with sparkles.
"Walk-walk fashion baby, work it move that bitch crazy."

"I say sparkles." His sister says as she takes selfies in his mirror, "my hair up or down?"

"Half up, half down." Louis nods once. "I like your hair like that." He finishes tying the foulard around his head, before tying it around his neck instead, then finally deciding to just tie it to his wrist.

"Walk-walk passion baby, work it I'm a free bitch baby."

"Best behaviour tonight, alright?" David eyes his daughters as they nod, and his small toddlers mindlessly kick their feet. His gaze drifts to his son, but the boy is busying reapplying his lip gloss. "Louis."

"Hm?" The cheerleader smacks his lips.

"Best behaviour, you hear me?" David reaches out with the hand that isn't holding Jay's and brushes Louis' hair along his forehead.

"Dad, I don't know why you're telling him that. These are his boyfriend's parents—"

"More like in-laws." Jay's words earn her bewildered looks from her family. "What?"

"I.. I'll just ring the bell." David's voice is low, as he slowly pushes his knuckle against the button.

A loud chime rings through the Styles household, as Harry practically runs to the door. He swings it open and flashes his brightest smile, "hello."

"Well, Harry, don't you look dashing." Jay compliments.

Harry bows, he fucking bows like he's a prince, Louis rolls his eyes fondly. "Thanks, Jay."

Harry's outfit: GUCCI (don't ask why he has shoes on inside, k)
Harry being the gentleman he is, greets all the Tomlinson's at the door. He gives hugs to the daughters, and Jay and David. But for the toddlers, they get little boops on their noses, Ernest staying glued to his side before Jay coaxed him to follow her out in the backyard.

"My parents are cooking tonight, sent the cooks home early." Harry told them, "we're eating out on the patio tonight."

Louis was the last one to walk into the Styles' house, he almost jabbed Harry in the ribs when the
latter kissed his hand.

"Why are you so proper all of a sudden?" Louis scoffs. "Are you trying to butter me up to get into my panties?"

Harry was just happy that everyone was in the backyard already. "You caught me, bunnyboo."

Louis cocks his hip. "Don't know what to do with a boy like you."

"Going to punish me?"

The cheerleader couldn't help but giggle. "Shouldn't it be the opposite?"

Harry shakes his head. "No, you could be a power bottom."

"Oh my god."

"What?" Harry takes Louis' hand and leads him away from the door. "You're sassy but you're also my tiny, little baby."

Louis swears he isn't hard — he just really loves Harry's nicknames for him.

Instead of going straight out onto the back patio, Harry leads them to the kitchen. He sits Louis on one of the stools and leans on the counter, his green eyes eating the cheerleader up.

"I love your eyes, they're so blue.. like a sparkly blue, a really pretty blue." Harry mumbles slowly. "I love your nose, it's tiny. I love your eyelashes a lot." He smiles softly. "I love your lips, so pink, so kissable." He leans down and peppers gentle kisses on Louis' mouth. "I love your hands, and your delicate little wrists. I should name them, right?"

"Franklin? Freddie?" Louis suggests through his giggles.

"Hm, I like Fabio." Harry picks up the cheerleader's hand and kisses the latter's wrist. "Hello, Fabio. How are you?"

Louis fondly rolls his eyes at his boyfriend's childish antics.

Harry laces their hands and meets Louis' eyes again. "I love your piercings. I also love your tummy, your little pudge. I love your thighs, sometimes I just want to bite them."

"Hm, maybe you should."

"In due time, Anthos." Harry smirks. "As I was saying, I love your ankles, I love seeing your ankles. Never cover them."

"Okay, what's this whole sappy-ass list for? What are you planning?" Louis tilts his head and swings his short legs.

"Wait, I have one more."

"And, what is it?"

Harry purses his lips. "Your bum."

"Obviously." Louis rolls his eyes.
"It's plump, it's squishy, it's perfect, and it's yours." Harry notes, his face too serious for the conversation they were having. "Best bum I've ever seen."

Louis wants to explode. "You're so good to me."

Harry smiles at that, his dimples making Louis fall for him harder — oh god, it's only been like a week. "That's because I have very, very, very strong feelings for you and only you."

"I hate you."

"Why's that?" The smile hasn't left Harry's face.

"You're making me go soft."

"Well," Harry bites his lip, "there's nothing I could do about that, Anthos."

"I still hate you."

"You sure?"

"Positive."

"I don't think you'll hate me after I give you this," the green eyed teen turns around and freezes for a moment before spinning around with his hands behind his back. "Daddy got you a present for being a good boy."

"I'm not a good boy." Louis squints.

"Daddy got you a present to make you act like a good boy." Harry takes his hands out from behind his back, revealing the small red bag.

"Bitch, are you serious?" Louis' eyes widen at the sight of the red box when the older teen pulls it out.

Harry nods, a sheepish expression on his face. "I went out to get it after you met my family. I couldn't help myself."

"You got it after I gave you a blowjob?"

Harry laughs, it's loud and he nearly falls over. "C'mon, babe, just open it."

Louis slowly pressed the small button on the box, and the lip popped open. He gasped and brought a hand to his mouth, "Harry."

"Do you like it?" The teen is obviously excited. "It's like this pink gold, they called it pink gold and not rose gold. Weird right?"
"Harry, Harry," Louis wants to cry, he's being smothered by his boyfriend's kisses but he still wants to cry. "Hazza baby."

The green eyed teen instantly preens under the nickname, his dimples actual craters in his face and pink lips stretched in a wide grin. "Yes, Lou?"

"You're nice to me," Louis feels his eyes water.
"Of course."

"You kiss me."

Harry hums, pressing his lips to Louis' eyebrow. "Yes."

"You care about me."

The broader boy nuzzles into Louis' hair. "Yes."

"You have a deep admiration for me." Louis lip wobbles because he's never felt so happy, loved, and bubbly until now.

"Yes."

"You love me?"

Dinner is great, they don't sneak off to do inappropriate acts but instead cuddle within view of their parents. They eat dessert together, sharing ice cream and a slice of cake. Louis attached to Harry's hip, never letting go of the teen until Harry has to use the washroom — where Louis had waited patiently outside for his boyfriend before immediately cuddling into Harry's side.

Who knew a well-thought out love confession would make Louis so soft? The $2,160 pink gold necklace probably helped too, Harry can't take all the credit.
48. "He's gay, Petra!"

LOUIS' OUTFIT: VERSACE
"Wow."

"You like?" Louis spins. "I felt like it was a pink kind of day."

"You sure it isn't because of a present you got last night? From a handsome man?" Harry smirks, "does it have anything to do with the pink gold necklace around your pretty neck?"

Louis doesn't answer, he instead runs up to Harry with a tiny smile and jumps. The taller stumbles and falls back onto his car before firmly grasps Louis thighs around his waist.

"Oops." Louis offers weakly.

"Hi." Harry wants to melt when he hears the giggles from Louis' lips as he peppers tiny kisses along the boy's face.

"Louis." His hands freeze then he grabs one of his books, and puts it in his bag.

Louis shuts his eyes and closes his locker before opening them, he's welcomed by an empty hall with no one but Taylor. "Taylor." Louis cocked his hip.

"I want to join the cheer squad." Her red lips curled into a smile.

Louis immediately shook his head. "No. It's past tryouts and I briefly remember you stating that cheerleading was a waste of time. That was, when? Last year?" Louis almost laughed. "Honey, don't try anything with me."

"You're just scared that I'll take your place as cheer captain."

"I've been cheer captain for three years, first sophomore to be captain in nearly fifty years, hun. I'd tell you to try to knock me off my pedestal but, darling, that's too high even for a giraffe like you."

"You're just upset about my history with your boyfriend."

Louis rolls his eyes. "And you're just pathetic."

"You're scared I'm going to steal him from you."

"He's gay, Petra!"

Taylor gasps, her voice hushing to a whisper but her eyes red with anger. "You promised to never say my real name."

"And you promised you were my best friend and would support me no matter what—"

"Woah, what's going on here?" Of course Harry appears from absolutely no where with two Starbucks cups in his hands. He hands one of them to Louis, "got you your fave. Grande vanilla bean with no whip cream."

"Harry!" Taylor steps back. "Will you please tell Louis that we do in fact have history together?"

"Oh, yeah. We had history class together last year. I remember, Mr. Thomas."

Taylor fish mouthed. "Okay, yes. But real history, remember?"

The football player thinks for a moment, "um..."
"Petra Swift to the principals office, Petra Swift."

Taylor stomps her foot, before huffing and walking away, her heels echoing through the silent hall.

Louis takes time to sip his drink and look up at his boyfriend. "You have actual history with her?"

"Barely even, we just used to talk a lot, you know? Like regularly text too." Harry's eyes remain on Louis, searching for a reaction. "It's nothing how she makes it out to be."

Louis crosses his arms. "To be honest, I don't know why I even bother to listen to her."

"You shouldn't, you don't need her negativity in your life."
check their instagrams

Louis' outfit: FENTY BY RIHANNA
Louis is in the middle of helping one of his friend land a triple cartwheel with a spilt when something catches his eye. More like someone. That someone is a boy, he's a short, blonde with freckles and from what he can see, hazel eyes.

Not only is Louis the immediately the slightest bit intimidated by the unknown blonde, but his eyes widen when he sees the boy walk up the bleachers and plop right next to his Harry.

The football player sets down his phone and completely faces the blonde, without so much as a glance in Louis' direction. But with Harry's position, he can't even see if the teen is smiling.

Louis' mouth drops open when the blonde reaches out and places a hand on Harry's thigh, just at that moment, the latter throws his head back laughing. Louis nearly has steam puffing from his ears when the blonde leans in and kisses Harry's cheek, then stands and walks back down the bleachers.

"Practice is over." Louis faces his team.

"It's only 3:20." One of the cheerleaders say.

"It's cut short, we'll make up for lost time at next practice."

The cheerleaders say goodbye to him, some hugging him but he only halfheartedly hugs back. It isn't long before Louis is swinging his bag over his shoulder and carrying his speaker with one hand before making his way up the stairs of the bleachers until he's only a few from Harry who's still on his phone.

"So," Louis cocks a hip. "Who was that?"

Harry looks up, before going back to his phone. "Him? Just a friend."

"Really?" Louis raises an eyebrow. "You seemed pretty happy when he put his hand on your thigh,
or you know, when he kissed your cheek." The cheerleader clicks his tongue on the roof of his mouth. "Ecstatic even."

"Louis, he was an old friend." Harry types on his phone then pockets it as he stands up. "Stop being like that."

"Like what?" Louis was getting impatient, for whatever reason.

"All.. I don't know. Just come give me a kiss."

"Yeah, no." Louis rolls his eyes, no sass or even the hint of a smile to lessen the spite. "I'll see you later, Harry." Then he's walking back to the doors of the school.

"Wait! I was your ride here." Harry steps down the bleachers, following after his boyfriend. "How are you getting back home?"

"I'll walk!" Louis screams, louder and angrier than he meant. He knows Harry's only a few steps behind him and speeds up, swinging the door open and marching straight towards the locker room.

"You hate walking home!"

"Yeah, well right now I hate you more!" Louis even turns around to glare at Harry, with his blue eyes in slits.

"Baby—" The locker room door slams shut and Harry lets out a deep breath. He slumps against the wall and waits, he'll wait however long it takes so he can explain himself to Louis.

Almost forty minutes later, Louis walks out the locker room with his duffel bag swung over his shoulder and is wearing completely different clothes.

Louis' outfit: FENTY BY RIHANNA
He walks past Harry and the football player notes his hair is wet, meaning he must've showered.

"Babycakes." Harry tries to get Louis to at least look at him, it's futile. "Louis, please."

That's when Louis stops walking, they're just outside the doors of the school, and Harry can see his car in the distance.

"Do you know how to get home from here?"
Louis glares at him, and makes Harry's skin burn. "Obviously."

"Let me drive you home."

"No, leave me alone." Louis walks off again.

"Anthos, stop being difficult." Louis freezes again, and Harry finally catches up to Louis, and even reaches out a hand but the cheerleader doesn't make any move to grab it. "I'll take you home."

"Who was he?"

"Who?"

"Stop acting dumb, it isn't cute right now." Louis crosses his arms. "Who was that blondie?"

Harry huffs, and shifts on his feet. "He's just an old friend."

Louis lost it. "Why can't you just tell me who he was? Why tip-toe around the question like you've never answered one in your life."

"He's an ex." Harry raises his voice. "He was my first boyfriend."

"Name?"

"Sebastian."

"He's an ex and you're still close enough friends with him that he can kiss your cheek without a problem?" Louis juts out his chin.

"He was my first, Louis. There isn't a problem with that."

"He kissed your cheek. Probably wanted your lips, but he has shit aim." Louis raises his arms. "I don't want him near you if he's going to kiss you as if you're still together."

"It was just a cheek kiss, stop it."

"Actually, I don't want you near him if you're going to let him kiss you." Louis turns around. "Bye, Harry." Then he walks off.

Footsteps are quick to follow, trailing behind Louis just before a body appears in front of him. "Just.. please. Let me drive you home."

It's quiet for a few moments, Louis with his arms crossed and cold glare set on Harry's forehead. "Fine."

The car ride is quiet, tension filled and frankly one of the most awkward encounters they've had. Harry keeps his hands to himself, except when he reaches to change the radio station just at the same time Louis decides to — their hands touch for a second before Harry rips his away. "Um, you can choose it."

And Louis does, he changes it to a country radio station and keeps his gaze locked outside the window.

They reach Louis' house almost too fast, and the boy doesn't leave right away as Harry thought. Instead he faces Harry with his arms crossed still and breathes out.
"Sorry, that I'm so jealous."

Harry wants to touch Louis' skin but restrains himself. "It's okay. I guess I shouldn't have invited him to sit with me in the first place."

Louis' eyes narrow. "You invited your ex to sit next to you? He probably thought that was an excuse for him to touch you!"

Harry fish mouthed. "Anthos, I'm sorry."

"I can't believe you, Styles." Louis shakes his head with a sigh. "We were doing so good — nice going."

Harry freezes. "Are you dumping me?"

Louis doesn't answer.
"So, what happened with you and Harry?" is the first thing Niall asks when he sits down at their table, Zayn following after with Liam by his side.

"What do you mean?" Louis pokes at his pasta.

"Well, you're wearing a shirt that has the definition of 'faithful', with 'if you see Harry, tell him what is on the front of my shirt' on the back." Niall slides closer to Louis. "Tell me what happened."

And Louis does. It takes almost all of lunch but afterward he feels a weight lift off his chest.

"-and like, he shouldn't have let him touch him right? But this guy didn't smack his hand off." Louis continues. "Then, that bitch kissed him."

"On his lips?!"

"Cheek."

The rest of the group is silent — they're all pretty speechless.

"Are you breaking up with him?"

Louis immediately shakes his head. "Oh god, no."

Niall raises his eyebrows. "Yet, you're not talking to him today?"

"Correct."

It's simple, get dropped off by his family's driver, take different routes to his classes, and get picked up again by his family's driver.

That was an easy plan to follow, until Louis got cornered by a couple football players.

"Cap wants to talk to you." They surround him at the entrance of the boy's washroom.

Louis crosses his arms. "Okay?"

"He's sad." One of them say. "But we have practice today and he's asking if you could come watch him."

"I have cheer practice too." That was a small white lie, he had put his co-captain in charge of practice — he would only be watching from the bleachers because one, his down mood had taken a toll on his energy, and two, he was testing the co-captain who was in the running for next years captain.

"Well, he just really wants you to be there." Then they're all walking down the hall, in a pack like wolves or some shit like that.

Louis spends his next two periods thinking about Harry — Harry and his pretty green eyes, his cheeky grin, broad shoulders and his creamy voice with sweet words.

"Hey."

Harry looks up from tracing the letters on his helmet. "Hey."
Niall doesn’t get to say a word before coach is blowing his whistle, and all the players immediately huddle up and listen for the day’s instructions.

"We got a game in three weeks — and I don't want any slacking." He eyes a few of them. "That goes for you, Nathan and Stanley, I don't want any half-assed attempts, alright?" His hard voice and little scruff intimidate a few players to no end.

"Styles, you're our captain so you've got to lead the team today, I have a doctors appointment in fifteen because of.." he coughs, "personal reasons."

"I heard he's getting a hair transplant." Niall leans over to Harry.

"Anyway, I'll be going now. I want a report of today's activities, you got it?" He pats a few of them on the shoulder, Harry included before walking off the field.

Harry holds his helmet in one hand. "Well, let's get started."

They start off by stretches and warm ups. They jog around the field before doing the dreaded suicides — Niall almost passing out, so Harry tells him to sit on the bench for the rest of practice. It was hot today, no doubt and with the sun beating down on the boys, they were all sweating profusely.

A few of them actually take off their shirts, even one drenching himself with water.

Harry finds himself catching the football before taking off, down the field to the other side. He hears his teammates on the bench shouting, his helmet blocking the sun. He dodges tackles and easily weaves through his opposing teammates before scoring.

He takes off his helmet and cheers loudly, raising his hands up and roughly hugs his other mates — it's been a while since he's played a calm game.

Above his teammates heads, he spots a tiny figure at the top of the bleachers, sunglasses on their head and they're looking at their phone.

He excuses himself and slowly walks up the stairs, the sweat dripping down his body as he sits a respectable distance from the pretty, blue eyed boy.

"Hi."

Louis looks up from his phone, his eyes unable to not roam Harry's bare skin.

"You came."

"Yeah." Louis' voice is so soft, his delicate fingers tracing over his own thigh.

"I'm sorry." Harry knows how desperate he sounds. "I'm really sorry, baby."

"I just don't understand why you did that." Louis frowns, and Harry hates to see the boy sad.

"I'm stupid, that's why. I'm a idiot, a big egghead. I'm an airhead — as dumb as they come."

Louis giggles but covers it with a cough. He looks back up at Harry, his lips pursed and says, "you're completely right."

Harry nods once. The tension between them is almost unbearable but he powers through it — he'll do anything to get back on Louis' good side.
"You're one of the stupidest guys I've ever met."

Harry pouts and nods again, he looks down at his hands.

"Take off your helmet."

Harry doesn't move, and Louis takes it upon himself to pull it off Harry's head. The cheerleader scoots closer, running his fingers through Harry's hair before wrinkling his nose.

"Ew, you're really sweaty."

"Well, it is like a million degrees out here."

Louis ignores his attitude. "And you're a little dirty too." He observes the faint spots of dirt along Harry's body and his tattoos, he recalls watching the football player trip a few times and fall onto the grass or get tackled (he hated seeing Harry get tackled).

"Imagine if it were the other way around." Louis crosses his arms. "You'd fucking kill whoever touched me."

Harry grinds his teeth.

"If someone touched my thigh, kissed my cheek, you'd raise hell."

Harry clenches his hands.

"If an ex kissed my cheek and touched by thigh — you'd probably explode."

Harry growls, actually. Like a dog or something — Louis almost jumps.

"Stop talking like that."

"Stop being a major moron."

The football player deflates. "I'm sorry, Lou." Harry is nearly itching to touch his boyfriend. "I'm so sorry—"

"What do you see?" Louis shifts himself so he's facing Harry completely.

Harry visibly gulps. "The prettiest, smallest, softest, boy I've ever seen. A beautiful, sweet creature created for solely making the world brighter. An amazing, clever baby boy who is the definition of art—"

"Okay, okay." Louis feels his cheeks heat up. "What do you see here." He gestures to his neck.

It takes Harry a moment to answer. "The necklace I gave you."

"And would I wear the necklace that was a gift from a boy if he were my ex-boyfriend?"

That was when Harry jumps on Louis. The blue-eyed boy melts when he feels Harry's muscular arms wrap around his body, Harry's shirtless body with hard abs pressing against Louis' own little pudge, and the curly haired teen's lips pressing kisses along his jaw to his ear and back down his neck.

"You get this one freebie, Styles." Louis says.
"That's the only one I need." Harry replies.
"What're you doing?" Harry feels hands untying his jacket from his waist, "hey."

"I'm stealing your jacket."

"Why?"

"So I'll have a piece of you in California."

"Ugh," says Lottie as she pushed past Louis to get to the front door. "I hate you guys. All that sappy shit."

Louis crosses his arms. "Oh, yeah? Isn't that your girlfriend that's coming up the drive way right now?"

"And, I think I see her holding a card and a teddy bear." Harry chimes in.

"Shut up, you guys like cocks up your ass."

"Actually, just Louis." Harry clarifies. "I top." He points to himself.

"Ew." Lottie cringes. "Gross as hell — Hi, babybubble." She happily greets her girlfriend.

Harry hums and takes Louis' hand before leading him away, "we'll leave them alone for a bit." He brings them to the side of the Tomlinson front yard, under a big tree and kicks at the grass by his feet. "You know I'm going to miss you a lot, right?"

Louis pouts. "Mhm."

"We'll FaceTime everyday, text all day and call each other."

Louis plays with the rings on Harry's fingers, twisting them before taking one off his rose ring and putting it on his own finger. "This is huge."

"I have bigger fingers than you," Harry smiles. "I have a bigger everything than you, I could just pick you up and take you wherever I want."

"It's not like you could kick my ass — I'm too cute." Louis flutters his lashes.

"Didn't say that but I'd rather kiss your ass," the green eyed teen bites his lip. "I have kissed your ass."

"No you haven't."

Harry fake cries. "I know." He glances at Louis' delicate fingers, and more specifically his ring finger. "I want to get you a ring."

Louis chokes out a laugh. "Okay?" He hands Harry the rose ring and cuddles up to his boyfriend's side.

"It'll be pretty, just like you."

That's when they hear footsteps, Louis turns around and sees his father. "Hi, daddy." He feels
Harry's hand ghost over his bum, before firmly grasping it then moving to his waist.

"Hi, bub, Harry." He nods. "Are you ready to go?"

Louis smiles. "Yes! I haven't been to California in like three weeks. I miss my second home."

"I thought I was your second home." Harry leans down and whispers.

"California?" Louis' father furrows his eyebrows. "Bub, we're going to Hawaii."

Louis blinks. "What?"

"Maui, Hawaii." David laughs. "Your mother didn't tell you?"

"You both told me we were going to California two weeks ago," Louis says. "And you didn't bother to update me that we're going to a completely different country?"

LOL CHECK LOUIS' INSTAGRAM

Hawaii is a state, both Harry and David look at each other.

"Oh, that reminds me," David pulls out something from his satchel. "Harry, here's your ticket."

Louis' mouth drops open and his hands falls limp at his sides. He watches with wide eyes as his father urges Harry to take the fucking plane ticket.

"Dave—"

"Nope, shut up." Louis' father holds up his hand. "I already talked to your parents and they're supposed to be here soon."

Harry squints his eyes. "What are you talking about?"

David looks behind them and sees a large car pulling up. "Oh, there they are!" Then he's walking away, his dress shoes tapping against the Tomlinson driveway as he opens the back door.

"Harry, why are you parents here?" Louis watches Anne step out of the car and almost be tackled by Jay in a hug. "Harry, why do your parents have luggages?"

"Harry!" It's George, with a cap on his head and in incredibly short jean shorts. Almost too short. "Where is your luggage?"

Harry snaps out of his shock. "My what?"

"Luggage, boy." David and George walk over. "Clothes, shampoo, unmentionables."

"Dad, where—what? I'm so fucking confused."

"We're all taking a trip to Hawaii, Jay's sister is getting married."

"Aunt Shelly is getting married?" Louis asks.

"Yes, to a lovely lady named Marsha." Jay says as she walks up to them, her arm linked with Anne's. "They've been dreaming about getting married in Hawaii and ever since it was legalized, they've put all their time into planning it."

Anne nudges Jay with her elbow. "Shelly and I used to be such great friends in high school, who
knew that I'd become even better friends with her sister."

Louis looks over at Harry, the poor football player looks even more confused. "No one told me anything!"

"Oh," Anne has a thoughtful look on her face. "I guess I did forget to do something."

"When did you guys even make these plans?" Louis steps towards his boyfriend, Harry slouching to rest his head on Louis' shoulder.

"When we had that dinner at their house two days ago."

"And, we're just finding out now?"

David exchanges looks with the other adults. "Hm, well we were all talking about it at the table but you two were in your own world so I guess you didn't hear us. But Harry, your parents didn't decide until yesterday, they probably forgot to tell you. That also explains why you have no bags."

Despite the complete new information, that's both a little scary and exciting, Louis finds himself laughing. "How exactly did you manage to forget to at least tell me that my boyfriend was coming on our vacation?"

His father shrugs. "Hey, excuse me. Your old man is getting even older."

"I didn't pack for Hawaii, I packed for California." Louis huffs, "I don't even know what to bring."

"Maybe less jeans and more shorts, and your boyfriend didn't pack at all, so I guess we'll have to tell Susana that our flight will be tomorrow instead."

Louis sighed but nodded, Susana was their pilot (yes bitch a strong female pilot even though stupid polls say that people don't trust female pilots) for their private jet. He watches Harry drag Anne and George away, further down the driveway, for privacy he guesses.

He turns to his father. "How are all of us going to fit on the jet?"

"I also forgot to tell you that we bought a new jet. More of a plane actually."

Louis waves his hands. "Obviously you forgot!"

"This one is bigger," David takes out his phone, taps on it a few times then shows it to Louis.
"This is my new child, meet Beyond ACJ318, or as I call her, Icey-J. Do you get it?" His father has a grin on his face as Jay shakes her head.

(That's real but I just changed the name and made up some stuff about it lol, credit to owner for the pics)

Louis shoots his father an odd look. "Really, dad?"

"It also has four cabins, because I thought you and Harry would like some.. privacy."

Louis has an appalled expression on his face, "dad!" He gasps.

"And your mother and I, not to mention George and Anne too."

Letting out a sigh, Louis says, "are we renting a vacation house or something?"

"Oh, honey, we Tomlinson's don't rent, we buy." David says in a fake posh accent.

Jay takes it upon herself to smack David's shoulder, before facing her son. "We bought a vacation house, your father and I decided that we should spend more time together as a family and now we have a house in Hawaii to do so." She bops Louis' nose. "It's just, seeing you, Lottie and Fizzy all start dating made us realize how all our babies are getting — we want to smother you all with love until you hate us."
"Baby darling." A deep, creamy voice slowly edges Louis from his sleep.

"Go 'way."

"Oh, my little love." There are hands rubbing his back. "You don't mean that."

Louis hates being woken up — possibly more than he hates certain people at his school. His grumpy state makes him say things he doesn't particularly mean. "Go make out with Sebastian, dick head."

Being one of the comments that is a little too mean, even for him.

There are hands grasping his wrists, flipping his whole body onto his back and pinning him to his bed. His sleepy eyes blink before they focus on the dark green ones, not too far from his face.

"You will not talk to daddy like that, do you understand?" Harry growls, his voice dropping deeper causing Louis' stomach flutter.

The cheerleader is too speechless to even answer, his small chest puffing up and tiny fingers clenching.

"I said," Harry latches onto his neck, right below his ear and drops his hips between Louis' thighs, "do you understand?"

Louis, sleepy, soft Louis turns into a needy, whiny boy when he is turned on. And Harry loves it.

"Oh, is baby getting a little hard?" Harry leans back and sits on his feet. "My little angel wants something?"

Louis' mind is clouded, it slips from his brain that they have a flight to catch, and he only nods helplessly. He reaches out for Harry, his grabby hands curling around the football player's wrist.


The blue-eyed boy whines, "want you."

Harry shifts his gaze to Louis' bare thighs, and the little peek he gets at the boy's white panties.

"Kitten wants daddy?"

"Please." Louis' voice is so high, soft and Harry makes a quick move to slide his hand under the thin bed sheet. "Please, daddy."

"Hm, you want cuddles?" Harry asks, as his fingers circle Louis' nipple. "You want daddy to hold you?"

"Yes, daddy."

Sleepy Louis might be Harry's favourite Louis.

"Oh, baby doll." Harry slips under the covers too, his chest against Louis' shoulder. "Daddy will hold you." His wandering hand traces over Louis' tummy, to the band of his panties. "Can daddy touch you, please?"

The smaller boy's bright blues with wide pupils meet Harry's lustful gaze. Louis nods once, and that's
all it takes for Harry to finger his way under his panties, his long, thick fingers circle Louis' cock almost instantly.

Harry noses into Louis' hair, his own pants are tightening by the moment but he focuses all his attention on the cheerleader next to him.

He slowly brings his hand up and down Louis' cock, his rough skin making the smaller boy whimper and dig his fingertips into Harry's arm.

Louis' member is hot, and smaller than his own, Harry thinks. But everything about Louis is small, his nose, his ankles, his wrists (Fabio) but not his bum.

"Daddy." Louis' lashes flutter when Harry speeds up. His hips thrusting into the teens hand as his nails pierce into Harry's anchor tattoo.

Harry almost forgot Louis was a virgin, an inexperienced little virgin who probably couldn't last half as long as he could. The football captain groans when Louis' delicate fingers massage the growing bulge in his jeans.

"Princess," Harry breathes into Louis' ear. "You going to come for me?" He squeezes around Louis' cock, the boy's breath hitching before he let out a loud moan.

Harry rushes to sit up and cover Louis' mouth with his hand. He boy looks up at him with unfocused eyes, chest shaking and hand trying to unbutton Harry's pants.

The green eyed teen leans down, "daddy's going to take his hand away, okay? You have to stay quiet."

Louis nods eagerly, only a small squeak escaping his lips after Harry removes his hand. He watches the bigger teen pop open the button of his jeans and roll down the zipper. His boxers being yanked down to reveal his own pulsing member.

The head is red, almost a painful red. Louis wastes no time in wrapping his hand around Harry, the girth was almost too big for his thumb and fingers to touch.

"Baby angel." Harry groans, his hand tightening around Louis before he feels the small boy's body shake. He quickly cover's Louis' mouth, the boy's loud moans muffled.

Harry is too invested in Louis' orgasm with his rolled back eyes, trembling thighs, and red, red cheeks that he fails to notice he's coming until he's spurting all over the cheerleader's bedsheets.

Louis' breaths are shaky, his hand slowly moving from Harry's cock to his mouth as he licks the cum.

"Look at that," Harry says softly. "Kitten made a mess in his panties." He looks over the wet spot on Louis' white panties, before taking his hand out and it's no surprise it has cum too. What surprises him is Louis' mouth almost immediately latching onto his fingers, sucking his own cum off and his pink tongue swiping over the cross tattoo.

Harry pins Louis to the bed after that, attacking the boy's lips in a heated kiss and his hand trailing up Louis' chest before stopping right at his collarbones.

"I want to.." Harry trails off, mumbling against his boyfriend's lips.

"What?" The smaller boy pushes Harry away slightly.
"I want to choke you." Harry feels Louis' body shiver. "I want to pin you down, ram into your little body and choke you until you see stars."

Louis instantly rubs his thighs together, "oh, god. Please, daddy—"

A knock at the door has Harry falling off the bed, his body crashing to the floor as he fumbles to button up his pants again. "Louis! Have you seen Harry?" It's Jay, her voice along with several more knocks flow through the door. "Anne is looking for him, said he was going to the bathroom but wasn't there."

Louis fish-mouths. "I—um—" he looks at Harry for help. The football player starts doing wild gestures. "He's.. planting a dog?"

"What?" Jay asks.

"He's.. in the garden? In the garden! Harry is in the garden!"

"Okay." Her voice sounds unsure as her footsteps slowly fade.

"Planting a dog?" Harry teases as he sits at the foot of Louis' bed.

"Well, what do you expect me to say when you do this." Louis proceeds to pat around on his bed before bringing his hands to the top of his head, like ears.

"I was a rabbit." Harry repeats it but also hops around Louis' room with his knees bent. "See? Rabbits like gardens."

Louis blinks and shakes his head, a fond smile on his face.

"You know I wasn't joking earlier."

"Hm?" Louis stands from his bed, the wetness in his panties becoming a little unbearable.

"You have a pretty neck," Harry follows him to the bathroom, his eyes shamelessly roaming Louis' curvy body. "I'd love to wrap my hands around it sometime."

"Okay, Christian Grey." Louis rolls his eyes.

"I'd rather you call me daddy, maybe master or sir." Harry leans on the doorway. "Don't you agree, kitten?"

Louis' body reacts to the nickname and he's right by Harry's side in the blink of an eye. "Yes, daddy."

"My little pretty kitten." Harry runs his hands over Louis' plump bum, right over the fabric of his panties and one of his fingers dips in between the cheeks. "Daddy wants to taste you, but we have a flight to catch."

Louis pouts, his bottom lip pink and jutting out.

"Don't worry, princess, daddy will give you everything you want in Hawaii."

Harry hid away in Louis' room for the time the boy starts his shower. He changed Louis' bedsheets and cleaned his room a bit, stacking books and putting clothes either in hamper or walk-in closet.

He doesn't expect Louis to screaming.
Harry rushes into the bathroom, swinging the door open and immediately strides to the shower where the glass door was open.

"Babe! What's wrong?" Harry reacts quick enough to catch Louis' naked body when the cheerleader tackles him.

"A spider! There's a fucking spider in the tub!" Louis screeches, his hands holding a death grip on Harry's hair as he tries to hike higher on the latter's lean body.

Harry, not as easily scared, holds Louis' body closer. "Anthos, it's only a little, itty thing. It won't hurt you."

"Ha! You think that's going to make me get back into the shower with that creature waiting to kill me!" Louis talks so fast his words slur. "Bitch, you fucking thought."

"Okay, okay. I'm just going to let you down—"

"Do you want to be single?! Because that's what you're going to be if you make me step one foot on the floor."

The green eyed teen squeezes Louis' body to his, he definitely doesn't want to be single. They're so close it's almost hard to tell where one starts and one ends. Other than the fact that Louis is stark naked. "I don't know how to kill it if you're hanging on me like a Koala-bear!" Harry exclaims.

"God help you if you set me on the floor." Louis threatens. His vice hold on Harry is tightening — and might be turning the football player on. He's always had a thing for hair-pulling.

The football captain subconsciously thrusts up between Louis' thighs that are conveniently above wrapped around Harry's waist.

"Are you serious?" Louis' voice shakes the slightest. "Horny motherfucker."

Harry groans, his fingertips digging into the plushness of Louis' bottom. "Baby."

Louis' chest starts to feel light again, and it's al because of the blissed out look on Harry's face — his eyes shut, lips parted and face relaxed. "If you kill the spider, I'll let you eat me out."

The green eyed teen isn't crazy, he isn't a horrible person — he has no respect for spiders when he drowns the one in the tub with scolding hot water and watches it go down the drain as he holds his little kitten close to his chest.

And just as his mouth is hovering over Louis' quivering hole — Jay bangs on the door, screaming about how they're going to miss their flight.

Louis' outfit: GUCCI
"Hello, my lovely Icey-J."

Harry guffaws.

"Really?" Louis raises an eyebrow. "That was funny to you?"

Harry nods, his giggles muffled from his hand. "Icey-J sounds like A-C-J which is the name of the model of the jet—"

Louis holds up a hand. "I know, Styles." Out of the corner of his eye, he can see Harry's teeth about to bite his finger so he quickly puts his hands by his sides. "Bitch."

"Oh, I can't wait." Harry follows after Louis, up the stairs of the jet. "I can't wait to fly high — and not be on drugs."

Louis wants to hit him, he wants to smack Harry on his shoulder for saying the weirdest things on the planet but instead, he smiles fondly. "You're lucky you're cute."

Harry beams, "not as lucky as I am to have you." He sits down on the couch, pulling Louis next to him. (He would have made Louis sit on his lap, but their parents were present). He presses a soft, gentle kiss on the cheerleader's lips and murmurs, "my treasure, my Anthos, my diva, my kitten." He pulls back for a moment, gazing into Louis' blues. "My Lou."
53. "For what? Raging bondage bear?"

Chapter Notes

Pre-note: the legal age of consent for sexual activity in England is 16 — so louis (17) and harry (18) in this fic are not under age. (lol but they'll be in hawaii)

This is unedited !!

"Basically, you just slap the card whenever it's a jack." Harry smacks his hand on the table. "And whoever has the most jacks wins."

"Aren't there only four jacks in a deck?" Lottie raises an eyebrow.

"But there are two decks here and four of us."

Lottie furrowed her brows — that still didn't make sense.

"Three, actually." Fizzy stands. "I'm going to play Wii."

Louis blinks. "Who even plays Wii anymore?"

"I do." His sister pushes his forehead with her fingers, sending him falling back into his chair. Then she's walking off, to the two pairs of twins by the television.

"Bitch." Louis mumbles.

Harry starts shuffling the cards. "Okay, I guess we'll just use one deck. Ready to play?" He hands out the cards.

"I don't want to play." Louis slid his cards back over to his boyfriend. "I just want to cuddle." No one should blame him, he's sleepy, and he's a little cold and Harry is right next to him.

"Aw, babydoll." Harry sets down the cards, "want me to hold you?"

Louis pouts and nods.

"Little one is cold? My poor kitten, come here." Harry holds open his arms.

With a tiny, *hmpf*, Louis slides over to Harry's chair. He brings his sock clad feet into Harry's lap and leans into the latter's chest.

Dragging his hands up and down Louis' arms, Harry yawns. "I'm a little sleepy too." He hears Lottie get up and mumble something along the lines of them being, "gross idiots."

"You just woke up from a nap." Louis recalls snapping a pic of a half-asleep Harry.

"I know, but I want to nap with you." The way Harry's hand drops at Louis' thigh and squeezes it possessively makes it obvious that napping isn't the only thing he wants to do with the blue-eyed boy.
Louis takes off his socks and wiggles his cold toes. "I love how you hold me." He glances at their parents as they sipped on wine, and watched his siblings bowl on the Wii.

"I love holding you." Harry's other hand grasps Louis' foot, tickling the bottom.

"Stop!" The cheerleader giggles, his whole body squirming on Harry's lap.

"I don't know." Harry stands, holding Louis in his arms and walks to the back of the jet. He already knows where their cabin is, considering he napped in it and they put their carry-ons there before the jet took off. "I happen to love your giggles."

Louis' body is tossed on the bed, his long sweater flying up to above his panties. He instinctively holds it down and shuts his legs. Harry's dark eyes follow the movement as a smirk makes its way onto his face.

"No shorts, huh?" The football captain shuts the door, twisting the lock. "Scandalous much?"

Louis swallowed as Harry slowly climbed on top of him, his muscular arms bracing him on either side of Louis' head. "I—I don't like how it bunches up be-between my thighs."

"Is that so?" Harry questions coolly, keeping his hips above Louis'.

"Uh huh." The smaller boy nods, his closeness with Harry was starting to get to him.

The green eyed teen leans down, brushing his lips along Louis' cheek, before licking it and pulling back with a grin. "I licked you again."

"Are you a dog?" Louis slips from helpless little kitten to his usual self. "That's gross, don't do it again." He wipes his cheek with his sleeve.

"You love my tongue."

"No, I don't."

"Did you know that you'd die if you had water in your veins?"

"Yeah, that's why mermaids aren't real."

Harry gawks at his boyfriend. His cute little boyfriend who sometimes was not the brightest bulb on the porch. The green eyed teen muffled his laugh in Louis' neck. "You're so cute."

"You're so heavy." Louis tries to push Harry off him, but it's no use. He's going to die from being crushed under his lover.

"Are you calling me fat?" Harry nibbles on Louis' ear.

"No, and there's nothing wrong with being fat, there's just more to love but — I mean, apart from the health problems that could follow, " the cheerleader wiggles. "You're just so—"

"Big? Bigger than you?"

Every chance Harry gets, he points out Louis' tiny, mini size.

"Why do you always do that?" Louis finally escapes from under Harry and curls up on the end of the bed.
"I love how small you are." The football captain spoons Louis from behind, his hand resting on the boy's soft pudgy tummy. "I love how I can dominate you, I have a kink for manhandling."

Louis shivers, tucking his cold feet between Harry's legs. "I like it when you manhandle me." More like love. Manhandling made Louis feel wanted, like he was desired so badly that someone takes it upon them-self to get what they want and just twist and maneuver his body.

Harry hums, nuzzling his nose along the back of Louis' head. "Little Anthos, I think I love you."

The blue-eyed boy purses his lips. "We haven't been dating long."

"I know." Harry's voice is deep, his words slow and creamy. "But, I've liked you for months — it was bound to grow into something more sometime."

Louis turned around in Harry's arms, swinging his leg over the latter's waist and pulling them closer together. He didn't expect Harry to flip them over, and lean over Louis with their lips attached. Curling his leg tighter around Harry's waist, Louis whined softly when the other teen's hand landed on his neck.

"So pretty." Harry's lips were slightly swollen and wet from their messy, messy kisses. His gaze locked on the cheerleader's prominent collarbones, his tan skin simply waiting to be marked with love-bites.

Harry bites his lip and sits on the back of his knees, slowly tightening his hold on Louis' neck. The blue-eyed boy lets out a shaky moan, his hips thrusting upward.

"Kitten likes that?" Harry slaps Louis' hand from unbuttoning his jeans. "Daddy likes it too, but keep your hands to yourself."

The smaller boy whimpers when Harry squeezes harder, Louis loses his breath when Harry kisses the life out of him.

Harry is so invested in their battling tongues and occasionally tightening his grip on Louis' neck, that he doesn't notice the smaller boy moving his hand up and down his own cock. It's only when Louis bites Harry's lip hard, and as pulling back to touch his lip, Harry sees Louis' thumb swiping over the tip of his prick.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"Keeping my hands to myself." Louis' voice wavers as his hand speeds up.

Harry growls, and Louis moans when he feels the hand around his throat tighten.

"Don't be a smart ass," Harry squeezes his hand more. "Daddy doesn't appreciate your attitude."

Then he's flipping Louis over onto his belly, flipping up the boy's long sweater and planting a testing spank on Louis' plump bottom.

Louis groans but it's muffled by the pillow, he goes on his knees and props himself on his elbows. Arching his back, presenting himself at the best angle for his boyfriend.

Harry shuffles back on the bed, and mouths over Louis' panties. "Lace, huh?" He mumbles. "You seem to already know what I like, baby."

Louis feels the slightest bit nervous about his first rim job, but he nods. He feels goosebumps arise on
his skin when Harry carefully pulls down his panties — taking his sweet ass time.

"Be a good boy for daddy, be quiet." Harry demands as his gaze locks on Louis' clean, pink quivering hole. "Daddy's going to be the first to taste you, kitten."

"Want you." Louis' delicate voice coaxes Harry to lean even closer, his breath puffing over Louis' sensitive area.

Harry smacks a hand on Louis' bum, the cheek jiggling and now having a faint red handprint. "Manners." He sucks several light love bites along Louis' lower back.

"Please, daddy." Louis pushes his bum closer towards his boyfriend. "Want you, please."

That's when Harry surges forward, licking over Louis' puffy hole, his hands squeezing the boy's thighs to keep them spread. He swirls his tongue over the rim, groaning when Louis' hand reaches back and tugs on his hair.

"Your tongue. Daddy, your tongue, please." The boy pleads, pulling on Harry's hair.

Harry uses his hands to spread Louis' cheeks, his nails digging into the boy's skin as he finally pokes his tongue past his rim. Louis squeals, trying to sink further down on the bed but his panties at his thighs.

He dips his tongue further, shutting his eyes when Louis pulls him closer, letting out a loud moan. Harry pushes himself away, and spanks Louis, "I said, be quiet." He took his time to free his own cock, unzipping his jeans and popping open the button and pulling down the band of his boxers. Harry groans lowly, swiping the precum off his tip and leaning over Louis' trembling body.

"Open up for daddy."

With shut eyes, Louis opens his mouth, sucking on Harry's finger with no care in the world.

"Let's get you more comfortable, babydoll." Harry sits Louis up and slowly strips him of his sweater — taking his time to brush his hands over his skin. He makes Louis go back on all fours — enjoying the view he has of the boy's plush bottom and his arched back.

Harry leans over the side of the bed and unzips his carryon — taking out the packet of lube and taking off his own shirt.

In no time, he's pressing in his slick index finger to Louis' awaiting hole, causing the latter to cry out into the pillow. He inserts his whole finger, thrusting it in and out of Louis, his other hand reaching down and wrapping around his neglected cock.

"Daddy." Louis whimpers, pushing back onto Harry's finger, his thighs threatening to squeeze together when he feels a second finger poking at his hole. "Moving too fast." He says softly.

"Sorry, baby. Daddy's excited." Harry apologizes as he slowly works Louis out.

Soon he's thrusting two finger at top speed into the smaller boy, jacking off as his eyes are trained on Louis' pink hole. He was expecting Louis to come from two of his fingers and doesn't protest when he flips onto his back and sucks his cock, Harry being able to see his member slide down Louis' throat. With a loud groan, Harry comes and Louis is clearly out to kill him because he swallows every last drop.

"No, that's not what that's for!" Harry pulls it from Louis' hands.
"Then what is it?"

"It's—" Harry holds it behind his back. "It's nothing."

Louis cocks his hip, he only has a pair of panties and Harry's t-shirt hanging off his figure. "If that crown isn't for me, then who is it for?"

Harry sits on the bed, shirtless (since Louis stole it right off his back after he put it on) and only boxers on. "It's for my plushie."

"What?"

Harry grabs his bag from his feet and unzips it. He pulls out a rainbow bear, with glasses on and a uniform of sorts, even a watch on his wrist.
"That one already has a crown." Louis points to the gold plastic with rainbow gems.

"That crown is for this one." Harry holds out a smaller version of the first bear, it has glasses too and a weird leather thing that looks similar to a thong.

"You have two of the same bears?"

"What? No." Harry gives him a look. "They're clearly two different bears, one is smaller and doesn't have a moustache."

"Okay." Louis rolls his eyes.
"This one is actually for you." Harry holds out the smaller one with a sheepish expression.

Louis slowly takes it, "what's his name?"

"SBB."

The cheerleader furrows his brows. "What's that stand for?"

"Small bondage bear."

I KNOW THE NAME IS WRONG — just wait for the next chapter

"Bondage?" Louis blinks. "A bondage bear?"

"Yeah." Harry nods. "This one is RBB."

"For what? Raging bondage bear?"

Harry tilts his head. "No. Why raging?"

"Look at his eyebrows — why is he so mad."

"His name is Rainbow bondage bear and he isn't mad, he has no eyebrows." Harry takes off the glasses. "See?"

"Oh." Louis holds up his smaller bear. "I guess, thanks?"

"You're welcome, baby."
A couple hours later, they arrive at LAX. The youngest twins are sleeping as Daisy and Phoebe are leaning on their father for support. Lottie on the other hand, begs to go explore out in L.A. at night, to which Louis and Fizzy immediately protest.

"You shouldn't be going anywhere but your hotel room." Louis says, hands on his hips. "You're sixteen — stay inside like a normal teenager."

"Shut up, Louis." Lottie grabs her carry-on. "You're probably going to sneak out too!"

"No one is sneaking out," David calls over his shoulder. Already almost at the door of one of the cars.

It's only Lottie, Louis, Fizzy and Harry on the jet arguing about who's going to sneak out of their hotel room, they were all loud. Then they noticed Susana who was yawning into her hand and quickly picked up some of their things and followed after their parents.

"Geez, you're such a noob!"

"Shut up, Harry!"

"Hey!" Louis snaps. "Don't tell Harry to shut up, you noob!" He wants to hold Harry's hand but both are holding bags, one is his and the other is Louis'.

Lottie scoffs. "Shut up, Louis."

"No, you shut up."

"You shut up."

Louis is about to reply but then he feels a slight pressure on the nape of his neck, right between his piercings. "Babydoll, I think you're just a wee-bit tired. Why don't you be quiet for a little, hm?"

Louis nearly loses balance but catches himself on Harry. He lets the football captain curl an arm around his waist as both bags are now over his other shoulder. Fizzy and Lottie are long gone now, probably in the car with their parents who are (not-so) happily waiting for Louis and Harry.

"I'm sleepy, daddy." Louis mumbles as they walk up to the car. "Want sleep."

"I know, Anthos, I know."

"Don't get too comfortable, we're going to be out of here at twelve." David hands everyone their room cards.

They all had suites. Lottie and Fizzy share one, and Jay, David and the two pairs of twins share another, as George and Anne will be next to them in theirs. Harry was supposed to be with his
parents but practically begged David to let him room with Louis — to which the older man didn't object too much to.

"Feel free to go out for breakfast tomorrow, but us oldies will be cooking breakfast with the kids. So the fridges are stocked. Anything else you need, just call the front desk." He tells the teens.

Goodnights, sweet dreams, kisses and hugs are shared among the two families before each of them went to their shared rooms.

Harry tried to hide his smirk when he read his and Louis' room number, all the way on another floor. It was perfect. That was, until Lottie and Fizzy followed them to the elevator. The two sisters walked down the opposite side of the hallway as Louis practically leaned on Harry for support.

After the shut of one door, Harry didn't waste anytime before sweeping Louis off his feet and carrying him the rest of the way to their room.

"What are you doing?" Louis whisper-shouted. "Harold!"

"I'm carrying my princess to his room."

"I can walk!" Louis wiggles in his hold.

Harry stops, their door a few feet away. "The question is, does kitten want to walk?"

It's silent for a few moments before Louis shakes his head. "No, daddy."

"Hm, I thought so." Harry's eyes drift to the necklace around Louis' neck — just like his hand was a few hours ago.

"I don't like cats, they're horrible."

"Okay, first of all, did I fucking ask?" Louis raises an eyebrow. "No, I fucking didn't. So shut the fuck up and don't tell me that cats are horrible. You could have said that you hated cats — don't call them horrible, you little bitch."

Harry mocks Louis' stance, propping a hand on his hip and tilting his head. "They suck."

"You suck." Louis frowns. "I'm going to make you love cats."

With a roll of his eyes, "I'd like to see you try."

"I will, you little egghead." Louis steps up, so they're inches apart, his face right in front of Harry's chest, his bare chest. "I will make you want to become a cat-lady."

"No, you won't."

"I will fuck you up."

"What will you do?" Harry smirks. "Hit me? Bite me?"

"How about I suck your dick but pull off as soon as you're about to come?"
Harry's facial expression changes from smug to offended. "You wouldn't." He squints.

"Try me." Louis challenges.

"You wouldn't do that to daddy," Harry shakes his head. "My kitten is too nice for that."

"Yeah well, your kitten has claws." The cheerleader turns around and struts out the bathroom. Only popping his head back in for a moment. "Ironic how you hate cats yet call me a kitten, your kitten."

A few minutes later, as Louis is tapping around on his phone, Harry walks in. He has only boxers hung low on his hips and a headband holding back his hair. Keeping his eyes solely on his phone, Louis ignore the other teen when he sits next to him (as if he didn't know something called personal space, but seriously there was no such thing as personal space between Louis and Harry) and lets out an exaggerated sigh.

When Louis doesn't reply, or look in his general direction, Harry sighs again. Louder, heavier, and sulks. He blinks his big green eyes at the side of Louis' face.

"Lou?"

The blue-eyed boy doesn't speak, only merely leans on Harry and the latter takes that as a sign to wrap his arm around Louis' waist.

"You look so pretty now." Harry whispers, and that compliment makes Louis' cheeks turn red. "Always so beautiful, but now.. as the moon dances over your good side."

He was right. The dim moonlight that shone into their dark room, the blinds drawn open as they were almost at the highest floor of the hotel. Louis' high arched eyebrows, eyelashes casted a dark shadow over his high cheekbones, (oh his tiny nose,) his pink lips were plump.

The smaller boy sets down his phone before swinging a leg up on the bed and fixing himself so he's straddling Harry. He's only in his panties. "Are you saying I have a good side, as in my other side is ugly?"

Harry knows the cheerleader is joking, he takes Louis' pout as a cue to kiss the boy's lips. "I love all your sides." He says against Louis' lips. "These sides." He pinches Louis' hips. "Your good side, your bitchy side, your soft side, your cute side.. most importantly, your needy side."

With a quiet hum, Louis pulls away. "I think you're forgetting I'm a virgin and my libido is at a fetus stage."

"Libido, huh?"

"I want to sleep, not sexy time." Louis looks at Harry, "no sexy time at all."

"Okay, okay." The football captain leans back on the bed. He feels comfortable and warm with Louis' weight on his lap, it's comforting. "Maybe you should save a horse and ride a cowboy."

Louis scoffs softly, planting his hands on Harry's naked chest. His eyes drift to the bulging biceps that are almost calling for him as Harry folds his arms behind his head. "You look yummy right now."

"And what was that about a libido being at a fetus stage?"

Louis ignores him, choosing to flutter his lashes. "Daddy?"
"Hm, Anthos."

"Can you change my clothes for me?" Louis' voice changes to gentle, and low. "I'm sleepy."

Harry wants to say how Louis' been saying he was sleepy all day — but instead, he nods helplessly. He shifts the younger boy so he's on the bed. "Just sit here and be pretty, okay?"

It didn't take long for Harry to pull out Louis' pyjamas though, they weren't even considered pyjamas. It was a pair of socks, that was it.

"Kitten, where are the rest of your pyjamas?"

"I sometimes just sleep in my panties." Louis crosses his legs. "But I want to wear your shirt."

"Babydoll wants daddy's shirt?" Harry moves from Louis' bag to his. He picks up the t-shirt he put over it and turns around. "You want a clean shirt?"

"No, I want one that smells like you." The smell boy yawns into his elbow before scrunching his nose and blinking up at Harry. "You smell like old spice and vanilla."

"It's Tom Ford, do you like it?"

"Love it, daddy."

After Harry dressed Louis in his shirt, that fell right at his mid thigh, he slips the socks on Louis' feet. He presses soft kisses along the boy's ankle, up his leg and across his thick thighs and nosing along his shirt. Louis' hands are running through his hair, after taking off the headband and the curls were free.

Soon enough, he's over Louis like a blanket. Louis smelt like him, so much that it had Harry's ego out the roof. He wanted another taste of the cheerleader but spoons him after getting under the covers because Louis did say, no sexy time.

"Harry."

No answer.

"Harry."

Still no answer.

"Daddy."

Harry only hums.

"Hazza baby."

The older of the two lets out a short grunt. "What, Louis?"

"You're suffocating me." The cheerleader's voice is muffled.

"'m not." Harry slurs.
"Harry." Louis warns.

The sleepy football player opens one eye and oh — he is wrapped around Louis, his limbs circling the boy's body in anyway possible.

"Your grip is like a python."

Harry loosens his hold but not by much, at least Louis can breathe properly now.

"Love you." Harry once again slurs, before he realizes what he said and his eyes bulge, but too bad Louis' already sleeping.

"HUMP ME! FUCK ME! Daddy betta make me choke."

Harry instantly stirs, sitting up as the bedsheets pool around his waist. "The fuck?"

"HUMP ME! FUCK ME! My tunnel loves a deepthroat."

The tired teen reaches over Louis' sleeping body and grabs the latter's phone. Before another vulgar lyric can echo through the silent room, he presses 'stop' on the alarm. It was 7:30am, god.

Harry shuffles back under the covers and faces Louis', drags his fingertips along the boy's eyebrows and bops his nose. "Anthos, time to wake up."

Louis doesn't move, he only makes a low humming noise.

"Up, babydoll." Harry cooes when the small boy hides his face with the cover. "Let's go out for breakfast." He watches Louis' nose twitch before the cheerleader blinks one eye open. "There's my baby. Good morning." But then, Louis shuts his eye and burrows deeper in the fluffy covers. "Oh no, don't do that, baby honey."

"Wan' sleep." Louis mumbles, his eyebrows and up was only visible.

"Don't you want to go on a breakfast date?" Louis doesn't answer and Harry is almost sure he fell back asleep. "Or we can go to a bakery, get some—"

Louis' head pops out from beneath the covers. "Yes!" He beams.

Harry smiles, and combs his fingers through Louis' hair. "Okay, get ready."

"You know," Harry leans on Louis as he swings an arm around the boy's shoulder, "you have a weird alarm song."

"Do I?" Louis steals the sunglasses right from Harry's shirt. "Or was it just a sly message to a special someone?"

The green eyed teen immediately smirks, their steps in sync as they walk down the not-so busy street of L.A. "Is that so?"
Louis’ hair flops on his forehead as he nods. "Could be."

"You know what I was thinking?" Louis looks at Harry across the table.
The green eyed teen chews on his sandwich. "Hm?"
"If I’m SBB's mother and RBB’s too, I want to rename them."
Harry blinks and clearing his throat. "You can name SBB."
"Submissive baby bear." Louis nods once.
"No."
"Why not?" Louis pouts. "We have a shared partnership, just let me name him."
Harry takes another bite from his sandwich and just bluntly stares at Louis. They made it back to the hotel after getting a few buns of bread and things for sandwiches, and a pastries for each of them too. "What are your suggestions?"
"Slut bitch bear."
"No."
"Small bitch bear."
"No."
"Sugar baby bear."
Harry stills, before letting out a short hum. "That one isn't too bad."

They've been flying for a couple hours now, maybe three. Louis and Harry are out on the couches with the rest of the family, as they play Wii bowling.

Harry doesn't mean to be stereotypical when he thought only guys would try to steal Louis from him. He never thought a girl would message him constantly about his boyfriend.

Louis has been watching Harry's face scrunch up for the past couple minutes, his fingers tapping on his phone as he mutters short curses. He takes it upon himself to slide over and grab his own phone, typing out a text.

_Anthos_: spill the tea sis

_Hazza Baby_: u sure u won't get burned? it's hot

_Anthos_: bitch I invented tea

_Hazza Baby_: there's this girl who is convinced ur straight
Anthos: genuinely

Hazza Baby: seriously

Anthos: mE! StRaIgHt ha funny joke

Hazza Baby: she texts me all the time about u

Anthos: block her ass

Hazza Baby: she talks about how u make her wet

Anthos: the only ppl who I should be making wet is the ones I splash with my epic dives WHich, u r going to see and be astonished. what's her name

Hazza Baby: Eleanor

Anthos: how about ele-nope. don't text her back, block her ass, live with me in a castle

After another six and a half-hour flight, thy arrive at Kapalua airport in Hawaii. All the kids were jumpy and excited, bugging their parents about what they want to do for the week on the tropical island. Harry and Louis were the first ones off the jet, and the smaller of the two immediately huffs.

"What's wrong?" Harry's holding both their bags again, he prefers to not let Louis hold anything.

As always, Louis is pretty. He has Harry's t-shirt draped over his small frame, his little ankles visible since he refused to put on his socks this morning, and he had bed head too.

"It's so windy." Louis puts Harry's sunglasses over his eyes, he still didn't return them. "I brought dresses, fucking hell."

"Hey, language." Jay appears at the door of the jet, holding both toddlers. "Little ears."

"Yes, mother." The blue-eyed boy clears his throat. "So, are we going to the house or what?"

After Jay, comes David, he's typing on his phone and squints. "Our cars are waiting."

Once they leave the airport, everyone piles in three cars. Jay, the kids and David have a Range Rover, then there's Anne and George in a jeep, and Lottie, Fizzy, Louis and Harry in a different coloured jeep. With all their bags (there was over ten luggages separated between the cars), everyone headed off toward the vacation house.

"I just don't understand why we can't drive." Fizzy pointed between Lottie and herself. "We are responsible."

Louis turned back from his seat next to Harry. "I've seen you guys drive — I prefer not to die before I can even relax."
Fizzy turns to the oldest of the four of them. "Harry, let us drive."

"No can do, Dave handed me the keys and told me not to let anyone else drive."

"See?" Louis sticks out his tongue.

"You aren't allowed to drive too, Louis."

"You think I care?" The cheerleader asks. "I don't want to drive anyway."

"Sure you don't." Harry chuckles.

A couple minutes pass, the sun beating down on everyone, the wind from the open windows cooling them down as the radio plays an upbeat pop song.

"Harry!" Louis shouts. "Look! Stop here, we should take pictures!" He's pointing at a mongoose, of all things.

"Can't. We'll lose your dad." Harry has been following after David, with Anne behind him, for the whole drive. He had the address, just didn't want to turn on his phone.

"Harry! It's a mongoose!" Louis whines.

"Sorry, babydoll."

The mongoose was long gone by now, and Louis sulked in his seat. "I hate you." He smacks his boyfriend's hand away when the latter tries to touch his thigh.

"Hey," Harry tsks. "Nice kitty." *(note: when i read this, i thought it said nice titty)*

Louis pouts, and Harry can hear it in his voice. "It was a mongoose."

"I know, we'll probably see another. Okay?"

As they finally pull into the Tomlinson house, everyone but Jay and David stand back in awe.

"Holy shit!"

"Louis! Language." Jay scolds.

"Holy shi—" David quickly covers Ernie's mouth, his eyes wide.

Holding his hands up in surrender, Louis blinks several times. "Okay, I'll stop."

The house is ginormous. There's a gazebo at the entrance, with a man standing under it. Louis doesn't listen to the conversation he has with his father, and instead, drags Harry into the house.

"Are you kidding me?" Harry whistles lowly, the hardwood floors and the huge opening in the wall revealing a large blue pool and lounge chairs. "This is insane."

**TOMLINSON HOUSE IN HAWAII:** *(wow it's so beautiful, i cry p.s credit to owner)*
Making a run for it, Louis slips off his shoes, his hand still in Harry’s as he drops everything valuable on the couch.

"Babe—" Harry sputters, he quickly follows Louis’ lead and takes everything from his pockets, his shoes getting kicked off his feet too. "Louis!" He screams when they near the pool, then he’s pulled into the pool, right after his boyfriend.
The water goes up Harry's nose almost immediately, he goes back up to the surface and feels the cold water seep into his clothes.

"What the hell, Louis?!” Harry is mad. He didn't want to go in the water as soon as they arrived, much less be pulled by his boyfriend. He keeps himself afloat and has anger bubbling in the pit of his stomach. "I can't believe you did this—"

He's cut off by Louis lips, the boy wraps his arms around Harry's shoulders which causes Harry to sink into the water just a bit. Then, after a few kisses, Louis is completely on Harry, that's when they sink into the water.

"Jesus," Harry pops up, and swims to the outer rim of the pool, Louis is hanging on his back. "Lou— you're choking me!” He still makes it to the outside of the pool, pulling himself out and shaking out his hair.

"You're fine, daddy." Louis says softly, patting Harry's back.

Harry only gets one very lustful glance at Louis' skin visible through his white t-shirt before everyone finds them moments later, and no one is shocked to say the least. David tosses them towels and takes everyone on a tour of the house.

KITCHEN (a bigger pic):
MOVIE ROOM:
"I'm going to check out my room." Louis says once him and Harry are alone, everyone off to explore the house themselves.

Harry nudges Louis. "Don't you mean our room?"

"No way, Mister." Anne's voice has Harry nearly jumping a foot in the air. "Your room is next to us, over there." She points between George and herself then down the other hallway.

"Mum," Harry drags on the word. "I just want to cuddle with him."

"Yeah, okay." Anne rolls her eyes, "off you go to unpack, now."

Harry turns around and begins walking down the hall, right after Louis.

"In your own room."

With an exaggerated sigh, Harry spins around and makes his way down the other hall.
David would have let them share a room — he's sure of it.

Harry rushes to unpack before nearly running to the other hall he saw Louis go down. He knocks on every door until Louis answers. His room at the end of the hall, closest to the pool, lucky.

**LOUIS' ROOM:**

"I'm jealous." Harry says when he sees Louis' room.

"You can just sneak here when everyone goes to sleep." Louis is in only a towel.

"Oh, I was already going to do that." Harry waves his hand dismissively.
Just when he's about to pin Louis to the bed, Jay appears at the door. "We're having dinner with the neighbours today, dress nice." Then she's gone.

With a smirk on his face, Harry strips off his still wet shirt and unbuttons his pants. "I'm showering in here."

Chapter End Notes

thoughts?
55. he was like.. eye-dating you.

Chapter Notes

they live in London and Harry plays American football k? another long chap just for u
I think it's like 2.9K

p.s i laughed writing jealous harry, so have fun — the way harry acts in this chap isn't
even hot, it's more like embarrassing and makes u feel bubbly

Pronunciation of the Hawaiian neighbours' names:
Father — Haku (HAH-koo)
Mother — Leilani (lay-LON-nee)
Son — Ioane (yaw-AH-neh)

"Harry." Louis giggles. "Go away."

"Can't." The other teen mumbles. "You still have shampoo in your hair."

"Hurry up and wash it out." Louis squirms when he feels Harry's fingers prod at his bum. "That's not
my hair."

Harry's hands turn his body and run through his hair, washing out the left over shampoo. "I can't
help myself. You just have a really amazing ass." His eyes skim over Louis' wet naked skin, his
boner has been poking the boy for most of their shower — Louis would only eye it and lick his lips.
"And I could say I've tasted it now, because I have."

Louis closes his eyes, feeling Harry's fingers carding through his hair. Then he's pulled from under
the stream and caged by big, muscular arms. He playfully nips at Harry's bicep, then bites
particularly harder when he doesn't get the reaction, more like attention, that he wants.

"Oh, so kitten wants to play dirty, huh?" Harry teases, his right hand dropping from Louis' shoulder
to his tummy. "Daddy can play dirty too." Then he's pushing Louis against the wet tiles and
attacking his lips, drawing a high whimper from the younger boy.

"Harry," Louis says against his lips, their tongues battling for dominance (ew how cliche of me, my
apologies) though it was obvious that Harry was going to win. "We need to get ready."

"We have time," Harry works quick to jack Louis off, moving the cheerleader's hand to his own
cock. "Dinner is at—"

"Louis! We're leaving in twenty minutes." It's a deeper voice this time, probably David or George.
"You should start getting dress now." They call out.

After a few quiet moments, Harry smirks at the way Louis' body trembled before he spurted all over
his hand. Louis, in return, makes quick work of suckling on the tip of Harry's cock — in no time,
Harry is coming in his mouth.

"C'mere." Harry pulls up his boy by his hair, crashing their lips in a heated kiss. He groans against
Louis' mouth when he tastes himself on the boy's tongue. "You're such a good boy."
The dazed look lingering in Louis' eyes has Harry's heart beating loud in his ears. "Your good boy."

hehe check the Instagrams

Louis' outfit: GUCCI

"You look so cute." Harry grins.
Louis rolls his eyes. "You chose it."

"I know." The green eyed teen licks his lips. "Floof your hair—actually, let me do it." Harry reaches out and runs his hands through Louis' hair, shaking out the left over water from their shower and scrunching it between his fingers. "There."

"Louis, Harry, Let's go!"

Louis goes on his tippy toes, as much as he can in his wedge sandals and kisses the corner of Harry's lips. "Thank you."

The Tomlinson's and Styles' are standing at the door of their neighbours, the nice breeze from them being on the beach cooling them off.

"You remind me of a cowgirl."

"Shut up, Lottie." Harry mutters. "I chose his outfit."

Louis shoves his sister away and places both his hands on Harry's cheeks. "It's okay, baby."

"I have bad fashion sense." The older of the two frowns.

"No, you don't." Louis tries to sound convincing but it comes out more like a question.

Harry's frown deepens, and his lips pucker into a pout. "You're lying."

Louis really doesn't know what to do, so he kisses Harry's pout. After the first peck, Harry's still frowning; by the second, he's fighting a smile; by the third, he's grinning so wide that Louis almost kisses his teeth. That would have been gross.

"Stop sucking each other's faces." Fizzy nudges them just in time for the door to be swung open.

A tall man with grey hair and glasses hanging on the collar of his shirt is standing there. He is holding hands with a woman with long black hair and pink lips stretched in a smile.

"Jay, and David." The man greets Louis' parents with short hugs. "Great to see you again, we've been waiting for your arrival."

The woman steps up, "Jay, finally you're back."

"Mum and dad came here before to check the house." Fizzy tells Louis, "I guess they made friends with the neighbours already."

"Yes, Haku, Leilani, this is my family." Jay reaches down to hold the hands of her youngest children. "This is Ernest and Doris," she goes on, introducing each of her kids before getting to Louis.

"This is my eldest son, Louis." Jay's hand is on the middle of Louis' back.

"Hi." The cheerleader shakes hands with both adults.

"It's great to finally meet you, your mother talked a lot about you." Leilani grins.

A second later, Anne and George are introducing themselves along with Harry.
"Oh, you're the boyfriend." Haku nods. "Jay has been keeping us up to date with all her children's lives over the phone. You bought Louis a necklace?"

Harry laughs nervously, "yeah, I did."

"I saw it, it's gorgeous."

Haku and Leilani invite everyone inside, holding light conversation with Anne and George before they excuse themselves.

"Sorry, our son seems to be late." Leilani says. "Ioane! Our neighbours are here."

After a few seconds, there was a boy, probably around their age, at the top of the stairs. He had a clean white short sleeved button up and beige shorts. His kind dark brown eyes crinkled at the sides as he smiled. Walking down the steps, he apologized for his tardiness. Once he was done introducing himself to the adults and Tomlinson kids, who later walked off and followed after Haku and Leilani to the living room, he turned to Louis and Harry.

"Hi, I'm Ioane." The boy's eyes scanned over Louis' body, lingering on his neck for a moment too long.

Love bites from Harry obviously.

Louis was the first to speak. "I'm Louis." They shook hands before Louis pulled Harry closer. "This is Harry."

The Pacific islander looked at Harry. "Oh, hey."

Harry held out his hand, "I'm Louis' boyfriend." He spoke with spite and Louis didn't notice, only Ioane.

"Okay." The brown eyed boy nods, "I'm no one's boyfriend."

The football player stares at the other teen, a scowl immediately crawling its way onto his face. While holding eye contact with Ioane, Harry placed a hand on Louis' back, slowly dragging it to the boy's behind.


To that, Harry nips at his neck, tugging Louis closer by his waist and almost covering the smaller boy with his whole body. "You're mine."

"I know that, Harry." Louis rolls his eyes, still trying to escape from Harry's jealous grip.

"Only mine."

"I know, Jesus Christ Harry! At least let me move." Louis huffs but then Harry slowly complies, still over him like a blanket but now moving with Louis as they follow Ioane through his home.

"So," he looks over his shoulder, "how old are you?"

"I'm seventeen, my birthday is in two months though." Louis answers, the heat of Harry's body was becoming too much and he was going to get cranky — he always got cranky when he's hot.

Ioane smiles, "late birthday, I see." He leads them down a series of halls, the walls a light yellow
covered in picture frames and little lights hang from the ceiling. "I'm seventeen too, and born in December as well."

"Really?" Louis perks up, as Harry finally stands by himself. "When?"

"Twenty-third."

"No way! Mine is the twenty-fourth."

Ioane laughs, "oh, sick." His eyes scan over Louis' face. "You're really prett—"

"I'm eighteen." Harry speaks up, his deep voice louder than usual. "Yup, eighteen, the ol' one-eight. Going onto nineteen."

The Hawaiian boy purses his lips, and faces away from them. It's quiet for a few seconds before Ioane suddenly stops. He looks over his shoulder and points to the colourful painting on the wall. "Do you like it?"

Louis' eyes widen, Harry watches the small boy go on his tippy toes to see over Ioane's shoulder. Harry raises an eyebrow. "Dude, he can't even see it. You're in the way."

With a quick glance back at Harry and Louis, the other boy moves to the side — more importantly, Louis' side — with an apology.

"It's beautiful." Louis says. "You did this?"

Ioane blushes, "yeah."

Louis breathes out, his gaze drifting over the use of pinks and oranges in swirls at the top. "The trees almost look real." He wants to touch them.

"I want to be an artist." Ioane reveals. "I'm going to an art school right now."

"Do you paint a lot in your free time?"

Ioane nods. "All the time. I started when I was—"

"Yeah, I play football. Rough sport, you know? Yeah, need all sorts of gear and stuff." Harry shrugs.

"Right." Ioane nods slowly. He turns to Louis, "this painting took me a couple weeks. It's my biggest one yet."

"I'm the captain of the team too." Harry pulls Louis closer by his shoulder.

Ioane blinks at Harry. "Well, one of my dad's friends wanted to buy this off me. For five hundr—"

"Louis is a cheerleader." Harry smiles. "He's head cheerleader."

Ioane looks shocked for a moment. "Really? So you're flexible, I bet."

"Yea—"

Harry clears his throat, "yay. He's so flexible. Really bendy."

"Hazza baby." Louis scolds, but he has the smallest hint of fond on his face.
"So, you can do the splits and all that?" Ioane asks, to which Harry rolls his eyes.

"Obviously he can do the fucking splits." The green eyed teen whispers. He thought no one heard him until Louis giggled. So, Harry leans down and presses multiple kisses on Louis' head, keeping his eyes locked with Ioane.

The little actions of affection seem to tickle Louis, and the boy went into a complete giggle-fit. Bracing his hands on Harry's biceps (which were obviously bigger than his own hand, Lord help him), and Louis tries to collect himself.

"Harry!"

The older teen smirks at the short glare sent his way from Ioane, before nuzzling his nose into his boyfriend's neck. "I love you."

[ I commented this but: please take this declaration with a grain of salt! This confession was fuelled by jealousy and not what should happen when voicing your true, deep feelings for someone. In comparison to when Harry said it to Louis when he was sleeping, that was a moment kind of thing. It was because he was so out of tune with his emotions and had no filter and therefore no subconscious.

In conclusion, this is NOT the big declaration of love scene. This is evidence of Harry's jealous personality.

I felt the need to say this because I know this fic is supposed to be a comedy but I do want to have some sort of little imperfection in here. And I kind of thought some of you would think that "OMG THIS IS IT" or "love isn't like this. U can't fall in love that fast" which is true — also to why Harry is nervous to say "I love you" to louis' face. He's okay with admitting his feelings, he's okay with telling people about his feelings but he's afraid of telling LOUIS his feelings in those three simple words, all jokes aside: harry is afraid of admitting his feelings and being rejected. Thank you if you read this. Xx.

P.s, this will be told again by the actual characters in a later chapter ]

"I think I hear my mom calling us." Ioane clears his throat. "We should probably go with everyone else."

Louis scrunches his nose when Harry licks it. "Okay, yeah. You're right."

When the three teen meet up with their families, everyone is sitting on the couches of the rather boring (in Harry's opinion, he was still feeling salty from meeting Ioane,) living room. The walls were a bright blue, and the curtains were white. A large television was mounted on the wall with a glass coffee table that had a couple magazines on it.

"There they are!" David smiles from his seat on the couch. "Harry, Louis, come here."

"I heard you're quite the football player, Harry." Haku says, slapping a hand on Harry's shoulder. "Thinking about going into college football?"

"Oh, I'm already in the running for a scholarship." Harry feels his cheeks heat up. "But, I think I want to study English or law."

The rest of the night is pleasant to say the least, on Louis' part. They eat a delicious dinner and get to
know each other.

David talks about his software company, and George talks about his publishing company. Jay reveals that she was a professor but became a stay at home mom, and Anne talks about her job as a lawyer but retiring (very) early to spend more time with her family and travel. Haku and Leilani are both surgeons, after they briefly explain their daily lives, the topic moves onto Ioane and his schooling — that's when Harry stopped listening.

Haku and Leilani make plans to show their new neighbours around the island the next day and invite them to a Luau on Wednesday — to which everyone agrees.

One of the things that Harry loves most about Louis, was how tired he gets after eating a lot, just like a baby. He would be a cuddly mess and talk softly, and blink slowly. After bidding goodbye to their neighbours, Harry picks Louis up and begins the walk back to their house.

"Harry!" The teen turns around and holds in a groan.

Ioane jogs up to them, his eyes lingering over Louis' sleepy face. "I just wanted to ask you guys if you wanted to come to an art show on Tuesday? I'll be participating in it."

Harry breathes out. "I don't know if Jay already made plans."

"Nope." Comes Louis' voice, heard over the waves crashing on the shore. "Mum made no plans for Tuesday."

"Are you sure?" Harry tries, because he really doesn't want to spend a day with Ioane.

"Mhm, positive." Louis blinks up lazily at the brown eyed teen. "We'll come to you art show."

As soon as they're in the comfort of the house, everyone splits up. Apart from Harry who did try to sneak off with Louis but Anne told him to go to his own room.

Louis' outfit: VICTORIA'S SECRET [ these will get more revealing as the trip goes on bc u know why ;^) ]
Louis was lounging on his bed, on his phone with a book in his lap when his door was pushed open.

"I don't like him."

With a small sigh, Louis pats the free side of his bed. "Who are you talking about?"

"Ioane," Harry was wearing a pair of blue shorts but his torso was bare, how lovely. "It's like he was eating you instead of the food."

Louis slowly exhales, watching Harry's back muscles as he searched through the stand with different movies. The humid breeze from the opened window (more like opened wall) was making Louis feel hotter than he should be.

"He seemed nice."

Harry looks over his shoulder before putting in a movie. "Nice? He was eye-fucking you. Okay, that might be an exaggeration but he was like.. eye-dating you." The teen's voice dropped deeper, as he shut off the lights and climbed into bed. He was about to put away Louis' book and his phone when the latter pulled them away.

"What are you doing?" Louis' were eyes glued on Harry's disappearing V-line as it went down inside his shorts.

Louis needed to get ahold of himself.

"You might want to put those away."

"Why?"

"I put on a scary movie and I know you're going to want to cuddle."

Louis' mouth was agape in shock. "You, bastard."

Harry knew Louis absolutely despised scary movies, he might be a sassy and feisty boy but he was definitely one to burst into tears if he saw anything from The Conjuring series.

"Harry, why." Louis whines. "Do you want me to cry?"

The older of the two shakes his head, a dimply smile on his face. "No. I just want to hold you and have you whimper when I let go."

"You're so needy." Louis scoots closer after setting his things on the bedside table.

"Says you." Harry wraps an arm around his boyfriend's shoulders.

"Yeah, says me. Now shut up, and watch the fucking movie."

"Watching the fucking movie" was something that led Harry to think that Louis wouldn't burst into tears as he watched the flat screen, but Harry couldn't be more wrong.

"I fucking hate you." Louis squeeze his eyes shut when a jumpscares popped up. "I hate you so much."
Harry, completely unfazed by the scenes playing out on the screen in front of him, continued to run soothing circles on Louis' spine. "It's okay, babydoll."

With Louis wrapped around him like a vice, Harry was utterly content on never moving for the next million years — that was until he noticed the wide open blinds and window. Moving to get up, Harry felt a hard whack on the side of his head.

Rubbing the sore side of his head, Harry turns to Louis. "Why'd you hit me?"

"You were just going to leave me here!" The cheerleader is a dangerous mixture of rage and fear. "I hate you even more."

Harry feels like he knows Louis more than himself. He knows the boy put off a tough, bitchy exterior but was really a soft pile of sludge inside. He was a soft, squishy baby only for Harry's eyes though, they both knew that.

"Daddy was just going to shut the blinds." Harry kneels on the bed. "Is that okay, kitten?"

That nickname always seemed to have an effect on Louis. It made him melt and become completely pliant. Harry kind of thought of it as a superpower.

"Take me with you." The cheerleader holds out his arms.

"You're so needy." Harry mocks Louis from before.

"Don't be a dick." Louis says once he's in the comfort of his boyfriend's arms again. He buries his face in Harry's neck, trying to block out everything playing on the television.

"Daddy wants to fuck you over this railing." Harry mumbles against the bare skin of Louis' neck, as he looks down from the two story high balcony. "Have you scream so loud that the fuck, Ioane, next door can hear you."

"Harry." Louis shifts in his hold. "I'm still really fucking scared so can we just go back to bed?"

"Okay, Anthos."

Louis feels Harry move around and bit, shifting Louis on one of his hips to shut the blinds but he leaves the window open.
The first thing Louis sees when he wakes up is Harry. Their noses brushing and his big green eyes already locked onto Louis' blues.

So naturally, he screams and falls off the bed.

"Fuck." The cheerleader curses, rubbing the back of his head. "Why the hell were you staring at me?"

"I was admiring your sleeping face." Harry leans over the edge of the bed, his wild curls sticking up in every direction. "In a totally non-creepy way."

Louis sits up, pinching Harry's nose as he crawls back onto bed. "Sounds fucking creepy to me."

"No." The football player climbs onto Louis, his hips snug between the boy's thighs. "I was admiring you."

"You were staring at me sleeping." Louis lets out a squeal when Harry's weight crushes him. "Harry!"

"I'm not a creep." The older teen says against Louis' hair. "Is it a crime that I just want to sit and admire what you're like?"

"Just—" Louis huffs, trying to escape from under Harry's body, his hot, and hard body. It was too early for this. "Get off."

"I'll get off to you." In a second, Harry is sitting on the back of his thighs and throwing a wink in Louis' direction.

"Anne, these are so cute!" Louis gushes. "Oh my, he was so cute."

"What are you talking about?" Harry walks up to the counter where Louis was sitting, leaning over the boy and looking at his phone screen. "Hey." He pouts. "Are you saying I'm not cute anymore?"

"Shut up." The cheerleader pushes Harry's shoulder. "You know you're still cute." The green-eyed boy's face is still sulky. "Okay, but I'm going to post these baby pictures."

Harry sends him a short glare. "Alright, you want to play that way? You're on, Tommo." Then, he's out the kitchen, leaving Anne raising her eyebrows at Louis.

"What was that all about?" Anne asks, flipping an omelet.

Louis shrugs. "I have no idea — your son is pretty competitive. I'll just have to wait this out."
"Harry! I'm going to kick you in the—" Louis turns the corner, and is immediately pelted with his mother's glare, as she played with the two toddlers on the stairs of the pool. He clears his throat and walks up to Harry who was lounging on one of the chairs by the poolside, his sunglasses perched on his nose. "I'm going to kick you where the sun don't shine."

"Oh, good morning, Louis." Harry smiles. "Fancy seeing you here."

"Bite—"

"Little ears!"

Louis huffs. "Egghead, this is my family's house. Obviously, I'm here."

"Well then, if that is all you wanted to say, goodbye."

"I hate you." Louis stomps his foot and crosses his arms.

"You were so tiny when you were younger. So cute. I thanked your mum like a billion times for those pictures."

"I hate you so much."

Harry chuckles. "You made the first move — don't blame me, babe."

An idea pops into Louis' head, he'll probably have enough time since they're leaving at noon, but he'll have to get started right away. "Fine, Styles. I'd just like to warn you that getting even is one of my special talents."

Harry has had an uneasy feeling in his stomach since Louis walked away an hour ago. It gets so unbearable that he leaves the pool, and cuts his tanning-session short before going up the stairs. He walks past Lottie's room, seeing her on her laptop and pokes his head in. "Hey, have you seen Louis?" He asks.

The blonde glances up, "your room."

Harry steps away. "Thanks—" he leans into her room. "Did you say my room?"

Lottie nods. "He went in there a while ago."

Harry nearly bolts to his room, and shoves his door open. The sight he's met with will definitely be burned into his brain forever.

"You know," Louis breathes, "I was planning on hiding all your clothes around the house, but I found this instead." He whimpers, his back aching off the bed. "Were you planning on using it on me?"

Harry gulps, his pants immediately tightening. He slowly shuts the door and twists the lock, stepping towards his sweating boyfriend. "Yeah."

Louis moans, his hand speeding up. "I didn't—fuck—I didn't even know how to use this."
"You're doing so good, baby." Harry was about to kneel on the bed, his hand itching to touch Louis.

"No." The cheerleader stops moving the vibrator inside himself. "This is me getting even. You can only watch, no touching."

Harry adjusts himself in his swimming trucks. "Please, babydoll."

"No," Louis' hand starts to speed up, "go sit down somewhere."

Harry chooses to sit right in front of Louis, the smaller boy leaning up on one of his elbows as their eyes lock. Wet sounds of too much lube are mixed with Louis' heavy breaths, and the slight sound of buzzing from the vibrator as he fucks himself with it.

Harry could tell that it was doing nothing but teasing Louis, he was unable to reach his prostate with his position and inexperience.

"You should go on all fours, and reach back." Harry commands, his hand going down to pull his hard cock out. "It'll feel better."

"No." Louis is stubborn.

"Don't you want it to feel good, kitten?"

Louis was a weak mess whenever Harry would say that nickname. His desires take over him and he doesn't think about getting even anymore, it's all about Harry. "Yes, daddy." He groans and shivers run through his body.

"Here," Harry takes the small remote off the bed and leans back into the chair. "Daddy wants you to sit on the vibrator."

Louis whimpers when he adds weight onto the toy, it finally reaching his spot and he lets out an airy moan.

"Now, ride it." Harry turns up the dial to 3. The buzzing sound becomes louder, as Louis rocks his hips on the toy.

"How did you open yourself up, baby?" Harry ask, his hand still moving on himself. "Hm?"

"Fingers." Louis cries out when the vibrations intensify, it now on 4 as it almost brought tears to his eyes with the amount of pleasure.

"Kitten used his fingers? Naughty." Harry tsks. "Bet your fingers couldn't stretch you out, I bet you were a crying mess putting that vibrator inside you." The football player stands, his hand working on his cock. His thumb tracing over the head as his eyes drift over Louis' sweating naked body, and his hard, red dick as his thighs quivered. "Your fingers couldn't stretch you out like daddy can."

Louis' breaths pick up, the vibrations are beating against his prostate. His hands clench at the bedsheets while his eyes slip shut and his head falls back.

"Nothing, no one can make you feel better than daddy can." Harry steps closer until he's in front of Louis, his hand squeezing his cock. "Nothing can make you cry like daddy's fingers, or my tongue." He leans down, finally turning the dial up to 5 then dropping the remote on the bed as he takes Louis' smaller cock in his free hand. "You're going to love daddy's cock, kitten."

Harry's words were bringing Louis closer to the edge, him crying out as he stops working his hips on
the toy.

The older teen doesn't approve of his halt in movements and kneels on the bed, he reaches behind Louis to dig his nails into the boy's left ass cheek. "Daddy didn't say you could stop, babydoll."

It took one spank for Louis to continue rocking his hips on the buzzing toy, and it took exactly three strokes on his dick from Harry's ring clad hand for him to cum over the two of them. The white streams painting over Harry's tattoos and nearly hitting his chin.

"There we go," Harry mutters as he reaches his high as well. His grip tightening over his cock as he cums all over himself too.

Harry turns off the vibrator and pushes Louis on his back, the boy in a daze as the cool sheets touch his heated skin. Harry takes out the toy, marvelling at Louis' red and puckered hole — he presses one single kiss to he rim before leaning back and looking for a towel go clean themselves.

"Don't go." The blue-eyed boy says softly.

"I have to clean myself, and your toy, kitten. And you as well, you used a lot of lube." Harry pats his boyfriend's thigh.

"Just let me," then Louis is pushing Harry so he's flat on the bed and braces himself on Harry's shoulders. Sliding down the green eyed teens body, then Louis bends down and drags his tongue over the boy's lower abs, tasting only Harry for a moment before he moved higher to the butterfly tattoo and licking up the cum.

"Fuck." Harry was willing himself to not get hard again. Louis' tongue was tracing through their mixed cum. His sinful body hovering over Harry like a cage, not allowing him to move until Louis was done being a tease.

Finally done licking their cum off Harry's torso, Louis connects their lips in a messy kiss. Harry's hand finding home on the low dip of his spine as one going further to tap at Louis' sore rim, the latter thrust it back involuntarily.

"I want to give you a rim-job while you suck my cock, but it's eleven and we're leaving in an hour."

"So?" Louis mutters against his lips.

"You have to shower, we both do actually."

Pulling back, Louis looks down at Harry with his fluttering lashes. "Carry me?"

**HERE COMES THE GAY! As if I that say smut was nothing lol get your glasses ready, bitches.**

"You know what I just realized?" Louis faces Harry, the warm water covering both their bodies.

"What?"

"Everyone I know is gay. You're gay—"

"I'm your boyfriend." Harry gives him an amused look as he washes out the shampoo in his hair.
"Okay, yeah but, Lottie and Fizzy are lesbians. My aunt is getting married to a woman on Friday. Perrie is dating Jade, my three best friends are in a gay polygamous relationship with each other." Louis finishes with a huff. "I'm just surrounded by gay."

"Well," Harry purses his lips, "I mean, we're all a little bit gay, aren't we?"

"You're saying that like you aren't fully gay." Louis tilts his head. "Are you bi, pan?"

"No, I'm gay." Harry says. He then points to Louis, "are you bi?"

With raised eyebrows, Louis shakes his head, water flying everywhere. "No, I'm gay."

After a few moments of silence, Harry giggles to himself. "I love how we had to clear that up. Even though we both knew." He moves around to get the conditioner and squirts a small amount in his hand, before combing his fingers in Louis' hair.

The cheerleader lets Harry clean him. "I know right." He scoffs. "But, you know, when you're in a gay relationship with another gay man for a while, you just have to check in that they're gay. You know, just to be sure."

"Totally." Harry plays along, the sweet smell of the apple scented conditioner filling the air. "You're so fucking cute, no homo."

Louis pushes Harry away with a smile. "Harry, you're gay." He grabs the conditioner too and starts washing Harry's hair.

"Right. Then, you're cute but with homo." Harry winks. "So much homo, an unbelievable amount of homo, a dangerous quantity of homo. A tsunami of homo, that you drown in homo."

"Okay, okay, I get it, Gay-ry Gay-les."

Harry leans away. "That was horrible. Go pray for a blessing of better jokes."

"Don't you mean, go gay for a gay-ing of gayer jokes?"

Harry shuts his eyes. "I hate you."

"Do you hate me with homo?"
57. "It's okay to still be sad about things that once made you cry."

Chapter Notes

pre-note: don't ask me how i thought of the beginning of this. i was eating popcorn and i was like.. this would be funny.. but gross. and i wrote it anyway.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"Well, Harry looked down at Louis' chest. "I guess you have to shower again."

Louis wanted to cry, the vomit was seeping down his shirt. "Ernie, why." He quickly passed his younger sibling to his boyfriend, a wash of embarrassment combing over him like a blanket.

Louis showered again, not washing his hair this time but scrubbing his body clean of any vomit. He still had goosebumps from the feeling of the wet, half digested eggs going over his skin — God, he was going to be sick.

Louis hopped out the shower, and almost immediately his eyes cast down Harry's bare back, and his back muscles. The teen stood before the mirror of his bathroom in his room, styling his hair and caught Louis' eyes, a smirk making its way onto his face when he noticed the cheerleader's stare.

"Like what you see, princess?" The taller winks through his reflection in the mirror.

"Shut up." Louis blushes, before speed walking out the bathroom. "Did you see my outfit?"

"I did." Harry calls out. "You're going to look amazing, baby."

The small boy blushes, and hangs his towel on a hook then slips on a white pair of panties. They aren't lace, just satin. After putting on a t-shirt and tucking it into his shorts, he observes himself in the mirror.

"Harry, have you seen my other sock?" Louis calls out, bending down to look under the bed, but there was nothing. He doesn't get a reply, and asks again, "Harry, where's my sock? Wait, never mind!" He finds it in the mess of the bed sheets, just a bit confused because he remembers laying out his outfit neatly. His phone chimes from Harry's bedside table and he walks to it, his sock in hand.

Ioane: hey! my family and I will be over in five :)" Louis appears at the bathroom door, a hairdryer in hand. "C'mere, let me do your hair." He gestures to the wet, mess atop Louis' head.

"Just Ioane."

Harry visibly sags, a deep sigh coming from his mouth. "I don't like him."

"Harry, there's no reason for you not to like him." Louis flicks his wet hair from his eyes and puts his phone down, (leaving Ioane on read) and sits on the bed, about to pull on his sock but he fails to notice the way Harry's breath hitches.

"Lou—"
"—it's not like he has anything against you. He's nice, and we already said we'd go to his art show," Louis freezes, his voice lowering. "Harry."

"I was going to tell you not to put it on—"

"My sock is fucking wet inside." Louis squeezes his eyes shut, nails digging into his palms. "My fucking Gucci sock is fucking wet, you egghead." The sticky, cold stuff inside his sock was terrible.

"I—"

"Get me a fucking towel!" Louis screams, ripping the sock off his foot and whipping it at Harry's face. "I can't believe you would jack off in my sock!"

The football player has pink cheeks, and disappears into the bathroom before returning with a small wet towel. "I was going to tell you that there was.. stuff in it."

Louis huffs, roughly wiping the sticky stuff from his foot. "Are you twelve? Jesus, call me next time you need to get off."

"You were in the shower, and I didn't want to disturb you."

"Bullshit." Louis raises a brow.

"Okay," Harry nods once, his cheeks still a bright pink. "I didn't want you to think I'm like sex-obsessed, or that all I want from you is sex. So I used your clothes to get off."

Louis puffs out a breath, shaking his head. "Wait, did you say clothes?"

Harry fish-mouths, twisting his fingers together before finally confessing. "Yes." His voice was small.

"What else of mine did you use to get off?"

Harry licks his lips, his eyes darting in the corner of the room where his bag was.

The cheerleader squints, "my panties are in there, aren't they?"

Harry scoffs. "What? No. Most definitely not. It's not like I wrapped it around my dick and jacked off with your sock on my tip. God, listen to yourself, Louis."

"More like listen to you, fucking weirdo." The blue-eyed boy buried his face in his hands, mindful of the cum rag beside him, as he fell back onto bed. "Go get sandals from my room, you owe me that at least."

"Right," Harry mutters. "Babe," he swallows at the glare he's sent. "Okay, I'll just, yeah." Then he's gone, out he room in only his boxers.

LOUIS' OUTFIT: GUCCI
"I'm no proctologist, but I definitely know an asshole when I see one." Harry turns to Louis and points over his shoulder. "And he, is an asshole."

Louis waves his hand, "stop being dramatic."

Harry has an incredulous look on his face. "You're telling me to stop being dramatic?" He's absolutely appalled at his boyfriend's balls (not in that way, you nasties).

The cheerleader raises an eyebrow. "Cut the sass if you don't have the ass, bitch."

Harry subconsciously twists to look at his behind, "I do have an ass. I do squats."

"And so do I."

Harry glances down at Louis' bottom, "you don't need to."

"But I do anyway. You know why?" The cheerleader quirks a brow. "I want it to get bigger."

"Good, I'm an ass man."

With a roll of his eyes, Louis slaps away Harry's wandering hand. "Stop it—hi, Ioane."

"My feet are killing me." Louis whines for the tenth time.

"No one told you to wear sandals."

"I wasn't originally going to wear sandals, Lottie." Louis rolls his eyes, the heat was getting to him. "But, something happened to my sock."

Lottie shoots him a confused glance, "what happened to your sock?"

With a wave of his hand, Louis saves Harry the embarrassment. The football player's face was already as red as a cherry. "Never mind."

They continued hiking up the mountain and eventually come to a small shack of sorts. It has two flagpoles out on the grass and a grey haired man at the door.

"You made it." He speaks to Leilani and Haku first. Then eventually notices everyone else.

They shake hands, and Louis is the first one to get into the little house. He immediately sits down and lets out a sigh in content.

Harry must feel bad, because not a moment later, he's sitting beside Louis and pulling his feet into his lap. He takes off Louis' sandals and digs his fingers into the boy's feet. Slowly, the aching feeling in Louis' feet is bearable and Harry continues to massage his foot, no words exchanged until Louis overhears his parents taking to the grey haired man.

"There's still more walking?" He asks, the expression on his face must be terrified because the grey haired man pats his shoulder comfortably.

"Sure is, all the way up the mountain."
Louis was definitely going to cry if it weren't for Harry's hands still massaging his feet.

"But not for you, for the horses."

"Horses?" Lottie beats him to it.

Harry watches Louis smile, his tiny fingers combing through the horses mane. The tall animal shook his head and let out a noise.

"We have ten horses for you all — so some of you will have to share." The grey haired man appeared at the entrance of the stables.

Louis sees his sisters pair up and his parents take the youngest, counting in his head, he sees there still needs to be one more pair. As an arm curls around his waist, he feels lips brush his ear. "Howdy, partner."

Harry was ridiculous, but he still managed to make a country accent sound hot — it was unbelievable.

"Harry, Louis, you two hop on a horse." David said as he held on tightly to Doris on the saddle.

The green eyed teen feels smug, throwing a smirk in Ioane's direction as he helps Louis on a horse. He still didn't like the other boy, and he was going to use up every chance to keep him from touching Louis.

They've been riding for about half an hour, the sun wasn't as hot as before and a light breeze was helping them cool off. They took plenty of breaks for the horses and paused at some spots for the tour guide to explain things. Harry had his hands on the reigns of the horse, caging Louis in as his hips were snug against the cheerleader's bum.

Harry didn't listen to Ioane talk about his school, he only listened when Louis would mention something about London or Harry.

"Hazza baby." Louis leans back into Harry's chest.

"What's wrong, Anthos?"

"My thighs hurt."

Harry breathed out, his were aching a bit too. He wasn't used to having his legs spread this long, and he could practically taste the pain he would be in when they hopped off the horses. They rode for about ten more minutes until Harry finally asked if they could go back.

"We're almost to the top of the mountain." The tour guide tried to persuade him.

"Lou, are you feeling okay?" Anne asks, taking note of the boy's pained face.

"My legs really hurt."

"How do you think the horses feel?" Lottie teases, but stops when she notices Louis' lack of smile.
Jay checks her watch, "maybe you and Harry could start going back. The rest of us will keep on going and meet back at the rangers station."

David purses his lips, "I don't know if I'm okay with letting them find their way back by themselves."

"I'll go with them." Ioane speaks up.

"No, it's fine." Harry cuts in, rubbing a hand on Louis' knee in hopes of comforting the boy. "I remember the way down."

"Please, I insist." Ioane smiles.

"Are you sure?" Jay asks, unsure. "Would hate for you to miss out on the view."

"It's alright, I could always come back another time."

Much to Harry's dismay, they bid farewell to their parents and families before heading down, Ioane leading the way.

His brown hair was slightly sweaty, and the loose t-shirt he wore sagged over his shoulders. "I'll take it you two don't ride horses often?" Ioane jokes, looking back at them for a moment.

Louis yawns. "I took horse back riding, stopped a couple years ago but I just haven't sat like this for this long before." He shifts on the saddle. "My thighs are fucking hurting."

Harry moves his hand from Louis' knee to the boy's thigh, just below the fringe of his denim shorts and massages his fingers into the meaty flesh (yum).

"What about you, Harry? You do horse riding too?"

The question takes Harry by surprise, and he tightens his hold on Louis before answering. "No, never."

"You were in sports all your life then?" Ioane seems genuinely interested in Harry's life.

Harry nods, before realizing the other boy didn't see. "Um, yeah. Did everything, soccer, volleyball, hockey. I did rugby before going to football."

"You golf too?"

"He loves golf." Louis buts in, and Harry didn't notice the boy playing with his rings, twisting them before putting them on his own hand.

"Me too." Ioane glances at them. "If we have time during your stay, I have this membership at an amazing club a about twenty minutes away. We could play a game."

"That sounds fun, Harry." By the way Louis was talking, reminded Harry of his mother when he was younger and he was making new friends.

LOUIS' OUTFIT: LOUIS VUITTON
"Hey, babydoll." Harry settles on the lounge chair beside Louis. He slips on his sunglasses and takes off his snap-back. "You want something to drink?"

Louis glances at his boyfriend and winks from behind his sunglasses. "I'd like a tall glass of you, sweetheart."

The football player hums, nodding once and leaning back into the chair. Finally under the shade of the umbrella, he sighs. "You say the word, babe, and I'll take us up to your room."

"Mhm, maybe later."

"You mean definitely later. I didn't forget what I told you this morning."

Pre-note: this next part gets very sad and considerably touchy — to myself. Be mindful of what you comment.

Harry and Louis were in a deep conversation but it was anything but serious, at least, on Harry's end. "Sis, let me tell you what this bitch did."

Harry nods. "Tell me, sister."

Louis sips on his water. "She has no fucking patience, right? So when I don't answer her, she cuts me off! I mean, my own cousin." The cheerleader says in disbelief. "My own family is too petty for me."

"And what'd you do?"

"Well, because I can't control myself — I sent her a text asking her if she was really that mad that she had to cut me off."

"Oh," Harry tilts his head, "that sounds genuine of you, babe."

"Yeah, that's not how I worded it though." The blue-eyes boy purses his lips.

"How exactly did you word it?"

"I may have, sort of made fun of her." Louis tiptoed around the answer. "I might have said, 'lmao you got mad enough to cut me off'."

Harry sighs in relief. "Oh, I thought you called her a bitch or something." The look on Louis' face tells Harry that he did, "you called your cousin a bitch?"

"I kind of subtweeted her too." Louis says. "Something along the lines of, 'oh your life must be so horrible honey'."

"You don't hold back, do you?"

"Nope. And you'll definitely be able to tell when I'm subtweeting anyone. I could be subtweeting anyone right now, this very second."
"I love hearing you talk," Harry says dreamily.

"Then, let me tell you about this little asshole who made my whole freshman year a nightmare."

Harry leans forward, "does he still go to our school?"

Louis shakes his head. "He moved away."

"I'll still find him."

"You don't even know what he did."

"Then tell me." Harry puts his elbows on his knees.

"Well, at first I kind of liked him." Louis confesses. "He was cute, and I went to elementary school with him. So, we had this thing, right?"

"Yeah."

"Sis, he fucked me up." Louis frowns at the memory. "I went to this amusement park and the ride stopped while I was on it — so me being me, I posted about it and said that it broke while I was on it and fuck, this was after we broke things off so I didn't care about him but.." Louis sighs and shuts his eyes. "Him, being the little fuckwad he is, replied saying that the ride broke because I was fat."

This was all new information to Harry — sure, everyone struggled with their appearance but he thought Louis was one of the select few who didn't care what people thought of him. The boy practically radiated confidence.

"Someone that once called me beautiful, and told me they had strong feelings for me, broke down every tower of self confidence I made. They made me feel pretty — and after that, I tried to keep on as many layers as possible."

Harry feels his heart ache, he sees Louis' eyes water and the boy's lip wobble.

"And.. I did bad stuff after that." Louis' voice went soft. "Bad stuff, really bad stuff."

"My dad found out, he told my mum. And things got so worse at school, I was terrified because this guy had a lot of friends. And I could hear them talking about me as I passed by, and they even threw things at me."

"Lou," Harry reaches over and takes his hand.

"I didn't tell my dad, but he knew I was scared and he made me download this voice recorder app on my phone. Louis' eyes were glued to the ground. "Told me if anything happened to say it on my phone so he could turn it to the police — there were times when I thought I was going to get punched in the face or beat up. I hid away my dresses and shorts because I believed what that guy told me."

Harry hated how tense the air around them got, but he knew Louis needed to get this off his chest.

"I never understood why he hated me — when we broke things off, he was the one who dumped me. We barely talked when we were a thing and it was mostly because I was shy. Strange, I know." Louis tried to laugh, but it came out forced.

[this exact thing happened to me. I won't go into detail of what I did.]
"Babydoll." Harry has no idea what Louis went through, he only saw the boy from a far. A smiling, cross dressing boy who he had a crush on and never knew what was going on in his head.

Louis shrugs his shoulders. "Ugh, I don't even know why I still get sad about that."

"It's okay." Harry moved so he was sitting next to Louis, wrapping arm around the boy's waist. "It's okay to still be sad about things that once made you cry."

"But, I don't want to cry." Louis gulps.

"It's okay to cry." Harry says gently.

"I—I don't want to cry." Louis stutters, holding back his tears. "I don't want to."

"Hey," Harry held up Louis' face by his chin. "It's okay."

Against his own wishes, Louis did cry. He sobbed into Harry's bare chest and let the football player whisper sweet nothings in his ear.

"Hey, bunnyboo." Harry taps on Louis' shoulder. The cheerleader glances at him, his eyeglasses perched on the tip of his nose as the movie screen lights highlight his cheekbones.

"Hm?"

"Kissy." Harry puckers his lips.

Louis blinks, a small smile making its way onto his face. "Hold on," he reaches atop his head and takes off his sunglasses. He slides them on Harry's face and grins, his sharp little teeth biting his bottom lip. "You look fabulous."

"And you're beautiful, always beautiful. But am I fabulous enough for you to kiss me?" The green eyed teen raises a brow, not fazed at the bright pink glasses on his face.

"Always fabulous enough for me to kiss you." Louis leans forward, pressing his lips to Harry's in a sweet, chaste kiss.

The football captain's hand moves to Louis' hip, dragging him closer as they pull away. The smaller of the duo settles on Harry's chest, swinging his leg over the latter's waist and burying his face in Harry's shirt.

The movie finishes almost an hour later, everyone left, leaving Harry, Louis — who fell asleep — and Ioane. Jay left earlier with the youngest twins to put them to bed, and David followed. Then, the other girls left a couple minutes later with Anne and George.

The credits rolled on screen, a soft melody playing in the background as Harry felt perfectly content with Louis on him. Halfway through the movie, the smaller boy had moved so his whole body was over Harry, curled up as tiny as possible and his hands fisting Harry's shirt.

Dragging his hand over Louis' spine, Harry relaxed, closing his eyes and about to fall asleep right then and there but a voice startled him.

"I guess I'll be going now."

Tiring his head, Harry frowned. He forgot Ioane was there, to be honest, he does remember the teen
showing up after being invited by Jay for their movie night after they got back from park. "Okay."

The Pacific Islander slowly stood up from the movie chair and stretched. His eyes drift over Louis' small, curvy body on Harry causing the latter to tighten his hold and nod his head. "You know where the door is, mate."

Ioane sighs, sitting again. "Look, I know we got off on the wrong foot. And I find it stupid that we can't get along."

Louis shifts on Harry and mumbles something incoherent.

"What's stupid is that you eye-fucked my boyfriend last night." Harry exaggerates, he was petty, leave him be.

Ioane let out a laugh. "I did not eye-fuck Louis."

"Cut the shit." Harry rolls his eyes. "You aren't fooling anyone."

The brown eyed teen purses his lips. "Alright, I didn't know he had a boyfriend." Ioane confesses. "All I knew is that Jay had a son, my age, who was a cute cheerleader — I was a little disappointed when I come down stairs to find out he's taken."

Harry scoffs. "I fucking knew it."

Ioane stands again. "I'm not going to steal him from you if that's what you're scared of, I give you my word. I wouldn't do that to anyone, ever. He isn't an object."

Harry purses his lips.

"I feel like we should start over, a clean slate and just try to be friends." Ioane offers. "For his sake."

The football player sighs softly, looking down at Louis' long lashes brushing against his prominent cheekbones. His pink lips and the way his nose would twitch every once in a while. "Alright. For Louis."

Harry knew deep down that he had nothing to be self-conscious of. Ioane promised him, and Louis wouldn't toss him aside as if he were nothing. Their relationship was in the early stages, yet they were already so comfortable with each other, Harry was positive he loved Louis and he won't let his jealousy get in the way of what they could have — at least this once.

Harry carries Louis to their shared room, no one was there to stop him. He made his way to their bedroom and shut the door softly behind himself before making Louis a soft spot on the bed. He moves the pillows and the blankets to ensure that the boy would feel comfortable and safe.

After his confession, Harry was more angry than anything. The ignorance people can hold is insane. Louis refused to tell him the boy's name, mostly because he knew Harry would go on a rampage.

It was rare of Louis to share any of his deep feelings like that — it was overall surprising to Harry when the boy revealed one of his most vulnerable times. So Harry slowly laid next to Louis, frowning at the memories of the boy crying — his eyes were only a little bit puffy now.

Bringing his hand to Louis' hair, Harry combed his fingers through it. Louis didn't even flinch, either because he somehow knew it was Harry and that Harry would never hurt him or he was dead asleep from the hiking and his crying earlier that day.
It turned out to be the former because Louis curled up closer to Harry, peeking one eye half open. "Hi."

"You're beautiful." Harry mumbles. "You're absolutely perfect the way you are and anyone who doesn't see that doesn't deserve you or anything you can offer, you got that?"

Louis shuts his eyes, and Harry could see the faint furrow in his brow that happened just before he started crying. "Yes."

"I know I said I'd do something to you tonight but you should get some rest." The older of the two spoke softly.

"No, wait."

He knew Louis was more tired than anything and sleep was the only thing he needed now. "No, babydoll. Get your rest, and daddy will give you a surprise tomorrow morning."

"Promise?" Louis mumbles, already sinking further into his pillow.

"I promise." Harry presses a final kiss to Louis' hair.

Chapter End Notes

Thoughts?
58. have a cool name like side-bitch and you can be main-bitch.

Louis was in the middle of a peaceful dream, it was of him and Harry taking a nice yacht out on the coast and spending most of their time wrapped up in each other. Then he feels something particularly wet, and warm prodding at his hole, he has every right to immediately slap a hand on whatever it was.

"Ow." A voice mutters, and Louis opens his eyes and was met with a grumpy Harry. "Why did you hit me?" He was between Louis' thighs, his hands pinning down the latter's hips and his legs swung over his shoulders.

"Sorry," Louis quickly apologizes. He feels particularly bare down there, and makes no moves to find his panties. "You scared me." Louis' legs fall from Harry's shoulders.

"I'm trying to be romantic." Harry leans into Louis' touch when the cheerleader combs his fingers through his hair.

"Okay, I won't hit you again." The partly sleepy blue-eyed boy promises. "Continue."

With a short sigh, Harry gets back to work. When Louis had whacked him on his head, he was just about to dive into the boy — so he really doesn't waste anytime.

Harry braces his hands on Louis' hips, brushing the soft skin there before peppering small kisses along Louis' inner thighs. The boy's cock is hardening with every passing moment but Harry loves to tease. The football captain takes his time, slowly working his mouth closer and closer to Louis' hole. The boy's entrance was a pretty pink, cleanly shaved and nearly begging Harry to just ravish him.

That was when Harry licks his lips and leans in, kissing around Louis' puckered hole. He feels his boxers tighten and Louis shift in his spot, Harry doesn't spare him a glance before he's running his tongue along Louis' rim.

"Fuck!"

Harry scrambles to lean up and probably stuff something in Louis' mouth, like a pair of panties or a scarf, but he doesn't expect to see the cheerleader rubbing his own chin.

"What happened?" Harry asks before his eyes wander to his boyfriend's phone, vibrating and abandoned on his chest. "You were texting while I was going to eat you out?"

The blue-eyed boy licks his lips. "I don't want to say yes because you're going to punish me."

"I'll spank your little ass 'till you can't sit properly if you lie to me."

That has Louis nodding helplessly. "I was texting."

"And who were you texting?"

Louis doesn't reply, his phone still vibrating with the messages he's receiving.

"Louis." Harry warns.

"Does it really matter who I was texting, daddy?"

Harry squares his shoulders. "Yes it does because you're giving them your attention when daddy is
in the middle of giving you.." he pauses, "a present." Harry shuffles backwards until he has one foot on the floor and one knee on the bed, his long torso stretched and mouthwatering tattoos on display. "Unless, you don't want daddy's present anymore."

"I—I, wait." Louis sits up, his phone long forgotten. "Daddy don't go."

Harry hums, but makes no moves towards his boy. "Don't know, kitten. Maybe that should be your punishment, no present, no kissies for the day. How does that sound?"

Louis whines, it's loud and just makes Harry harder in his boxers. "Daddy, please. Stay." The cheerleader kneels on the bed, his naked thick thighs catching Harry's attention almost immediately.

"Who were you texting?" Harry asks once more.

"Ioane." Louis' voice was small, as he fiddled with his fingers and carefully avoided Harry's eyes.

The football player doesn't know if he should be mad, though, Louis has no clue of Harry and Ioane's deal about starting off with a fresh slate. Considering the boy's obliviousness, and eagerness for Harry's touch — the latter uses it to his advantage.

"Bad boy," Harry tsks. "You know daddy doesn't like him, so why do you still text him, hm?" The taller of the two leaves the bed and waltzes towards the balcony. The early morning sun, shining over the water and the orange and blues of the sky fading into each other. "You know how jealous daddy gets — why provoke me like that, kitten?"

Louis slowly moves off the bed, the long jersey falling to his mid thigh. He doesn't remember changing last night, but the only answer is that Harry had changed him while he was asleep. A warm feeling spreads in his chest as he makes his way to the other teen leaning over the balcony.

"Daddy, I'm sorry."

Harry can die right there, the way Louis' voice softened with the hint of scratch from being woken up early. He knew the boy's eyes were a light blue, sometimes they were grey and others they were a much darker blue but on peaceful mornings like this, it was no doubt that Louis' eyes were a perfect light sparkling blue.

"I'm sorry." Harry feels arms slide around his middle, and a faint tickle at his lower neck from Louis' hair. Oh, his sweet bedhead.

Taking a breath, Harry couldn't take it anymore. He had the most beautiful boy in the world curling around him, even he wasn't strong enough to resist Louis' temptation.

Louis will find out about the deal sooner or later but Harry was willing to take full advantage of his needy, soft, kitten-like state right now. What Louis doesn't know won't kill him.

"I'll tell you what's going to happen," Harry licks his lips as he turns around in Louis' arms, wrapping his own around the boy's waist. "You're going to get back in bed, and let daddy have his breakfast and you're never going to give anyone but daddy your attention when he's going to pleasure you, okay? Much less, text that fuck Ioane." Harry cups his hand around Louis' bottom. "Got it?"

Louis gulps, his eyes nearly shutting at the raspiness of Harry's voice.

"Got it, babydoll?" Harry says, sweeter this time as he nuzzles his nose into the blue-eyed boy's hair.

"Yes, daddy."
With a short pat on Louis' bottom, Harry says, "well then, better get in bed, kitten.

Harry gets only a glance at Louis' bare perky bottom as the boy snuggles into the bed, he rolls onto his back and leans up to look at Harry. The latter's eyes drift over Louis' body, his clear skin, and getting a peek at his shiny piercings. His thoughts are cut short when Louis lets out a small whimper, and blinks rapidly. "Daddy."

"I'm coming, my love." Harry bites his lips and makes his way to Louis, then leaning on the bed and taking his time to crawl between the smaller boy's awaiting legs.

Harry doesn't have time to trace over the cheerleader's skin, and admire the stretch marks and small beauty marks because he knows that any moment, they'll be interrupted (like always) by their families. He simply mouths at Louis hip after pushing up the hem of his jersey then moves lower, and traces Louis' hole with the tip of his tongue.

Harry steals one glance up at Louis to make sure the boy isn't on his phone, good thing he wasn't, and instead his eyes were glued on the ceiling and his hands clenching the bed sheets under him.

"Your hickies are fading." Harry mumbles. "Going to have to mark you up again."

Louis only swings his legs over Harry's shoulders and pulls the football player closer to the place he so desperately wanted him. He's awarded for his action by Harry's tongue prodding at his hole, the tip dipping in then retreating to swirl around his rim.

"Fuck." Louis cries out when Harry dips his tongue deeper, his grip on the bed sheets becomes tighter and his cock standing up straight.

Harry doesn't say a word, only pushing himself closer to Louis, sliding his arms under Louis' thighs and sitting up slightly. His new position made Louis' hips rise from the bed, his bottom half fully supported by Harry. Using Louis' flexibility, Harry brings the boy's legs up and then folds him in half. His mouth still connected to Louis' hole, Harry holds on tightly to the back of Louis' thighs sliding closer and closer to the boy as he eventually has most of Louis' weight off the bed.

At this point, Harry as his tongue deep inside Louis' hole, messy noises coming from him as he spat over the boy's hole and practically moaning at the sounds coming from Louis. The new found position has Louis legs by his head, and his hands moving to hold them down as Harry digs in deeper. Breathing in deeply through his nose, Harry swirls his tongue deep inside Louis.

Louis whines, every ridge of Harry's tongue is sending jolts of electricity through his veins, and obnoxious groans coming from the other teen has Louis eyes closing shut in ecstasy.

"So good for me." Harry murmurs. "My flexible little kitten, hm."

Harry could eat Louis out for hours, and lick around his hole for double that time. It was the simple satisfaction of giving Louis the pleasure he so craved and the fact that Harry was the first and only to ever do this to him.

The glassy look in Louis' eyes has Harry slicking up a finger with his saliva, then rubbing around the wet rim and slowly sinking his digit inside.

Louis whines at the intrusion, the thickness and length has him letting out a high noise in the back of his throat. It only evolves into a moan when Harry adds a second finger.

Harry slowly thrusts both his fingers in and out, watching closely at Louis' rim stretching around his knuckles and he only wishes he has his rings on, for the cold metal to make Louis a wriggling mess.
This goes on for only a few minutes, because Louis being the inexperienced little virgin he was, doesn't have as much stamina as Harry does.

"Daddy," Louis digs his fingertips into his legs. "Daddy, I'm close." His voice shakes as his chest heaves up and down.

"Mhm, thank you for telling me, doll." Harry removes his fingers and basks in the high whimper he's awarded from his boyfriend. "Want you to cum from my tongue." He's then diving back in, mouthing messily at Louis' hole and using his hands to brace the boy's vibrating legs.

Harry's fingers stretched out Louis' hole enough that it was easy to thrust his tongue into the boy, moaning at the taste and the warm skin of Louis so close to him, Harry blindly reaches down and pulls himself out of his boxers. Using the hand that was still wet from his saliva, Harry doesn't hesitate to pump his hard cock as he holds Louis down by one hand.

Louis lets out a breathy moan and tightens his hold on his calves, his noises grow louder as he finds his release, his cock spurting out cum that covers Harry's jersey and some of his stomach. Harry is surprised to find himself coming too, thinking of Louis' hole clenching around his cock instead of his tongue has him coming onto the boy's skin and the bedspread.

Pressing one last kiss to Louis' wet hole, Harry sits back, his spine cracking from being hunched over and his lips wet and his jaw a little sore. The dazed expression on Louis' face nearly has Harry going in for another taste but instead he sets down Louis' legs and slowly climbs over him.

Caging Louis in by his arms, Harry open-mouth kisses Louis, letting the boy taste himself on his tongue. Harry pulls away with a smirk as Louis chases his mouth, "you're fucking filthy, angel."

"Hm, daddy loves you in his clothes." It was no secret that Harry had a special kink (if you could call it that) for Louis' tiny, curvy frame in his clothing. Seeing it drape over Louis' shoulder and dip down his chest revealing his collarbones and piercings, was truly a gift from the gods. "Baby, I'm a fool for you. A helpless yet perfectly happy fool."

"I'll get you some panties, my *pamplemousse* kitten." Harry pats Louis' bottom before walking out the bathroom.

Louis waits patiently and holds the towel tightly. Having just got out of the shower with Harry and smelling like vanilla and grapefruit, he felt utterly content. He could get used to Harry washing him, using his bag hands and long fingers to pleasure Louis in a less dirty way and run them through his hair and over his body. Louis finds himself rolling on the heels of his feet and fluffing his hair in his reflection in the mirror while lowly humming a tune. Only a few more moments pass before Harry appears at the doorway again, and what he has on his feet only makes Louis angry.

"Harry! Get out of those!" The blue-eyed boy screeches. "You're going to stretch them out!"

"Do you like them?" Harry poses, his hand on his hip and a smug smile on his face. "Do they make my legs look sexy?"

"Harry, if you stretch out my 10 grand swarovski boots." Louis breathes out heavily through his nose. "I'm going to murder you in your sleep."

Harry hums, still posing with one boot on. Louis wants to cry because he can see it stretching around Harry's calf. "I think you're forgetting who bought you these 10 grand swarovski boots, babydoll."
"Yes, and I would appreciate it if you didn't break them with your massive legs. So take them off, thanks."

"Okay, okay." Harry smiles, before looking at Louis nervously through his lashes. "But I can't."

Louis looks at him suspiciously. "Why?"

The green eyed teen offers Louis a small smile, "I think they're stuck."

It had taken Louis, David and George to pull the YSL boots off Harry's fucking feet. They were a little stretched and Harry apologized deeply when their parents had left, he even offered to buy Louis a new pair, Louis didn't object or accept. He only requested another one of Harry's jerseys to wear.

Things had gotten.. softer between the two teens. After Louis let Harry see his insecurities, he felt comfort in the fact that Harry knew. He now understood that his feelings were growing rapidly for the football captain, and he wasn't ever going to put a stop to it.

Harry knew that it was a blessing to see the part of Louis that he kept hidden, it was an honour to hold the boy in general but it was heavenly to hold him as he cried. Putting yourself in the hands of someone else is never easy, but at the moment, the two boys refused to let anyone's tales of 'simple, insignificant high school love' get in between what they both wanted.

And they both wanted each other.

Harry wanted Louis before Louis wanted him — there wasn't a problem in it. There wasn't a problem in Harry being positive of his love for the blue-eyed boy as Louis was slowly getting there. They had time on their side.

In their senior year of high school, in the month of October, with more than a week in one of the most beautiful places in the world; Harry was determined to confess his love for Louis.

Not when he himself was half-unconscious and the boy was sleeping, or not when he felt the need to state that Louis was his (because he was a possessive asshole) but instead over a romantic dinner.

Harry talked with Jay about their plans for their vacation. Today, they were having a relaxation day and tomorrow, Monday, Leilani and Haku were taking them to the Ocean Center. The Luau was on Wednesday night and Thursday was free, but Harry wanted him and Louis to be alone so he would have to wait for Jay to have plans. Friday would be the wedding and then they would get a flight home on Saturday.

Harry remembers of his and Louis' promise to go to Ioane's art show on Tuesday and doesn't feel as hateful as he did when he first met the neighbour. After their talk the previous night, Harry had a small amount of trust in Ioane, and maybe he did find a little satisfaction in the fact that he was significantly bigger than Ioane, meaning if they didn't get along and the neighbour broke his word — Harry could hit him (a lot).

Harry was in the middle of slamming his fists into a punching bag when he felt a presence behind him. Looking over his shoulder for a quick second, he his boyfriend — wearing his jersey. Sure it was an old jersey, from last year and used as more of a sleeping-shirt but Louis looked effortlessly beautiful in it. The fabric hung over his body like a drape, the sleeves practically reaching his elbows.
and his prominent collarbones and piercings made an appearance. The jersey fell close to his knees, and pooled around his legs nicely. Harry only wondered what was under his jersey.

He was just so pretty.

"Hey there, angel." Harry smiles, taking off the gloves and he was panting the slightest. "What are you doing here?"

Louis gulps, his hand on his hip and eyes shamelessly drifting over Harry's body. "Just.. looking for you."

"Were you?" Harry steps forward and braces his arms on Louis' waist. "Well, you found me, honey."

"Harry! There you are." It was George, by the doorway in a loose short sleeve and grey shorts. "Ready, son?"

"Yeah." Harry presses a kiss to Louis' forehead before going back to the middle of the room.

Louis has no chance to ask what the father and son are doing because Harry is putting on some sort of gloves and laying on his back. Propping his feet up and Louis doesn't spare a glance at George as the man puts on weird padding thingies on his hands.

Harry has a white hat on his head, holding back his hair and a determined look on his face as he does sit ups and punches the padding thingies on George's hands — God, Louis was in heaven.

Louis was in a complete daze, leaning against the doorway of the gym and just watching Harry work out. He was definitely getting stiff in his bikini bottoms.

Soon enough, George helped his son off the floor — Harry shot Louis a wink before strapping on boxing gloves and Louis' mind was immediately filled with images of Harry punching the shit out of literally anyone. It was funny, slightly concerning but mostly arousing.

There was a furrow in Harry's brows as the sweat dripped down his face and neck, going under his shirt. He got hot enough to take off his shirt and then continue punching the padding on his dad's hands.

Harry looks over at Louis, his hat long gone and unruly hair in a mess atop his head. "Hey, darlin'. Can you get me a shirt, please?" He asks just as his dad walks out, sweaty from his own workout, after smiling at Louis and talking to the boy for a couple minutes, George is gone.

Nodding wordlessly, Louis walks away. He had a faint blush coating his cheeks at the way Harry spoke. It was still a shock that Harry could say anything and it will make Louis want to do anything the teen asked for.

Louis later returns with a grey t-shirt and passes it to Harry. Then cheerleader fiddles with the hem of Harry's jersey and hums quietly.

Harry knew what Louis was doing. "Babydoll is waiting patiently for daddy's attention, hm." The green eyed teen smiles. "You're such a good boy."

"Only for you, daddy." Was Louis' reply.
"You know how else you can be a good boy?" Harry licks his lips and slips on the t-shirt. "Show daddy what's under that jersey of his."

Harry expected Louis to be in panties, little lace ones that he remembers watching him put on. But he doesn't expect Louis to be in a swimsuit.

"Sorry, daddy. I'm not giving you a show today." Louis blinks innocently before taking off the jersey and passing it to Harry. "If you need me, I'll be in the swimming pool."

Then he's waltzing out the gym, his cute butt jiggling in the high waisted bottoms he has on.

**LOUIS' OUTFIT: PINK & LOUIS VUITTON**
"I didn't know you did boxing." Is the first thing Louis says when he feels a shadow over him as he's lounging on a pool float.

Bitch, this is literally $148.00 for a fucking pool float.
"You do boxing?" Lottie asks, on her own float as he flips her glasses up.

Harry hums and fixes the hem of his Adidas swimming trunks. "Self defense, and just another thing to keep me occupied." Harry shrugs. "It's mainly just to keep in shape."

Lottie hums and puts her headphones on, leaning back into her butterfly pool float and shutting her eyes. Harry kind of wanted to splash her with water.

"You're saying that like you're an old man." Louis mutters, looking at Harry over the top of his glasses.

Harry shrugs. "Or maybe, I just feel like I can protect you."

"I can protect myself." Louis mutters, his tan skin glistening in the sunlight.

There was no way Louis couldn't protect himself. Some would argue that he was feminine therefore he was weak but femininity isn't a weakness, and shouldn't even be considered one at all. Harry on the other hand, would say that Louis was small and sometimes a little too mad for tiny things causing him to lash out. Nothing wrong with that though.

Louis can fight, no doubt in that. Harry has witnessed it and he's sure Jay has too, maybe even been in a few fights herself because Louis had to get his sassiness and lower-than-average temper from someone. Or maybe he just always gets mad around Harry because Harry is a nuisance. Probably the latter.

"Didn't say you couldn't, but it won't hurt to have me around, hm?" Harry, slips into the pool and shivers at the cold water, and hangs off the side of Louis' float. "I could be your backup, your sidekick. And have a cool name like side-bitch and you can be main-bitch."

"If I threw a stick, you'd leave right?" Louis huffs and tries to move away from Harry. "Jesus, go away."

"Baby, you don't mean that." Harry tickles Louis' foot.

"Um, I do!" The cheerleader giggles loudly, the float swishing in the water. "Don't touch my feet." Harry doesn't listen and tickles Louis' foot more, eventually using both his hands to run his nails over the cheerleader's foot. Louis' giggles grow into loud cackles and then he struggles to get off the float — to which Harry pushes him off. "Har—" Louis cries out but gets cut off by gargling water.

Louis resurfaces with a deep breath, his glasses hanging off his nose and a threatening look on his face. "I hate you." Louis flips his wet hair from his eyes and fixes his glasses. "You fucking suck."

"Can I give you a hickey," Harry mumbles and moves towards Louis, before bracing himself on Louis' hips underwater. "Right here?" He leans down and peppers small kisses on Louis' neck.

"Maybe," Louis smirks and goes on his tippy toes. Harry closes his eyes and puckers his lips — instead of Louis' lips, he feels a hand pushing his head down underwater. He gets water up his nose but he thinks he deserves it.
"Yes, bitch!" Louis screams. "Work it, girl!"

Harry was a tall boy, he had long limbs and luckily he had broad shoulders and muscular arms to even out his six-foot height, but that didn't help him dance. He tried to move his hips, truth be he wasn't that bad at it.

"Just come and show me what your momma gave."

Louis quickly looks away from Harry's awkward dance moves and goes back onto his phone.

"I heard you've gotta big baby, mouth but don't say a thing."

"Ow!"

Louis' head shoots to back to the centre of the room. There Harry was, on the ground, flat. His hair was framing his head and looked similar to sun rays.

"Babe, you okay?" Louis calls out, putting down his phone and sitting up. "Hazza baby?"

"Help me."

Louis stands up from the couch and slowly steps towards Harry, "baby, why are you so clumsy?"

Harry stays motionless on the floor, he opens his eyes and pouts. "I don't know," he holds out a hand, with the Wii remote dangling from the strap on his wrist, "pull me up."

"I don't know, aren't you so big that I, a very small person, can't pick you up?" Louis props a hand on his hip. "I guess I'll try, just because there isn't much you can do for me when you're on the floor."

Harry hums and wins. "That's what you think, babydoll."

Louis lets go of Harry's hand which send the football player back to the floor, his back slamming against the hardwood. "For that dirty joke, you can stay on the floor."

And if Harry pulls Louis down as he's walking away, only for the boy to fall on him. Earning them both a pained grunt—he finds the pain worth it because he has his feisty little boyfriend on his lap.

With a small smirk from Harry's end, Louis rolls his eyes. They meet halfway for a kiss that quickly turns messy, Louis moving to straddle Harry's hips and lean down over the football captain.

They kiss for a few moments, tongues clashing and hands roaming each other's bodies before Louis pulls away. "I love how you kiss me." The blue-eyed boy mutters, his lips curling into a small smile. "You have your hand right here," he grabs Harry's hand from holding his hip and places it on his cheek with his fingers touching his jaw. "And before you kiss me, you always look into my eyes, as if you're scared I'm going to say 'go away'."

"Consent is one of my kinks."

"Shut up." Louis laughs, leave it to Harry to turn a sweet moment into whatever the fuck that was. "I should never kiss you again, just for saying that."

Harry chuckles, a deep sound rumbling through his chest. He smiles up at Louis, dimples on display and his perfect white teeth too. "But you can't do that."
"Try me."

"No need," Harry replies coolly, "you like me too much to not kiss me."

Despite being an idiot sometimes, or a dirty minded freak, or a possessive asshole, or an immature little creature, Harry was completely and utterly right.

"Sad." Louis fake cries, unable to stop his smile from growing into a full on grin.

Harry toys with the necklace around Louis' neck. "I'm so happy when I'm with you." He eyes the pink gold around Louis' neck and trails his fingers up to the boy's collarbone piercings. "I'm always my happiest when you're around."

Louis feels his heart warm and his cheeks heat up at Harry's confession.

"I just.. I'm so content with life right now. I don't think I'll ever be happier than when I'm with you." Harry's voice lowers and his touch leaves tingles along Louis' skin. "I feel like you're it for me."

"Damn, boo." Harry smirks, his green eyes shining in the sunlight that was seeping through the large open window. "You thick." Harry says as Louis changes into a bodysuit then pulls a pair of shorts on.
Louis rolls his eyes. "You're spending too much time on Instagram."

"I stan you." Harry continues. "And we only stan iconic queens in this household."

"Oh my God, please stop." Louis slips on his eyeglasses.

"Ugh, what an iconic queen." Harry throws his head back. "She invented putting on eyeglasses."

"Stop going on Instagram."

"I can't. There's a groupchat."

"That you're barely in."

"You too."

Louis scoffs. "Please, Liam and I are in it more than you and Niall combined." He cocks his hip.

"The other one, it makes fun of you — it's called Harry's sock kink."

"I do not have a sock kink." Harry visibly deflates as he frowns.

"Sure, babe."

"It only happened once, just once!" The teen argues.

"You shouldn't be fucking Gucci socks — or socks in general." Louis finds amusement in Harry's grump face. "You shouldn't be fucking anything but me—" Louis' face instantly heats up. "—is something I'd say if I weren't a virgin, of course."

"You know, you're not even a virgin anymore." Harry blinks slowly.

"What do you mean?"

"You're probably not a sex-toy virgin but still a real-cock virgin." Harry says thoughtfully. "Half virgin, maybe."

"What?" Louis furrows his brows.

"That toy you found in my bag." Harry says dreamily. "I can't wait for everyone to go to sleep tonight, when you'll be a desperate, needy mess and all soft and pliant. You'll beg for me to touch you. Ain't that right, babydoll?"

It was no secret that Harry's words held power over Louis, it always turning him into a pile of sludge. "Daddy."

"Hm, Anthos?"

"Daddy, want you to hold me."

"Sweet baby, c'mere."

Harry sighs when Louis finally moves over him. The boy's legs on either side of his hips and his face in the soft fabric of his shirt. He felt content with his kitten over him, the warm Hawaiian breeze ghosting his skin and the sound of the gentle waves crashing along the shore.
His mind brought up a topic Harry wanted to avoid all vacation, school.

"—his sock."

"No way!"

"Uhuh," Niall nods. "Saw it on Instagram."

"Damn, Cap is in for an earful when he gets back."

"Where did they go again?" One football player asks.

"Hawaii."

"Well, I wish I could drop my shit and fuck off to Hawaii."

"Louis' dad bought Harry's ticket."

"Why do rich people buy other rich people stuff? What the fuck is wrong with the world."

"Dylan, didn't Harry buy you that new stereo system for your birthday?"

"And doesn't your dad own Bose?"

"I just—" Louis sobs. "I can't."

"I know, baby honey." Harry holds his boyfriend as he cries. "I know."

Louis cried harder if possible — Harry would feel bad if it weren't for a movie.

"She was al—alone!" Louis' voice cracked. "Alone, and pregnant."

They had just finished watching *Mamma Mia*, in the privacy of their bedroom with the door shut. Before the movie, they had eaten dinner with the rest of the family. Everyone was thankful for the relaxation day and held conversation with each other over the table that held the homemade bread, fried rice, and the large fish and veggie dish that David, Jay, Anne and George made.

"I hate that, I hate those sad-ass songs," Louis sniffs. "I hate feelings."

Harry sighs, bringing his hand to the back of Louis' neck and lightly going over the boy's piercings there with the tip of his finger. He knew that Louis' statement held more than his hatred for feelings from movies or anything fictional — it was a general opinion.

Harry liked to talk about feelings, he liked to open with people about how he was feeling and he was honest about his own emotions. Louis though, he was just plain honest to the point where it was considered rude to some people — yet under that hard, feisty exterior, Harry knew there was boy hiding his feelings. He knows that because he's seen Louis' hidden vulnerability first hand. He didn't mind that Louis wasn't comfortable with talking about his feelings but when it would be too much and explode, Harry hoped to be there to help pick up the pieces.

He was falling hard and fast for the cheerleader in his lap, his gravity pulling him deeper and deeper into Louis' blue eyes.

The three words hanging off the edge of his tongue — the eight letters he so desperately wanted to
say were waiting on the tip of his tongue. Instead, he saves it for their romantic date night. He isn’t a coward, he’s simply postponing it for the favour of himself.

"You're alright, Anthos." Harry coos comfortingly. "It's okay."

"I hate men," Louis sniffles again. "He fucking lied to her, what a bitch."

"Mhm."

"All men do is lie." Louis mutters, "fucking liars, all of them."

Harry stifles his laugh into Louis' hair, the movie was clearly getting to the boy so he switches off the television and moved down in the bed. Louis was wrapped around him like a koala bear so Harry only pulled the blanket over them and listened to Louis mumble on about men, lying, and stupid men who abandon pretty girls on an island to run back to their fiancée. Shocking how a movie could have such an affect on Louis and cause him to make a such a bold statement. But Harry pays no mind to it because he loves Louis' voice, he loves Louis' warmth, and he loves Louis. Though, at the moment, no one needed to know the latter.
59. crazed gecko lookin' out for preggo

Chapter Notes

mentions of mpreg and i tried so hard to get this to be 7k+ but i only got up to 6.9k. I hope you all enjoy it

See the end of the chapter for more notes

LOUIS' OUTFIT (from last chapter): VICTORIA'S SECRET *all pictures used belong to the rightful owners*
It was Monday morning, the sunlight streaming through the open curtains and warm breeze lulling Louis from his sleep, as well as fingers rubbing on his back. He rolls over, and towards whoever was rubbing his back and hums softly. He curls around them and blindly reaches up to poke them.

Harry merely dodges Louis' finger and narrowly misses it poking his eye. "C'mon, babydoll. We're going to the Ocean Center today."

Louis huffs. "I want to stay here."

Harry coos, his fingers digging deeper into Louis' spine. "Little kitten, we made plans today."

"We didn't do shit," Louis mutters. "My mother made plans with the neighbours that we have to go along with."

"Don't you want to see fishies? Little guppies or whatever they have here."

LOUIS' OUTFIT: LOUIS VUITTON *all pictures used belong to the rightful owners*
The Ocean Center is better than Louis originally thought.

"Did you know that starfish and jelly fish aren't fish?"

"Did you know that most fish are covered in their own taste-buds?"

"Did you know that most lipsticks have fish scales in them?"

Louis wrinkles his nose, desperately wanting to rub off his lipstick now. "Did you know that goldfish have teeth?"

"Did you know that whales have bellybuttons?"

"Well, they're mammals."

Harry purses his lips, "I know that."

"Did you know that we, also mammals, have belly buttons? Did you also know that we, mammals, give birth to live young?" Louis says in fake disbelief.

"How weird would it be if we laid eggs?"

"Well, you can't lay eggs. I, on the other hand, can do something like that."

"Are you saying you're part bird or fish? Are you a mermaid?"

Louis blinks, and reaches out to bop Harry's nose. "No, you egg."

"Then, what are you saying?"

"I'm saying that I can give birth."

Harry furrows his brows. "So you're part bird or?"

The cheerleader runs a hand through his hair, a deep sigh following. "No, I'm not part bird."

"Mermaid—"

"No, I'm not part fish."

"Reptile? Like a lizard or something?"

Louis huffs. "How have you.. I just.. You—I can't." Louis leans away from his boyfriend, and steps closer to the glass. "I'm a carrier, Harry." Louis hears nothing, so he starts walking away and follows after his family. He continues, "As in, I can get pregnant. So, other than STI's, that's just another reason for you to wear condoms."

Harry watches, mouth agape as Louis struts down the hallway. He's utterly surprised to say the least, maybe a bit confused, though he was a good kind of surprised.

Male carriers were somewhat rare, he has never met one before and he thinks of it as fate giving him a carrier as a boyfriend. He's glad Louis told him, or else he probably would have barebacked him sooner or later and they would have a little baby on their hands. Good thing that is.
LOUIS' OUTFIT: LOUIS VUITTON *all pictures used belong o the rightful owners*
"Harry, what are you doing?" Louis barely bats an eyelash at his boyfriend, spread out on a lounge chair with his laptop. "How did you even know my password?"

"It was your birthday, I kind of expected you to have a long-ass one but really? That simple? You don't have anything to hide?" Harry rambles as he types on Louis' laptop.

The blue-eyed boy huffs, "you ass, I needed it to be easy enough to remember when I'm high or drunk."

"Hey, did you know that 0.01% of males are carriers?" Harry says. "When did you find out you were a carrier?"

Louis perks up, the sudden interest strikes him with a warm feeling. "I was tested when I was a sixteen, my mum threw a party for me."

"What did the banner say?" Harry raises a brow as Louis climbs onto the lounge chair next to him. He undoubtedly checks out the cheerleader, God, he was lucky.

He stares at Louis' thighs, his thick thighs that should very well be littered in love-bites. Harry looks over Louis' collarbones, his piercings and nearly itches to sink his teeth into the skin there, finally he meets Louis' gaze and finds the latter glaring at him. "What?"

"You asked me a question, and instead of listening to my answer, you check me out?"

Harry slowly shrugs his shoulders. "Well, could you blame me?"

Louis thinks for a moment, tapping his chin in thought. "No, I can't."

The two teens talk for a few more minutes about carriers, though Harry is the one to tell Louis about carriers despite the cheerleader being one himself.

He tells Louis about the stages of pregnancy of males and females and how they're the same, and he tells Louis of how pregnancy affect the male body versus the female body. Most males tend to suffer worse pregnancy symptoms than females, some that can even land them spending most of their pregnancy in the hospital.

Carriers weren't something that people just stumble upon, and it wasn't everyday that Harry would do research on them either. He understood that Louis and him were very well still in their teen years and had plenty of time for children — not to mention that there was always the chance of them not working out.

Harry has always had a bit of baby fever.

He was planning on infecting Louis with it too.

"Tell me something about yourself." Louis says suddenly.

"I can tie cherry stems with my tongue." Harry smirks. "I can do many things with my mouth."

"Yet, none of them include telling me something worth knowing."

"Um, I.."

"How about I tell you what I think of you."
Harry smiles, finally Louis was going tell him sweet things to make his heart flutter.

"You have big dick energy."

Harry chokes on air, "what?"

"Not just energy, you have a big dick to begin with." The cheerleader says as if he's thought of it before. "And, I can call you my vitamin D." He nods once. "Also, please never try on my skirts." He recalls walking in on Harry in one of his skirts.

"Oh my god, I hate you."

As Louis swam in the pool, Harry was on his laptop. He wanted to get educated on carriers and pregnancy in general, just in case.. you know.. he knocked up the person he loves, Louis. Oopsie.

An incoming FaceTime call interrupted his search that Louis called, 'crazed gecko lookin' out for preggo'.

"Louis," Harry switches his gaze from the screen to the small boy lounging in the pool, "who is boyfriend number two?"

Louis chokes on his drink, "What?"

"Your boyfriend number two is trying to FaceTime you." Harry slips off his shirt — because he wants to and it definitely doesn't have to do anything with intimidating whoever was FaceTiming Louis, duh — and puts on his snapback. "Don't worry, your boyfriend number one is going to answer."

"Harry!"

It's too late, Harry already answered the FaceTime call with a hard look on his face and that's gone the moment he sees the familiar boy. "What the fuck, Niall?"

"Guys! He answered!" The blond calls out and not a moment later, several football players crowd his phone. "Jameson, you owe me five bucks."

"Hi, Cap!"

"Enjoying your vacation in Hawaii? We're having a slumber party at Niall's house."

"Heard you have a sock kink."

"Coach came back with more hair than you!"

"When a cat has a vagina, it's a pussy on a pussy. Does that make it gay?"

Harry was stunned, wide eyed and a little red in his cheeks. "I do not have a sock kink! Who told you that?"

He watches all his fellow football players glance at Niall, who was whistling a low tune. "Huh?"

That was when Harry feels a wet, warm, and heavy body fall onto him. Arms circle around his neck
and lips press on the side of his face. "Hazza baby, I don't have another boyfriend! I don't know who boyfriend number two is!" Louis says rushed. He circles his legs around Harry's waist and effectively plants himself on the latter's crotch. "That contact name is shit! I don't know who changed it—"

"Lou—"

"Please don't leave me, I don't know who that is." Louis pulls away and his blue eyes were light, but the corners of his lips were pointed down. "You have to believe me."

Harry cooes, moving his hands down the wet skin of Louis' back to his bum. "I believe you, baby. No need for the little frown, okay?" He curls his hands around Louis' bottom cheeks.

The cheerleader bites his lip, his eyelashes brushing over his cheeks as he blinks. "I still don't know who changed their contact name to boyfriend number two."

"Louis, do you mind not showing us how Harry gropes your ass?"

Louis stiffens in Harry's hold, his eyebrows shoot to his hairline and his fingertips dig into the football player's neck. "I'm going to fuck Niall up."

"If you take away the up, sounds like you said you're going to fuck me."

"I feel terribly bad for whoever has to get inside that body of yours." Louis' eye twitches. "They must be traumatized, Niall." He looks over his shoulder and sees some football players and Niall on the screen. "Your hair looks like pubes and that makes sense since your face looks like someone's balls with pimples."

"Hey, hey." Harry is a bit scared at how red Louis' face is getting. "It's a joke, Anthos. He got me too."

The glare Louis sets on Harry is enough for the green eyed boy to look away. "He made me think you were going to leave me, might I add, for something that I had no fucking idea of."

Harry felt incredibly uneasy all of a sudden. "Niall," Louis' eyes narrow, "you should probably hang up."

"Are you scared of little Tommo?" Niall laughs. "He's like the size of your pinky."

For a second, Harry snaps out of his trance. "I know right." He laughs, leaning over Louis' shoulder to look at the blond on the screen.

The green eyed teen actually freezes when he feels Louis' lips by his ear. "Since daddy is being a little bitch, daddy can suck his own cock for the rest of the vacation."

The football player tenses. He tightens his grip on Louis' bum before the cheerleader moves out of his hold, leaving his lap bare and a little wet.

Louis turns his laptop screen to himself as he leans down, Harry totally doesn't check out his thighs again, except he does.

"Niall, you seem extremely confident when you're a whole two jet rides away." Louis says slow. "Before I forget, you should probably go wash that shit off your face.. Oh wait, that is your face. How terrible." The cheerleader nods with fake sympathy.
Later that night, well close to 9:00pm, Louis’ bedroom door creaks open and a hard body climbs into his sheets.

"Where have you been," Louis mumbles, still facing away from his intruder.

"Do you want the truth?" Harry asks after a few silent moments.

Louis turns around, still curled up in his sheets. "Yes."

"Was watching porn." Harry whispers. "Kind of got a boner watching you eat that Popsicle after dinner."

"Not kind of, you just got a boner." Louis whispers back.

Harry nods. "Yeah, I guess."

Louis watches Harry shut his eyes, he's sure he's almost asleep after a couple minutes. "Harry?"

"Mhm." The teen hums.

"What kind of.. stuff do you watch?"

Harry opens his eyes, the green almost impossible to see in the darkness. "Are you asking what kind of porn I watch?"

Who knew a four letter word would get Louis so flustered, the boy nods once.

Harry hums thoughtfully, shuffling closer to Louis and over him until his arms are on either side of Louis' head. "I watch little twinks get pounded by their daddies."

If Louis wasn't sleepy, and if Harry's voice wasn't so raspy, the cheerleader is sure that he could've said something clever about Harry's attempt at being hot — except, Louis was sleepy and Harry's voice was deeper than the fucking ocean and Harry's attempt wasn't a failed attempt at all. Harry was good looking, he was seducing and he knew it. He fucking knew it.

"Little blue eyed twinks who I imagine as you. Fuck, you'd be such a pretty camboy."

Louis takes Harry by surprise, and goes down to the other side of the bed. He digs into the dresser and pulls out that same vibrator he used on himself before. Harry follows after him, mesmerized. He sits on the side of the bed and pulls the bed sheets over his shoulders.

"Bunnyboo, what are you doing?" Harry gasps when he feels Louis tug down his boxers and the boy's cold hand wrapping around his cock. "Thought you said daddy has to suck his own cock."

Louis hums around the head of Harry's cock, his tongue circling the tip. Pulling off gently, the cheerleader bites his lip. "Was thinking we could do something naughty." He ignores Harry's last statement.

"Oh, yeah?" The football player thrust his hips towards Louis' mouth. "What do you have in mind, Anthos?" He absolutely loved how tiny Louis looked in his t-shirt.

The little sparkle in Louis' eyes tells Harry that he's in for a ride. "Want to fuck the vibrator while I suck your cock."

"Babydoll, yes—" The bedroom door swings open and it reveals Jay, in a pair of yellow pajama shorts and a large t-shirt.
"We're watching a movie in the theater room, it's the first Mamma Mia." She says. "Where's Louis?"

Harry freezes, but Louis pulls off his cock in a second and the cold air on his tip snaps him out of his embarrassment. "Louis is.. um." Harry licks his lips, pulling the bed sheets tight around his shoulders. "He's in the bathroom."

"Oh, okay." Jay smiles. "We'll wait for you two downstairs." Then she's gone, shutting the door after her.

"You know locks were invented for a reason, right?" Louis has a cherry red face. "God, I can never look at my mother again."

"We could've done one of those porno things, that 'not afraid to be caught'." Harry pulls up his boxers.

"Yeah," Louis blinks. "I don't think I'm ready for that yet."

"Yet?" Harry perks up in interest. "You said yet."

Louis wakes up on Tuesday morning with a smile on his face. He was the first one up and went to use the bathroom before returning to bed. He observes Harry's sleeping body and spends more time admiring the teen's back muscles. Then, he decided that since Harry owed him, for waking him up in the middle of the night to tell him about a dream he had (since he knew he was going to forget it), that he would wake up the football player.

Louis straddles Harry's lower spine and presses down on the teens back, moving his fingers in small circles and digging them into his muscles. He flips his hair from his eyes and adds more pressure, slowly getting to Harry's shoulders and rubbing the skin there. His bare thighs are against Harry's taught tan skin, and his little fingers continue to massage his boyfriend.

Harry eventually stirs and shifts around, his face still buried in his pillow and his voice muffled. "Ya' welt lit cats."

Louis gawks, "I welt lit cats?"

Harry groans, moving around and shooting Louis a tired look over his shoulder. "You feel like cacti."

"I still don't understand how that sounded like you said I welt lit cats." The cheerleader moves away his hands and shuffles back on his side of the bed. "Wakey, wakey, cutie."

Harry hums, still face first in his pillow. "You're awfully nice today."

"I'm just happy." Louis falls back into bed and spreads himself like a star fish.

"As jolly as a jellybean." The tried teen retorts. "Move your legs away."

Louis stays as he is, his legs over Harry's back and the back of his thighs, and the cheerleader even wriggles around. He wants attention.

"Lou," Harry moves away, "stop it."
Louis, feeling very energetic, continues to move his legs like he's making a snow angel.

"Sweetums, I'm tried—" Harry tries to move further away but is cut off my his own scream and a loud thump.

Louis sits up and frowns, he's the only one on the bed now. "Where did you go?"

"Down here." A hand pops up from beside the bed. "I fell."

The cheerleader scoffs. "Obviously you did, my clumsy baby Bambi."

After a few seconds, Harry is standing up and rubbing his elbow. His hair is a dashingly handsome mess atop his head, his cheeks a rosy red, and his green eyes blinking rapidly.

"Are you blushing from the nickname?"

Harry slowly crawls back onto the bed, his boxers low on his hips. "Maybe." His cheeks redden more if possible.

"Crazy how you're all clumsy yet you're the captain of the football team."

Harry huffs, "shut up. You make me this clumsy with your.." Harry gestures to Louis' entire self. "With your everything."

Louis cooes. He spreads his legs and pulls Harry between them, then wraps his arms around the teen's shoulders and nuzzling his cheek.

"Louis, your leg hair is growing back and it feels like a cactus."

"And?"

"Nothing."

Louis pulls away with a raised brow. "Oh, so you have a sock kink but you can't stand my prickly legs?"

Harry pouts, his bright pink lips jutting out and his eyes widen. "For the record, I don't have a sock kink and I don't mind your leg hair, babydoll." Harry leans down, about to connect his lips with Louis'. "How about a good morning kiss, hm?"

"Two things." Louis holds his finger against puckered Harry's lips. "One, if you didn't my mind my prickly legs then you wouldn't have pointed it out and second, go brush your teeth."

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have mentioned your legs when I have nothing against them. Though, you have let me kiss you before brushing my teeth before." Harry says as Louis cringes.

"Yeah, and I realized how gross it was." The blue-eyed boy licks Harry's nose, "go on, daddy. I'm not going anywhere."

Harry leaves with a *humpf* and trudges to the bathroom, and Louis entertains himself with the other teen's phone.

He goes through Harry's apps and his photos, which holds more pictures of himself than the owner of the phone. He sees a couple of him just reading or texting, some of him playing Wii or sleeping — which isn't as weird as it sounds. He was a blushing mess until he came across a fairly arousing picture.
Oh, god.

He believed Harry when he said that he jacked off with Louis' panties but it was different seeing it.

The picture was of Harry's dick, just.. out. It was rock hard and pre-cum spread around the red tip, the football player had a hand wrapped around it and when Louis looked closer, he could see fabric wrapped around the base.

"I was going to send that to you," came a deep voice. "When we got back to school, I wanted to make you flustered during class."

Louis looks over his shoulder and Harry is closer than he originally thought. "You're such an attention whore."

"Oh, so you don't want the picture?" Harry raises a brow, a sly smirk on his face. "Guess I'll just post them online."

Louis holds the phone closer to his chest, cradling it and squinting at the older boy. "I want the picture."

"Do you?"

Louis pouts. "Daddy, you're making me sad."

"Am I?"

Louis wanted to be comforted today, he wanted to be treated like the delicate princess he was. "Daddy, you're being a meanie."

Harry props a hand on his hip, his long tan torso on view and boxers incredibly low on his hips. "Maybe kitten's sassy ways are just rubbing off on me." The boy raises a brow. "It was about time I stand up for myself."

Louis rolls onto his tummy, kicking his feet in the air and supporting his chin with his hand. "But, I'm your baby. You're not allowed to be mean to me. It's practically a rule."

Harry sighs, simply taken by Louis' prettiness. The latter's bedhead and his bright blues put Harry in a position where he would do anything the boy asked. "Princess doesn't like a taste of his own medicine."

"No." Louis shook his head. "I want to be the sassy one in this relationship, it's my nature to be the bitchy and—"

Harry yawns, over exaggeratedly. "Oh, god." He makes a loud whale-like noise. "Please do keep talking, I only yawn when I'm super fascinated." He rubs his eyes.

Louis flips Harry off. "Better air-kiss my ass goodbye 'cause you just lost all your groping rights, bitch." Louis stands in an instant and spanks his own bottom, turning around and bending over to retrieve his phone. The plump cheeks are absolutely gorgeous as they poke out from under his shirt, Harry steps forward and reaches out to give it a little squeeze.

The football player gets one finger on the right cheek before his hand is being smacked away. Louis' eyes narrow, "don't make me repeat myself. If you want to be a sassy bitch, then you got to be able to take the consequences."
Harry groans as Louis walks out the bedroom, his hips swaying and bum covered once again. Watching helplessly as his boyfriend abandons him, Harry mutters, "fuckin' titty sprinkles."

Harry was determined to get on Louis' good side before they would leave for Ioane's art show. Surely, he would like to grope Louis a few times in the art gallery, mostly to assert himself as Louis' boyfriend for Ioane in case he forgot about his promise but after getting his hands smacked away several times, Harry realized it was going to take more than kisses and naughty touches to get his little kitten back.

He spent a couple minutes staring at Louis as the boy swam in the pool. The rest of their family were inside, watching a movie — a scary one in the morning because Lottie claimed that "the demons wouldn't dare to attack them in the daytime". Harry did want to watch the movie but when he heard Louis decline, he was faster than lightning as he followed the cheerleader back out to the poolside.

Louis later climbed onto his pool float and grabbed his phone. He was texting someone and by the look on his face, Harry assumed something funny was said.

Perrie: maybe he's on his man period
Louis: a maniod
Perrie: two things. One, don't ever do that a again. Two, or maybe he's pregnant
Louis: a pregnant man? Sounds fake
Perrie: shut up
Louis: you shut up
Perrie: Why don't you grow a couple inches and then you can tell me to shut up

"Harry, did you eat any of my donuts?"

"Why would I eat donuts when I have you, a snack." Harry winks. "Kind of snack with two c's."

"Harry, my powdered donuts."

Harry licks his lips. "No. I didn't know you had any donuts."

Louis raises an eyebrow. "Are you sure? The powder ones that I had delivered to the house before we got here, the ones that I told you about."

"No, I don't remember you telling me anything about donuts." Harry says quickly. "Nothing at all. What's that look you're giving me? God, don't look at me like that."

Louis hums, and narrows his eyes. "Oh, really? What's all that powder on your shirt? And your chin?"
Harry blinks. "Cocaine. I'm a drug addict."

"Jesus, Harry."

"It's true! I have a whole stash in my bag."

"Okay, show me." Louis crosses his arms.

It's quiet for a few moments. "Okay, I ate your powdered donuts and your gummy bears."

"My gummy bears too?!" Louis lets out a loud groan. "I fucking hate you."

Harry dusts the powder off himself. "I wanted sweets!"

"Doesn't mean you have to eat mine!" Louis cries out. "I was saving those for a time when I'm craving sugar."

"I'm sorry," Harry sits up and holds open his arms. "I'll give you kissies and cuddles for your forgiveness."

"Eat it."

"No."

"Eat it, Louis."

"No, you ate my sweets."

"I'm sorry, okay?" Harry sighs. "Just, please. Veggies are good for you."

"Yeah, so is water but you don't see me drowning myself."

Harry sighs. "Louis, please? We have to leave soon."

"Oh great," the cheerleader stands up. "That means I can go."

"No, Louis." Harry blocks the boy from moving away from the table. "You're going to eat your vegetables." He pushes the boy down back into his seat and taps Louis' nose. "The sooner you eat it, the sooner you can start getting ready."

With a stubborn huff, Louis begrudgingly grabs his fork and angrily stabs some lettuce. "I hate veggies."

Harry leans down. "Look, I'll eat some too." He pulls Louis' lettuce filled fork to his mouth and takes it all into his mouth — his tongue hanging out too. "See? It's easy."

LOUIS' OUTFIT: DOLCE & GABBANA *all pictures used belong to the rightful owners*
"Louis, Harry!" A voice calls out as the owner approaches. "Sweet ride you have here." Ioane says walking up to the teen couple, he's wearing a nice black button up with the sleeves rolled to his elbows and a pair of white pants. "I've got a Jeep myself, it's a bright blue."

Harry breathes deeply through his nose, patting Louis' bum. "So, what's happening at this show of yours exactly?"

"Well, since it's my school that's holding it, there's going to be more than just sculptures and paintings. I don't think you'll be quite into that anyway." The boy laughs. "There's going to be play preformed by the drama department and a little surprise from the visual art department too, though it's messy."

Louis offers him a smile, and flips his fringe from his eyes. "We don't mind a little mess, do we, Harold?"

Harry shrugs. "I sure don't."

Ioane claps his hands. "Great, so I'll drive—"

"I'm driving." Harry holds the keys up.

"Okay, I'll just give you the directions then. Do you have a GPS?"

"Of course I have a GPS."

Once Ioane is in the car, Louis pulls Harry back. "Hey, be nice."

Harry sighs. "Him and I made a deal, we're starting off with a clean slate."

"You still seem pretty annoyed by him."

"I'm trying, okay?"

Louis pats him on his cheek. "Okay."

Louis is in the middle of discussing an artwork made from rope wrapped around wires. The metal bent and twisted to make some animal silhouette. "I kind of see a dinosaur." Louis squints.

Ioane hums, "I think it's an elephant. You see the trunk?" He points to one end of the sculpture. "And the ears are there."

The cheerleader whistles lowly. "Well, there's another reason why I should stay far away from any sort of art." He turns his head, "what do you see, Hazza baby?"

The football player shifts on his feet. "I kind of see a bunny." He squints. "Maybe a unicorn."

"I think I see a unicorn too." Louis nods, squeezing Harry's hand. "What time is it?"

"It's almost six."
Ioane claps his hands, "oh! That means it's almost time for the surprise." He takes Louis' wrist and leads them through crowds of people, curving through the bodies and out to the back door of the school.

Harry notes that Ioane's grip on Louis' wrist doesn't linger.

"Here," the Pacific islander goes over to a large shack, coming back with two pairs of white jumpsuits. "Put these on."

Louis squints from the bright sunshine, he feels as if he'll start sweating buckets if they didn't return to the lovely air conditioned school. "Why?"

"Don't want to get paint all over yourselves, do you?" Ioane smiles, his eyes crinkling at the corners.

Harry takes a jumpsuit from the boy's awaiting hand and puts it on, he zips the hood over his hair and turns back to his boyfriend and Ioane. After one look at Louis, Harry giggles into his hand. "It's a little big, huh?"

The blue-eyed boy huffs, waving his sleeves around — his fingers aren't even visible. "I can't see a thing." He says, the hood covering his eyes. "Is there a smaller size than this?"

Ioane stifles a laugh. "Yeah, you two can follow me and get your skates."

"I don't like this." Louis says immediately. "I can't move."

Harry, on the other hand, was rollerblading flawlessly. "C'mon, kitten!" He skates a circle around his small boyfriend. "Just move." He pushes Louis' shoulder and the boy screams.

"Don't touch me!" Louis holds out his hands, trying to retain his balance. "God, someone get these fucking things off me!"

"Why would you want that?" Ioane speaks from the sidelines. "Then, you can't paint."

"I can't roller-blade, let alone angle my feet in different ways to paint anything in general." Louis looks down at the small brushes hanging off the back of his skates. "I don't even have paint on my brushes yet."

Harry finally stops skating circles around him and comes to a stop in front of him, his roller-blades covered in paint, as well as his white jumpsuit, from falling once. "Then, let's go get you some paint." He points over his shoulder at the many puddles of paint spread out on the ground by the corner. "Here, grab my hand."

"It's covered in paint."

"It's not like you're going to stay paint-free, hm?"

"Fine." Louis mumbles, but squeals when Harry pulls him. He leans away from the taller teen and his roller-blades hate him because they refuse to stop. Next thing he knows, he's flat on the ground, he also pulls Harry down with him.

The football player lands with an 'oof' and quickly holds up his weight with either hand by Louis' head. "Fuck, are you okay?"
Louis' eyes are closed and the back of his head is throbbing, as well as his elbows. "I want to just stay here."

"No," Harry whines. "Can you just try to paint something for me?"

Louis only groans.

"Please? Pretty please?" The teen flutters his lashes. "Pretty, pretty please? Pretty, pretty, pretty please?"

"Okay!" Louis cries out. "Fine, just know that if I break a bone, I'm giving you the silent treatment."

Louis nearly falls twice more, and both times he's caught by Harry.

Families and other teens are skating around them, faster and more experienced than Louis — but Harry doesn't leave him. He holds Louis' hands and takes his time, slowly guiding them around the perimeter all the way to the paint. Once there, Louis tries his best to paint Harry a heart, using both the brushes on the back of his roller-blades and though it turns out more like a lopsided and wiggly triangle, Harry does the most cheesy thing and uses one skate to paint 'L + H' inside the lopsided ugly, triangle.

"Looks like a heart if you squint." Harry tells Louis.

"Looks even better if you shut your eyes." Louis frowns.

"Did I do something?" Louis asks quietly, switching on the facet and rinsing his hands before getting some soap. "I feel like you're mad at me." He followed Harry to the washrooms after they finished painting with their 'roller-blade brushes'. He was only talking to Ioane about how everything done by the roller-blades was going to be permanent and just another addition to bring the art school to life. Harry was fine when they were rollerblading, then he went all silent after a few minutes. Louis immediately thought he was being jealous again.

Harry scrubs his hands free of any paint. "Nope."

Louis frowns. "Your tone of voice says different." He rinses his hands once more and goes towards the dryer. "It's okay to get jealous sometimes."

"I'm not..." Harry sighs. "I mean, would it hurt you to maybe talk to me too?"

Louis drops his hands at his sides. "You're acting like I'm ignoring you."

"Well, you sure aren't talking to me."

The blue-eyed boy's mouth opens and shuts. "Harry, I've been with you all night."

"It's getting late," the teen finishes washing his hands and quickly dries them. "We should get home."

Louis didn't understand Harry, he was acting as if Louis hadn't spent most of the night hung on his arm. "We're not done here." The cheerleader was beginning to get frustrated.

Harry breathes deeply through his nose. "Well, I am." His words leave Louis shocked. "I'll be in the car."
The car ride is full of tension, no doubt that Ioane could feel it too. He's quiet for the most part, other than informing Harry of the directions back to their houses. The radio is playing a pop song, but on low volume and Louis was itching to give Harry a piece of his mind. To tell the football player off for thinking Louis was ignoring him.

They pull up to the long drive way of the Tomlinson house and Harry shuts off the jeep. The silence is almost ear-splitting.

"Well," Ioane clearly notes the obvious private conversation waiting to happen. "Thanks for the ride, I hope you two had fun." He opens the door, "I'll text you two later, goodnight."

Once he's gone, Louis turns to Harry with a glare. "You have a lot of explaining to do." The other teen remains silent. "I don't understand what you want from me, I spent majority of the night with you. I left, what? Once? Maybe three times max. And you're giving me the cold shoulder like I abandoned you as soon as we got to the show."

Harry's green eyes stay on the steering wheel, he says nothing as he opens the car door and jumps out.

Louis sits there for a moment, utterly speechless at Harry's action and he even contemplates on his previous words.

"Where did he go?"

Anne looks up from her novel with a frown on her face. "He's packing his bags upstairs."

Louis immediately bolts to the stairs and races up. He stomps down the hall and swings Harry's bedroom door open but it's empty, then he realizes all of Harry's belongings are in his own room. So, he spins around and quickly runs to his room, twisting the doorknob and already speaking aloud. "I can't believe you would just leave me—" He's cut off by his own gasp.

The timid expression on Harry's face says it all. "Ta—da?"

Louis is speechless. There was a table by the balcony of his room, a white table cloth over it with a centerpiece of shells and a bouquet of bright coloured flowers and deep green leaves in a small brown pot. Candles were covering the bedside tables and the sill of the balcony, illuminating the room with a faint yellow glow.

Harry stood by the table in a spiffy white suit, and his tie had little fishies on it. His curly hair in a carefully combed back style, glasses on the tip of his nose and his eyes searching Louis' face for any sort of reaction.

"So?" The football player's voice is hopeful. "What do you think?"

"What's all this for?"

Harry straightens his back. "Well, I wanted to celebrate."
"Celebrate what?" Louis smiles small.

"Us getting closer." Harry answers. "And I realized that we're young, we have the rest of our lives ahead of us and it's time for us to start living it to the fullest." The green eyed boy fixes his eyeglasses. "I wanted to do this on Friday, when we would be alone but I don't want to wait any longer."

Louis' face must be a bright red in the candle light, and his eyes must be wary because Harry quickly steps over and grabs his hand.

"It's not that serious... Actually, I think it is. Yeah, it's serious." Harry mutters. "God, I'm rambling. Please, sit." He brings Louis to the table and pulls out a chair.

The cheerleader quietly sits, folding his hands in his lap and observing the flowers carefully. "What are they?"

"Bird-of-paradise." Harry sits in his chair across the other teen. "Aren't they pretty?"

"They're pointy." Louis says. "They smell pretty, though."

Harry and Louis make eye contact over the bouquet. In the darkness of the room, Louis' blue eyes appeared as a thin ring around his pupils. The boy's cheekbones highlighted by the candles wavering light and moonlight shining through the open curtains, and causing shadows to cast over his skin.

"What was it you wanted to tell me?" Louis turns serious, a small furrow in his brow appearing.

A knock on the door takes Harry's attention, he looks up and smiles. "Can't say it now, our food is here."

Louis looks over his shoulder and can't help but giggle. "Nice tie, Lottie."

His blonde sister glares. "Shut up."

With an amused hum, Louis slowly scans her waitress-like clothes. She had a pair of black dress pants, and a white collared shirt. A black tie was perfectly centered and her hair held back in a tight bun, she was even rolling a small cart piled with closed dishes— Louis could already tell that she was already so done.

"Here's your food." Lottie smiles, tight lipped and eyes in small slits. "Seasoned salmon, steamed vegetables and a basket of fresh garlic bread."

"Excuse me, what's the salmon seasoned with?" Louis tilts his head.

Lottie grips the bottle of champagne tightly, and her mouth twitches. "The salmon is seasoned with lemon pepper, garlic power and salt." She mutters through clenched teeth. "Krug Vintage Brut champagne as you requested, Harry."

"Thanks, Lottie." The teen takes the bottle.

Louis watches his sister leave, rolling her little cart and flipping them off before shutting the door. He faces Harry again before bursting into loud cackles. "How the fuck did you manage to get her to agree to this?"

Harry chuckles, popping open the bottle of champagne and pouring it into Louis' glass. "I'm getting her this custom purse from Gucci, my dad is close with the creative director."
"So, she's getting that. Then, what are you planning on getting *me* for my birthday?" Louis takes his glass carefully.

"I think I've got a few ideas." Harry fills up his own. "Let's make a toast."

"Okay," Louis hums, "to me."

"Ha." Harry rolls his eyes. "How about to us?"

Hiding his fond smile, Louis pretends to be annoyed. "To us."

They eat their food, it was quite obvious that it was made by their parents though. No one could make salmon like Louis' mother. But, if Louis gave Harry most of his veggies, there was nothing wrong with that.

Once they were finished, Lottie returned to collect their dishes and offer them desert.

"I want mint chip ice cream in a cone." Louis tells her.

"Yuck." Lottie wrinkles her nose.

"I'm fine, Lots." Harry says. "We're going for a walk on the beach once Louis has his ice cream."

"You know, I did promise you another date." Harry rubs his thumb over Louis' knuckles. "Does this beat the arcade and drive-in movie?" His gaze travels over the setting sun, over the water and reflecting off the ripples.

Louis licks his lips to rid it of any left over ice cream, he was a little sad he finished his cone so quickly. "You bet." He digs his toes into the sand as he walks, listening to the peaceful sound of the waves crashing along the shoreline. "You could do the least and I'll be happy." He says quietly. "As long as I'm with you, I think everyday would be wonderful."

Harry's heart flutters. "I'm so sure I love you." Harry says softly.

"Thought you were already positive about that."

Harry lets out a nervous laugh. "Well, I mean.. I was, I am. This whole night was meant to lead up to this. I—I don't know why I'm so nervous." He breathes out. "I guess I can say it now without there having to be a fuckwad around."

"By that you mean, you're finally saying it when you're not jealous." Louis looks at his feet.

"Therefore?"

"Therefore I mean it." Harry slows down his steps. "I let my jealousy get in the way of a very important milestone for us." Harry knew Louis hated talking about his feelings, but they needed to have this conversation and clear things up. It was the only way.

The cheerleader smiles, it's small and cute. "It's okay, Harry."

The older teen shakes his head. "No. It's not. The moment where we admit our deep feelings for each other was ruined by my jealousy." Harry stops walking, and wraps his arms tight around Louis' waist. "When you were sleeping back in the hotel in L.A. I told you I loved you." His voice lowers.
"And I was relieved when you didn't move at all, and that you were still sleeping."

"Why?"

"I didn't want you to reject me."

"Harry—"

"Wait, just let me talk, please." Harry bites his lip. "I know that I'm cocky, and not the most serious person but.. I understand my feelings for you and I've known about them for a while now. I don't mind telling other people that I love you, Lou, or saying how I think I love you to your face but it's just," he pauses, "it's the rawness of saying it to you that makes me scared." He blinks several times before shaking his head, his curls swinging everywhere. "Never mind, I probably sound stupid right now." His shoulders sag.

"No," Louis holds Harry's face up by his chin, "don't be afraid of being vulnerable around me."

"I know we're playful, we joke around a lot and it's one of my favourite things about our relationship. In the last few months I've liked you—"

"Mhm, had a crush on me." Louis drops his hands into Harry's, their fingers tangling.

Harry looks up at Louis through his lashes. "Shush." He looks back down at their hands. "My several month long crush was bound to grow into love before you felt the same about me."

"I know I could love you someday."

"I know that too." Harry looks up at Louis' eyes. "But you don't love me, not right now."

Louis slowly shakes his head.

Harry sighs, he feels the burn in his chest and the drop in his spirit. The blue-eyed boy before him was someone who made his heart race and his soul feel light — Harry knew that Louis was a one-in-a-lifetime blessing. At that moment, Harry chose to devote himself to Louis, at only eighteen, he decided to give himself completely to Louis.

Harry was willing to wait for Louis to love him.

"I understand, baby." Harry whispers when he sees Louis' lip wobble. "Don't cry, I love you."

And Louis does cry, his tears fall in streams on the redness of his cheeks as his blue eyes are pools of sadness. He didn't want to cry, especially in front of Harry when their date night was going so well.

"Babydoll," Harry cradles Louis into his chest and leans down. "It's okay if you don't love me right now."

Louis felt his tears drip down his face and he knew he looked like a mess. He hated crying.

"All that counts is that you'll love me later, right?" Harry gently holds Louis' face up. "Right, baby honey?"
TA-DAA, any thoughts?
"Harry! There are packages for you." Louis calls out, leaning on the door way. "Hazza baby!"

"Coming, coming." A voice calls back.

It's quiet for a few moments, Louis wishes he brought his phone with him.

"So, how's your day going?" The delivery boy asks.

"It's good, I haven't done anything. How about you?"

"Even better that I get to see a pretty thing like you."

Louis deflates.

"He isn't a thing, he's a human. And leave him alone." Harry appears by Louis' side. "Why does every single person on this planet want my boyfriend?" He mutters lowly.

Louis awkwardly stands there, rolling on the heels of his feet and watches Harry sign for his packages. He stares at the slightly red delivery boy and quickly averts his eyes from the two boxes being passed to Harry.

"You got packages shipped here?" Louis asks. "Extra little hoe."

Harry laughs, giving his boyfriend a dashingly handsome smirk. "You're going to like what I got. I promise."

"What is this?" Louis raises a brow.

Harry opens the box on Louis' lap and then his. "We are matching." Harry grins. "You have seashell pink, and I have lantana."

**LOUIS' SLIPPERS: UGG®** *pictures from www.ugg.com*
HARRY'S SLIPPERS: UGG®  *pictures from www.ugg.com*
Louis' eyes are glued on the hot pink slippers on Harry's feet. The fluffiest slippers he's ever seen.

"We're so cute." Harry's staring down at their matching slippers. "I couldn't resist it when I saw it on Instagram. I just really liked it." He stands and cocks a hip. "Do you like them?"

Louis is quite speechless, he shows so as he blinks blankly at Harry. His tough, muscular, football-playing boyfriend in what is classified as womens UGG slippers.

Louis wanted to hold Harry in his arms forever. He wanted to suffocate Harry in kisses and cuddles, giving the teen the world a happiness and simply admiring his entire being.

"I want to have sex with you."

That wasn't exactly what Louis wanted to say, but his mouth clearly had a mind of its own.

The expression on Harry's face changes fairly quickly. First it's shocked and maybe a bit startled, then it morphs into his famous nose scrunch and squinted eyes.

"I mean—," Louis tries to save a ship that's already sailed. "Jesus.. um.. stop giving me that creepy love stare."

Harry sits back down, this time he can be considered to be on Louis rather than next to him. "I'm fonding at you." The teen brings Louis as close as possible. "Because I love you."

Louis' face immediately heats up, as it as been ever since Harry said those three words. It always made Louis feel unbelievably comfortable with Harry, and completely melt into the football captain's hold.

Harry leans in close and licks Louis' nose. "And I want to have sex with you too."

"Hey, Louis?"

The cheerleader immediately narrows his eyes. Harry rarely used his first name. "What do you want or what did you do?"

The football captain blinks profusely and gulps twice. "I wanted to ask you something."

"If it's to try your ugly green smoothie, then you can fuck off." Louis wrinkles his nose. "I'm still traumatized from that weird one with the pickles."

"It's not a smoothie! It's called relish!"

Louis rolls his eyes, fixing his glasses on his nose. "It has pickles which is cucumber and cucumber is a fruit."

Harry sighs loudly. "Cucumber isn't a fruit!"

"Why not? It has seeds."

The taller teen fish-mouthes. "It's green!"
Louis gives him an unimpressed look. He even pushes his glasses to the tip of his nose and combs his gaze over Harry's tall figure. "Really? Your eyes are green."

"Exactly." Harry props a hand on his hip. "Then I'd be the apple of your eye—vegetable of your eye."

"I have nothing to say to you."

Harry stifles a laugh in his arm before stepping into the room. He slowly walks to the bed and sits down, he takes Louis' phone from his hands and sets it on the bedside table. "I want you to do something for me."

"If you're going to tell me to suck your dick," Louis pauses and glances over his boyfriend's lovely, lovely, hard shirtless body. "Then, my answer is; gladly. Take off your pants."

"Wait, wait, no." Harry sees the look on Louis' face. "Okay, not now. But a hundred percent later."

"You're lucky I like you enough to reschedule a blowjob." The cheerleader leans on the headboard and crosses his arms.

"Okay. I don't really know how to say this, but," Harry swallows, "I wanted to know if you could paint my nails." Harry purses his lips. "I always found it.. pretty. And I could never paint my right hand, my mum hates the smell and my dad can't keep his hand still for shit." Harry says. "Why not my future husband do it?"

Louis rolls his eyes fondly. Harry was the biggest dork, especially when he was joking about marriage.

"In my luggage in the closet, I have a couple bottles. You can go choose a colour."

Harry grins, all his nervousness and insecurities wiped away with Louis' cute little smile.

Louis was a little taken back at Harry's femininity, if anything it made him feel utterly content. He absolutely fell harder for Harry at that moment, and it was just the best thing he's ever done.

**LOUIS' NAIL POLISH: GUCCI** *(pictures from www.gucci.com)*
"I really love the black, I think it's bold yet subtle." Harry mumbles, watching Louis' steady hand carefully hold the nail polish brush.

"It's cute." Louis sticks his tongue out of the corner of his lips.

"It's Gucci."

Louis nods. "Yes, Harry. It is Gucci."

"You own Gucci nail polish?"

"You don't?" The cheerleader shoots back. "It was only thirty bucks."

"No one needs to pay that much for nail polish. Unless if it was Christian Louboutin, now that," Harry whistles, "is the shit. It has this iconic pointy bottle, and the colours are so plain but I see it more as graceful, though they do have some really nice metallics that are so pretty. They have this one called Rouge and the bottle makes me hard."

"Are you a nail polish expert all of a sudden?"

"For your information, knowing several specific facts about a lone topic does not make me an expert."

"You literally just defined what being an expert is." Louis giggles and almost messes up Harry's nails.

"Hey! I'm not paying you to mess up."

Louis scoffs. "You aren't paying me at all, bitch."

"Shut up, hoe."

"Don't make me ruin your nails, bitch. I won't hold back."

"I won't hold back." Harry mocks.

But he doesn't try to tick Louis off anymore because he really, really doesn't want to ruin his nails.

"So," the blue-eyed boy steps out of the bathroom, the steam escaping behind him and a pink fluffy towel around his body. "The luau is tonight, I don't know what to wear.” He uses the tinier towel to dry his hair.

Harry yawns, and switches on the television remote. "I kind of don't want to go. We should stay in."

Louis drops the bigger towel, and he certainly catches Harry's eye. The sleepiness gone and replaced with lust. Louis was wearing a pair of tiny baby blue lace panties, the fabric stretching around his round hips and oh so lovely behind.

**LOUIS' PANTIES: SAVAGE X FENTY** *picture used from www.savagex.com*
"Are you done checking me out?" Louis slips on his seashell pink UGG slippers and steps into the walk-in closet. "What would we even do if we stay in?"

"We could make cupcakes."

"What's up with you and baking?"

"I'm a bake-aholic. I love baking." Harry lets out a triumphant sound.

"You can't just add aholic to something and expect me to laugh." Louis pokes his head out of the closet before disappearing again.

"I feel like you're more of a bitch-aholic. You just emit bitch energy."

Louis cackles loud from the closet. "That's why my middle name is bitch." He then pops out of the closet again, only to throw a shirt at Harry.

The fabric smacks him right in the face, and he ignores it as it flops onto his lap. "Just bake with me, or let's just make toast. We haven't made toast together, how is it that we've never made toast together." Harry rambles. "We aren't soulmates unless we make toast together, wait do you even like toast?"

"I don't want to do anything that can burn down the house," Louis says aloud. "I do like toast, yeah."

"Okay." Harry murmurs. He runs a hand through his hair, before checking on his nail polish. "Should we just search romantic comedies on Netflix and then see what we find?"

[Woman gives me big dick energy and makes me feel confident. It makes me want to strut around naked and pole dance]

Harry hears Louis' sneeze. "Bless you, bunnyboo!"

His small boyfriend comes out of the closet holding a few dresses, all different colours and fabrics. His nose is a little red and he has a light pink dusting his cheeks.

**LOUIS' OUTFIT: SAVAGE X FENTY** *pictures used from www.savagex.com*
"Oh, Jesus." Harry openly ogles at Louis. "You're so pretty, I'm going to die."

"Thankies, honey." Louis sniffs. "God, my nose is like fucking Holland tunnel. All backed up and shit."

Harry pouts. "Aw, are you getting sick?"
"No." Louis shakes his head. "I don't think so. Maybe just my allergies."

"What are you allergic to?"

"Heterosexuality." Louis says without a beat. "And pollen and bananas, and seafood makes my lips swollen but I still eat it."

Harry was staring at Louis, with literal heart eyes. He loved learning new things about Louis, the cheerleader was like a firework that went off and made smaller fireworks and then tinier and then microscopic ones. Little microscopic fireworks that were as bright as the actual sun.

"I feel like shit." Louis mutters, then spreads out his dresses. They all vary in pastel colours with light, floral or simple patterns. They were all soft to the touch too. "My nose is tickling me, and my jaw hurts like hell."

Harry hums thoughtfully. "I haven't fucked your mouth in a while, so it's not me."

Louis groans but his cheeks also heat up. "God, your mouth is filthy."

"Says the one who eats both our cum."

"You do that too!"

"Yeah, but you do it more."

"So?"

"Your ingested sperm count is higher, that makes you more of a slut."

"Bitch, I don't care. I like being a slut." Louis licks his lips, and leans into the bed. "In fact, I love being a slut."

"You think I'm being a bitch today?" Harry wonders aloud.

"Hell yeah."

"Am I being a hoe?"

"You're such a hoe. Your name should be Hoe-rry."

Bebe_Harreh replied to a comment on 59. crazed gecko lookin' out for preggo.

3 days ago

Hoerry
"I guess that saying is true then." Harry's face breaks into a grin, it's wide and stretches across his face. "You are what you eat."

"I don't care if you think I'm a hoe." Louis points a finger at Harry. "You asked me out."

"You said yes, sis."

"And how is that my fault?" Louis cocks his hip. "Is it my fault you wanted to ask me out on a date?"

"Yeah."

"Please, explain."

"Well," Harry licks his lips. "You are a part of this species of teenagers who are called perfect and one of their many talents includes attracting possible mates, who are called Harry Styles' that have one weakness which is boys named Louis Tomlinson."

"I can't tell if you're trying to be funny, sincere, or call out every other teenager in the world but myself." The blue-eyed boy frowns. "I don't understand what goes on in that peanut brain of yours."

"Oh, sorry. Did you say something? My peanut brain deflects bitchiness."

"Yeah and your cock deflects my ass. Have fun fucking my socks." Louis crosses his arms and is about to walk away but obviously, Harry pulls him into his lap.

"Oh, Anthos." He sing-songs. "I love you, I love our banter, I love your sassiness, I love your tiny little fingers even when they pinch me, I love your feet even when they kick me in my sleep, I love watching you slyly steal food from my plate, I love it when you give me head."

Louis struggles in his tight grip. "You're so whipped that if you were a dessert topping, you'd be whipped cream."

"I'd be whipped cream on your body."

"I'm not a dessert."

"To me you are."

"No, you cannibal."

"Yes."

"Nope."

"Yep."

"Nah."

"Yah."

Louis huffs. "I am not arguing with you when my jaw aches." He eventually settles in Harry's lap.

Harry puckers his lips, "is wittle baby growing in his wisdom teeth?" He says in a baby voice. "Itty,
bitty baby's mouth is hurting. Aw, how sad."

Louis just rolls his eyes. He has to admit, he loves when Harry sasses him back, it's amusing and makes him feel closer to the football captain.

"Wisdom teeth are hurting the little princess." Harry pouts.

"Shut up, you sack of dicks."

"I may be a sack of dicks, but all these dicks belong to you."

Harry basks in the glare sent his way. He was absolutely high on the feeling of Louis' presence.

In contrast to the beginning of their relationship where Louis was the one being the most loud, it was now Harry shooting back. It was like a breath of fresh air on both sides, Louis loved bantering with someone and Harry loved giving Louis a taste of his own medicine. So, maybe not a breath of fresh air and instead drugged up gas. Like some kind of tear gas but with banter, like sass-gas.

"Hey, don't hurt yourself thinking so hard."

Harry feels a finger bop his nose.

The football captain glares. "I'm so recording you high on laughing gas." Harry sits up on his knees and slowly crawls to where Louis stood organizing his dresses on the bed. "I hope you say something embarrassing, like your deepest darkest secret."

"My deepest darkest secret is that when I was younger, I made this catfish twitter of a big celebrity and people believed me. They tweeted me, and messaged me daily. I even found myself a girlfriend, gross I know but I was like twelve and a phone gave me a lot of power. Like, I even gave my so-called girlfriend my password and I'm so sure they helped me gain followers. Anyway, I'm pretty sure I was also being catfished because all the pictures they sent me looked like a different girl, and like.. they were also catfishing this other catfish celebrity account and it was like, we were both fighting over the so-called girl."

Louis takes a breath. "And, like.. I was an even bigger attention whore so I made this other account and said mean things to the celebrity account I owned and the amount of people who actually protected me from the other account, and the amount of threats the other account got, wow."

Louis puffs out a long breath. "And like, this fucking stupid-ass catfish account of the same celebrity actually tweeted things like how I was fake, no shit Sherlock, but the fucking nerve. I don't know why I'm getting so worked up over this."

The cheerleader closes his eyes for a moment. "They eventually got me deleted and I made another account that got deleted again and I think I did that around four times. Each time, my so-called girlfriend told me she loved me."

He looks longing out the balcony. "Jimena, if you're out there. I still don't believe you are a real person, mostly because you should never date someone online without some sort of concrete validation."

"Isn't that illegal?"

"Dating someone you met online without meeting them in person or at least Facetiming? It should be."

Harry shakes his head. "No, um." He makes a large gesture. "Catfishing."
"Oh." Louis blinks then shrugs. "Yeah."

"So, you're a criminal?"

"All that talking made my jaw hurt even more." The cheerleader

"My deepest darkest secret is that masturbate a lot and watch porn."

"That shouldn't be considered embarrassing." Louis says.

"Well, I mean it's kind of frowned upon."

Louis smirks, and pushes Harry down on the bed by his shoulders. "Embrace your sexuality! Nasty things and all."

"Hm, says the one who blushes when I talk about my cock."

As expected, Louis flushes pink. His eyes widen and lips part. "Well, it's just how you say it." The boy wrinkles his face. "You say it all dirty and.. you say it to rile me up."

"Maybe I like to rile you up," Harry wiggles his eyebrows. "Maybe it's because you get more needy, babydoll."

Harry was confused. He didn't know what happened to Louis but the boy has been quiet since they ate lunch which was a few hours ago. Usually, he would be swimming or playing Wii. Maybe even hanging off Harry's arm like a little tiny baby koala. Though, he's been held up in his room for the past few hours, and Harry has finally decided to talk to the cheerleader.

When Harry opened the door, he saw Louis' little purple dress is laid out on the made bed, next to Harry's own clothes for the luau (which the cheerleader picked out). Louis himself was sitting on a chair by the balcony, his feet propped up on the railing. As Harry stepped closer, he heard Louis talking quietly. The boy's words were incoherent and more like mumbles, and the football captain makes quiet movements to get closer. And because he's clumsy, Harry stubs his toe on one of the bed legs, crashing to the ground immediately after.

Louis jumps when he hears a loud crash and turns around. "Baby Bambi!" He sets down his phone and rushes towards his boyfriend before kneeling by his side. "Oh, my. You clumsy little shit." He combs his fingers through Harry's hair.

Harry was in a half-fatal position, holding his throbbing pinky toe in his hand. "I should have worn my slippers, what the fuck." He blinks rapidly. "Fucking shit. My toe is broken."

"No it isn't. Let me see." Louis says calmly.

"It's going to fall off if I move my hand."

Harry's toe certainly didn't fall off after he removed his hand, though it was red and probably hurt a lot more than it looked. The water pooling in Harry's eyes was still there, so Louis kisses the football player's nose gently.

"Louis! Where are you? Who is Bambi?" A voice from Louis' phone called.
Harry looks up from his poor pinky toe. "Who is that?" He mouths.

Louis holds up a finger. "Give me a second, Nana!" He slowly helps Harry to stand back up, though their size difference made it a little too complicated. "That's my Nana."

"Mum or dad side?" Harry tilts his head.

"Mum." Louis doesn't let Harry sit down yet and instead, pulls him to that chair by the balcony. "You should meet her."

Harry rapidly shakes his head, but it's too late. Louis has pushed Harry onto the chair and sat on his lap, successfully trapping the green eyed teen.

"Nana, this is my boyfriend." Louis holds his phone up and shows Harry's face.

Louis' Nana is a small woman. She has large glasses on and red lipstick, though she looks younger than Harry expected. Her fluffy greying curly hair was what caught his attention, it was so fucking curly. When Louis' elbow collides with Harry's ribcage, he quickly tears his gaze from Louis' Nana's curly, curly hair.

"Hi." Harry waves.

"Your name is Bambi?"

"It's Hoe-rry." Louis cuts in.

"What?"

"Harry. My name is Harry." The football player says louder. "Hi again." He waves.

The old woman on the screen waves back, pushing her thin glasses higher on her nose before leaning closer. "You're a cute boy. Good job, Louis."

That was when Harry remembers he's still very shirtless, his cheeks flush red and he gently pushes Louis off his lap. "I'll be right back." He smiles politely before standing up and turning around. Louis stares longingly at Harry's retreating figure. When the eighteen year old is in the closet, Louis faces his Nana again.

"What's that sexy back song?" Nana asks.

"Nana!" Louis gasps. "First of all, that song isn't about someone's sexy back, that's gross."

"Then, why is it called that?" She raises a brow. "Silence. Exactly what I expected."

Louis fish-mouths. "You didn't even give me a chance to reply!"

"Louis William, do not yell at your Nana." A voice calls out, then Harry is back in their sights, this time wearing a loose muscle tee. What's the point in wearing a shirt if it shows off his fucking side tit, with a tiny sliver of nipple, Louis thinks.

"Harry your titties are out." Louis mutters under his breath. He only gets a bum pinch in reply.

"Harry, what kind of sports do you play?" Nana's red painted lips stretching into a smile.

Louis slaps a hand on his forehead.
"I play football right now, but I played a bunch other ones."

"You work out a lot?"

Louis groans.

"Yeah, I—"

"How old are you?"

"I'm eighteen."

"How old is your father?"

"I think he's forty-four."

Nana hums. "Is he single?"

"Oh my, I think mum is calling us." Louis says quickly. "Bye, Nana!"

"Wha—" Nana furrows her brows. "Oh, bye—"

Louis turns off his phone after hanging up. Turning his head, he sees Harry is already trying to conceal his smile. "She was nice."

Louis raises his brows. "She's a cougar." He stands up and starts walking back to the bed.

"Oh." Harry looks down at his hands awkwardly. "Is she single?"

Louis whips his head back at Harry. His blue eyes daring Harry to say something stupid.

"I'm gay!" Harry holds his hands up in defense. "Super gay. Like if being straight was dairy, I'd be lactose. I was just wondering because she hit on me and has a ring on her finger."

"Well, what do you think she is if she has a ring on her finger?"

"Um, she'a married?" The football player scratches his head.

Louis shakes his head. "She's a widow." His face remains serious.

Harry's mouth drops open. "Oh, my God. I'm so sorry—"

"I'm kidding!" Louis breaks out into laughter. "God, your face went all sad and saggy." He wipes tears from his eyes.

"You're so mean. Our kids are going to have some of that, God help us."

Louis scoffs. "Shush." He sits on the bed and pats the spot next to him, and Harry complies.

"Anyway, she's married to this guy, like twenty years younger than her. I guess shes not much of a cougar because then she would've married a fucking college kid but when they first got together." Louis whistles lowly. "My mother was not happy when her step dad was only a couple years older than her."

"So," Harry pauses. "Your nana is a sugar mama?"

"No, he's rich too."
LOUIS' OUTFIT: RÉALISATION PAR *picture used from realisationpar.com* & LOUIS VUITTON *picture used from www.louisvuitton.com*
"Oh, shit."

"Thanks, babe." Louis does an elegant twirl. "

Harry shakes his head "No." He stands up and bolts towards Louis, he holds the boy's shoulders and stops his second twirl. "It's October."

"Yes?" Louis raises a brow. He licks his lips slowly. "If you are going to be this close to me," He gestures to the two inches between their faces, "you might as well kiss me."

Harry stays where he is. "It's October and we haven't decided on our matching Halloween costumes."

"So that kiss.." Louis trails off.

"When is our flight back?" Harry asks, not glancing once at Louis' lips. "When?" He shakes the boy's shoulders again.

"Harry!" Louis' eyes widen to saucers. "Fuck, we get back on the twentieth."

The green eyed teen drops his hands at his sides again. "Okay, good. That's enough time to find costumes, right?" He pinches his lips between his fingers. "Right? That's plenty of time."

Louis slowly pushes Harry to sit on the bed, lightly patting the teen's hair. "It's okay. We'll have the best costumes."

"We will?" Harry looks up with wide eyes. "I love festivities."

"Yeah." Louis pauses, and cringes. "Maybe."

"God, we should have planned ahead."

Louis puckers his lips. "I'll give you head to make you feel better."

"Wait." Harry holds up a finger.

A few seconds later, "Harry, Louis! We're leaving now!" A voice says from outside the room.

Harry looks at Louis with one of those weird quirked brows with a smug smile. "There it is."

Chapter End Notes

NOTE: hope you all enjoyed. the luau will be next and so will larry sexy time.
guess who just bullshitted her way through the end of this chapter?? :^D me, bitch. anyway it's been a million years since the last update and this one isn't long at all. I'm sorry but school is eating my ass and i can't wait to sleep tonight. bye bye have fun honeybuns

"God, Louis." Lottie huffs. "Would it kill you to be a little humble?"

"Two things," The cheerleader swipes on a thin layer of mascara. "One, this is coming from you, the same girl who has her name plastered on everything she owns, so what? No one can steal it?" Louis licks his lips. "And second, have you met me?"

"Fuck you. I just hoped for some, I don't know.. character development?"

"The hell you think this is?" Louis adds a light coat of blush to his cheeks. "Listen, honey, I do what I want and I dare you to try and stop me."

"I won't try to stop you, but I'll call Harry."

"What is he? Your secret weapon?" Louis props a hand on his hip. "I'm immune to his curls, try again."

"Bullshit. I see you eyeing them all the time. I know that you dream of fucking those little curls on his head."

"I'm not a hair-sexual." Louis blinks. "I'm harry-sexual."

"Why do I feel like Harry's used that line on you."

"Because he has."
"So, you're plagiarizing?"

Louis lets out a frustrated huff and crosses his arms. "This is why mom and dad never got you that pony for your fifth birthday."

His younger sister raises both her brows. "No. We don't live on a farm, ass-wagon."

That was when Harry stepped in, he had been listening for a while now. His weird little fedora on his head and his face immediately changing from happy to bewildered when he heard Louis' response.

"With a face like yours, I would say we do."

Harry gently pulls on Louis' wrist. "Why don't we go find a seat? Okay? Okay, come this way." He resorts to picking Louis up and propping the cheerleader on his hip. The cloudless sky was a mix between dark blue and pale orange. There was a light breeze and the faint smell of barbecue and burning wood from the torches set around the designated tables. Harry ended up carrying Louis to a table by the stage and sets the boy on a chair. "Well, that was wank."

Louis was a little feisty thing. He quickly pinches Harry's nose when the older boy makes a move to stand up.

"What?" Harry's voice was nasally.

"You aren't going anywhere." Louis' manicured nails were incredibly close to Harry's face.

The football player tries to pull away but Louis doesn't release his poor nose. So, instead he pinches Louis' nose too. "Then, you aren't going anywhere either." Now they would both be nasally.
It was well into the luau. They had finished eating, Louis the last one. Always the last one because he was the slowest eater. Louis was still sat at the table when his family had went to the dance floor with the performers.

Harry sighs, watching his mom and dad dance, embarrassingly so.

Louis takes a long sip of his drink.

Harry sighs again.

"You can go dance if you want." Louis turns his head and gives Harry a short glare. "Or stay here and steal all the air from me with your sighing."

Harry slouches. "I want to dance with you."

"I'm eating."

"And, that's why I'm waiting."

Louis can't keep his annoyed expression on much longer. "You sap." He elbows Harry. "God, you're adorable."

"Your relationship gives me whiplash sometimes."

Harry looks over at Ioane, he was at the table next to them, sipping on a red drink. "Same."

For the remainder of the time Louis spent eating, Harry and Ioane were talking, which surprised Louis a little to be honest. He can only go by what Harry told him, their clean slate. It was nice to see Harry and Ioane get along, but seeing Harry being the jealous shit he is was hot.
Too bad Louis can only have one or the other.

Maybe >:)

The moment Louis set down his fork, he was being yanked to the dance floor. "Harry!"

"You put your hand here," the football player sets his hand on his shoulder. "And I put mine here," his goes on Louis' waist. "And we hold hands."

"I don't like this way of dancing." Louis wrinkles his nose. "Do this." He places both his hands on Harry's shoulders and sets the latter's on his waist. "There we go."

Harry fish mouths. "We're supposed to leave room for Jesus."

"Hey, are you dancing with me or Jesus?"

"You?"

"Exactly." Louis licks his lips, clearly struggling to slow dance to the soft live music playing. The people dressed in their floral clothing and tropical shirts have also slowed to match the beat, and the loud talking has lowered to small intimate conversations.

Out of the corner of his eye, Harry could see their families, Louis' siblings going back to the table as their parents stayed on the dance floor. As he moves to get a better look at his dad, George gives him and wink and thumbs up when he sees how close Harry is to Louis. Nasty old man.
"Who is?"

Harry looks down at Louis. "What?"

"Who is the nasty old man?" Louis asks. "You always say things aloud. God, be careful what you say."

"No one is nasty." Harry brushes off his father's gross weird motions of approval.

"I can be nasty." Louis mutters without much of a thought. A mischievous glint passes through his eyes before he's going up on his tippy toes so his lips are right next to Harry's ear. "I can be dirty for you, daddy."

Harry was going to pass out — from the heat, from Louis, from Louis' words, from Louis' mouth, from Louis' ass. "Fuck. I hate you." Harry tightens his hold on the boy's hips. "You fucking suck."

Louis nibbles on Harry's neck. "I'll only suck you, daddy."

A few moments later, and a few thoughts of dead kittens and grandpa dicks fucking donuts — Harry's boner was gone and so was his appetite for desert. After Louis stepped on Harry's foot for the tenth time, he finally spoke up.

"Can you dance?"

The look Louis gives him is nothing but offended. "I'm cheer captain."

Harry blows a raspberry. "No shit, dude."

"Fight me, you whore."
Harry cackles. "You're cute when you can't dance."

"You're ugly when you're cute."

"Oh, how I love when you don't make sense." Harry sing songs. "You are so beautiful, Anthos."

"I thought you were supposed to wait 'till you found a flower that was right for me."

Harry hums. "I feel like I can't do that. All flowers are beautiful and unique, and so are you. You don't deserve the name of one flower because your existence can't be narrowed into one specific little thing."

"Thankies." Louis' face is over come with heat. "I think I really like poetic Harry." The blue-eyed boy's cheeks having a faint red glow and his lip disappearing between his teeth, and Harry was there to just admire him.

The two of them were curled up in bed, the luau long over and the house incredibly quiet. The dull sound of the television humming as the faded crash of the waves on the shore filed through the window.

Harry lets out a content sigh, curling his arm around Louis' waist as the half-asleep boy snuggling into his bare chest. The faint glow of the television framing Louis' face almost too perfectly. Over the point of his nose and the apples of his cheeks, while his half opened eyes struggled to watch the movie playing.

"Sweetums." Harry's voice is quiet.
"Hazza baby." Louis yawns.

"Babydoll."

"Bae." The boy sighs.

"Anthos, I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

Louis slowly raises his head, with a tiny quirk in his brow. "That's a whole lot of years."

Harry squints. "I want to spend the rest of my life with you." He says again, this time more serious. "I'm determined to keep you in my arms for the rest of my life."

"What if you lose both your arms tomorrow?"

The green eyed teen pouts and wraps both his arms around Louis' shoulders, yanking the boy tightly into his chest. "Then, I will hold you until then."


He only got a groan in reply.

"Can I tell you something?"
"Why can't it just wait?" Harry barely opens his eyes. "It's fucking three in the morning."

"Oo, it's the devil's hour. Do you want to play with my Ouija board?"

That had Harry sitting up so fast they knocked heads. "You have one— you brought it?!"

Louis blinks several times and rubs his forehead. "What? No." It's quiet for a few moments. "Obviously I wouldn't bring mine, it's old and I found it in our basement."

Harry chokes on his breath.

"Anyway." the cheerleader fixes his eye-mask. "Call me Bitchouis."

"What?"

"Call me Bitchouis Bitchilliam."

"Oh my god."

"Call me Bitchouis Bitchilliam Bitchomlinson."

"I'm going to cum in all your socks that you'll have none left."

Louis squints. "If you cum in another one of my fucking Gucci socks—"

"Not only Gucci, honey. All your socks." Harry glares, though he can't see much of Louis in the dark. "Your Versace, Prada, Fendi — everything."
"You wouldn't."

Harry scoffs. "Try me. Apparently, I identify as a sock-sexual and I will fuck all your socks."

"It's nasty that you sound proud of it."

"Wake me up at three again, and your feet will be cold for the rest of your life."

"Harry, no." Louis frowns. "Stop it."

"If you don't have any socks left by the end of this vacation, it's not on me sister."
"Oh my!" Louis shouts. "Harry! Harry, look!"

The green eyed toddler blinks the snowflakes off from his eyelashes. "Lou, you standing on my snow angel."

The smaller boy looks down at his boots and surely he is standing on Harry's snow angel, the head to be exact — now it has two boot prints in the same spot Harry would have drawn a face. "I made it look better."

"Nu-uh." Harry shakes his head, his curls swooshing by his ears. "Made it look ugly. Like your gingerbread man."

Louis gasps, his tiny gloved hand covering his mouth. "You not dare say that about bread man!" The boy gets a surge of anger and pushes Harry, sending the other toddler falling to the snowy ground.

Harry just lays there. He huffs the starts making another snow angel — one that he would protect from Louis' mini boots. He could push Louis back, but he was just scared of hurting the other toddler. He was so tiny, Harry sometimes lost him in the snow. "Lou?" Harry sits up, looking around, he sees nothing but snowflakes and the side of Louis' ginormous house. "Louis?" He calls out, louder this time. "Where you go?" Harry stands, sadly ruining his snow angel but he would rather look for his small friend instead. Not that he liked Louis that much, obviously.
His feet carry him to the front of Louis' house, where he checks in the hedges and in the snow piles, he also tries to see if Louis somehow got stuck in a tree, but the branch was too high for either of them.

It isn't until he sees a tiny, pink bubble-like figure across the street and the bright orange pompon hat from afar. He quickly runs towards Louis. He does look both ways before crossing the street and nearly slips on the ice but catches himself on the neighbour's mailbox.

"Lou!" Harry shouts when he's close enough. "You don't run off! Aunt Jay said we stay together." When he's behind Louis, he notices the small boy's attention is glued on the sparkling lights decorating the neighbours house. "Do you like the lights, Lou?"

"They for me?" Louis turns around, his blue eyes wide with excitement. "Mummy must have told Mr. Kelly my birthday was coming! He put up lights for me." The boy points to he sparkling bulbs. "It's organ colour, I don't like organ."

"Lou mean orange?"

"No." Louis frowns. "That is fruit, yes? Organ is colour like this!" He points to his hat. "Organ."

"Orange."

"The organ lights are for me, because my birthday."

"Huh?"

"The lights for my birthday! Every house on street has lights because they all celebrating my birthday!"

Harry frowned. The lights were for Christmas, he loved looking at them, and enjoyed their colourful and festive little shapes. He didn't want to burst Louis' bubble, even though the latter pushed him into snow, but that was besides the point. In Harry's mind, he enjoyed spending time with Louis, he liked to play house and soccer (making Louis be the goalie) and Louis was his only real play date. He's never had a friend like Louis before — he was intent on keeping him as one too, even if that meant lying.
"Yes, Aunt Jay said it was surprise!" Harry holds out his hands. "You were not supposed to see yet, Lou!"

That gets Louis quickly covering his eyes with his gloves. He twists around. "I did not see thing!"

Harry smiles, taking Louis' hand and leading them back to Louis' yard, looking both ways again before crossing. "I won't tell your mummy, but you have to pretend you did not see anything."

"Okay, I promise." Louis settles in a small snow pile, then sinks in almost immediately. "Harry!" His little legs stick out from the hole he was in. "Harry! Help me!"

Harry really doesn't know what to do. His arms are too weak and short to lift Louis from his death snow hole by himself. So he does the next best thing, he sinks into his own snow hole, right next to Louis.

"Ah!"

Louis has snow everywhere, it's melting into his socks and his scarf. "Harry! What you do!"

"I sit." The toddler shakes the snow from his hands and uses his cold wet gloves to clean Louis' face, probably just wetting him more. "I sit with Lou." He sniffs. "I sit next to Lou." He bops Louis' button nose. "Next to you."

"But I still stuck." The boy wiggles around. "Why you no get help?"

"Oh." Harry looks dazed. "Did not think of that, good thinking Lou." He then tries to get out of the snow, but only remains where he is. "Um, I am stuck too." Harry tries once again. "We need help. Oh my goodness!" He panics.

"Oh Harry's goodness!"

They stayed out in their snow pile for about ten minutes. Talking about various things like Louis'
ugly, ugly gingerbread man and Harry's tendency to add too many sprinkles to his own gingerbread people. They even play Rock Paper Scissors but Louis wins because he had an actual rock in his pocket.

"That not how you play!"

"Uh-huh." Louis nods, holding his rock tighter in his small fist. "If you have real rock or real paper or real scissors, you win."

"But I picked paper!"

"Does not matter, does Harry have real paper now?" Louis asks.

Harry shakes his head.

"Then Harry loses."

When they were saved, Harry promised himself that he would carry around a rock, some paper, and scissors everywhere. He didn't get very far with a rock and scissors in his pocket, he was grounded. He said that Louis made him do it, and no one believed him. So he fell asleep that night with a stuffie he stole from Louis, it was a hedgehog with small little purple mittens.

"Oh my! I have a stuffie just like this!" Louis holds up the hedgehog he just unwrapped. "Now he has friend! Thank you, Harry!"

Harry's mischievous smile said it all —though Louis was far too oblivious to notice. "You are welcome, Lou."

Chapter End Notes

Thankies for reading!! Hope you enjoyed it :^)
"Good morning, babydoll!"

Louis simply rolls to the other side of the bed, curling in the sheets and burying his face in a pillow. Harry sighs happily, yanking open the curtains and walking over the bed where half of Louis' body hung off. He tapped the boy's face rapidly. "Anthos."

"What?"

"The sun is up."

Louis groans, he hated it when Harry woke him up early.

"And so is my dick."

That had the cheerleader sitting up in bed quickly, giving himself head rush.

"Well," Harry smirks. "That woke you up."

Louis, with the most serious expression on his face, says, "I want to ride you into the sunset."

And Harry, being the dick he is, says, "Too bad it's morning now and the sun is raising."

"Some day, you're going to regret not taking my virginity." Louis huffs before flopping back onto he bed.

That has the green eyed teen frowning deeply, and slouching his shoulders. "Are you implying that someone, who isn't me, is going to take your virginity?"

With a small shrug, Louis yawns while lifting his head from his pillow a little bit. "Not implying — more like," He pauses, "warning."

Harry honestly couldn't tell if Louis was joking. He was determined to make Louis even more his.

Leaning down, brushing his lips over the soft skin of the back of Louis' neck. Whispering softly into his boyfriend's ear. "I'd be careful of what you say, kitten, because not only are you going to beg for my cock — but you're going to never want anyone's but mine."

Louis sits up with a roll of his eyes. "So sad that your ego is out to destroy this relationship — only if it were as small as your cock. Then, we'd live happily ever after."

Louis knew that was a lie. He's seen Harry cock before and it's no where near small. To be honest, he didn't know exactly what he was saying because whenever Harry went all dominant on him — it was like he was in a daze afterward.

Harry raises both his brows. "You've got a big ass mouth for someone so mini."
"It was only four pairs." Louis sniffs. "Four fucking pairs."

Harry sighs softly, combing his fingers through his boyfriend's hair. "It's okay, you'll be okay."

"Never." The cheerleader cries, before he pauses. "Unless."

"Unless?"

Louis sits up, his hair a mess and cheeks a little red. "You let me shop on your phone."

"With my credit card?"

"Depends."

"On what?"

"If you win at rock, paper, scissors."

Harry squints, clearly hesitant. They play, and Harry did paper, while Louis did rock — with an actual rock.

"I win!"

Harry fish mouthed. "What.. Why do you have a rock in your pocket?"

"Why don't you have a rock in your pocket?" Louis challenged.

"These are so cute!" Louis waved around Harry's phone. "Oh god, they'd look so cute on me."

"That's like five fucking inches." Harry says in disbelief. "Rest in piece to your ankles. Your beautiful little delicate ankles."

"It's actually just 4.72 inches." Louis corrects with a flip of his hair before returning to Harry's phone in his hands, there were two things already in his cart — more like Harry's cart since it was going on his credit card. Then, he feels hands running up and down his leg. "Harold."

"You're going to break your ankle walking around in those shoes."

"I don't care."

Harry stops drawing shapes on Louis' legs and sits up, he leans over and tilts his head. "Are you into that sort of stuff? Like.. pain?"

The cheerleader blinks profusely. "Are you asking if I have a pain kink?"

The football player avoids eye contact, looking everywhere but at Louis.

"How dare you even think I'll answer that — I'm a lady." It's quiet for a few moments. Louis continuing to scroll through Harry's phone.

"I think you might have a pain kink." Harry rushed. "You like spanking and choking." His cheeks were a bright red, as his fingers fiddled with the hem of a blanket. "I bet you like being bitten and.." His voice trails off. "Fuck."
"Are you—"

"Yeah."

"You made yourself hard."

"Thinking about you!" Harry exclaims. "I'm not a narcissist."

Louis raised both his brows, and pursed his lips. "Your own picture in your wallet says different."

"That's my drivers license!" Harry slams his hands on the bed. "It's not like I masturbate to photos of myself."

Louis didn't look impressed. "I can't say the same. I mean," Louis flashes him a flirty smile over his shoulder. "Have you seen me?"

"Let's go get some vitamin C." Louis says. He and Harry have been curled up in bed for hours, their whole day consisted of dad jokes, plain dirty talk and one tickle fight almost turned too physical as in Louis almost peed. He shuts his book and blindly tossing it on the bed. It lands right on Harry's dick.

The older boy groans, and his phone slips from his hands before it falls on his nose. Harry lets out a cry and brings his legs to his chest, while also holding his nose. Of course, something as painful as getting nailed in the dick with the corner of a hardcover book combined with getting a face full of an iPhone, Harry was Harry. And Harry had a stupid sense of humour. "Don't you mean vitamin sea?"

Louis remains where he was when Harry was crying out in pain, with his feet planted on the floor and his hands on his hips. "That's what I just said."

Harry breathes out heavily through his nose, slowly sitting up and wincing the slightest. He grins in his boyfriend's direction. "S-E-A." He finally stands. "Vitamin S-E-A."

"And that's the tea."

"You dragged her! Throw that shade, honey. That tea was hot as me."

"Right, sis? My wig is snatched. I'm bald."

"My skin is clear and my bills are paid."

"We stan a Queen."

"A skinny legend."

"Harry." Louis whispers.

"Louis." Harry replies.

"What are they doing?"

"I.. I don't know."

"Are they okay?"
Harry looks over at their parents, clear fear on his face. "I honestly don't know."

"Should we call someone?"

"Who's going to understand them?"

"Us. We talk like that."

"No, we don't."

"Yes, we do."

"Shut up."

"You shut up!"

Soon enough, Harry and Louis build up the strength to leave their parents' ultimately interesting conversation.

**LOUIS’ OUTFIT: Chanel —bitch (I think these images were all found on google.)**
Louis had changed into his bathing suit already so he is by the pool (one of Harry’s t-shirts draped over his frame) as Harry leaves to change into his. But as he's stepping outside, he sees something in the pool. It looks similar to a white wet plastic bag in the corner. But it's moving.

"Daddy." Louis steps in the kitchen where his boyfriend and dad were cooking. So much for Harry changing into his swim trunks.

"Yes, Louis?" David says just as Harry says, "Yes, babydoll?"

David doesn't seem to hear Harry, that may be because he was currently frying something on pan with music blasting from the speakers.

Louis sends a cold glare at his boyfriend who also had red cheeks. "There's something in the pool."
That *something* turned out to be cat. A white cat with grey on her little cute face, ears, paws and tail. To Louis, it was like she was wearing makeup.

"Oh my god."

"What?" Harry turns to his boyfriend. David is currently drying the cat with a towel. "Are you shocked that the cat is using your $235 beach towel."
Louis looks confused for a moment. "What? No." His eyes return to the meowing cat. "She's so talented."

"What do you mean?" It's Harry's turn to look confused. "It's doing nothing."

"It has a pronoun, Harold." Louis squints. "She also has a name."

"Louis, you shouldn't name her." David suggests. "You'll get attached to her."

"And?"

"Who knows if her owners are looking for her?"

"Dad, she was in our pool and using my Hermes towel. She's basically my daughter."
"Well, there's no collar on her."

"It wouldn't be stealing if she ended up on our property." Louis smiles. "If anything, she wants us."

"We aren't keeping her until we get her checked up, okay?"

"Harold, what should we name her?"

"I like weird names. Like croissant."

Louis blinks rapidly. "No. We are not naming her croissant."

"What about Gucci?"

"No." Louis stoms his foot. "I want her to be named something cute."

Harry smirks. "We should name her Louis."

The blue-eyed boy bats his eyelashes. "If I had to choose someone to not push into a volcano — I'd choose you."

"Okay." David felt a little out of place so he claps his hands. "Lou, why don't you go back upstairs and you can braid Harry's hair."

"No." The cheerleader is defiant. "I want to watch Kimchi."

"Kim-what?"

Louis licks his lips. "Kimchi." He points to the cat almost fully dry now. "She is Kimchi."

"Lou—"

Harry grunts when Louis tugs him close by his collar, before whispering harshly in his ear. "If you want your mouth on my ass again, you'll love this name until the day you die." He then pulls away and rolls on the balls of his feet.

"Oh, so they're alive." George says with raised brows. "We thought you two had died in there or something."

"And you didn't bother checking in on us?" Harry moves his hair from his face. "You know, just in case we did die."

"Oh calm down, Harry." Anne puts her hair up in a ponytail. "Like Louis would let you die."

Harry purses his lips. "Not too sure about that."

"Right. I'd be the one to kill you." Louis thinks aloud. "Probably."

"Y'all aren't cute."

"The word y'all isn't either, Lottie. Shut up." As always, Louis protects Harry. Even over stupid things.

"How about you go upstairs and actually die. Thanks."
"After seeing a face like yours, I think I will die."

"Okay, okay." Jay steps between her children. "You two clearly to cool off."

"It's chill, Jay." Anne raises her hand. "They need to chill." She turns to her husband. "Right? Those two legends need to chill."

"Skinny legends."

"We're going to the vet, to check on little Celery."

"Her name is Kimchi, dad." Louis pouts. He stares longingly at the fluffy, fluffy cat. "Hi, Kimchiii." He draws out the name. "Little Kimchiiii."

"We'll be back and then we're going out again." Jay informs.

"Why?" Louis asks, scratching under Kimchi's chin.

"We're going to the mall afterwards." Jay gestures to her, her husband and her children along with Anne and David.

"Without me?" Louis gasps affronted.

"Lottie showed us your myspace—"

"It's called Instagram, dad."

David huffs. "What's next? Outstagram?"

Louis hears a loud cackle then the sound of something slapping. He turns his head and sees Harry with his hand over his mouth. "You found that funny?"

"Anyway, we saw you spent around a hundred grand online shopping already."

"So? You've let me spend almost 200,000 once!" Louis props his hands on his hips.

"Louis, it's been three days."

The cheerleader frowns. His whole demeanour changing from sassy and annoyed to sappy and soft. It gave everyone whiplash.

"I'm sorry, daddy."

No one notices Harry's wide eyes and red cheeks. If anything, they're all watching David for his reaction. But of course, Louis' always been let off easy, he was the cutest after all — his words.

"It's all right, bub." David steps forward to wrap his son in a tight hug. "Hey, don't frown." He taps on Louis' cheeks multiple times. "Let's see that little smile."

They soon all leave. As in, Harry and Louis are alone in the house. As in, no one is there for interruptions.

And when Louis is swept off his feet, literally, he already knows what happening.

Chapter End Notes
kimchi is my friend's cat
Louis squeals when he feels his body collide with the bed, bouncing the slightest. "Jesus, calm down."

The look in Harry's eyes is anything but calm. His pupils are wide and lips raw from his teeth — not to mention the tent in his pants. His green eyes are full of lust, as they comb down Louis' figure. The cheerleader's legs are spread wide and inviting as his chest was heaving. Louis' face was red, and his bottom lip pulled in between his teeth. Harry could write sonnets about those lips. Harry has wrote sonnets about those lips. Hopefully Louis won't find them hidden under Harry's bed in a shoebox.

"I've been waiting sixty-nine years to get you all spread out for me."

Louis raises a brow. "Is that a sly hint that you want to sixty-nine? And, I have been spread out of you before."

Harry pouts. "Maybe. Don't look at me like I'm stupid." His pout deepens, his pink lips looking plump.

"Oh my god. You're as cute as a button."

Harry smiles. "You're as adorable as a zipper."

Louis fish mouthed. "What?"

The green eyed teen slumps. "Is that not what we're doing?"

Louis gestures between them. "What exactly were we doing?"

"Calling each other things on clothing. Like you're as sexy as cuffs on a suit."

"I'd like you to put me in some cuffs." Louis' eyes twinkle. He slowly trails a finger down Harry's bicep to the boy's waist. "Those Gucci ones."

"I don't want any kinks." Harry bites his lip, lowering himself on Louis. "It's your first time." He mumbles into the cheerleader's neck.

"But, what if I want to call you daddy?" Louis wriggles underneath Harry's weight.

It's quiet on the older teen's end. It would be an understatement if Harry said he loved hearing that word from Louis' mouth, he would happily let Louis call him daddy during his first time — but currently, he isn't too sure about it. "Don't you think it takes away some of the.. sentiment?"

Louis pulls on Harry's hair, pushing the teen off him. "Are you kink shaming me?"
Harry quickly regains his composure after being tossed to the other side of the bed. "No, no. Never." He blinks rapidly. "I just want this to be special for you." His voice holds sincerity.

The blue-eyed boy looks down at his fingers fiddling with the hem of the bed sheet. "Calling you daddy is special to me." Louis mumbles, feeling awfully insecure at the moment. "I just want to let go of everything in my head, and just be with you, focus on you. I want to float with you."

Harry watched the confident, loud, and bright boy before he turn into a quiet, shy, little baby in the time span of a second. He immediately crowded the boy. "Oh, kitten." Harry combs his fingers through Louis' short soft hair. "I'll take care of you, I'll make you feel special. My lovely little Anthos." He blinks down at Louis. "You're nervous, aren't you?" He talks the blue-eyed boy down. "Don't worry, babydoll. I'll give you want you need."

Louis falls back into bed with a gentle push, gulping and dragging his nails up Harry's arm.

"What do you need, Lou?"

With a shaky breath and a gentle swipe of his tongue. Louis gave himself to Harry. "You. I need you."

Harry clicked his tongue on the roof of his mouth. "What was that?" He brushed his nose along Louis' chin before moving to the boy's ear, his breath giving Louis shivers. "Who do you want?"

Unconsciously, Louis thrusts his hips upward, right along the bulge of Harry's pants. "You, daddy."

"How bad do you want me?"

The blue-eyed boy wriggles, before scoffing lightly. "You are being a tease." He feels Harry chuckle softly against his skin, as a hand sneaks down his waist.

"Am I not allowed to?" Harry pulls away, sitting on the back of his thighs.

Louis wastes no time in yanking his boyfriend toward him, unexpectedly knocking both their noses together. Louis shrieks, holding his nose and blinking rapidly as the water pools in his eyes. "You can tease me, just not when I'm about to give you my virginity." He rubs his nose.

Harry scrunches his nose, before bending down and pressing a chaste kiss to Louis' little nose. "Even though you practically gave your virginity to that vibrator," That earns Harry a whack on his head. He winces, then says, "All right, kitten. No more teasing." He half promises, because he would give anything to have Louis a needy mess.

"Good." Louis huffs. "Now, shut up and kiss—"

Louis is cut off by Harry's lips. The older teen surging forward and almost immediately trying to stick his tongue down Louis' throat.

"My ass." The smaller of the duo says between eager kisses.

The cheerleader squeals as he's manhandled, flipping onto his stomach and his face colliding with the pillow.

Harry loves Louis' bottom, his cock hardening at the sight of it. He's is merely offended at the fabric so rudely obstructing his view, which happens to be his own t-shirt. He nearly rips off the shirt, Louis letting out a surprised sound as he's left clad in a white swimsuit, contrasting with his smooth, tan skin — a literal dream in Harry's books.
"You know how whenever someone does something evil and the sound effects are like, 'dun dun dunn'?"

Louis furrows his brows. "Are you serious?"

Harry hums. "Your sound effect would be like, 'bum bum bum'."

Harry lightly spanks Louis' bottom, signalling the boy to prop himself up by his knees. Then, running one of his hands over the sinful body, one of his fingers slipping under Louis' swimsuit from the side, then moves all the fabric onto Louis' left cheek.

The blue-eyed boy whimpers, feeling the cool air of the room brush against his hole. Call him crazy, but he could almost feel Harry's burning gaze on his behind. His boyfriend's staring did nothing but make him feel dirty, just allowing the teen to look at his hole as his intentions were anything but holy.

Harry positions himself, on his knees, with his hands braced on Louis' round hips. His lips being drawn towards the boy's most sensitive spot, then he presses a short kiss to the hole. Louis' breath hitches, as he feels Harry's tongue trace around his hole. Harry was starving for Louis.

"Harry." Louis cries out, clenching the bed sheets tight between his fingers. An unexpected spank comes down on Louis' behind, and it has him letting out a porno worthy squeal.

"You said you want to call me daddy," the green eyed teen mutters. "So, call me daddy."

Letting out laboured breaths, with heat combing over his whole body, Louis is left to hold himself up by his hands and knees. He bends his upper half, allowing his face to bury in the pillow, giving himself to Harry. His vulnerable self. When Louis doesn't feel Harry touch him, he's merely offended and begs. "Daddy, touch me. Please, need you."

Harry tsks. "Be patient, lover." His voice carries through the humid air. "Good things come to those who wait. In our case, pretty boys who wait."

"Yeah, so does blue balls — in our case." Louis mocks, his voice cracking. "Fuck." He breathes in so much air, his throat burns.

Harry's mouth was a storm on Louis' little hole. His tongue swirling around Louis' rim before slipping in without mercy. Louis' moans, and cries only motivate him further, as Harry squeezes Louis' round hips. Louis, just as he smells, tastes divine, and Harry's even more in love. The blue-eyed boy clenches his toes, the flexibility of Harry's tongue has him nearly reaching his high. The dominant of the two licks Louis' rim, pulling away to survey his work.

The pinkness of Louis' hole was wet, and just mouth watering. The boy's rim was tight and Louis hiccuped when Harry blew over it.

Louis had absolutely no shame, letting Harry study his behind. The cheerleader concluded that Harry definitely held back on the plane.

"I would make you to ride my face, but I need to be inside you." With that, Harry spits on Louis' hole then flips the latter over again, the boy bouncing on the mattress with no objection.

He carefully rids Louis of his bathing suit, dragging his fingertips over every dip and stretch mark of Louis' body. His eyes ranking over the boy's youthful, curvy and intoxicating figure. From the boy's shiny lips, to his tan neck, and to his prominent collarbones. Down the soft clear skin of his chest, to his perky nipples and the soft little pudge of his tummy. Harry lunges forward and latches onto the
lower skin of his tummy. Playfully nipping and sucking at the squishy skin.

His whole body was clear of any love-bites, for now.

Louis lets out a slow, calm breath and combs his fingers through Harry's hair. "You're tickling me."

He wiggles around when the older teen bites particularly hard.

"You're my dream, sweetums. I love you."

Louis' heart warms, and he bites his lip. He offers Harry a shy smile.

Harry reaches up, brushing the boy's fringe from his face. "Princess, daddy needs you to suck on his fingers."

With half lidded eyes, Louis opens his mouth. Harry shoves three of his fingers passed Louis' pink lips and on the base of his tongue.

"Get them wet, doll face." Harry growls. His gaze maintained on Louis' puckered lips, bobbing up and down his fingers from the tip to the base. Louis hollowed his cheeks, finally opening his eyes to meet his boyfriend's dark stare. Louis continues to suck on Harry's fingers, fluttering his lashes. "So pretty, baby." Harry grunts when he catches a glimpse of Louis' tongue twirling between his ring and middle finger. "Enough." He takes away his fingers, and the string of saliva from Louis' wet lips to his even wetter fingers has his cock twitching in interest.

Propping Louis' legs on his shoulders, Harry comes face to face with his masterpiece yet again. Slowing tracing the rim, Harry keeps his eyes on Louis just as he pushes two of his fingers in.

Louis' thighs quiver, and almost force Harry's face between his thighs again. Instead, Harry hums and presses a soft kiss to both of the boy's inner thighs. He thrusts his fingers deep then pulls them out all the way, watching the way Louis' hole clings to him. Louis cried out quietly, closing his eyes as he felt his rim widening around three of Harry's fingers.

"I—" Louis moans, "daddy."

"You like being stretched, hm?" Harry says against Louis' soft skin. "You're so hard for daddy too, right?" Harry curls his fingers, hooking them and watching Louis dig his nails into the bed sheets. Pulling out slowly, and forcing his fingers back in as Louis' hole clenches tight. "Talk to me, babydoll."

The blue-eyed boy whines. "Daddy."

Harry mouths at Louis thigh, finger fucking him at a slow pace. Letting Louis feel every ridge and the thickness of all three if his digits. Using his current position to more of his advantage, Harry licked and suckled at one spot on Louis' inner thigh.

Louis was almost over stimulated, embarrassingly so. Harry had experience, and was practically teaching Louis about sex. Maybe adding a few more kinks into it than just simple vanilla. The green eyed teen had long, thick fingers, and he put them to great use.

Stretching Louis' rim with every thrust, making the boy wither with a movement of his arm. Harry marveled in Louis' soft little noises. His other hand was tracing lightly over Louis' hips with his blunt nails. Harry hooked his fingers one last time before pulling off the boy completely.

"W—Wait." Louis breathes out. He felt the tightness in his stomach disappearing and the heat in his cheeks cooling off. "Daddy." He blinked rapidly, coming back to his senses after a few moments.
Harry was kneeling at the end of the bed, just watching him. His face was unreadable, a furrow in his brow and his lips parted.

"Daddy." Louis tried again, he glanced down at himself. His cock hard, lying on his tummy and a large red, wet love-bite at his inner thigh. "Daddy, come back."

That seemed to snap Harry out of his trance and he surged at Louis. Tackling the younger boy to the bed, and holding him down by his wrists. Harry buried his face in the crook of Louis' neck, mouthing messily at the skin. He then pulled away and gave Louis a small nuzzle with his nose. "I love you, honeybun." He spoke lowly. "I love you so much."

Louis blinked at the older teen, guilt eating at him — just for the fact that he couldn't say it back. Harry easily read his boyfriend's expression, a small smile curling at the corners of his mouth. "It's okay, Anthos." He nuzzled Louis' nose again. "It's all right."

The air in the room changed, from lustful to just comforting. "It's not." Louis wanted to cover himself, but Harry now had tangled their fingers, dropping his hips between Louis' spread thighs. He needed to be as close as possible to Louis.

"I love you, and you don't have to love me back." Harry tries to show Louis that there's nothing wrong with his true feelings, and Harry just wants to wipe away all of Louis' insecurities. He nuzzles Louis' nose again.

"But I want to." Louis murmurs.

"But you don't have to." Harry kisses his nose. "Is that clear?"

Louis breathes out. "Just take me, please."

Harry leans back. "Sweet—"

"Please." Louis' blue eyes widen, his pupils wide and cheeks red. "Please." He begs once more.

Harry was weak against Louis' entire being — more so, his angelic face. "Okay. But, we're talking about this later." He warns.

Louis doesn't reply, he only breaks free of Harry's hold to wrap his arms around the teen's neck, pulling their lips together. It's not long until the room has risen temperature again, their skin coated with a thin layer of sweater as Harry pulls off his swim shorts and hastily opens a condom.

Louis lies on the bed, legs spread, hands inching towards his cock. His blue eyes comb over Harry's lean, muscular frame. His concentrated face with his strong jaw and pink pouty lips. To his flawless torso, his tattoos ever so perfectly placed on his chest, and sides. Louis' gaze follows down the ferns, to his red, angry cock. Sitting proudly between his hips and almost intimidating to Louis.

Harry was fucking hung.

"You okay?" Harry asks, seeing the thoughtful look on the boy's face.

"No Gucci handcuffs?"

Harry chuckles softly, smirking at the younger teen. "Sorry, darlin'." He spurts a generous amount of lube on his cock. "No Gucci handcuffs today."
Louis lazily tugs at his member. "Promise you'll use them on me?"

The football captain finds himself distracted, staring at Louis' tiny, delicate fingers curl around his average size dick.

Louis was so small. And Harry loved it. It also boosted his ego.

"Only if you're naughty."

The boy licks his lips, before biting his bottom one. "I can be naughty." He then squeals when Harry climbs on top of him, his hips snug between Louis' spread thighs.

"Go ahead, babydoll. I have a few punishments in mind."

Louis' breath hitches when he feels the head of Harry's cock at his rim, barely brushing it. "Tell me."

Harry licks his lips, holding the base of his member. "Spanking, bondage, handcuffing you to the bed—fuck." He groans when he breaches Louis' tight rim, the muscle sucking him in. "Fuck you with a vibrator," He pushes in further, remembering Louis' hot little body on the bed with a vibrator in his hole, "eat you out 'till you're crying." When his hips are flush against Louis' bottom, Harry lets out a deep moan. "Fuck you 'till you're screaming."

Louis' face is burning, his hole was even worse. The lube and Harry's fingers helped but the painful stretch was still there, uncomfortably so. He covered his face with his arm and let out a quiet whimper, but it wasn't quiet enough.

"Kitten?" Harry panted. He removed his hands from Louis' hips, and kept the boy's legs swung over his hips. "Anthos?" He carefully moved Louis' arm from his face, and nearly melted at the water pooling in his red eyes. "What's wrong?"

Louis grunted when Harry's long cock went in deeper. His girth was painful with only a hint of pleasure. He was bigger than the vibrator. "What the fuck do you think? Your horse cock is in my ass."

Harry squeezes his eyes shut, Louis was so tight. "Sweetums, baby."

The smaller boy frowned, his bottom lip raw from being bitten. He breathes out heavily from his nose. "Hurts."

Harry peppers kisses all over Louis' face, ignoring the urge to pound into the boy. "You want to ride me? You can be in control, baby."

Without a beat, Louis shakes his head, leaving Harry to make a noise of confusion. "Why not?"

Now, he can't seem to clear his mind of Louis on top of him, working his hips and letting out loud whimpers and moans.

"Lazy."

Harry raises an eyebrow, "You won't ride me, because you're lazy?"

"Shut up and fuck me."

"Thought you said it hurts?"

"Your ego is showing, asshole." Louis blinked. "Shut up and fuck me nicely then."
Harry begins to slowly move his hips, willing himself to not hurt Louis. Louis' mouth dropped open as Harry filled him with his cock, the girth making his hole stretch wide. The lube helped, as did some of both Louis' and Harry's saliva — and the cheerleader only let out short hums.

Harry, on the other hand, was trying to not to completely wreak Louis. But most of his caution flew out the window when he heard the loud, high-pitched cry from Louis.

"Fuck." The boy hiccuped, staring at Harry with dark lidded eyes. "Right there."

Every one of Harry's thrusts was slow and calculated, as each passing moment the bulbous head of his cock hit the small bundle of Louis' nerves. As the blue-eyed boy's volume increased, as did his desperate whimpers slowly turn into moans.

Harry was looming over him, jaw clenched and his green eyes glazed over. His cock was filling Louis up so nicely, to the brim. His hips aiming right into his prostate with hard, slow thrusts.

Louis blindly reached for Harry, pulling the boy down and sucking a love-bite on his neck. "Faster, daddy."

Harry let go and crowded in on Louis. Harry dropped most of his weight on the smaller boy, careful not to crush him, and fit his head in between Louis' neck and his shoulder. With the added speed of Harry's thrusts, Louis clung to his boyfriend. The unforgiving sound of Harry's hips colliding with Louis' plump bottom were filling the room — following after Harry's low grunts and Louis’ cries.

"You're mine." Harry groaned when Louis wrapped his legs around his waist, pulling him deeper. Feeling heat all over his body, Harry concentrated on how there was not a sliver of air between Louis' ass and his hips. It was sinful. "Tell me you're mine."

Louis moaned, the stretch was spreading goosebumps all over his body. He dragged his fingernails down Harry's back. "I'm yours." He threw his head back against the pillow.

"Fucking hell." Harry grunts. Working his hips faster, the sound of slapping skin was motivating. He could feel the softness of Louis, the heat from his body and the suffocation from his hole. It was almost impossible to not cum.

"Daddy." Louis whimpered when the other teen squeezes his thigh. "Oh, God." He whines when Harry nibbles at the exposed skin of his neck.

"Are you going to cum?" Harry's breath is hot on Louis' already sweaty skin. He thrusts slower, making Louis' thighs quiver. "Tell daddy, princess."

Louis nearly sobs when Harry leans back and and goes deeper. "C—Cum, daddy." Harry wasted no time in thrusting faster, taking away Louis' breath in a few moments.

Feeling the heat rise in the base of his cock, Louis spurted out white streams. It went all over his tummy and his thighs, even on Harry's pelvis. The blue-eyed boy let out hiccups sobbing as his whole body convulsed, and his vision went blurry. Harry had more control over his orgasm but the strength of it threw him off guard.

"Kitten." Harry groaned, squeezing his eyes shut and cursing under his breath. Louis tightened around his already throbbing cock, as his jaw unhinged then clenched again. Harry came into the condom, and the thought of Louis' hole covered in his cum was fueling him for another round but Harry was left speechless.

His chest was heaving as he pulled out, watching Louis' hole slowly close, his red, swollen rim made
Harry reach down and push in two of his fingers.

Louis' calm face became tense as his eyes flew open. "Daddy," he took a breath.

"You're so loose, kitten." Harry was in awe. Louis' tight — virgin — hole was now loose, red, wide, wet and just mouth watering. He reluctantly pulls away his fingers. "But, you should rest, babydoll. Daddy wants you energized for when you ride me tonight."

Chapter End Notes

thoughts ?
so sorry for the very long wait. hope u all love me still
"Oh, daddy!"

Harry immediately turns his attention to Louis, who waltzes into the kitchen with a white fluffy cat in the crook of his arm. Louis looks especially soft today — his hair in a puffball on the top of his head and one of Harry's shirts slipping off his shoulder. Louis was also waddling a bit, to which Harry stuffs his mouth with pancake, he'd rather not be questioned about his smug expression.

"Hi, bub," David says, flipping a pancake. "Aren't you a little too old to be calling me daddy still, Lou?"

"Never too old for that, daddy."

Harry chokes on a slice of his pancake. He gives Louis a warning glance, only for the boy to wink in return.

"How's Kimchi?" David asks.

"She's alright, but there was a little situation earlier this morning," Louis asks, climbing onto the counter on the third try. He combs his fingers through Kimchi's fur before she hops off his lap and trots out the kitchen.

David gasps, "what happened?"

David passes Louis a plate of one fresh pancake. "Well, mom put her in her cage at the top of the stairs and the step was too thin." Louis offers David a nervous expression. "You could guess what happened."

"Did she fall down the stairs?" Harry asks, eyebrows raised to his hairline.

"In her cage." Louis nods once. "Rolled down the stairs, like a tumbleweed."

"Hey, you know what would look good on you?"

"What?"

"Me."

Louis hums disinterestedly. His little tongue is poking out of the corner of his mouth, and Harry reaches out and tugs on the tip.

The blue-eyed boy pulls away with a disgusted sound.
"My fingers, my tongue, and my cock have been in your mouth before. Don't act as if you've never had any part of me in you."

"If you're going to remind me of how much of a slut I am for you, you can leave."

Harry puckers his lips, crawling towards Louis and wrapping his arms around the boy's shoulders. He pulls Louis into his embrace and hums tiredly. "Nap with me."

"Harold, don't jostle me around. You're going to mess up my nail polish." Louis continues the delicate swipes on his toenails.

"Anthos," Harry blinks several times. "Is that.. rolled up money?"

Louis wiggles his toes, the best he can do with rolled up bills between his toes. "If my toes touch, it'll ruin the polish."

"But, you used money?"

"I couldn't find the little foam things."

Harry is still stunned. "Those are fifty dollar bills." He notes. "You have two hundred dollars between your toes."

"I have shoes worth more than that." Louis brushes off. "Stop bugging me, you should start getting ready. My mom has to be at the church by 2:30."

"Why?" Harry sat up, hugging a pillow because if Louis wasn't going to cuddle, he could still cuddle a pillow.

"She's the maid of honour and they need to take pictures."

"No, why do I need to be ready by that time?" Harry pouts. "I'm not your mom."

Louis groans. He caps the nail polish bottle and starts fanning his toes, with even more money — Harry wonders why he has so much cash. "Of course you aren't, dummy. Just start getting ready, I feel like you'll change into something then decide you don't like it and change again."

"So, a change-reaction."

The cheerleader groans again, but louder.

"You get it? It's like chain-reaction." Harry explains, still hugging the pillow so his voice is a little muffled. "Change-reaction."

Harry and Louis were currently showering together. Well, first it was Louis showering alone but he couldn't stop his very naked boyfriend from opening the glass door and stepping inside. He has too much pride to admit that he loves how clingy Harry was.

Louis was washing out his shampoo, the grapefruit scent filling the steamy shower. He then noticed how Harry's brows were furrowed, his lip between his teeth and his fingers tapping on his chin. "Don't hurt yourself thinking too hard, baby."

To Louis' surprise, Harry wasn't the least bit offended.
The older teen cleared his throat before speaking. "Louis is your name. You have an "I" in your name, an "I" also looks like a one. What is the "I" in your name? It's the fourth. 4 - 1 = 3. Do you know what has three corners? A triangle. You know what the triangle is a sign of? The Illuminati. Therefore you are the Illuminati. Louminati confirmed."

Louis only sighed, because of course, Harry thought of that. The boy has too much free time on his hands.


"So does sexy."

"So does slow-witted."

"So does so-much-taller-than-you."

It was expected that the two would take an extra long shower. They did end up making out for about twenty minutes. And maybe exchanging blowjobs.

"Can I tell you something?" Louis says, drying his hair with a small towel.

"Okay." Harry nods, wrapping his towel around his waist.

"Your nose moves when you talk."

"Well, it's on my face and pretty close to my mouth." Harry retorts grabbing Louis' hand and pulling him out the bathroom and to the bed.

Once Louis' slipped on one of Harry's t-shirts and sat on the bed, he continues. "No, I mean," Louis reaches out and bops the tip of Harry's nose. "The tip of your nose moves a little when you talk."

Harry's cheeks turn pink. "You pay that close attention to me?"

Louis blinks up, in a daze. "Always."

"Shut up and bend over."

Harry feels a sharp smack on his head. Then another on his behind, to which he screams. Quickly clearing his throat, he asks. "Lou, darling. What are you doing?" He was styling his hair in the bathroom before he was so rudely interrupted.

There was a slight pause. "Let me top."

Harry choked on his saliva before laughing. He laughs, hard, uncontrollably and loud. Out of breath, he wipes the tears from his eyes. "Babydoll, that was funny." He bursts into giggles. "I love how you can make me laugh."

All humour and glee are stripped from Harry's face in a matter of a moment. He sees the determined expression on his boyfriend's delicate features. "Oh." He gulps, taking a small step away from Louis. "You aren't joking, are you?"

From the reflection of the mirror, Harry can see Louis, with a tiny frown, shaking his head. "No. Let
Harry was fearful, maybe even a little too frightened. "Baby honey, you don't mean that."

The blue-eyed boy juts out his bottom lip. "What if I do?"

Harry turns and simply stares at Louis. His wide green eyes looking for any sort of giveaway that Louis is joking. "Tell me the truth, if I were to bend over right now—" Harry says strictly. "You would finger me open — maybe even rim me — and then put on a condom and fuck me." Harry cringes halfway through his words.

Louis doesn't answer, so Harry continues. "You would cover your pretty little cock in a condom, and fuck me with it."

Louis' confidence was slowly deteriorating. He only nods his head with a little tip of his chin.

"You," Harry pokes his chest. "Would put your cock, up my ass."

Louis nods.

"You sure you wouldn't rather be fucked?" Harry flutters his lashes. "You wouldn't rather have my fingers in you, opening you up with my tongue." He reaches down and cups his hands around Louis' plump bottom — which was bare because Louis was still only in Harry's t-shirt. "You would rather do all that, to me?"

That was when Louis melted into complete mush. "No, daddy."

"Tell me, baby doll." Harry picks Louis up, and with the boy's tiny figure, Louis is easily propped up on Harry's hip with his feet dangling. "Why did you want to top?"

Louis is quiet for a second. Just swinging his feet back and forth while absently playing with a loose thread on Harry's shirt. "Wanted to be dominant."

Harry smiles softly before nuzzling Louis' nose. "Anthos, you can be dominant and still bottom. Power bottom, remember?"
howdy there. i am in the process of rewriting this story (as i am will all my other ones) and all chapters are being rewritten and edited. i am about halfway through the story and will soon be posting all the new chapters (some will be deleted bc i'm combining them to make other ones longer) I will be changing some things around so it's best if you just read from the beginning once it's all posted. sorry :^( all chapters will be longer and i will have well-rounded characters for you :^D bye

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