My Fairytale
by dianeagnes

Summary

Prince Louis William of York is tired.
He's tired of formalities.
He's tired of attending events, showing a nice smile and pretending he knows people he actually has never heard of. Well, he probably has, but he couldn't care less about them.
He is tired of people knowing who he is, and would like to have some privacy when it comes to his personal life.
But most of all, he is bored. He craves something different. Little does he know what kind of "different" he's getting into when he applies to that studying abroad program.

Notes

Russian translation by WooDoo
https://ficbook.net/readfic/3488543

Portuguese translation by TaamyB

(A/N) this is my first fanfic ever, plus english is not my first language, so bear with me.

I'm slightly basing this royal family with the British royal family. Their grandmother is the queen, as Queen Elizabeth II. Liam's dad is the Queen's first son and Louis' dad is her third son. So their dads are brothers and they are cousins. Liam is an only child. The titles are going to be kind of the same ones as in the British Royals.

Any type of feedback is very welcomed
See the end of the work for more notes.
"I think that's a crazy idea," Liam said not even looking up from his book.

"Think about it, Liam, is not that impossible," Louis replied, eager as ever.

"I'm not saying it's impossible," this time Liam did look up to see Louis pacing back and forth in the back of the library.

Louis turned to look him with a questioning look.

"What I'm saying," Liam continued "Is that there is no way your parents are going to let you. Going away for six months? To the States? To study some... art-history courses? Mate, go to Italy for a month in the summer if you want to study art,"

"Is not only the art-his..." Louis started to say but Liam interrupted.

"And we've got a ton of events next semester. We've got grandma's birthday..."

"See?" asks Louis a little bit too loud for a library. "That's exactly what I'm tired of. Attending events that I really don't care about. The Queen's had enough birthdays. It's not like there's going to be a difference if I go or not,"

"It would make a difference to me," Liam answered, turning down the volume.

"Liam," Louis paused for a moment and sat beside his favourite cousin "You know what I mean. We are not 8 years old anymore, we can't be running around at the events."

Liam smiled at the memories of them chasing each other in the halls of the palaces, outside in the gardens that many workers used to spend all day gardening and taking care of. Of them catching frogs and hiding them in places where the maids would find them later and scream louder each time. Then their parents would give them a lecture, but no one would really worry, because they were actually very good kids. Well behaved, very kind and with excellent grades.

Even though Liam was supposed to be a school year younger than Louis, they always attended the same grade. Liam didn't seem to have trouble with that, he was even smarter that some of the kids in older grades. They didn't have many friends at school because they were "The princes", or "The princesses" as the meaner kids would call them, but they had a very happy and "normal" childhood. They had each other and that was all they ever needed.

"Even if we both went to the public, social and whatnot events scheduled for next semester, we would get bored to death, we always do. We can't talk, there's always people expecting us to be perfect or, worse, expecting us to mess up so they have something to print the next day on the papers. I mean, are you not sick of this, Liam?"

Liam considered his answer for a second "Actually... No, not really,"

"That's because you are an attention whore" Louis said, slapping Liam's head; Liam slapped him back.

"No, I mean, it's not like I enjoy it but it's the way it is and I've kind of just accepted it. I believe there's no use hating what you do, even if it's something you didn't choose,"
"Yeah, you say that because you are second in line to the throne and there's no way you are getting out of this. Keep telling yourself that, mate."

Louis was more and more decided about this. He wanted to do it. Going to America, only for one semester, that's all he was asking for. He would gladly return to his princely duties once this was finished.

"Well, you are not that far from the throne yourself," Liam pointed out to Liam with a smile on his face.

"Oh my God, Liam, you are right! I should start polishing my crown, for only six people must die so I can claim the throne," Louis starts dramatically half screaming

"Shh, Louis, they're going to kick us out," says Liam laughing

"I shall be king, and no one will stand on my way to the throne; not even you, dear cousin," at this point Liam was dragging Louis out from the library, getting some hostiles looks from the other students. Once outside, he interrupted Louis' soliloquy.

"If you really hate all of this, why don't you quit?" Liam asked.

"Is not that I don't want to do this. If I didn't, I would have dropped high school and travel around the world, be the shame of the royal family or whatever," Liam smirked at his cousin comment "I'm actually thankful that I was born in a place like this. We have a kind of power, and I don't mean it in a Scar from Lion King way, but we could do a lot of good stuff, you know? For other people"

"Louis of York, the benevolent," Liam deepened his voice, and said it with his hand on his heart. Louis laughed.

And Liam knew it was only babanter, but he has always known Louis is a very kind person, that he'd put others before himself. "So you really wanna do this, don't you?"

"Mhm," They were walking to their dorm in silence. Louis was thinking of all the arrangements he was going to have to make. Before all that, he had to talk to his parents. Liam was the only one who knew about this program; him and the lady from the international studies office, but she didn't do much apart from chewing pink gum and giving Louis the brochures.

Liam has always been the first one Louis talks to, and vice versa. They know everything about each other and never keep secrets from themselves. It was always them against the world. Until they met Ed at Uni.

Louis remembered the first time they met Ed. It was on their second day of freshman year. There they were, Liam and Louis trying to figure out how to survive to the first moments of Uni. They were in fact looking for a classroom when Ed bumped into Liam. Liam almost fell, but Louis caught him. The people around started whispering, things like "the ginger", "the prince" and "Oh my God's" but Ed didn't notice it and Liam and Louis ignored them, as always.

Ed just apologized and asked them if they knew where the room number 300-A was. It was the same room they were looking for. They found out they had plenty of classes together, and to Louis' and Liam's surprise, he kept hanging out with them. It was strange because people were most of the time intimidated by them, or they wanted to be friends with them by sheer interest, and those were easy to tell. Ed was weird, the good type of weird, he was just himself.
At the end of their first week they discovered that Ed had no clue of who Louis and Liam were.

"Today a girl in English said that there are princes studying here," Louis and Liam were by now used to Ed's random thoughts, but this one in particular they found funny.

They were trying very hard to not show any emotions.

"Really? And what's said about them"

"Louis..." Liam tried to scold, but failed because he was holding back laughter himself.

"No, Liam, I'm just curious. Tell me, Ed, what's the deal with this royals?"

Louis was grinning, Ed face was pure confusion "Well..." he began uncertain "They say they're the queen's oldest grandchildren. That one prince is, like, literally the next king. Like it's, the queen and then his dad and then he," he started moving his hands as if he was stacking something "and that the other prince is the son of another queen's son, a younger son I suppose. So they're cousins. I don't know if I'm making any sense, I'm just repeating what a girl was babbling about,"

"No, no, no. You're very much right," Liam chuckled.

Louis started laughing "Liam, I want to keep this one. He's a good lad," he said.

Louis laughed out loud at the memory. They were entering their building now.

"What's the joke?" Liam asked

Louis sighed "Remembering when we met Ed," Liam started laughing "D'you remember? When we told him it was us? He was like 'Mate! I'm so sorry, I mean, I know who you are but I've only seen you at photos and stuff, there you are really fancy and shaved. Here, you wear vans, beanies and normal stuff. Are you even allowed?" Louis started to make a very bad impression of their friend.

"And then you told him, 'Well, excuse us, tomorrow we will pick you up at your dorm in our uniforms so we can go to class together in a pumpkin carriage' that was so uncalled-for, Lou"

When they opened their dorm door, they saw Ed lying on Liam's bed watching what they supposed was *Breaking Bad*, Ed's current obsession.

"Speak of the devil," said Louis tumbling into his bed

"What's that?" asked Ed not looking up from his laptop.

"Nothing. How did you get in?" Liam said, sitting next to Ed.

"Through the door," Replied Ed, still eyes glued to the screen. "My roommate's being annoying again. So I came here. Where were you?"

"Library. How come you never study for finals and you do great?"

"I'd do excellent like Louis and you if I studied. But I just don't feel like studying, I mean, I already do well. You just said that." This time Ed had turned off the T.V.

"Speaking of roommates," Louis interrupts with his head buried in a pillow "I think you should ask to be placed with Liam next semester,"
"Why? What'll happen to you?" Ed was now opening a bag of crisps. Ed was a guy who looked and talked like he was never paying attention, always in the moon. But he was actually very observant.

"I'll go to the States for one semester, next semester,"

"Cool," Ed stopped to put a handful of crisps in his mouth. He chewed them, and swallowed them. "And what will you do there?"

"I'm going to study. In case you didn't know, our wonderful university has many "'Studying abroad' programs" Louis replied smiling.

"Mhm," Ed was still eating "And have you got, you know, royal permission?" Liam laughed at this.

Louis was now a little bit annoyed "No, I have not gotten permission yet. But I'm seeing my parents this weekend,"

"Are you?" Liam interrupted

"Yes, and we'll see then," Louis was quite sure they were going to let him. He had already prepared a speech. Besides, it's just a quick trip to America. Nothing could go wrong, could it?
Louis was finishing dinner with his parents and four sisters at Royal Lodge, in Berkshire, when he decided to tell them about his plans.

"Why going away to America if you already are in a very fine University?" His father was in a good mood. That calmed Louis nerves, but he still had to convince them.

"Is not that I don't like it at St Andrews. I just feel like I need a change, for a short period of time. Seeing new places, meeting other people,"

"But you've been to America," Interrupted his father

"Yes, I have. But I've never experienced it from a student point of view. Think about all the things I can learn. Not only in the classrooms, but in the everyday life" Louis was very composed. He was very confident, but asking permission for anything was always a bit scary.

"I see your point, Lou," Louis smiled at his mother's remark "But, aren't you far away enough? I miss you. You live in Scotland, for the love of God!"

"Mom," Louis reached for her hand "It's been ages since I don't live with you. Aren't you used to not seeing every day?"

"Aww, Honey, even when you're all grown up, married and with many more titles, I will always miss you,"

"I am a grown up, Mom"

"But you will always be my baby,"

"And how much do you love your baby?" he asked with a big grin on his face.

"Very much. But I'm afraid I still have to talk to your father about this matter. This is a big deal, Louis, you know you have many more responsibilities than any boy your age,"

Louis sighed "I know,"

"Well. We'll discuss this and you'll have a response before you leave" His father said. "You are dismissed,"

"Dad, can I leave too?" "Me too? I'm done," The twins said.

"Of course, girls,"

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Walking in the hallways of The Lodge he started remembering many moments he and Liam spent there. They usually stayed part of the summer over there, and those were the best days of Louis childhood. Even in summer they had private tutors in London who gave them summer courses for two or three hours a day. But not when they were in Berkshire.

They had three weeks of freedom at Berkshire. The only thing they kept up with was practicing music because that was something they both loved and couldn't stop doing. Louis would play the piano and they'd both sing together, they were so good, even the people that were near the music
room stopped what they were doing to hear them. Apart from that, it was three weeks of mischiefs, no homework, sleeping in and sneaking into the kitchen.

Then things got boring. They turned thirteen and they were no longer considered kids. They had to take things more seriously now, had to attend a lot of more social events than they used to, know the names of important people. Even the press started showing more interest in the teenage princes. But the friendship remained as strong, helping each other through hard times.

Liam texted him that night.

From Liam: "Have you talked to them yet? How did it go?"

To Liam: "Yeah, but not sure. They're telling me tomorrow. I think I convinced my mum, but, fingers crossed"

Louis went to bed that night thinking of what his life would be like if he got to go.

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Next morning, at breakfast, Louis got the answer he wanted so much.

"Are you serious?" he asked, wanting to jump all over the place.

"Yes," replied his father smiling

"Thank you so much!" Louis stood up and hugged his mother from behind. She laughed.

"Your father and I agree that this could be good for you. You deserve this, and we trust you,"

"Mum, Dad, you are not going to regret this. I would never let you down," Louis was seated again.

His dad smiled "I know you won't. You're a good kid, Louis" He smiled at his dad comment and finished eating what it tasted like the best breakfast ever.

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Louis called Liam as soon as he was in his room packing the few things he took with him. He had to leave soon because he didn't want to arrive at St. Andrews too late. He still had a little bit of homework to finish and he felt like he had so much to do now that the trip was a real thing.

"I'm going!!!!!!" he screamed at the phone. Liam moved his phone away from his ear.

"Are you, really?"

"YES! My dad said yes, my mum said yes. Liam, I'm going!!!!"

Liam laughed at his cousin's thrill "Sounds brilliant,"

"I'll tell you more when I get there. Should be around 9 p.m. But I've gotta go now"

"Tell your family I said hi,"

"Sure thing. Bye, Liam,"

"Bye, Lou,"

Later that day Louis said goodbye to his family. "I'll be back as soon as the semester is over" he
promised. And then he was on his way to Saint Andrews University.

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When he arrived, Liam was reading on his bed.

"Look who's here! Mr. I'm-going-to-America,"

Louis laughed "Hello, Liam. Had a good weekend?"

"Yeah, thanks. Very quiet, though. So tell me everything. Was it easy to convince them?"

"Yes, well, I did have to do some talking. But they were fine" Louis yawned, which made Liam yawn as well.

"I'd better go to sleep. I'm going to the gym tomorrow morning,"

"I think I should start going too. Get rid of the tummy," Louis sighed, already undressing himself and getting into bed. Liam laughed.

"You always say that. Then, when you come to the gym with me all you do is sit around in the machines, drinking water, you make a crunch or two, sometimes a push up, and then spend ten minutes filling your water bottle and sit to drink it again"

"What can I say? Filling my water bottle is such an extremely tiring activity that I have to drink the water to calm the thirst that that causes me"

Liam laughed "Whatever. But don't you have stuff to do? Going to the international studies office and getting ready?"

"Yeah. I do. So I'll meet you to have lunch together? With Ed?"

"Sure. As always. Goodnight, Lou,"

"Sleep tight,"

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When Louis arrived at the office next morning he saw a woman, a brunette around her 35 years-old, behind the desk. Not at all the chubby lady from the other time. She was typing on her laptop so Louis had to clear his throat to make himself noticed.

"Oh, hello. I didn't see you there,"

No shit, Sherlock. "Hi, my name is Louis," Her eyes were filled with surprise as she realised who she was talking to.

"Hello, Louis. My name is Gwen, how can I help you?" She stood up and shook his hand. "Please have a seat,"

"Thanks. I was here the other day, I came for information about the exchange programs,"

"And what do you have in mind?" Well, at least she wasn't treating him differently. He liked when people treated him normal, because that was what he was. A student at Uni.

"I was thinking maybe the one at Brown University?"
"Excellent. Are you planning on going next semester?"

"I would like that, yes."

"Okay. Can you give me your full name?"

"Louis William York,"

"Age?"

"20,"

She started typing on her laptop "Well the process is simple, really. Your college fee will remain the same. All you need to do is fill in a form or two, write a letter explaining why do you want to go there, and also you'll need a letter where your parents state that they are aware and agree to this; you bring all that here, we send it over there and once you've got your acceptance letter you're good to go. Judging by your grades here, you shouldn't have problems getting accepted. I'll e-mail you the forms so you can bring everything as soon as you can,"

"Sounds fairly easy. I just, uh, have one question,"

"Yes?"

"Can I apply under another surname?"

"You mean, you want to change your name?"

"If it was possible,"

She smiled "I understand, but I'm afraid that here, at St. Andrews, you are enrolled as Louis York. If you fill the forms under other surname things wouldn't match and we could have troubles,"

"I see," Louis was a bit down. He wanted to try to be normal, just for one semester.

"Look. Let me talk to some people. See what I can do and I'll let you know,"

"Okay then. So that's all?"

"That would be all," She smiled.

After Louis gave her his email address he headed to the little coffee shop where Ed, Liam and he usually had lunch.

When he arrived, Ed and Liam were already there.

"Hello, lads,"

"Hi, Lou,"

"Hello, Louis. Liam told me you're going, that's sick mate! How was your weekend? How are my favourite Dukes of York?"

"It was good. They're good, thanks, Ed,"

"I still don't get why you are a prince if your dad's a duke," Louis laughed at Ed's complain.

Liam answered, "We'll both get the title of Duke of Somewhere when we marry someone,"
"It will be like: Prince Liam, Duke of wherever. Same as me," said Louis stealing a bite from Liam's sandwich.

"I think I'll never get it" Ed shrugged

Liam changed the subject "What were you told at the office?"

"Everything looks easy. This two weeks left should be enough time to arrange everything."

"Two weeks, man, I can't wait to get over with this semester" Ed sighed

"I asked if I could apply with another last name,"

"Really? What did they say?" Liam asked

"That she was going to see if that could be done. Anyway, I hadn't even thought of a surname so I think I'll be York. As always,"

"Tomlinson," Ed interrupted

"What?" Louis and Liam asked at the same time.

"I think you should be Louis Tomlinson. Suits you," he said like he was making a comment on the weather

"Where did you get that from?" Louis asked laughing.

"Dunno. It was the first one that came to my mind,"

"But it does sound good," Liam said

Louis smiled "She'll e-mail me when she knows if I can do that,"

They finished eating and then they spend their Monday studying for finals.

Louis felt like a 14 year old girl when he found himself writing "Louis William Tomlinson" on the back of his notebook.
When Louis got the email from Gwen he was a bit disappointed when he read that she was still working on the surname matter. Nevertheless, he started filling the big forms that he received.

"Liaaam, there're so many," he whined. He had spent the last two hours trying to fill them in.

"It's just two of them," Liam chuckled.

"I think I need a break,"

"You took a 10-minutes break five minutes ago,"

There was a knock on the door and Louis rushed to open it.

"Hey, Ed,"

"Hello!" he entered to the dorm and sat on the chair that Louis was occupying before. Louis settled in the bed "What are you doing?"

"Louis's unsuccessfully trying to fill the papers,"

Ed took a look at the screen of Louis' laptop "These are some silly questions. Just make them up,"

"I can't just make them up, Ed,"

"Look. What do you do on your spare time?" He read a question.

"I don't know. Hang out with you?"

"Okay. I'll write down: reading," he started typing "studying, playing football and... playing music,"

"But those are nerdy hobbies," Louis complained.

"Mate, that is what you do on your spare time,"

"Oh! Shut up, Liam, I'm not a nerd," Liam laughed.

"It's not like you can say your hobbies are drinking beer and having sex on the beach, anyway," Ed replied, to which Louis huffed. "What's your favourite subject?" Ed read another question.

"Write down Economics!" Liam was enjoying this.

"I just took Economics once, and it was horrible!" Louis grumbled

"How many subjects are you currently taking?"

"6," Louis sighed

Liam made a ding noise "One right!" Louis threw a pillow at Liam. Ed laughed and typed.

They went along like this. Ed asking and typing. Louis answering what he could, and Liam and Ed making up what he couldn't. Thirty minutes later they were finished.
"I think you own me now, how about a late lunch?" said Ed swirling on the chair.

"Sounds fair,"

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A few days later he got the letter from his parents and he finished writing his. After he printed the forms and got a copy of everything, he went to hand over the papers.

Louis knocked the door and opened it when he heard Gwen letting him in

"Hi, Gwen," Louis sat down in one of the two chairs

"Hello, Louis. I was just about to write you an email," She said smiling

"Oh yeah? About what? Please don't tell me I've got another questionnaire to answer" He pleaded.

"Not at all," she laughed "It's actually great news. They let you change your name,"

"Did they?" Louis ginned.

"Yes. All of your papers must be filled in as York, tough. I'll get in contact with them to let them know the name you've chosen and they'll do the rest. Now, what's the name?"

"Tomlinson" Louis didn't try to hide his eagerness.

"Perfect," she wrote down the name on a Post-it. That didn't give Louis much confidence, but he let it go "When you get there you'll be enrolled as Louis William Tomlinson then," Louis cheeks were starting to hurt. Have it another person to say it made it sound so much more real.

"Thank you very much," He stood up and shook her hand a bit too enthusiastic. "Very, very much," She chuckled "You're welcome," Louis gave her a last smile and left.

Only to return ten seconds after.

"I'm sorry, I even forgot to give you this," He handed her the folder thick with papers.

"Oh, thanks, darling. I'll let you know if anything else is necessary. But you should be good now. As soon as your letter arrives, I'll let you know."

"Okay. Thank you, again," He was already at the door.

"Bye, Louis," She smiled

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As soon as he received his acceptation letter together with a calendar filled with dates that were important, such as the first and last day of class, he bought the plane tickets. After that, he convinced Liam and Ed to go out for some pints. It wasn't very hard, since exams were over and they hadn't gone out in a while.

They had a great time, just the three of them. One or two girls showed interest in them, talking to them, being really flirty and laughing at everything they said, but the boys weren't looking for that tonight.
The nights that they would spend with any girl, they had to be careful. Mostly just making sure that the girls didn't recognize them, and that they didn't have a way of reaching them later. But that night it was just Louis and his two and only best friends. They decided that that was their own private going away party.

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Before they realised, they were at the train station saying goodbye to Ed.

"Mate, I'm going to miss you," Ed said hugging Louis. "You too, Leeyum" He added Liam to the embrace.

Ed started fake sobbing. They laughed and let go.

"Don't have too much fun in America, yeah?"

"I won't, Ed." Louis smiled

"And you," he said, pointing to Liam "I'll see you next semester,"

Liam sighed "Whether you want me or not," he chuckled.

They hugged one last time and got on their train, Louis and Liam getting on the same one to London.

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When they arrived two cars were waiting for them. One to drive Liam to Buckingham and the other to take Louis back to Berkshire.

"See you in a few weeks, Lou,"

"Probably until Aunt Helen's birthday,"

"Okay. See you then,"

"Bye, Liam," He hugged him quickly.

The driver opened the door for him "His royal highness," He said very formally.

"Thank you, Sir," well, he had to set his Royal mode on now.

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At Berkshire he did what he usually did the summers. Read a lot; practice music; enjoy time with his sisters and the many pets they had; and have chats with his parents about family and such, his mom focusing mainly on gossips while his dad talked more about politics. He missed his family, and loved them very much.

He was in the music room when one of the twins, Daisy came running "Lou, Lou, do you want to see the dress I'll wear tomorrow at Helen's party?"

"Sure, love"

"It's in my room. Come." She held his hand and dragged him.
When they got to the room, he found his mom getting a dress out of a box with the help of a maid, and Phoebe eagerly trying to open another box.

"Lou, come and help me," Phoebe said.

He went to his sister's side and tried to help her "I think we should wait, love. We don't want to ruin what's inside," She pouted, but soon the maid was there to open it.

"Oh, look, is lovely" Jay breathed admiring it.

"Mum, can I try it on?" jumped Daisy.

"I want to try mine, too,"

"I'm sorry, girls. You'll have to wait until tomorrow," They pouted, but kept sticking the dresses to their bodies to see how they'd look. "Your suite is already in your dressing room," she told Louis.

"Thanks, mom,"

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The next day they were all tidy and dressed ready to go to their father's older sister's party. It was weird that his dad, being the youngest of three siblings, was the first one to have a child; being Louis the oldest of the cousins, followed by Liam and then Georgie, Helen's daughter.

When they arrived, they congratulated Helen. After that they had to say hello to their grandmother. When the formalities were done Louis started looking for Liam.

He found him talking to Georgie beside a big fountain.

"Good afternoon, Her Royal Highness," he gave Georgie a bow "His Royal Highness" he now gave Liam one. "What a splendid weather we are having. The sun is out, the grass is so green. Great day for a party,"

They rolled their eyes and laughed "Stop it, Louis," Liam replied

"Hi Louis, is good to see you. How are you?" asked Georgie

"I'm good, thanks, dear,"

"Where are your sisters?"

"Probably looking for you," Louis answered

"Okay. I'll go find them," She said "Bye, guys,"

"See you around," replied Liam.

They spent the evening saying hi to important people. Taking a few pictures. Eating and catching up with what they had been up to the summer.

Then it was time to say goodbye and return to Royal Lodge.

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The rest of the summer went by really quickly. Louis intended to pack his things with time, and not
leave it until the last minute, but he was Louis. It was Sunday, his plane left on Wednesday and he hadn't packed a single pair of jeans.

To Liam: *how much do you love me? Me, your favourite cousin?*

From Liam: *What do you need, Lou? :)*

To Liam: *how about you come here tomorrow and help me pack my stuff? xxxxx*

Liam took about ten minutes to reply.

From Liam: *I'll be there by lunch :) xx*

To Liam: *Thanks! I'll have your favourite made!*

Liam arrived next day and had lunch with Louis' family. They'd always liked him. After that they chose Louis' most ordinary clothes and tried to pack them. When they saw they were doing a terrible job folding clothes they asked a maid for help. Liam stayed the next days at Louis' because he wanted to go with him to the airport to say goodbye to him.

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When they were at the airport a few paps spotted them. His dad would deal with that later. Louis' mum wouldn't stop crying.

"Mum, it'll be only for six months. Less, actually, just four." He hugged her

"Just thinking that you'll be over there makes me miss you more," She smiled

"I'll miss you too Louis," "yeah, me too," his sisters began to complain

"Don't be silly. I'll be here before you know it,"

"Take care, son," his dad gave him a quick hug

"I will, dad,"

Liam hugged him hard "I can't believe you're leaving me,"

"You are going to get all whiny as well?" They laughed

"I will miss you,"

"I'll miss you too, Liam,"

He turned to face everybody and smiled.

"Goodbye. I love you all," they all answered "bye's" and "love you's". Then Louis turned around and walked towards the gate.
When Louis stepped out of the airport, he was excited, scared, nervous, happy, and, even if he didn't want to accept it, a little bit homesick. During the flight he would have random thoughts and turn around to tell Liam or Ed, but they weren't there. He did fly in first class, but as soon as he got off the plane nobody treated him differently. He was no "His Royal Highness", there was no one expecting him, and there was no car waiting to take him wherever he needed. He was alone. And he needed to get a taxi. Like, right now.

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By the time he arrived to Brown he had managed to control everything he was feeling. He was a bit nervous, but this was it. The adventure he craved so much.

He told the taxi driver to wait for him while he went to the Centre he was told to pick up his keys and card. The lady who gave him everything was very nice to him, apparently there was where all the international students had to go, so she asked him about England and his life at Saint Andrews. Once he was finished, he got on the taxi again and headed to his new building, Emery Hall.

The building was rather small. He got into the elevator and pressed the button for floor number 4. When the doors opened, he saw a not very large aisle with two doors: one to his left, #402-A; and one to his right, #402-B. He knew his room was the one to the left, but he didn't go in right away. He left all of his stuff on the floor outside of his dorm room and walked forward. When he reached the end of the aisle, he saw a small kitchen and a nice lounge on one side. On the other side there were two more doors. He opened one: the bathroom; the other one: a small laundry room. He guessed this building was more like a block of flats, instead of rows and rows of dorms on each floor.

He decided to go into his room. He moved a few things so he could open the door. The room was pretty normal. Two of everything, on each side of the room: a bookcase, a bureau, a built in closet (judging from the small doors), a desk and its chair, and a bed. Louis sighed and started to move his stuff inside the room.

After he talked to his parents and texted Liam to let them know he was okay, he started unpacking. He was almost done when he heard the elevator's door open and a loud laugh followed by voices. He didn't mean to eavesdrop, in fact, they weren't very audibly, but he did hear someone saying no, then another person complaining, and laughs after that.

Then he saw a dyed-blond boy open the door with a smile on his face and carrying a backpack.

"Oh, hello mate! I'm your new roomy," He offered his hand and Louis shook it. There was something in the way he spoke... "Hey, would you help me get my stuff?" His accent sounded... "My friend just kicked it out of the elevator," Yes, sounded Irish. "Oh, sorry, I'm Niall Horan," He looked so happy.

"Hi, erm, my name's Louis Tomlinson," They were already walking towards the pile of boxes

"Are you British?" Niall asked smiling

"Yeah, I'm an international student."

"Oh, yeah? Just one semester?"
"Yes, that's it,"

"That's cool,"

They were almost done.

"And you're Irish, yeah?" Louis asked.

"You can tell?" Niall chuckled "Yeah, I moved to America when I was in high school because of my dad's job. Sometimes I miss it, but it's cool, though. The accent helps with the birds, they love it. You'll see yourself"

Niall started unpacking and Louis finished.

"Why so much stuff? You just got in?" Louis asked

"No, I used to live in Morriss Hall but they changed me. Don't know why. Bloody Malik got the dorm across, it's a single room." He explained

"Oh, 402-B? And you don't like this lad Malik?"

Niall laughed "Naah, he's one of my best friends. They moved us both from Morriss to here. Actually, I wonder where he is, he said he arrived yesterday" Niall sighed "Well, I'll go look for him, wanna come?"

"Thanks, but I'm feeling really sleepy. Probably jet lag,"

"Okay, mate, then I'll let you rest," Niall stood up "Sweet dreams, Louis,"

Louis smiled "Thanks, Niall,"

Niall closed the door and as soon as Louis' head hit the pillow he fell asleep.

*****

At some point later Louis was awakened. He wasn't sure where he was at first, but soon remembered the owner of the Irish voice that was calling his name.

"What?" Louis asked sleepily

"I think it'll be better for you if you don't sleep too much right now" Niall whispered

"What?" Louis was confused, and sleepy. He wanted to sleep. "Niall, it feels like being early morning,"

"It may be in England. But it's only 9 p.m. here" Louis grunted "Zayn and I are watching a film, you should join us,"

"Zayn?" Louis was a bit more awake. He didn't know any Zayns.

"The Malik kid I told you about, remember?"

"Uh huh," Louis sighed "I'll be up in a minute,"

"Cool!" Niall nearly yells genuinely happy and left the room

Louis noticed that he was still using that day's clothes, so he put on the sweatpants he usually used
for sleep and a t-shirt and went to the lounge. Niall was in the kitchen looking at the popcorn bag grow in the microwave and Zayn, he assumed, was turning on the T.V.

He went to the kitchen and grabbed a glass, filling it with water.

"Good, you're up!" Niall said

"Yeah. You're probably right, I should start sleeping at the right time,"

Zayn was making his way over there "Sure you do. Look, this is Zayn Malik," Zayn shook Louis extended hand

"Louis Tomlinson,"

"You alright?" Zayn asked

"Yeah, you?"

"Yeah, thanks," he smiled. "So we're watching Fast and Furious Tokyo Drift,"

"Sounds good," Louis answered

"Are you from England?" Zayn asked curious. Louis thought that he was going to get that a lot. He would say something witty, but he didn't want to make a bad impression on his roommates. Maybe some other time.

Right now Niall beat him. "Yes, he's an international student," then he turned to Louis "Zayn's from across the pond as well,"

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah," Zayn answered "From Bradford,"

"Nice,"

"Where are you from?" Zayn asked

"I was born in London," He simply replied.

"We should make a fraternity or something. Call it The Great Irish and some British lads," they laughed

"You work on that, mate," Zayn said

"By the way, Louis, we brought stuff to make sandwiches. Zayn and I already ate, but help yourself if you're hungry," Added Niall

"Thanks, I will,"

Niall and Zayn sat down and started the movie while Louis made his sandwich. Then he joined them. After finishing his food, Louis tried very hard not to fall asleep again, but failed miserably.

*****

He woke up at 4 a.m. on the couch. Niall and Zayn were already gone. He attempted to go back to sleep, but he couldn't. He thought that perhaps Liam was awake, so he texted him.
To Liam: *I'm alive :*)

He answered immediately

From Liam: *Glad you are! Isn't it a bit early over there?*

To Liam: *Yeah :) jet lag's a bitch*

From Liam: :( *sucks. Have you met your roommates?*

To Liam: *Yeah, they're nice. Niall's from Ireland and Zayn's from Bradford. What are the odds?*

From Liam: *Really? Mate do you think they recognized you?*

To Liam: *I don't think so. To them, I'm just an international student*

From Liam: *We'll that's a good thing (:*

To Liam: *Yeah. Are you at St Andrews already?*

From Liam: *No, I'm leaving today.*

To Liam: *Oh ok. Well I'll text you later so you can finish preparing :)*

Louis turned on the T.V. turning down the volume so he wouldn't wake them up.

From Liam: *Ok. You go to the gym. Do something instead of just watching telly*

To Liam: *Wtf? Are you a psychic or what?*

From Liam: *I'm just your best friend ;)*

To Liam: *yeah whatever, bye Liam xxxx*

From Liam: *Bye Lou :) xx*

Louis stayed, flipping through the channels. He left it on the show of the dude that bakes cakes. He was making one that looked like a giant flip-flop. He wondered if the cakes actually tasted good with all those drawings. He soon got bored and tired of the couch, so he started considering going to the gym.

He went into his room to get changed. Niall was slightly snoring. He did his best to not make a sound, changed quickly and grabbed his iPod, water-bottle and key. He didn't have to wait very long for the elevator, no one was awake.

It was chilly outside, it was a little past 6. He started walking in the direction he thought the gym was. He was sure he walked past a building two times but he managed to get to the gym in one piece.

There weren't many people. The tellies were already turned on but muted, because there was hip-hop playing.

First things first, he had to fill his bottle with water. He got on the treadmill, setting it so he would just walk a little faster than normal. Liam was probably right, he was very lazy. He drank from his bottle and decided to create a quick workout playlist on his iPod.
Satisfied with his playlist he looked up and scanned the room. The few people that were there were scattered. There was a girl on the cross-trainer mouthing the lyrics of her music. A dude in front of a mirror checking himself out. Everyone minding their own business; Louis should have been minding his too, but a guy caught his eyes.

The guy was lifting weights, maybe as heavy as the ones Liam could lift, but judging by his expression it wasn't that easy. He was frowning and breathing heavy. He was wearing a tank-top, so Louis noted he had plenty tattoos. When Louis found himself staring at this boy, his cheeks felt warmer.

He convinced himself that it was because of the exercise. And blamed the 'staring' on missing Liam because, obviously, the weights reminded him of Liam. He got tired of the treadmill so, after he refilled his bottle, he got on the cross-trainer. The boy from the weights wasn't there anymore, and Louis forced himself not to look for him.

Then he heard someone laughing. He turned his head to see who it was and saw the weight-boy covering his mouth, but still laughing, with a very fit woman. Louis didn't mean to stare, but he felt that if he wanted to check someone out he was going to do it. It was his life and no one could tell him who he could stare at or not. So he did.

The weight-boy uncovered his mouth and Louis noted something he would have never expected. The guy, who was lifting heavy weights, whose upper body was possibly covered by tattoos, who could pull off that messy workout-hair... Had dimples. Frickin dimples!

Louis felt like he needed a water break.

He stopped and started drinking when he saw the fit lady approaching him.

"Hello," she said

"Hi" Louis answered

"My name's Alice. I'm the coach here," she said, smiling, "I just wanted to tell you that it's necessary that you bring your own towel when you come here"

"Oh, sorry, I didn't know,"

"There're paper towels by the water if you need some,"

Louis raised his eyebrows because he hadn't sweat a single drop, but thanked her anyway.

He decided it was enough with the creepy staring and went back to his flat.

*

He sadly got to the conclusion that the only way of seeing the weight-boy again was coming back on Monday at the same time. He could already imagine Liam's amusement when he tells him he'll start going to the gym every day at 6:30 because of a guy.
When Louis got to their flat, Zayn and Niall were still sleeping. Again, carefully of not waking Niall, he grabbed a towel and clothes, and made his way to the bathroom. He remembered that he hadn't brought any shampoo or anything but he saw that, luckily, there was what he needed in the bathroom. Probably Zayn's. He made a mental note to go shopping later.

He took a shower, got changed and came out barefoot because he had forgotten to bring shoes and didn't feel like putting on his sneakers again. He saw a lazy Niall watching T.V.

"Hi, Niall, sorry, did I wake you up?" he said, opening the laundry door to put his dirty clothes in one of the baskets.

"Hey," Niall yawned "Nahh, at what time did you get up?"

"A little past 4 a.m."

"Okay, but tonight you can't sleep early," Niall stood up "I'm going to shower,"

"I used some of the stuff that's there. I hope that's okay,"

"Yeah, those are Zayn's he won't mind. We should go shopping today anyway,"

"Sure," Niall closed the door.

Louis went to the kitchen and made himself a sandwich and another for Niall. He laid on the couch and ate his food watching telly. When Niall came out Louis told him he had made a kind of breakfast for him.

"Really?" Niall was smiling widely "Thanks mate!" He started eating right away and started moaning.

"Nial, stop moaning over food. That's weird." Louis chuckled.

"This is the best sandwich I've ever had," Niall said with his eyes closed.

"No, it isn't," they laughed.

"Aren't you the best lad? Isn't he the best lad ever, Zayn?" Zayn had just woken up and was very sleepy.

"Why are you being so loud this early, Niall?" he complained.

"Louis made me breakfast!" he said, smiling and showing him the empty plate

Zayn went to the bathroom and when he came out he looked a little bit more awake "how come when I cook for you I don't get this reaction?" he complained

"Don't be jealous, Zaynie. I promise you'll get the same reaction the next time you cook for me" he said cheekily.
"Yeah, and don't get too excited," Louis pointed out, "Because sandwiches are about all I can do,"

"See, Zayn, you'll cook for both of us," Zayn chuckled "We are going shopping today."

"Okay," Zayn said "Just let me take a shower first,"

Louis would have guessed Zayn took hours getting ready, but in fact he was pretty fast. And he looked better than the other two, with his quiff done in a very stylish messy way. Practice, Louis supposed.

When they were all done Louis put his vans on and they left.

***

"Niall, we're not buying anything we don't need. No. Don't give me the puppy eyes. Niall... put that thing back on the shelf," Zayn was used to do the shopping with Niall and knew how he could be when there was something that he wanted, but it was very entertaining for Louis to watch those two at a convenience store.

Louis grabbed the stuff that he needed and put it in his basket. The things like cereal boxes or juice they put it in the basket that Zayn was carrying. While Louis and Niall were choosing between a box of Oreo or Chips Ahoy, two girls saw them and walked in their direction.

"Hey, Niall," one said. She had blond hair and was wearing really short shorts.

"Hey Jane, how are you?" Niall said smiling.

"We miss you so much at Morris," the other one told Zayn. Just by observing their body language, Louis noticed that the girls were clearly interested in the guys, Jane was battering her eyelashes way too much and the other one was playing with her ponytail.

"Yeah, I bet the building is all boring now that we're not there. Now you'll have to come and get us at Emery," Zayn flirted back, who would have known?

"Oh, we will," she answered.

Niall threw the two boxes of cookies in the basket. "Well, ladies, we have to go. Will we see you at Mike's tonight?"

"Only if you do body shots off me," Jane told him.

Niall smiled "We'll see about that."

The girls giggled and left.

As soon as they were out of earshot Niall sighed "There's no way I'm doing body shots off her,"

Zayn laughed. Louis was a little bit confused. To him Zayn looked quiet and Niall looked more like a kid. That was a side of them that he hadn't seen, he supposed that they weren't just quiet and childish.

"By the time we get to the party she'll already be drunk and half the party will have done body shots off her, I'm not licking anything any lad has licked before" When Niall and Zayn saw Louis' confused face they laugh. "Told you, mate, they love accents. You'll see tonight,"

"I'm also going to the party?" Louis asked "just like that?"
"Well, we're friends, right?" Zayn asked like it was obvious.

"Right," Louis smiled, surprised for the quick acceptance.

"Yeah! You're part of The Great Irish and Some British Lads fraternity," Niall said, faking a deep voice, then suddenly changed it to a girly one "On Wednesdays we wear pink," they laughed.

"But you'll have to learn to keep up, though. Niall here is quite a party animal," Zayn said.

"Let's see how it goes," Louis said sighing.

When they reached the till and the boys were paying for the shared basked Louis remembered that he didn't have any cash.

"Sorry, do you accept credit cards?" Louis asked.

"Sure" the cashier said, smiling. It was a girl around their age, with almost black and wavy hair.

When she was finished Louis put his stuff in a paper bag, then gave the girl his card and signed the receipt. Just when they were about to leave the store, the girl almost yelled at them.

"You forgot your ticket!"

Oh, yeah, thanks for the trash Louis thought "Thanks," he said. The girl was grinning.

When he was about to crumple it, he saw something written on it. It said Allison and what Louis supposed was her number.

"She gave you her number?" Niall asked when they were outside.

"I guess," Louis answered.

"You're gonna call her?" Zayn asked, interested in Louis' reaction.

"I don't know, she's not very much my type," Louis answered insecure. He didn't know what his type was anymore. Possibly dimpled-boys who lift weights.

"Yeah, might not be a good idea. She's probably crazy," Niall shivered.

"Frat girls,"

They left their groceries in their small kitchen and then went out to give Louis a small tour around campus. Sowing him the buildings where he had classes. Louis noticed that Niall and Zayn were pretty popular. A lot of people waved at them when they saw them, others yelled at them asking if they were going to the party, Niall and Zayn didn't want to stop to say hi to any of them. They said they were going to see them that night anyway.

When they got hungry, they stopped for lunch.

"Who are you texting?" Zayn asked when he swallowed his bite of sandwich.

"Harry" Niall answered with his mouth full and eyes glued to the phone.

"He's coming, right?"

"He says he'll meet us there" Niall said locking his phone and setting it on the table.

Zayn turned to Louis "Our other best friend" then he turned to Niall "I haven't seen him since I got
here, have you?"

"Yeah, he helped me get my stuff to the flat. Well, actually just pushed it outside the elevator in our floor"

"Oh, so you met him?" Zayn asked Louis

When Louis opened his mouth to answer Niall said "No, I just told you he just kicked the stuff and left," then he told Louis "But you'll like him,"

"And also British?" Louis raised his brows.

"How did you know?" Niall asked with genuine surprise.

"Lucky guess" Louis chuckled

"Yeah, he came to the States when their parents got divorced. His mom, sister and him." Niall explained "But don't ask him about it, he doesn't like talking about his family to strangers. Just giving you a heads-up, bro" Louis nodded

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When they got back Louis felt tired. It had been an early morning for him, and he wanted to go to the party and not fall asleep, so he took a nap.

After he woke up, he texted Liam telling him about his day and plans for the night. Liam wished him good luck, told him not to drink too much and made him promise to Skype as soon as possible.

When he got out of his room, he saw Niall and Zayn watching T.V., he joined. Later, Niall said that he wanted to eat dinner because he wasn't going to the party on an empty stomach. They put together the most decent meal they could. Apparently Zayn really was the one that did the cooking, giving Niall the job of setting the table. Louis washed the dishes that Zayn didn't need anymore.

When they were done, they went to get ready. Louis put on some dark jeans and styled his hair the way her mom call it "dad hair". He went for that one because he thought it made him look older, and, let's be honest, sexier as well.

Zayn was the first one ready, followed by Louis and at last Niall who also had styled his hair up. They stepped out of the building and started walking. Just when Louis was going to ask how they were going to get to the party they reached a small parking lot. Zayn stopped and unlocked a black '65 mustang in perfect conditions.

"You have your own parking spot?" Louis asked amazed

"Well, let just say that those cheekbones come with benefits," Niall answered laughing. Louis sat in the backseat and Zayn started the engine.

"It wasn't hard to convince the lady from the administration to assign one to me," Zayn said chuckling.

Niall turned on the stereo and the ride was quiet except for the up-beat music Niall was playing. When they arrived the house was already full. The music was loud. There were people everywhere, everyone holding red cups. Some were talking, others dancing and others making out.

"Wait, I'm going to look for Harry. He texted me and said he's already here," Niall yelled at them.
Zayn nodded and suddenly a very drunk Jane appeared before him "Hi, Zayn. Where's Niall?"

"He went to get Harry," he answered

"He's coming? Yeah, that's fun!"

Louis couldn't hear what Zayn said, because Allison, the girl from the store, waved at him and rushed to him.

"Hey, I know you" She half yelled in his ear. Louis felt like someone was staring at him, but couldn't place it because there was so much people.

"Do you?" Louis asked, taking a step back. He could smell the alcohol on her breath

"Yeah, I gave you my number. On the ticket. You didn't call." She pouted.

"Sorry, I think lost it"

"That's a lame excuse," she frowned

"Well probably when you stop giving away your number written on the back of tickets, people will actually consider keeping it," She made an offended sound and turned around.

Then Zayn was again by his side and some guys came to say hi to them, well, to Zayn, but Zayn introduced him as his new international friend. They all asked him how he was doing and showed interest in him. Some were more drunk than others and asked silly questions, but he didn't mind drunk guys. He was glad that he had the luck to be placed with cool roommates, instead of some nerds who didn't go out at all. He wouldn't have any social life at this point if it wasn't for Niall and Zayn.

He felt someone tapping his shoulder. It was Niall.

"Come," Niall said and pulled his arm. Louis grabbed Zayn's arm and dragged him with them.

They went to the kitchen. It was filled with cups, empty and half empty bottles of everything, and bags of crisps. It was brighter there, so he could see the faces of the people that were there. And he surly did not expect to see the handsome face of the weight-boy.

Louis started freaking out when he saw that they were walking towards him. The girl he was talking to giggled and left. Then the weight-boy turned and saw them.

"Hey, Niall! What's up?" he asked Niall smiling. Then he turned to see Louis. Louis had never seen such beautiful green eyes before.

"Hi Harry. Look, this is Louis Tomlinson. Our new roommate and friend" Niall said smiling and patting Louis back. That brought him to reality.

"Hi. I'm Harry Styles" he said smiling wide and offering Louis his hand to shake.

Chapter End Notes

Hi!
I would LOVE to know if you're liking this story, or what would you like to happen next!
So leave a comment! if you want :) 
Any type of feedback is very welcomed!
When Louis shook his hand, Harry literally gave him a shock.

Harry chuckled "Sorry."

Louis remembered he had to talk or do something "So you are part of the fraternity as well?" he joked.

Harry laughed "Apparently I am. Niall was just telling me about it and... Where did he go?" Louis turned and saw that Niall was gone. Zayn was talking to a girl and pouring drinks on the other side of the kitchen "God, I hope they don't get wasted. It's the first party of the semester."

"Most people would count that as a good reason to get wasted," Louis said smirking

"Well, you've got a point. But that doesn't make cleaning after them more appealing,"

Then Zayn arrived with three red cups. "One for my new friend," he handed one to Louis "And one for my old friend," he gave Harry the other one.

Louis drank a sip. It was strong. When he looked up Zayn chugging down his.

"You want another round Louis?" Zayn asked "Not you, Harry, you're driving," he tossed Harry the car keys and he caught them with a swift movement. "So, do you?" he repeated.

"I'm okay for now, thanks," Louis answered.

"Well, I'm gonna go look for Niall. He lost a bet and has to drink two tequila shots" he turned around and left them laughing.

"And... there they go," Harry chuckled.

Louis laughed with him. He was starting to feel the warmth that the drink provided on his chest. He welcomed it, already feeling relaxed, but he didn't want to get drunk either.

"And where are you from?" Harry asked, then took a sip.

"I study at Saint Andrews University," He answered.

"Oh, so you're actually Scottish?" Harry asked curiously.

"No, I was born in London," Harry might have been expected a more elaborated answer, like where did he live before Uni, but he settled for that answer.

As for Louis, he didn't want to explain that he's had multiple residences. That would be a little difficult to get if you didn't know he wasn't normal.

Louis changed the subject "And you study at Brown?"

"I do. There I met those two. Niall was my first roommate. He met Zayn, introduced him to me and we've been friends ever since," he said, feeling proud of their friendship

Louis would have never imagined to be having a conversation with the weight-boy, at least not so soon. They continued talking about uni, things they liked, what they wanted to do after uni (Louis
giving a more general version, saying he wanted to help people). Louis could see why people liked him, and not only for his looks. He found out that Harry was a very nice lad, a bit cheeky as well.

The conversation was very fluid, Louis never thought that he could be interacting with anyone like this. All the pressure of being observed by everyone for being who he was, was gone. These two days he had still been careful, unsure. But not now. Now was when he really felt free, and also a little tipsy -Louis' drink long gone.

Two girls came and hugged Harry. One kissed him on the cheek, but ended up kissing half of his lips. Somehow that didn't bother Louis as much because he was expecting that: girls at his feet. Hell, Harry could have Louis on his knees if he wanted, so he didn't blame them. Louis wasn't waiting for the magical moment of the night to tell Harry how he felt. He was hopping it was just a crush, and he didn't want to risk things. Saying something would make things awkward.

Louis thought it would be better to keep him as a friend than freaking him out and losing him for good. Besides, all Niall ever talked about was girls liking their accents. So better not to make a fool out himself trying to make a move on a straight guy.

"Hey, Harry. Long time no see," The girl that kissed him said.

"Hi, Juliet," Harry smirked at her. Pulling her closer.

"And who's your friend?" The other one asked.

Louis thought that he could play along. "Louis Tomlinson," He extended his hand and the girl took it. Then Louis brought it to his lips and kissed it gently. Just like he would have done with any Lady he had just met back home.

The girl giggled "I'm Kate,"

Then Juliet stretched out her hand, with a big silly smile, obviously expecting the same gesture. "And I'm Juliet," she said.

Louis took her hand and kissed it just as polite, battering his eyelashes. "Beautiful name, Juliet,"

She squealed.

Kate untangled herself from Harry and grabbed Louis' hand. "Come and dance with me?" she asked

"Sure, love" Louis answered. He looked at Harry and felt proud of the expression Harry was wearing.

Harry's brows were raised, like he couldn't believe what he just saw.

"Yes, Harry, let's dance!" Juliet pulled Harry's arm. He didn't answer, just let her drag him out of the kitchen and into the living room, where people were dancing.

Louis chose it would be fun to keep it like this a little bit more. When they were in improvised dance floor Louis gave Kate a small bow like if he was asking for permission to dance like he would at any formal ball. Then asked "May I?" with his hand extended.

Kate giggled even more.

Louis put his hands around her waist and started dancing normally, we wasn't going to do a waltz there. Kate was really fit, and she could move. The kind of girl Louis would have gone for if it
wasn't for Harry. Louis felt he was doing this to prove something to Harry, even though he didn't know what it was.

Louis looked up and saw Harry looking at them. When their eyes met Harry smirked and leaned to kiss Juliet. She deepened the kiss right away. Louis felt something not nice in his stomach, but couldn't think much about it because a crowd at the other side of the living room started cheering. Louis stopped dancing and Harry and Juliet broke the kiss and they all turned to get a glimpse of the events.

Harry went to see what was happening, Louis followed him with his gaze. With his tall height, Harry was able to see what was happening. He looked at Louis and motioned him to go there. Louis left Kate's side and walked towards him.

Harry grabbed Louis' arm and pulled him, making way through the crowd. They got to the centre of the multitude and saw Zayn and Niall. Both terribly drunk. Niall was doing an Irish dance while Zayn was pouring vodka straight from the bottle into Niall's wide opened mouth. Niall's eyes were tightly closed, but his lips were curved forming a small smile. And Zayn's face was sheer joy, as he raised higher and higher the bottle, making it harder to aim to Niall's mouth and spilling some.

Niall grabbed the bottle from Zayn's hand. Everyone, including Zayn, made complaining noises.

"Harreeehh!" Niall slurred "Thas no fun!!!" he tried to take the bottle from him but failed. His balance was miserable and almost fell, but Louis caught him.

"Loueeeeeeeeh!!" Niall pinched Louis' cheeks "Are you having fun, mate?!" Louis laughed.

"He was" Harry answered, smirking "But you two have had too much. Let's go,"

"So early?!" Zayn whined.

Harry didn't say anything. Just rolled his eyes, grabbed Zayn by the arm and started walking. Louis did the same with Niall.

Zayn and Niall giggled all the way to the car. They settled them on the back seat, then Harry sat in the driver's seat and Louis on the front seat.

Harry offered Louis mint chewing gum; he accepted it. Harry turned on the engine and started driving. Zayn and Niall were now singing in the back seat. Harry laughed, and Louis wished he could hear him laugh every day starting right now.

"Well, aren't you prince charming?" Harry asked, smiling, crinkles forming around his eyes.

Louis froze for a second, but quickly followed up "Well, accents are not the only thing girls dig" Louis replied a bit cocky "You could learn some stuff from me, Styles,"

"Can't wait," Harry replied with a different twinkle in his eyes, he quickly laughed it off, "I must admit that was something I'd never seen before. Where you'd even get that princely stuff?"

Zayn gasped before Louis could think of something, "Hey, you know who's really fit?" Zayn asked excited in that unique accent of his.

Niall laughed loudly "Melissa?!!" he guessed.

"Yeah, but no, mate!!" they laughed.
Harry was watching them in the review mirror.

"That Landon guy!" Zayn continued.

"What Landon guy?" Niall asked.

"The guy! The prince!" Zayn said. Louis' blood drained from his face. "Louis! Louis!" Zayn patted him on the shoulder "You live there! The name of the prince, what is it?"

Louis hesitated "Geoff?" He tried with his uncle's name, after all he was the prince-to-be-king

Zayn and Niall laughed "Noooo, mate! It was something like Landon!"

"Um... was it Liam?" Louis asked unsure

"Liam!!" Zayn sighed dramatically, then he nudged Niall "Mate, do you know who he is?"

Niall shook his head with wide eyes and a big smile.

"I saw him once on T.V. He is like a freshly roasted marshmallow, with chocolate fudge on top," Zayn said dreamy.

Niall and Harry laughed. Louis faked a laugh that came out more like a nervous laugh. So, if Zayn knew Liam, would he recognize Louis? Liam and Louis were always together. If you googled Liam, Louis would probably pop out in some photo next to him. But Zayn didn't even remember Liam's name, and he was very drunk. So Louis probably shouldn't worry.

They got to their building faster than Louis would've liked. Louis was enjoying stealing glances at Harry and watching his jaw move as he chewed his gum.

Harry parked Zayn's car and helped Louis get the boys to their room. By the time they were on the lift Zayn was yawning and Niall was falling asleep on Louis' shoulder. Harry took Zayn to his room and Louis took Niall to theirs.

Louis was taking off Niall's Supras when he heard someone in the room

"So I'll see you guys tomorrow," Harry said, leaning on the door frame of Louis' room.

"Sure. You ok going alone to your room?" Louis asked now kicking his Vans off.

Harry chuckled "I live downstairs. Room 302-B, in case you need anything."

"Thanks. We should be okay," Louis smiled.

Harry smiled "Okay. Bye, Louis,"

"Goodnight, Harry," He answered.

Louis waited to hear the doors of the elevator open and close to undress himself. He put on his sleep-sweat pants and went to sleep.

****

Louis woke up the following morning to the sound of pans and the smell of pancakes. He got up and saw that Niall was still sleeping. He put on a T-shirt and went to the kitchen. Harry was there, finishing making breakfast.
"Hey," Louis said, his voice a little husky.

"Good morning," Harry smiled "Nice morning hair,"

Louis ruffled it and went to the bathroom. He washed his face and brushed his teeth. When he came out Harry had put a stack of pancakes on two plates and was taking them to the table.

"You slept well?" Harry asked as Louis was sitting on the table.

"Yeah, thanks. You?" he was still sleepy.

"Good, thanks," Harry sat and started eating, Louis did too.

"Where were you yesterday morning? Niall and I had to eat some terrible sandwiches I made for breakfast," Louis complained

"Grabbed breakfast with my sister," Harry chuckled, "I take you like the food?" He smiled. Louis thought that he would never get bored of those dimples.

"It's... alright," Louis teased, even though he knew this was probably the best pancakes he had ever had. Gourmet pancakes included.

Louis sniggered back.

"Are the boys always like that when they're drunk?" Louis asked.

Harry smirked "No. Well, we don't get drunk that often. We party and stuff, but it's not always like that,"

Then a very, very hungover Niall entered to the room. With his eyes closed and hand on his forehead. "Harry, you're so mean for letting me drink that way. Now, feed me," Niall complained, sitting on the table next to Louis.

Harry gave him a plate with pancakes, a glass of water and two pills. Niall swallowed the pills and started eating.

"Did you kiss Juliet last night?" Niall asked Harry with his mouth half full.

"Y-yeah," Harry replied as if he had forgotten, then as he didn't care.

"Why?" Niall made a disgusted face.

"Because," Harry shrugged.

Louis decided not to think much about their conversation. He did wonder how Niall knew if he had been drinking on the other side of the room, and he had just woken up.

They kept their chat light about the party. Some things Niall remembered and others not. Niall also asked Louis about Kate, but Louis told him that that was nothing. That they just danced.

After everyone was done, they watched a movie on the telly that had already started. It was called The Descendants or something like that. Harry had already seen it, so he explained to Louis what he had missed. Niall fell back asleep right away. Louis and Harry were quiet, both paying attention to the movie. Louis felt very comfortable there with Harry. He enjoyed his company even if they weren't talking. It felt as if this day was a regular one, and like they had spent many days like this together.
Zayn woke up half past three in the afternoon. He put what was left of breakfast in the microwave and ate it on the couch next to the lads.

Louis texted Liam and told him about the party and how well he was getting along with his friends. He told him about Harry but left out the part of the 'crush', which needed to be told on Skype. Because he was definitely telling Liam, who else if not? This was something big, he had never liked a guy this way before. He hoped Liam would take it lightly and not overthink it. Like Louis, he just accepted it.

The rest of the day went on like that. Watching movies, being lazy and eating what Harry cooked. They all went to sleep early because they were tired and the next day they had to prepare things for Monday. Louis was nervous about his first day of classes but Niall assured him that he would do great. That he was a great lad and wouldn't have troubles making friends. And if anything went wrong, Louis would always have them.
Hi guys! You know I’ve been writing in a 3rd person narrative, but it’s kind of from Louis perspective. So now I’ve decided to start changing the perspectives and see how it goes. I hope it doesn’t get confusing :)

Liam had a busy "back to school". The people in charge of the dorms ignored them and didn't put Ed as Liam's roommate. They did a lot of asking and talking, and, finally, on Sunday they let them change. They spent their Sunday moving Ed's things into Liam's room.

Louis texted Liam to see if they could Skype. Liam would have loved to, but they were busy and tired. They exchanged a few texts wishing each other good luck and promising to Skype on Monday.

* 

Liam was glad that Ed had more than a few classes with him. It made him feel less lonely. When his classes were over he thought of Skyping with Louis, but realized that Louis' first day was probably beginning. He went to his room and found Ed there. They chatted for a while and then Ed had to leave for an afternoon class.

Liam turned on his laptop. He was checking his email when an income call from Louis appeared on the screen. He accepted it right away.

A pixilated image slowly became Louis' face. He was frowning, Liam smiled at his cousin.

"Hey, Lou!" Liam waved at the screen.

Louis' lips moved, but Liam couldn't hear anything.

"I can't hear you," Liam complained

Louis nodded and looked concentrated. He spoke again, but Liam still didn't hear.

Liam shook his head. "Is your mic working?" he asked.

Louis didn't answer. A few seconds later his mouth opened again.

"What about now?" Liam heard.

"Yes! I can hear you!" Liam smiled. Louis was smiling too.

"Hello, mate! How are you?" Louis asked.

"I'm good! Thanks!" their smiles hadn't disappeared "Are you in your room?"

"I am," Louis answered. He lifted the laptop and started rotating it "That's my bed," he pointed the unmade one
"What a surprise," Liam joked

"The other bed's Niall's" He rotated the laptop a little bit more "there's Niall's desk, the window, closets and you're on my desk," he settled the lap again on the desk.

"Looks cosy," Liam commented

"It is, actually. Look, let me give you a tour," Liam chuckled and Louis lifted the laptop again. He showed Liam the flat: kitchen, lounge room, bathroom, Zayn's door.

They were back to Louis' desk "It's pretty nice. I'm actually surprised by how neat it is," Liam said chuckling.

Louis smiled "I make a big effort to keep it like that. They're good boys, I don't want to be kicked out for my messiness. And besides, Harry does all the cooking, it's only fair if we do the cleaning,"

Liam nodded" Sounds fair. And Harry doesn't live with you?" he asked.

"No, he lives downstairs," Louis sighed "Actually, there's something I wanted to tell you about him,"

"What's up," Liam was expecting some gossip.

Louis rubbed his hands together under the desk so Liam couldn't see how nervous he was "I don't know how to say it without sounding weird or freaking you out. So...

Liam did notice the nervousness in his voice, "So just say it?" that came out more as a question.

"I might have a crush on Harry," Louis hurried himself to say.

Liam wasn't ready for that. He opened his mouth and closed it. Then opened it again "Like, you fancy him?" he asked.

Louis hesitated, "You could say that"

Liam didn't say anything

"I'm sorry," Louis added.

Liam smiled "Don't be, mate,"

Louis interrupted him "It's just that, there's something about him that, like, draws me to him. At first I saw him at the gym. You remember that time you told me to go?"

"Yeah, I think I do,"

"Well, I did. And I saw him there and I didn't talk to him at all; I didn't even know he was Niall's and Zayn's friend. He was just a guy at the gym. I shouldn't have been checking people out at a gym. But when I saw him, I don't know why I couldn't tear my eyes off him. And then I found out that he was their other best friend; they introduced him to me at the party, and we talked. I swear, he's so unique. He can be a flirt, they all can, but then when he's around his friends he turns into this caring person. I don't know what made me feel that first physical attraction, but when I met him, I just, I felt like I wanted to know more about him. I still do, he's so interesting," Louis babbled.

Liam's smile was wide, "And you say you might have a crush on him? You sound like you're head
over heels for him," he teased

Louis chuckled "I wouldn't say that. I've known him for barely two days. And for all I know, he's straight." Then he added, "you're not mad at me?"

Liam frowned "What for?"

"I don't know. Maybe, liking a guy?"

Liam smiled "and why would I be mad?"

Louis sighed "I don't know. This could bring so many problems,"

"That's probably true, but no one can tell you who to like. Not even you. I just don't want you to get hurt,"

"I won't," Louis smiled, he was confident of that, "besides, this can be all temporary. I go back to England, forget everything. I can even find a girl and be..."

"What? Normal?" Liam interrupted.

"Well, be what everyone expects me to,"

There was a small pause. Then Liam spoke. "I say you do what you please. Why worry about what's going to happen in six months?"

Louis smiled "You're right, Liam,"

"I'm damn right," he cheered.

"I knew talking to you was a very good idea"

"You know I'm always here for you," Liam said, then changed the topic "So tell me, how was the first day?"

"Well, the first days are pretty much the same anywhere. Teachers talking nothing and boring us to death,"

"How many classes have you got?" Liam asked.

"Five. It's pretty relaxed actually,"

"Well, you enjoy it,"

"How about you?" Louis asked.

"Ed's in many of my classes," Liam answered.

Louis smiled "That's great. Say hi to him for me, yeah?" Then Louis heard that someone arrived.

"I will," Liam said.

"Look, I have to go. But we'll talk soon,"

Liam smiled "Of course,"

"See you, Liam. Love you,"
"Love you too. Bye."

When Louis closed the laptop he went to the kitchen and found Zayn drinking a glass of water.

"Hi" Zayn said "I just came to get you cause we're getting something to eat. Niall and Harry are already there,"

"Ok, let me get my shoes,"

They were heading to the nearest coffee shop.

"So how was your first day?" Zayn asked

"Good, thanks. I recognized some people from the party at my classes," Louis answered. They hadn't talked to him, but some of them did wave. "How was yours?"

"It was fine. I actually didn't go to half of them" Zayn laughed "First days can be really boring," Louis chuckled "Yes, they always are. My Sustainability teacher is a bit crazy to be honest,"

"You're taking Sustainability? Why?" Zayn laughed.

"I think it is interesting," he answered.

"Well, I already close the tap when I brush my teeth, I don't think they can teach me much more about that,"

To that Louis wanted to answer that it was more than that. Mixing environment, society and economics was more than saving water, he thought that the subject would be very useful in his future. But didn't want to explain to Zayn why, so he dropped it.

When they got there, Harry and Niall were paying for their food. Louis' stomach did a funny thing when he saw Harry. This time he wasn't wearing a sport outfit, or wasn't carefully dressed for a party. He was wearing jeans and a plain black V-neck. Louis couldn't decide which outfit he liked better.

"Hi! We've got pizza," Niall said

"Hey," they answered.

"How was your day, Louis?" Niall asked.

"It was alright. Thanks,"

"And you, Niall?" Zayn asked "Did you go to all of your classes,"

"I did. I'll be a good student this semester," Zayn and Harry laughed "What? You don't believe me?"

"We would. If you didn't say that every semester," Harry replied "Now tell me which class did you skip?"

Niall faked being offended "Not one," Harry raised his eyebrows at Niall. Niall sighed "Only literature," Everybody laughed.

"And how did the newbie do?" Harry asked Louis smiling "What did you do after classes?"
Louis finished swallowing his mouthful of pizza before answering, "I went back to the flat. And skyped."

"Family?" Harry asked. Secretly hoping so.

"Yeah. My cousin... James," Louis said.

"My middle name's James," Niall said with his mouth half full "I bet he's a cool lad,"

Louis laughed "He is,"

They finished the pizza and went to their flat to spend the rest of the day together. Louis asked Harry about his roommates and he answered that they were good lads, just not his type of friends. Zayn and Niall laughed and told Louis that his roomies were super nerds, and looked up to Harry like he was a celebrity. Harry scolded them and told them that he wasn't going to ask his roomies for help when they had troubles studying. Louis thought that Harry was indeed a very thoughtful guy and gave him credit for that. Zayn and Niall knew how to taunt, but Louis had never seen them done anything bad.

***

Next day Louis woke up early. He considered going to the gym to "bump into Harry" but he didn't think it was necessary anymore. He felt relieved, going to the gym was no fun without Liam.

He took his time having breakfast, showering and getting ready. He was watching the morning news when Niall woke up. They had their first class at the same time, so Louis waited for him. When they were about to leave, they saw Zayn wake up -he didn't have classes until later. Louis walked with Niall to the building of Niall's class. Then he walked alone to his.

The room was almost empty. He sat and sent Liam and Ed a quick morning text. Before he realized the room was full and the professor was starting the lesson. It was Sustainability.

"Good morning," Dr. Miller, the teacher, said. Some mumbled answers back. "Yesterday we talked about what this course was going to be about. Today's lesson is going to be very short. I want to tell you about the project you will work on this whole semester. You're going to work in pairs," as soon as he said this the class started whispering. Louis's eyes stayed on the front, he guessed he was going to have to work with whoever was left.

Dr. Miller continued "Now, before you start pairing up..." but the students wouldn't shut up "well, okay, pair up," he turned to his desk.

Louis turned to his left, people were chatting and splitting. Then he heard and felt someone sit on the seat to his right. He turned and saw Harry.

"Want to work with me?" He said smiling

"You go to this class?" Louis asked

"Yeah. If I had known you were here as well, I wouldn't have skipped it yesterday. Sorry"

Louis smiled "Well, if I don't have a choice, I guess you can work with me,"

Harry rolled his eyes. Then the professor started talking again.

"This should be an interesting project," Dr. Miller said "Each pair will have an imaginary
population to feed. You will grow your own mini vegetable patch. You will have a limited budget to buy seeds and a certain amount of water to irrigate, but you also have to consider that the people have to drink water as well, so you'll have to learn to ration it. The better fed your people are, the better the grade you get. It's all better explained in these papers I'm about to hand out. For tomorrow, you will write a paper where you explain what do you think this has to do with sustainability. And you will also write a list of the things you could grow in your garden.

A girl raised her hand "Where will we grow it?"

Dr Miller replied "We will grow it in the small garden that's behind this building. It is written on the paper. Read it and come back tomorrow with your homework. See you then," He dismissed them.

Harry and Louis stepped out of the room.

"So you know anything about gardening?" Harry asked

"Not a single thing" Louis sighed, being honest

"Do you have class right now?"

"Not until twelve" Louis replied

"How about we go to the library and do some research. I'm a bit scared of this project."

Louis laughed "Weak. Okay, let's go. We do have a lot to do,"

Harry laughed and started walking with Louis to the library. Harry was scared, but also excited to have something to do together with the blue-eyed boy.
Eight

When Daniel saw Louis in the room of Universal History class on Monday, he couldn't believe it. Then he thought it was just a guy who looked a lot like the prince of York, but after a couple of stares he was ninety nine percent sure it was him.

His crush on the prince was pretty much secret. His family and friends knew he was gay, but it was a little bit embarrassing for him to admit he had a crush on the prince of York. It was kind of his guilty pleasure.

He first saw Louis on the internet, when Louis turned eighteen. A party was thrown for his birthday that ended up on the news. How did Daniel come across with that article? He couldn't remember. But since he saw him, Daniel was always aware of the royal events, checking if any new photos of Louis were published.

The class passed and he didn't say a word to him. What was he going to say, anyway? 'Hello, my name's Daniel. Are you, by any chance, Louis of York?' That wouldn't work. So he patiently waited for the next class on Wednesday.

On Wednesday, Daniel didn't arrive five minutes early for class like he always did. He arrived just early enough to spot Louis and sit two seats to his left. He saw that nobody sat right next to him and that he didn't talk to anyone. The fact that Louis was alone, gave him a little courage to talk to him himself; he only had to wait for the right time.

Then the teacher asked a question which Louis answered correctly. When the professor wasn't looking, Daniel started the conversation he had rehearsed during breakfast that morning.

"Hey, are you British?" Daniel asked Louis

Louis looked up from his notes "No, I'm from Uruguay," he answered with a serious face.

"Oh. I thought, because of your accent. Y'know," was all Daniel answered, frowning.

Louis chuckled "I'm joking," he said

"Oh," Daniel repeated, smiling. When Louis was about to return to his notes Daniel spoke "My name's Daniel Sharman,"

Louis smiled "I'm Louis Tomlinson,"

That wasn't the last name Daniel was expecting to hear, but it's not like there's gonna be a guy who looks just like the prince and is called Louis. He was certain it was him, but just to be sure he asked "And are you new here? Or...?"

"I came here just for one semester. I study at Saint Andrews University, in Scotland," Louis replied. And there was it, he actually was Louis the prince.

"And how do you like it here in Brown?"

"It's really nice. To be honest, I'm not looking forward to go back," Louis was smiling. It was nice for him to start to know his classmates.

The professor gave them a disapproving look for whispering too much, so they remained quiet for
the rest of the class.

"So I'll see you next Friday?" Daniel asked when the class was over.


When Daniel got to his room the smile hadn't erased from his face. He didn't know why Louis told him his last name was Tomlinson, but he hoped to find out eventually.

*****

The list of veggies Harry and Louis gave to Dr Miller was approved. It was Thursday, and they were supposed to start to sow on Friday. The only way of getting the seeds was by asking Zayn to help them.

"So you will be like farmers now?" Niall asked, laughing after their explained the project.

"We'll just grow a few vegetables, that's not a farm," Harry answered annoyed.

"Old McStyles had a farm, E-I-E-I-O," Zayn started singing

"And on his farm he had a cow, E-I-E-I-O," Niall continued

"With a moo-moo here, and a moo..." they both sang, but Harry slapped them on the back of their heads.

Louis laughed with them.

"Will you take us to the market?" Harry asked Zayn, "Or do you prefer to stay and sing Barney songs with Niall?"

"And which market do you want to go to?" Zayn asked

"Well, any supermarket sells seeds, right?" Harry turned to look at Louis.

Louis shrugged "I don't know, mate, you're the one that lives here,"

"Well, let's just go to the closest one and we'll see," Niall said standing up.

"All right," Louis replied.

They all grabbed their stuff and left.

Louis was very happy with the boys. It's like the four of them had been best friends for years. Louis mischievous side finally showed and Niall loved it. Sometimes Louis' heart would skip a beat whenever he saw Harry at any place unexpectedly, or whenever Harry did something cute. But Louis didn't want to pay much attention to his feelings. Things were good now, why ruin them?

"Niall, we're just buying seeds, we don't need a cart," Harry said

"No, I think we do," Louis replied. Then he hopped in the cart. Niall laughed and started speeding and left the boys behind.

"The gardening section is that way," Harry yelled, pointing to the opposite way the boys were running.
Niall came back just as fast "I know the way, Styles,"

The supermarket had lots of kinds of seeds. Vegetables, fruits and flowers.

"And what are you buying?" Zayn asked

"We've got a list," Louis said, then put his cell phone out "Lettuce, cherry tomatoes, cucumbers..." While Louis was reading Harry was throwing the seeds into the cart, some of them landing on Louis "... squash, carrots and crocus,"

Harry took the small package of crocus and held it "We didn't agree to buy flowers, Louis. That's not food,"

"But I believe that our people will be happier if they have some flowers," Louis smiled.

Harry returned the smile "Okay, we will buy it if we have money to spare,"

"Okay," Louis took the package from Harry's hand.

They reached the till after going over the junk food aisle

"Good afternoon. Did you find everything you were looking for?" the chirpy cashier asked them. He was around their age. Probably a little bit older than Louis. And he was good looking.

They left the seeds at the end. When they were done marking the vegetables, Louis saw that they had some money left.

"It's not enough, Louis, we're a dollar short," Harry told Louis.

"We can put the extra dollar without telling Dr Miller,"

Harry sighed, smiled and gave in, "Okay, but put in in another check," He told the cashier.

Harry left Louis paying and started putting the others seeds in a bag.

"Those flowers are beautiful" The cashier told Louis giving him a flirty smile. Harry noticed how he brushed Louis' fingers on purpose when he accepted Louis' money.

Louis didn't seem to mind. He smiled back at him "They are," he agreed.

Harry turned around and started walking towards Niall and Zayn, who were talking.

"Thanks" Louis said to the cashier. Then walked to the boys.

"Ready?" Zayn asked

Louis and Harry nodded.

The ride back was quiet. When they got to their building Harry pressed the button on the lift for his floor.

"I need some stuff" Harry said.

When the doors were about to close, Harry pulled Niall out of the elevator.

"We'll be up in a minute," Harry told Zayn and Louis
Harry's floor was identical to the boy's. He pushed Niall into his room.

Niall laid on Harry's bed "It's not fair that you and Zayn got single-rooms and I have to share."

Harry didn't say anything and sat on his chair.

Niall continued talking "Although something tells me you wouldn't mind sharing room with Tomlinson," Niall winked at Harry.

Harry's eyes were wide open "Wha.. How.. Niall!"

Niall laughed "Mate, I know you! You've been cranky lately, but you're all smiles when it comes to Louis. I don't know, I mean, you do some things that..."

"Okay, Okay, shut up" Harry interrupted him

"But I'm right, right? You don't need any stuff, you made me come here to talk about that cashier that totally hit on Louis and how jealous that made you,"

"That," Harry pointed at Niall "is not true. Louis can flirt with whoever the hell he wants"

"And you'd be okay with that?" Niall asked, knowing that the answer

"Yes,"

"Really?" Niall raised his eyebrows.

"Of course,"

"Harry, you just told me you fancy the lad. You can't be okay with that,"

"You're exaggerating things. I might have a crush on him, but the thing is that I shouldn't. I can't,"

"And why is that?" Niall asked

"Well, it's just that..." Harry started to say but then stopped. "It's complicated, it doesn't matter. Let's go,"

"To tell you the truth, I thought that after..." Niall hesitated, but continued "that after Sebastian, you were going to stick to girls. You know, like, for good,"

Harry sighed "Me too. Anyway, I won't get my hopes up with Louis,"

*  

When Louis and Zayn got to their floor, Zayn rushed to the bathroom.

Louis dialled Liam's number.

"Hello?" Liam answered

"I called to wish you a happy birthday," Louis happily replied

Liam chuckled "You already did that, at 6 a.m. thanks a lot,"

"Well, it was midnight over here. So how was your birthday? Missed me?" Louis sat on the couch.
Liam chuckled "Yeah, we did. It was a normal day. Ed bought me pastries."

"And what's happening this weekend?"

Liam sighed "Big party, mainly. You should be a good friend and come."

"It's a seven-hour flight, Liam," they laughed

"Just saying,"

"If I could I would, you know that. I miss you," Louis said.

"I miss you too. But I should go to bed now. Thanks for calling,"

"Okay, Liam. Bye,"

"Bye, Lou," Louis hung up the phone.

"Who were you talking to?" Zayn asked

"Uhh, James. It's his birthday today" Louis answered

"Birthday?" they heard Niall's voice coming from the aisle "My birthday is in two weeks," he said. Now the four of them were in the lounge. "Are you planning a surprise party for me?" He asked excitedly.

"No, but we will," Zayn said, ruffling Niall's hair.
Next morning, when Louis woke up, Niall was having breakfast. He was eating a bowl of cereal and watching the morning news.

"Hi, Niall. Will you use the shower?" Louis asked

Niall nodded "in a bit," he made a gesture to let Louis know he could use it.

Louis showered and got ready. He was eating the same breakfast as Niall when Harry got to the flat. Before reaching the kitchen, he banged Zayn's door three times.

"Wakey-wakey," Harry sang in a high pitched voice

"What was that for?" Louis chuckled.

"Some banter, 's all," Harry smiled, showing his dimples "So you ready for the fun?"

"What fun?" Louis asked.

"We're sowing today," Harry explained

"Oh yeah, sure. Let's go,"

They said goodbye to Niall and left.

***

"So you think we should go to the classroom or to the yard?" Louis asked

"We should check the classroom first,"

When they got to the room, it was empty.

"And now we're late," Louis stated

When they got to the yard everyone was already working

"Mr Styles, Mr Tomlinson, thank you for joining us today," Dr Miller told them

"Sorry Sir," Louis apologized

"There's a patch over there," he pointed to the last piece of field left, on the far corner "get to work boys,"

*

"What are you doing, Louis? You can't just spread the seeds like they're glitter on a school project," Harry told Louis, taking away the package from him.

"Then what do you say we do?" Louis asked with a hand on his waist.

"Well, we should bury them," Harry grabbed a small gardening shovel and started digging.

Louis couldn't help staring at Harry's biceps "What are you digging? A treasure hole? The seeds
"will take forever to come out!" Louis complained when he saw the hole that Harry made.

"Do it yourself, then,"

Louis grabbed a handful of dirt and threw it in the hole, then grabbed a few seeds and settled them, after that he covered the seeds with more dirt. "There you go," He said smiling, proud of his work.

Harry laughed "Okay, okay, let's finish this,"

Once they got the hang of it things were easy. They were chatting and laughing.

"How do you think the seeds know which way to grow?" Louis asked

"What do you mean which way? They grow up and out of the soil"

"Yeah, but if they are completely surrounded by soil, how do they know which way is up and out? What if a seed grows to its left and never comes out?"

Harry laughed "I don't know, Louis, they just grow?" he loved Louis' spontaneity.

They finished planting and started watering.

"You feel homesick, yet?" Harry asked curiously.

"Not really, if I'm honest," Louis shrugged.

"You don't miss your parents?"

"No, not really. When I was 13 I got into a boarding school. I've never come back to live with them, only in summer. Besides, they travel a lot, so I'm used to not seeing them," Louis explained. Harry nodded in understanding.

"I think we're pretty much finished," Louis said happily after a few minutes.

Dr Miller appeared out of nowhere "Looks like you are, guys, good job. You can leave now. Remember, it's your responsibility to look after it, and every Friday I'll be checking how everyone's doing,"

They thanked him and left. They went to get something to drink and sat on the grass, Louis was leaning on a tree and Harry was lying on the grass.

"I'm exhausted," Harry said. He had his eyelids closed and Louis took advantage of that, contemplating all of his features.

"Me too, I don't feel like going to the rest of the classes," he sighed

"Which ones are you taking?" Harry opened one eye, looking at Louis

"Sustainability, Geography, Universal History, Philosophy of History, and History of Art, which I have in like 5 minutes, so I've better get going," Louis said standing up

Harry laughed at Louis' subjects, he couldn't imagine what kind of person would like to study those, which weren't as easy as they sounded "Okay, see you later then,"

"Bye, Harry"
Louis sat alone, took out his notebook and wrote the date on a blank page. A group of girls sat in front of him giggling and whispering. When the professor started talking and they shut up.

"Today we're going to do something different," the professor explained "yesterday we started talking about architecture, and today we are going to do an exercise about that. We will visit some buildings here, on campus, and you will answer some questions..." he raised a bunch of papers he was holding "... to get started on this topic. So take one and pass the others, when everyone has one, follow me," He handed the papers to the nearest guy. Louis patiently waited for his paper.

A girl from the group in front of him turned "There you go," she said handing Louis the bunch of papers. She had her hair dyed in shades of light blue and lilac, but she looked very beautiful. Louis wondered what her natural hair colour was.

"Thanks,"Louis said, smiling. She smiled back.

Louis passed the papers and started reading the questions on his, but the same girl interrupted him.

"I'm sorry," she said, trying not to laugh "But did you know you've got dirt on your cheek?"

Louis chuckled and replied "I do," which he obviously didn't. He cursed Harry for not letting him know "I believe it accentuates my features, don't you think?" he winked at her

"Cheeky," She laughed. Her dimple seemed strangely familiar to Louis.

"Just to be sure, love, on which cheek exactly?" he asked her.

She laughed again "Right one,"

Louis rubbed his cheek, trying to clean it.

"Everyone ready? Let's go," the professor said.

They took his stuff and left.

"Okay guys, this is our first stop. You'll have fifteen minutes before moving to the next building," The professor explained.

* 

After visiting four buildings Louis was tired. When they reached the last one he gave up and sat on the floor. The questions were really simple, he had already taken History of Architecture, back in St Andrews. He had finished all of them by now, including the comparative ones. Now he was focusing on the conclusions.

He felt someone sitting on the floor next to him.

"We'll aren't you a nerd?" The blue-haired girl told him when she saw Louis had half of the answers already done "I should stick around. Make you do my homework and such,"

Louis laughed lightly, "Each answer was pretty much written on the following question,"

The girl looked at his paper, then looked at Louis with narrowed eyes "That's cheating,"

Louis laughed again "No, that's being observant,"
"Five minutes, guys!" the teacher yelled.

"Okay, now, stop distracting me. I must finish the questions," The girl said, starting to write.

Louis closed his eyes and let his mind drift back to Harry. Thinking of the deepness of his voice, the shape of his arms, and the green of his eyes. When he saw the girl was finished, Louis asked "And what's with the hair?"

The girl rolled her eyes "Life's too short to have boring hair;"

Louis raised his eyebrows "Life is, like, the longest thing you'll ever experience," he dragged the word longest

The girl shrugged, "Well, there surely are two types of people;"

Louis laughed "Cocky girl;"

"We're done guys. Let's go back to the classroom and start with the conclusions," they heard the professor say.

Then another girl yelled "Gemma, come on!"

"I'm coming!" the girl next to him answered standing up. Louis was glad to finally know her name. He stood up as well.

The professor walked in their direction "Ready?"

"Yes," Gemma answered

"Yeah, actually, I'm finished," Louis told him handing his paper in.

The teacher started reading it "You are, indeed. Well, then I guess I'll see you next class;"

Louis smiled, relieved "Thank you, Sir," he picked up his stuff "Bye, Gemma," he waved

She had her arms crossed "You lucky bug. See ya later," she smiled and turned around, walking toward her friends.

****

Louis had an hour to spare before Universal History. He thought about going to his flat, but if someone was there, there was a big chance that he'll end up staying because he was too tired to go to class. He chose to go buy something to eat. He took his time walking to the coffee shop, eating and walking to the classroom.

He got just in time. He saw Daniel already there. Daniel waved to him and Louis decided to sit next to him, as they both were alone.

"Hey, what's up?"

"Hey," Louis simply replied

"Friday, finally;"

Louis sighed "Yeah, thank God;"
The class started. Louis was glad Daniel didn't speak too much during class, he really liked the subject. He also noticed how handsome Daniel was. He had a strong jaw, big golden eyes and long curly eyelashes. His hair had a beautiful golden colour as well.

"We're going to stop here, and continue with the Colonial Period on Monday." The professor said. He was a middle aged man, probably the youngest uni teacher Louis's ever had. His sense of fashion was more like a student one, going for chinos rather than formal trousers. "Before you go, I want to explain what this term's project is going to be about,"

Some murmurs of complains could be heard, including Louis'.

The teacher cleared his throat to get everyone's attention, "We are going to organize a ball,"

The murmurs grew louder. People asking how where they were going to do it, where would it be, who would go to something like that.

The professor had to raise his voice to continue talking. He explained that the project should help everyone to picture what kind of even's they used to have in the Colonial Period. The whole group had to help with the organizing. They would all sell tickets to other students, to help to pay for the party.

"This is a project that should be fun. We, as organizers, will be dressed as people from that time, to set the mood. The rest of the guests won't have to do it,"

"Where will we get the costumes from?" a girl asked

"The drama club will provide us with the ones they already own. Just to be done with this, I need two people who'd like to be in charge of the organization, we will all contribute, but these people will be in charge of everything. So, any volunteers?"

The classroom went silent. To Louis' surprise, Daniel raised his arm.

"Mr Sharman, thank you very much," the teacher said writing the name down "Anyone else?"

Daniel nudged Louis "Come on, don't leave me alone in this," Daniel murmured to Louis

"What? You're the one that got into this, mate!" Louis whispered back. He looked at his other classmates. They were doing the same, looking if anyone else was brave enough to do it. Louis thought about the high possibilities of having to organize something else with another person he didn't even know.

Louis sighed and raised his arm, "I'll do it"

"Great. Thanks Mr Tomlinson. So, we'll need a list of the things we will need. You think you can do it by Monday, guys?" the teacher asked them. They nodded. "Okay, then I'll see you all on Monday to see what everyone else will be in charge of depending on the list. See you then," They were dismissed.

"How about getting something to eat and get started with the list?" Daniel offered Louis

"Umm, to be honest right now I'm exhausted. But how about we meet tomorrow for lunch?"

Daniel smiled "Sounds great. I'll meet you at Lauren's coffee?"

"Sure" Louis smiled back. He didn't have any idea where that was, but he could ask Niall later.
Right now all he could think of was getting into the shower and have a nap in front of the telly.

***

Harry had finished all of his classes for the day. When he got to his flat and saw that his flatmates were having a study session with another four of their friends, he just said hi and went to the boy's floor. He thought of taking the stairs, but he wasn't sure if the boy's stair-door was opened, so he took the lift.

He got to their floor and it was quiet. He took his phone out and started walking to the lounge with his head down. He suddenly bumped hard into someone.

When Louis' forehead hit someone else's, he barely had time to grab the towel around his waist and stop it from falling. He rubbed his head and took a step back. He saw Harry also rubbing his forehead, but with a smirk on his face.

"Watch it, Styles," He groaned

"I was texting Niall, didn't see where I was going. Why are you naked anyway?" Harry explained still smirking.

Louis blushed and tighten the towel around his waist "I got a shower, but forgot my clothes in my room" He started walking to get dressed.

He didn't bother to style his hair. He let it fall the way it did when he was 18. When he came out Harry was flipping through the channels on the telly. Louis sat next to him, lazily.

"Leave it somewhere, already," Louis complained

"There's nothing good," Harry frowned

Louis sighed and closed his eyes.

"D'you wanna watch that?" Harry asked. When he had no answer, he turned to see his friend. Harry smiled when he saw Louis was deeply asleep with his lips slightly parted. He tried to resist the urge of brushing Louis' straight fringe, but failed. Louis hair was softer than any hair he had touched before, including girls'. Louis' lips curved forming a slight smile when Harry's fingers brushed over his forehead; Harry's stomach fluttered. His eyes travelled to Louis' lips, and before he knew, Harry had his lips parted as well. Harry jumped when his phone buzzed, he pulled it out of his pocket and saw a text from Zayn. Careful of not waking Louis up, he took a blanket from the couch across and gently tucked Louis beneath it. He answered Zayn's text and quietly made his way out of the flat.
"Niall, do you know where Lauren's coffee shop is?" Louis asked putting on his vans.

"That's for hipsters, we never go there," Zayn said.

"Why do you ask?" Niall ignored Zayn.

"I'll meet someone there. This crazy teacher gave us the weirdest project ever. We will throw a ball, like, y'know, in the old times. Another guy and I are organizing it," Louis explained.

Zayn and Niall scrunched their faces and laughed "So you're going to make like a thematic high school dance?" Niall asked.

Louis also laughed "Yeah, and you're coming,"

They suddenly stopped laughing "Us? Why?" Niall was still smiling.

"We have to invite people," Louis replied.

"So you're the one that hires the DJ and inflate balloons?" Zayn asked amused.

"I don't think balloons take part of any formal balls," Louis said half joking.

"And how would you know?"

Louis chuckled "So do you know where the coffee shop is?"

Niall stood up from the couch "Sure, we'll walk you,"

When the lift doors opened, Harry was inside.

"Hey, where you going?" He asked.

Zayn stopped the doors from closing "We're dropping Louis to a date, wanna come?"

Harry froze for a second. Only Niall noticed.

"It's not a date. It's a team project" Louis corrected.

"I was going to ask you guys to go with me to Shane's office. I have some stuff to give him," Harry said, raising a binder he had with him.

They entered the lift, Zayn pressed the button "Well, the coffee shop is in the way,"

The walk was quite large. Then Niall pointed to a building in front of them "There's the shop, we'll go this other way," he nodded to their left.

"Okay, thanks, see you later," Louis said and went to the coffee shop.

When he got in he didn't see Daniel anywhere. But he recognized the back of a head with blue hair.

"Hello," Louis sat down in the chair across from Gemma's.

Gemma put down the book she was reading "Oh, hello, bug,"
Louis laughed lightly, "My actual name's Louis, you know?"

She smiled and took a sip of her coffee, she licked her lips after swallowing "I know. Every girl in our class knows about Louis the international guy," Louis narrowed his eyes "Never thought this would be your type of coffee shop," she mentioned

Louis looked at his surroundings. Each chair was different. Black and white pictures hung from the walls. The floor was plain concrete and the walls were wood. There was slow music playing, Louis had never heard it before. He still answered with a smirk on his lips "Why? Do I have to wear big retro glasses or oxfords shoes to like places like this?" Gemma laughed "I'm meeting a friend here," Louis explained "Mind if I wait with you?"

Gemma shrugged "Make yourself at home,"

Louis stood up, ordered a tea and sat down again.

Gemma chuckled "Tea, what a surprise. Would you like me to ask if they have some biscuits? Perhaps the queen would like to join you,"

"The queen never has tea at this hour," Louis smirked, "Anyway, what's wrong about choosing tea over coffee?"

"I'll introduce you to my brother. He enjoys tea as well"

"It'd me my pleasure" Louis said, raising his cup of tea and took a sip. Gemma also drank from hers. Then, as a guess, he asked "And are you also an international student?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, you've got this British accent that pretty much gives you away,"

She smiled. Louis liked that about her. She was a smart, quirky girl that seemed always happy. She was interesting and easy to have a conversation with. "No, I've lived in America since senior year of high school. How about you, you ready to go back?"

"Not really. I miss my friends, but I've made some good ones here, too," Louis smiled sweetly remembering Liam and Ed.

Gemma nodded "Leaving was probably one of the best things that happened to us. I got used to this quickly, but my brother had a hard time making friends," Louis didn't ask for more, not wanting to appear nosy, but Gemma continued "Most of his afternoons he would spend them with our cat or working at a small bakery," She smiled at what Louis thought were the memories of his brother. "But he's fine now, bit of a party boy, actually,"

"Well, I'm happy for him," Louis said making Gemma smile. He wondered if his brother looked like her. He found Gemma really pretty, was her family like that? With great genes and easy-going personalities? He was about to ask Gemma what her natural hair colour was when he saw Daniel walking into the shop and looking for him. "Well, my team's arrived, so I'll let you enjoy the rest of your coffee time alone,"

She laughed lightly, "Ok, Louis" Gemma said, emphasizing the name "I'll see ya later," She picked up her book and started reading where she left.
"Hey!" Louis called Daniel.

"Oh, hey! Look, I'm so sorry for being late, my roommate was..."

"No worries," Louis interrupted his rushed speech, "Do you want to sit outside?"

"Sure,"

After they got something to eat, they sat at the tables outside the shop, enjoying the nice September weather.

"So what will we need?" Daniel asked and taking out his iPad to take notes

Louis sighed, closing his eyes and throwing his head back, giving Daniel a sight he enjoyed "Music and food?"

"Okay," Daniel said writing down "We'll also need a place to do the ball,"

Louis nodded "Very important. And what kind of food do you think would be good? Louis asked

"I don't, know, what did people eat back then? Bread?" Daniel said making them laugh "The way I see this, our job is to come up with the ideas and then tell people what to do,"

"Well, things are simpler then. We just ask for stuff and the rest of the class will do it?"

"I guess,"

Louis gave his croissant a bite, then asked "Even silly things?" A smile formed on his lips

Daniel was unsure "What kind of silly things? Like, a fake dragon?"

Louis laughed "No, obviously a fake dragon could be hard to get, but..." he paused, thinking hard about what the teacher had said the past week "We are talking this ball takes fake place in the XVII century, right?"

Daniel nodded.

"I'm thinking... Pirates," Louis said excitedly

"Pirates?" Daniel was confused. Louis was a hard person to keep up with, but he sure was full of surprises.

"Yeah! Have you seen Pirates of the Caribbean?"

"Uh-huh,"

"The movie is set in that century," Louis explained smiling

Daniel was trying to catch up "But in the Caribbean,"

"Yes, but it doesn't matter. It's still from that century," Louis said like it was the obvious thing

"Okay, help me out here. I'm not following," Daniel gave up

Louis chuckled "We could make the ball, like, with a theme of Pirates of the Caribbean," Then he suddenly stopped "No, we have to see what kind of costumes they're going to give us,"

"Surely, we take notes on that." Daniel said smiling.
"Wait, let me see," Daniel took out on his phone "I've got a friend in the drama club," He typed something and put it back in his pocket "Besides that, what else will we need?"

"We'll need a big group of people for the decoration," Louis was genuinely excited, Daniel could see it in his eyes. All the balls and party he attended were boring and pretty much the same. Having a themed-one would be so much fun.

Daniel felt his phone buzz, he took it out and smiled at the image his friend sent him "Look," he said showing Louis the picture

Louis leaned to take a close look "You're kidding me, right?" It was a photograph of a dress that looked like the one Elizabeth Swan suffocated in and, next to it, was a uniform almost identical to the uniforms that the police used in the movie.

"Those are the clothes the drama club owns," Daniel confirmed with a smile on his face.

"They fit perfectly," Louis laughed

The doors of the shop were opened and Gemma walked out.

"Bye, bug!" she waved at Louis

"Bye, Gem,"

She turned around and flashed him a smile

Louis turned his attention back to Daniel "Imagine Mr Park," their History teacher "in a Jack Sparrow costume,"

Daniel laughed "Yeah, you can be Elizabeth Swan,"

"Hey!" Louis frowned, but still smiling "Then you'll be bizarre Davy Jones,"

"Deal," Daniel joked "You think we could have rum at the party? You know, with the theme and all,"

"Sneaky," they laughed. They kept joking and talking about the party. Setting a number of people needed for each job, coming up with ideas for decorations.

If anyone had told Daniel two weeks ago that he'd be sitting and laughing with the Prince of York, he'd never believe them. He was, like, in a dream came true. Louis was as nice as he looked, even a bit mischievous, which he never expected. Louis also enjoyed Daniel's company; he wasn't as loud as Zayn or Niall, he liked them very much as well, but Daniel's calmness was also nice.

They were laughing and discussing a sword fight when they heard someone clearing their throat.

Louis looked up and saw Harry, Niall and Zayn. "Hi, lads!" he said happily, cleaning the tears of laughter.

"Hello!" Zayn answered just as cheerful.

Louis looked at Niall, who was looking at Harry, who was looking at Daniel "This is Daniel," Louis said, ignoring the creepy staring "We're planning the thing together,"

"Hey, guys," Daniel said. They all greeted back.
"We were going back to the flat. We wanted to see if you're done, too," Niall explained.

"Yeah, we're done," Louis said, standing up, "So, do you want to meet again before class?" He asked Daniel.

"Sure, give me your number and I'll text you,"

"Umm, I don't actually own an American number. But give me yours and I'll reach you somehow," Louis replied

"Okay, you've got paper?" Daniel asked uncapping a pen

"I..." Louis searched in his pockets for a piece of paper "No, I don't." He extended his hand "But in the hand's alright," he shrugged.

Daniel chuckled and took Louis' hand. He couldn't believe he was giving Louis his number in the cheesiest way possible "Don't lose it," He warned

Louis saluted him like a soldier "I'll guard it with my life, commodore," They laughed at their inside-joke "Bye Daniel."

"Goodbye, Louis,"

They walked together back to the flat. Zayn and Louis were chatting. Niall saw Harry was quiet, and thought of a way of approaching the subject being subtle, but subtleness wasn't one of Niall's qualities.

"So... I guess the jealousy monster appeared back there," Niall spoke loud enough so only he and Harry could hear.

"What?" Harry faked confusion. He knew he felt jealous of Daniel; of the way he and Louis were having a good time, and Harry knew Niall noticed.

Niall also knew all of that "Come on, Harry. I saw the look you gave the lad. And you know what they say, if looks could kill..."

"Okay, okay. I get it" Harry said, frustrated "But I already told you, it can't happen. Besides, I really believe Louis's straight, remember how he behaved with Kate at the party?"

"Remember he flirted with the guy at the supermarket?"

Harry rolled his eyes.

"I also don't think any straight guy would let another guy, straight or not, write his number on his hand. I mean, at least I wouldn't do it. But, hey, don't listen to me, I'm just your only straight best-friend," They chuckled, Niall continued "That was a too-touchy gesture, even for me; and you know I'm a hugger," Niall gave Harry a strong side-hug. Harry shoved him in a playful manner, but he knew Niall was right.

"Hey, guys," Louis said, interrupting "I need to get an American number,"

"I'll take you to the mall," Zayn offered before Louis could say another word.

"Really?" Louis asked. He was just expecting instruction or something.

"Yeah, let's go," Niall said
They made a quick stop at the flat, to grab some money and left in Zayn's mustang.

Louis couldn't remember the last time he was in a mall. It was Saturday, so it was crowded. Louis found entertaining all the things that took place there. Groups of girls in their early teens walking with linked arms and blocking the way. They would get specially slower when they passed before groups of boys their age. He also found amusing Niall's annoyance at them.

When they reached the store, Louis accepted the first contract the man offered him. He didn't know much about phones. All the stuff like credit cards or mobiles were taken care of by his dad's main-assistant, Paul. He was a nice man, always doing stuff like getting Louis the newest phone or helping him whenever Louis needed a cover-up.

When Louis signed the contract, Niall made fun of his fancy signature. A signature that Louis spent a whole summer working on, with the help of a typography teacher. He remembered challenging Liam to see who could come up with the most hard-to-forge.

Since their titles were bound to change as they grew up, their signatures were simply their names, Louis William, in his case.

Zayn took one of the flyers that were on the counter and asked Louis to sign the back of it. Louis did, making it identical to the first one. Then Zayn tried to copy it, they all laughed at his doodle.

By the time the man finished giving Louis his new phone and number, Zayn had used half of the flyers filling them with bad copies of the signature. Niall pointed at each of them laughing and saying how skinny, long, large or chubby they were. And it was the truth, Zayn's attempts were not even close.

On the way back, they passed before the food court.

"Let's buy dinner!" Niall suggested

"It's too early for dinner, isn't it?" Zayn asked

"But we buy it to-go, take it to the flat and eat it when we get hungry," Niall replied

"Sounds good, what do you feel like?" Harry asked Niall

Niall didn't respond. He started biting his nails, something he did when he was in deep thought.

Louis spoke up, "Well, I'll get McDonalds"

"Yeah, me too," Zayn agreed

They started walking, leaving Harry deal with Niall. At the end everyone got McDonalds. They all made a great effort to not open the bag and sneak a fry on their way to the flat.

When they got to the flat, Niall, Harry and Zayn opened the McDonalds bag and ate like they hadn't eaten in years. Louis's had a rather large lunch, so he took that opportunity to skype with Liam.

Liam and Ed were watching a movie in their dorm, but gladly paused it when Louis texted Liam telling him to go on Skype.

Liam was very happy to hear from his cousin, and so was Ed. Louis told them about everything; about the vegetable patch, about his new friends Gemma and Daniel, about his change of number (which they both saved). When he told them about the ball they laughed and said that, even in
America, formal parties haunted him.

They talked about St Andrews, what was new and what was the same, making fun of the teachers and classes. Then they told Louis Liam had been unsuccessfully teaching Ed how to beatbox, Ed performed a quick song that made Louis laugh so loud, Harry's roommates heard him downstairs. Louis knew he missed his friends, but didn't think he missed them that much. They spent a good hour and a half talking, but the guys had to go.

"Were you having a party in there, or what?" Harry asked amused when Louis walked into the kitchen to have dinner.

Louis let out a small chuckle. "Naah, just skyping friends"

Niall tore his attention from the telly to look at Louis "The one that's cool cause his name's James?"

"Yep" Louis answered, sitting down in the only space available, which was between Harry and Niall

"Sounded like you had thirty people in there," Zayn shrugged

"My mate Ed was with James as well,"

"Ed as short for Edward?" Niall asked excitedly "Harry's middle name's Edward, how weird is that?"

Louis finished swallowing the bite of burger "No, it's short for Edmund,"

Niall frowned "Oh,"

Louis laughed and ruffled Niall's hair, "I'm kidding, it is short for Edward. It is kind of odd, now that I think of it. Don't you feel special Zaynie? Being the only Zayn in my life?"

"Hey!" Niall complained "I'm special too! I bet I'm your only Irish friend,"

"You are, Niall, Louis laughed

He turned to look at Harry, who was looking at Louis, but with a look that could only be described as puppy eyes "Loouu," Louis felt butterflies when Harry spoke his nickname in a low but adorable voice "Can I have a chip of ya'?"

"Uh-oh," Niall and Zayn said at the same time

"Sure," Louis replied, but coming out like a question.

"Wrong decision," Zayn muttered

Harry's eyes lit up and grabbed a chip.

Then he asked for another one, and another one. Soon the chips were gone, mainly thanks to Harry.

"Told ya'" Zayn smirked. But Louis couldn't care less. Watching Harry eat fries with the happiness of a kid opening presents on Christmas was a soft side of Harry he'd never seen. And he liked it.
Eleven

Louis elbowed Harry, a bit too strong.

"Oi!" Harry complained

"Sorry. You were falling asleep," Louis whispered

Harry rubbed his eyes and sighed "Dr Miller is being extremely boring today,"

Louis let out a small chuckle. "He is," Louis agreed "Hey, do you want to go water the plants when the class's done?"

"Sure,"

They patiently waited for the class to be finished. Luckily, there wasn't much of it left, Louis only had to nudge Harry once more.

"Nothing's grown," Harry pouted when they reached their patch

Louis laughed "Well, it's been barely three days. You wanted to harvest already?"

Harry dragged the hose to their patch and gave it to Louis "I expected to see probably a leaf or two," he admitted showing his dimples. He went back to open the tap. Then went back to Louis.

Louis was humming a song, watering happily. He missed playing the piano and singing along with Liam.

"You're missing that spot," Harry teased pointing to a dry chunk.

Louis went for it right away.

"You know which spot I'm also missing?" Louis asked when everything was already wet

"I th..." Harry started to say, but stopped when Louis pointed the hose in his direction. Harry dodged, but his right cheek and shoulder ended pretty much soaked. His jaw dropped in disbelief "You did not just do that, Tomlinson," Then made a move to grab the hose.

Louis' grip tightened around the hose, but he wasn't fast and Harry could grab it too. "No, Harry, it was a joke!" They were wrestling, fighting for the hose. Louis suddenly felt cold in his chest. He let go immediately, taking a step back and separating the wet fabric from his torso.

"Hey!" Louis complained "That's not fair!" Harry was laughing his pants off, which also made Louis laugh "You got half of my t-shirt soaked!" He shivered when he let the fabric go and it stuck to his chest and tummy.

Harry felt the air had been sucked from his lungs when he saw Luis. He cursed Louis for wearing a white t-shirt, and cursed himself for soaking him. He knew if he stared one more second, his tight pants would start to feel tighter.

"I don't have time to change, I have class in fifteen minutes," Louis kept complaining

Harry took his jacket and offered it to Louis "Here, you can give it back later," Harry thought he saw Louis blush when he accepted it. He smirked and turned around to close the tap.
Louis carried the hose back to its place already in Harry's jacket. Harry found adorable the way it didn't fit him; his fingers barely peeking out from the sleeves and the back hanging a little bit too low, covering most of Louis' mouth-watering bum.

Louis didn't zip the jacket, afraid of wetting it. Harry could still catch a glimpse of Louis' now see-through t-shirt, but with the jacket on it was easier to keep his eyes up.

"I'd better be going," Louis said when they set the hose in place. "Thanks for the jacket,"

"No worries," Harry smiled "See you,"

**

Louis arrived to his Art History class and sat in his usual seat.

"Well, well, well, look what we have here. The looser of the wet t-shirt contest." Gemma laughed, sitting next to him.

"Ha-ha-ha. Very funny," Louis faked a laugh "It was an accident actually,"

"Oh, I'm sure he made it look like an accident,"

Louis cheeks turned a soft shade of pink "No, he... I mean, we..."

"So it was a he who did that to you?" Gemma asked amused. Louis shifted in his seat and tightened the jacket around him "And do you like him back?" Gemma didn't let him answer "By the red on your cheeks I would say you do,"

"Gemma," Louis said, trying to be serious, but thinking about Harry always created at least a crooked smile on his face "The class's about to start,"

Gemma snorted "The teacher is struggling with the projector, I'm not even sure we will have class. Come on, tell me about it,"

Louis shrugged "I don't know what to tell you, I mean, I'm not sure of anything right now,"

Gemma saw Louis wasn't goofing around anymore "Is he the first guy you like?"

Louis sighed "Yeah,"

"Well, I happen to have a little bit of experience in that matter," She said playfully slapping his knee "My brother also had a first guy. It's not that hard actually, you'll eventually find out if you still like girls and guys, or if it's only this guy... or if you'll completely forget about girls. You just wait," She said sharing a gentle smile.

Louis didn't really want to talk about this right now. He had a plane ticket to go back to London in December. He didn't want to think of this at all. "You're pretty close to your brother, aren't you?" He changed the subject.

"You could say that. I'm the older sister that scares away the boys and girls from him," she grinned "Now that we're both in uni is kind of hard to keep up with each other but we try to talk from time to time. We've got each other's backs."

"Yeah, it's nice to have someone of your family to support you no matter what," Louis agreed

"You also have a sister?" she asked curiously.
Louis laughed lightly, "I have four. But it's my cousin I'm talking about. I love him to death, he's always there for me," Louis smiled, remembering every time Liam's helped him through rough times. Louis noted Gemma spoke of his brother with the same fondness as Louis when he remembered Liam "Your brother must be a good lad," he said.

She smiled and sighed "Yeah. He tells the worst jokes in the world. But I love him,"

The professor then started talking.

"Write your number," Gemma gave Louis her phone. Louis took it and wrote his number.

Moments later his phone buzzed with was a text

From Unknown Number: Heey Bug

Louis looked at Gemma and she was smiling, looking at the presentation. Louis saved Gemma's number under the name 'Smurf'

To Smurf: Hey Smurf

From Smurf: ha-ha v original

To Smurf: your hair's bluer today

From Smurf: replenished the blue yesterday

Louis' phone buzzed right away

From Smurf: u have 2 tell me about ur guy l8r

Louis laughed at Gemma's style of texting.

To Smurf: ok, but he's not mine

They closed their phones and paid attention to what the teacher was talking about. It was actually a bit hard for Louis to pay attention, he was wrapped up in Harry's scent, which made his head spin.

**

When the class was over he had to rush to the Universal History room. He didn't meet with Daniel like he said he would, they just texted and agreed to be early for class.

Daniel couldn't help but to smirk when he saw Louis in a damp t-shirt, but kept his gaze up.

"Hey Louis,"

"Hi, so how's this going to work?" Louis asked, sitting next to him in the empty room

"I printed the list we wrote, but I'm guessing we'll also have to explain the whole thing,"

"Okay, all right," Louis gave the list a quick check.

*****

The week passed by in a heartbeat. People were already doing their job and selling tickets.

"Hey, boys," Louis caught their attention while having dinner in their flat "you'd all better be ready
cause you're also going to the ball,"

"You weren't joking about us going with you?" Zayn asked

"Nop," Louis said, popping the p.

"Yeah, I'll go," Niall answered before giving his slice of pizza a big bite.

"And I'll go to take care of Niall" Harry said, reaching over the table and pinching Niall's right cheek.

"Well, I guess, if I don't have a choice..." Zayn joked.

"Great!" Louis beamed. He went to his room to get the tickets and gave them to the boys. "Don't lose them, they're going to ask you for them at the entrance and... no, no, no," Louis repeated when he saw Harry handing him money.

"Why? Here it says they're..." Harry started saying, but was interrupted by Louis.

"I'll take care of that," Louis didn't want to charge them for a stupid project of his, he was wealthy enough to pay for them. Hell, he was wealthy enough to pay for the whole thing, and his father wouldn't even notice. But his class would, and Louis didn't want that kind of attention. "Don't worry" He added with a smile when he saw Harry hesitate. Louis wondered if Harry would be a hard person to spoil rotten, a thing that Louis would love to do. Taking him to fancy dates, and buying him things he mentioned he liked, and 'Oh my God,' Louis thought 'why am I even thinking about this?'

"You keep this safe, mate," Niall told him handing back the ticket, bringing Louis back to reality "I'll probably lose it,"

They laughed and finished dinner, joking about the ball and disguising themselves as pirates, which they didn't have to. When they were finished Louis texted Gemma.

To Smurf: Hey

From Smurf: What's up Bug? Got any gossip 4 me? U finally going 2 tell me who urbf is?

To Smurf: He's not my boyfriend. I have a deal for you...

From Smurf: k lets hear it

"Who are you texting?" Niall interrupted him.

"Umm... a friend," Louis answered "I'm inviting her to the ball as well,"

"Is she fit?" Niall asked smiling

Louis laughed and answered "Very. Y'know, I think you'd be a good match,"

Niall threw a fist in the air. Louis continued texting

To Smurf: If you go to this ball-party my class is throwing, I'll show you my guy. He's also coming.

From Smurf: DEAL. But what's a ball party?

To Smurf: I'll tell you about it tomorrow. But you can't un-deal it ;)}
Louis felt someone shaking him, but he was too sleepy to care.


Louis opened one eye and saw Zayn crouching down with his face very close to Louis’

"What?" Louis whispered back.

"It's Niall's birthday today,"

Louis sighed and closed his eyes again "Happy birthday,"

"No, Louis," Then Zayn uncovered him, throwing the blanket to the floor

Louis sat up quickly, waking up completely "What was that for?" he hissed.

"Come," Zayn told him and left the room.

Louis followed him and closed the door, leaving a snoring Niall behind. They got to the kitchen and turned on the lights.

Louis rubbed his eyes and yawned "I'm awake now,"

"Good. Look, it's Niall's birthday," Zayn said, taking out a cake from the fridge "Go wake up Harry so we can wake Niall up together."

"How didn't Niall see the cake before? How did you hide it?"

Zayn smirked "It's not easy to hide food from him, but not impossible."

"So are we going to sing to him happy birthday and wake him up to cake and candles?"

"Yes, we will. Little Nialler deserves it" Zayn smiled convinced of the plan

Louis smiled because he knew Niall did. "And is Harry in his room? Doesn't he go to the gym or something?" Louis asked remembering the first time he saw him.

Zayn shook his head "I told him about this. He hates skipping gym, but he'll do anything for Niall. Now go," Louis started walking towards the lift "No, no, no. Take the stairs. The lift's too noisy." Zayn pointed to the laundry room "They're over there, Harry's stair door is opened. You can just walk in," He started to set the thin candles on the cake.

And just like Zayn said, the stair door to Harry's flat was opened. He walked in tiptoeing.

He knocked lightly on Harry's door, he walked in when he didn't get an answer.

Harry was sleeping laying on his stomach, with the blanket covering most of his body except for his broad shoulders and arms. Harry was facing away, so all Louis could see was a messy mop of brown curls.

Harry grunted something, but didn't even move.

Louis decided to try Zayn's technique "Harry!" he nearly yelled, grabbing the covers and throwing them to the floor.

And Louis didn't know if he regretted doing that. Harry slept naked. And there he was, butt cheeks and all exposed "Hmm?" Harry mumbled

Louis unfroze and quickly turned around.

"Harry, wake up," he demanded on a normal voice volume

He heard some ruffling, which told him Harry was standing up. He heard Harry yawn.

"Louis? What are you doing here?"

"Waking you up? But you wouldn't so I uncovered you, but I didn't know you slept commando," Louis said almost annoyed. Why did Zayn send him to wake Harry up? Couldn't Harry do it by himself?

Harry chuckled and put on a pair of black briefs. "Saw anything you liked?" He asked cheekily

Louis turned to look at him and rolled his eyes "Get dressed. It's Niall's birthday,"

Walking up the stairs, Louis had his face as red as it could be, and Harry had a smirk that Louis would very gladly erase with a punch to the gut. But he knew he couldn't do it because every time he looked at him, images of his sculpted back and long legs came rushing to his mind.

"We're here. Now what?" Louis asked Zayn

Zayn finished lighting the candles "We just walk in singing happy birthday. It's not that hard."

And they did.

Niall's face was just priceless when he woke up. He was a bit disoriented at first, but quickly got what the fuzz was about. To Louis, he didn't look like a twenty years old at all, his eyes were wide and his excitement was as big as a kid's turning seven. And his happiness was contagious.

After Niall gave each of them a big hug, they went to have cake for breakfast. Niall tried to convince them to go out that night to celebrate, but they all declined, saying they had loads of homework and quizzes due Monday. They told him that that's why they did the cake thing in the morning, because it was the only time they could find. Niall was a bit disappointed, but his sadness didn't last long because the cake was delicious.

They talked Niall into going to class, and told him that they would go to their classes and then have whatever Niall wanted for dinner. The truth is that they already had other plans to celebrate Niall's birthday.

When Niall was gone, they all grabbed their stuff and left campus on Zayn's Mustang. They spent their day in supermarkets buying things for the massive party they were going to be hosting at Deo's (Niall's cousin) house. With their pretty faces, charming personalities, and British accents, they didn't have to show any ID to buy all the alcohol they wanted. They dropped the stuff at Deo's and returned before Niall was back from his classes.

**
"I'm really, really sorry, Niall" Harry said when the taxi arrived to get them "But Louis and I have this insane essay to write for Sustainability class. I don't think we can stay for dinner, we'd better go to the library and start before the good books are gone"

Louis just sent an apologetic smile at Niall

"Really? It sucks. Well, I'll eat here with Zayn. You don't starve yourselves," Niall replied

"We won't," Louis answered. "See you later, guys;"

An hour later, just like they agreed, Zayn asked Niall if he wanted to go out to get something to eat.

"Yeah, let's get chicken or something," Niall answered in a good mood. He would have liked to be with his three friends on his birthday, but they already gave him a cake, which was more than Niall expected.

"Zayn, where are we going?" Niall asked when he didn't recognize the roads Zayn was taking

"I know a shortcut," Was all Zayn answered.

"Is this... Isn't this... Why are we here?" Niall started to ask when they parked in front of his cousin's house.

Zayn smiled at him "Well, let's find out"

Louis thought Niall's surprise face couldn't get any better from the one he saw in the morning. He was wrong, but thankfully Harry caught it on camera. After a massive group-hug and many single-hugs later, Niall could talk to Zayn, Louis, Harry and Deo.

"This is sick, guys! How did you do it?" Niall asked with a big grin on his face.

"We worked our magic," Zayn winked, ruffling Niall's hair.

"I mean, but, this? Where are your parents Deo?"

"On a business trip. Perfect timing, huh?" Deo said proudly.

"You're the best friends in the world!!" Niall yelled.

"Deo, could you take a picture of us?" Harry asked handing him his camera.

"Sure,"

It wasn't just one picture. They posed, like, in twenty different ways and only God knows how many did Deo take. They went to get drinks for Niall and Zayn and started to enjoy the party. Soon they were all on their way to getting wasted. They were spending the night there, so there was no worry.

The music was great, the food was really good, and they had enough to drink for two parties. They introduced Louis to more of their friends, and, with the help of the alcohol, they were all very friendly.

Harry noticed that a guy was being a bit too friendly with Louis, and Harry wanted to ignore the fact that Louis didn't seem to mind.

"This is probably the best party of the year!" Niall yelled at Harry. And he was right; the later it
got, the better the party was. Everyone was dancing, laughing, having a good time.

Harry smiled at Niall and put an arm around his shoulders "Just for you, little Nialler,"

"Hey! Don't look. Or, look if you want to," Niall yelled in Harry's ear "But there's a really hot red-headed girl by the couch that looks like she's undressing you with her eyes,"

Harry smirked and looked. As soon as he turned, the ginger girl turned around with a flirty smile. *Hot* didn't even begin to describe her, she was what every girl wanted to be and what every guy wanted to have. "I'll go talk to her later, probably," Harry told Niall

Niall frowned and was about to reply when Zayn came and interrupted them "Let's have some shots!" he screamed.

They went to pour the shots and, on their way, Harry saw Louis giggling and talking little bit too close to the same guy.

Harry closed his eyes and drank the shot Zayn was handing him. Why did he care that Louis was having a good time with another guy? Since when did he care who his friends hang out with? And why did it bother him that Louis was spending so much time with the Daniel boy? Why was he even thinking about this?

Harry drank a second shot and said "I'm going to get that girl,"

"Yes! There's the Harry I know!" Niall cheered. Harry left Niall explaining to Zayn what was happening.

Just like in the old times, Harry was going to sweet talk a beautiful girl and have his way with her; no feelings, no compromises. He had always been that way. In fact, that was what he was going to do when he first saw Louis. A guy hadn't caught Harry's attention in a long time, but when he saw Louis at Mike's party, he wanted him immediately. Then he saw him talking to Zayn, and Harry though: *Good, this makes things easier*, but then Niall introduced him as his friend, which hardly made Louis one-night-stand material.

He was walking towards the red-headed girl, whose back was facing Harry. When her friends saw Harry coming, they left her alone.

"Hello, gorgeous," He said in her ear.

She turned around so she was facing him. She had a smirk on his face "Hello," she answered almost sassily, like she was doing Harry a favour by replying to him.

"Wanna dance?" Harry asked, setting his hands on her waist

"Sure," she wasn't drunk, which Harry was thankful for, he'd never take advantage of a girl. She intertwined their fingers and led them to the dance floor.

Within thirty seconds they were fully snogging. Thirty seconds later, she accepted Harry's suggestion of going to somewhere quiet.

*****

Harry woke up to the sound of heels tapping.

He opened his eyes and saw a girl walking around the room, putting his red hair in a ponytail.
Memories of the night before came rushing to his mind.

"You're awake," She said when she saw Harry

"Hi," his voice was husky. He cleared his throat "Good morning, Holland,"

"Oh, you remember?" Holland asked, picking up her purse

"What? I wasn't that drunk," Harry replied honestly

"I'd swear last night I heard you moan Lou," she said ,tapping on his phone, like it was not a big deal

Harry was speechless. He just stared at her, with his jaw dropped.

Holland looked up when she didn't get an answer "Whatever. My friends are here to pick me up. See ya', Harry" And she left the room

Harry couldn't believe it. He had sex (and not bad at all) with a smoking hot girl, thinking about Louis. Could he be any worse?
The first thing they did when they woke up was to swallow two ibuprofens with a cup of tea sweetened with a big spoonful of honey (much to Louis dismay). When the pills made effect on their headaches they went to have a very late breakfast to a near pancake house full of old people.

There they talked about the awesomeness of the party. Niall was the most enthusiastic one, talking about the music, the girls, the drinks, everything. Zayn was nearly falling asleep again over his stack of pancakes. Deo asked Harry about Holland, and Harry answered with short answers. Louis was very good hiding what he felt, he didn't even blink when Harry started talking about his one-night-stand, even though jealousy was eating him inside out. He didn't have any right to be feeling jealous, nor should he be. So he ate his pancakes silently.

Niall asked Louis about Jackson. Harry supposed that was the name of Louis new 'friend' so he paid attention to their talk while pretending to listen to Deo and his silly chat.

"He was good looking an all, but he reminded me of a high school jock," Louis shrugged.

So, okay, Louis actually considered a guy good looking. Harry saw how Niall sent him a devious smile because they both knew Harry couldn't hide behind his "Louis is, in fact, straight" argument anymore.

Louis continued talking "He was so proud of all the sports he had played but when I asked him about football, he started talking about American football; when I said that I meant soccer, he was clueless about it. I wish Zayn had come earlier to get me out of there,"

"You comfortable around him" Zayn intervened.

And, well, yeah. But it was only because that's what Louis was used to do back home: look happy and interested in other people's conversation, even if they were extremely boring. That's was a skill that his nobility nature forced him to improve.

"No, I mean, at first he was cool but he got annoying, and touchy," Louis added scrunching his nose

"Well, I'm glad Zayn took you out, that's when the real party started!" Niall said all excited.

Louis laughed "To be honest, there are bits I don't even remember,"

"Don't worry, you didn't do anything stupid. We're good friends, we took care of you," Zayn said smiling. And Louis believed him because they really were very good friends.

***

When they finished eating, Niall suggested to clean the house. He didn't want to leave Deo deal with the mess so they all agreed.

Louis was assigned the broom. Louis had never touched a broom before, but he gave it a try. After three minutes of attempting, he gave up and secretly searched and called a cleaning service.

When the doorbell rang Deo ran to get it, Louis went behind him.

"Hi, ladies, thanks for coming," Louis said before Deo could open his mouth. They started walking
"We'll take care of everything," One of the them told them smiling too much

"Thank you. We'll be upstairs if you need anything," He said, pushing the boys towards the stairs.

When Louis closed the door of Deo's parent's bedroom, which was intact, he turned around to see four astonished faces

"What was that?" Deo was the first one to talk

"A cleaning service. Really, lads, we would have taken years to clean up that mess," Louis scoffed

"Do you have any idea how much they charge?" Harry asked still without believing it.

"I don't. But I'll manage it, don't worry," Louis answered plopping down on the king size bed.

"What the hell? Are you a bank robber or something? You paid for half the party and you'll pay maids?" Zayn asked in his peculiar accent that got stronger when he talked fast.

"Yes, Zayn, I rob banks in my spare time," Louis sighed.

"You paid for my party?" Niall asked happily throwing himself and landing over Louis, earning a loud groan from him.

"Hey! I paid too!" Harry complained throwing himself too, landing over the two bodies. The grunts grew louder.

"Styles, you're so heavy!" Niall cried.

"Quick, Zayn, come!" Harry yelled.

Zayn took a step back and then jumped screaming.

Ol's, ouch's and aarg's were heard.

"I'm going to die here, seriously," Louis breathed.

"Niall, your knee is in my crotch!" Harry screamed.

"Tell Malik!" was all Niall could reply.

Harry pushed Zayn, landing beside them. Then he rolled to the other side, finishing conveniently next to Louis. Niall rolled to his left, landing on top of Zayn. Zayn grunted and pushed Niall to his left.

"Come here, Deo, don't feel left alone," Niall told his cousin gesturing to the only space left of the bed, next to him.

Deo smiled and laid down

"So you want to watch T.V., then?" Deo asked

They agreed and Deo turned on the T.V. leaving it on a movie that already had started.

They all fell asleep rather quickly, except for Harry, who couldn't tear away his gaze from the sleepy Louis.
On Sunday, Daniel had texted Louis asking him if they could meet. Louis was too lazy so he told Daniel they could meet on Monday after their classes were over.

Louis arrived at Lauren's Coffee-shop (the place where they usually met to talk about the ball) and Daniel was already there, untangling his charger cords.

"Hi, Dan,"

"Hello, Louis," Daniel said, standing up after plugging in his charger

Louis sat down in front of him, facing the window. He always liked watching the people pass by, wondering what it would be like to have a normal life. To choose a university and the subjects you truly want to study; to figure it out what you'll do with your life after uni, instead of having everything ready and waiting for you; he guessed it must be fun, and a little bit scary too.

"So where are we?" Louis asked, taking out his glasses. He didn't use them often, but to be honest he still felt tired from the weekend.

"Umm, tickets will be sold until this Friday. We'll have to do it with the money we raise by then so we still have a week to arrange things," Daniel explained.

"Okay, so I already gave you the money from the tickets I sold, right?" Louis asked just to be sure.

"You gave me the money of five tickets. Have you given me more?"

Louis counted his three friends, Gemma, plus the friend she said she wanted to bring "No, five's all I sold. Oh, and Sarah texted me asking if she could have 20 extra dollars cause she wanted to rent this thing for the déco" Louis said remembering the text he got earlier that day.

"Yeah, I guess. Do you mind opening the budget file on the lap? I'm gonna get coffee, do you want anything?" Daniel offered.

"No, I'm okay. Thanks,"

"It should be on Documents. There's a folder that's called History Ball or Event, something like that" Daniel indicated.

"Alright," Louis took the laptop so it was facing him. It was Windows, Louis owned a Mac but he wasn't unfamiliar with this system. He considered asking Daniel to order a cup of tea for him, but he turned around and saw Daniel already ordering, there weren't many people there.

He opened the Documents folder and saw many, many other folders. He saw one named Events and he clicked it.

In the folder, he saw pictures of him. Pictures of him as a prince; pictures that were published about the royal events. He saw Liam in some too. The one where Liam and Louis were wearing uniforms was also there, that photo made them earn a place on The 20 Hottest Young Royals list.

There were pictures of him with his family. Of him on vacation (those were sneaked by paps; his father went mad when the magazines published them). Pictures of The Royal Lodge, his house in Berkshire. There even were pictures of him as a kid.

Louis couldn't believe it. Then he heard someone clear their throat behind him. He turned his head
and saw Daniel awkwardly standing, holding his cup of coffee.

"I..." Daniel started to say, but Louis interrupted him

"You knew?"

"I-I... I did" Daniel lowered his eyes

"Wha... Why..., I mean, how long have you known for?" Louis didn't look mad, just very surprised, so Daniel though sitting down would be okay.

"Well, when I first saw you I thought you looked very much like, y'know, the prince" Daniel started, unsure "You see, my sister has this crush on Liam. So I had seen you in pictures before," he lied. But he wasn't going to tell him he had a crush on him

"Okay," Louis dragged the word

"So when you told me your name was Louis Tomlinson I was confused. Because your name is Louis, but not Tomlinson. So I looked for pictures of you just to be sure." He didn't try to explain why he had saved them.

"I didn't keep the York because I didn't want people finding out," Louis narrowed his eyes, folding his arms "Have you told anyone?"

Daniel was a bit intimidated "No, I..."

"I don't want to think badly of you. But what people would do for this information..."

"Louis, you think I would give you away? To get a check in exchange of information such as in which Hall do you live, which classes you take, where to find you? So paps can get photos of you? Look, if I wanted to do that I would have done it time ago."

Louis was speechless at Daniel's sudden gain of confidence. He let him speak.

"I knew that coming under another name was for a reason. I wanted to get to know you, be your friend. But I was afraid of your reaction if I told you I already knew who you were."

"You won't tell anyone?" Louis asked nervously

"God, Louis, have you been listening to me?" Daniel chuckled

Louis laughed too "Alright,"

"Alright," Daniel repeated, smiling wide "So let me find this file," He said taking the laptop from Louis.

Daniel didn't know why, but knowing that Louis knew that Daniel knew about him, made it feel more real. Like the actual prince was there with him. Daniel knew it was him all the time, it just felt different. He had so many questions to ask Louis, but he didn't mention any. He decided not to talk about it unless Louis brought the subject first.

**********

"And he knew it was you all this time?" Liam asked getting closer to the monitor

"Apparently, he did," Louis replied, raising his eyebrows
"And he didn't tell anyone?" Liam still couldn't believe it, even after Louis had explained everything three times.

"He says he hasn't. And I believe him. He's a good person,"

"Well if you say so,"

Louis heard the door opening. He minimized the call window as fast as it could be done.

"Hey, Louis. What you doing?" Niall asked, dropping his backpack on his bed

"Umm... Skyping with James"

"Oh yeah? Let me meet him!" Niall said cheerily

Liam was seeing everything that was happening in Louis room. He didn't know what to do, so he put his hood on, his eyes barely peeking under it.

"Can't," Louis replied "He's... shirtless," Niall gave him a confused look "and... he's shy,"

"Okay, I'm going to make myself something to eat," he said with his good mood back.

When he closed the door Louis sighed and went back to Liam.

"What's with the hood?" Louis asked.

"I didn't know what to do" Liam replied, taking off his hood.

Louis chuckled "Whatever,"

"So when's the big ball?"

Louis groaned in frustration "Next Friday,"

"So soon? Feels like it was yesterday when you told us about it,"

"Yeah. Time passes so fast," Louis agreed, thinking of the day he said goodbye to Liam at the airport, it felt like it was days ago. It actually has been nearly a month since Louis arrived.

"You're going to be here before you realise it,"

"Yeah, but it still feels ages away,"

Liam yawned "Well, I'd better finish this essay so I can go to sleep,"

"Okay, Liam. Good luck," Louis smiled.

"Bye, Louis. Talk to you soon,"

**********

When Louis walked out of the bathroom, Niall was waiting for his turn. After two weeks of doing it that way, it became a routine: Louis would be the first one to take a shower; then Niall would wait while watching morning news; and Zayn was the last one. The morning news were on during the whole process.

Louis went to make himself a bowl of cereal and sat down on the spot Niall was before. Before he
was finished, Harry arrived.

"You're not ready yet?" Harry asked Louis who had milk dripping out from the corner of his lips. Harry unconsciously licked his lips.

"No," Louis said with food still in his mouth. Louis swallowed and cleaned his mouth with the back of his hand "Forgot to tell you. I won't go to class today. The ball's tonight, Daniel and I have to be there all day to supervise things,"

Harry was disappointed, no, not jealous he told himself. "But today Dr Miller will check on our path," Harry said almost pouting.

"Yeah. But it's going great. You can handle it, Haz," Harry's stomach fluttered at the nickname that Louis had started calling him lately. He may have blushed a little.

"Okay," Harry reluctantly agreed "So I'll see you..." he stopped to let Louis answer.

"Probably won't see me until the party. Here," Louis took out his wallet and hand Harry a ticket "This is Niall's. Don't lose it. Text me when you get there. Okay?"

"Okay. So I'll go now,"

"Me too. The field's on my way. Let's walk together," Louis said, grabbing his stuff.

Before leaving, Louis banged hard Zayn's door three times "You'll be late, Malik!" He received grunts as response and they left.

*

From Smurf: U didn't go 2 class!
To Smurf: Couldn't. Had to supervise the organization for tonight. You're going right?
From Smurf: Wouldn't be a party without me ;)
To Smurf: See you then :)

*

After a long day, Louis was in his blue costume doing final details. The girls looked great in their dresses, they even curled their hair and make it look from that time. Even the boys were excited, all playing and making jokes about each other in their costumes. Mr Park was speechless about the decoration. And he was right, because it was great.

The décor team made it look like they were actually in a ballroom. Even the speakers were covered with paper so they looked like rocks. There weren't any normal cups, they were all disposable wineglasses looking cups. The entrance looked like a dock and there were ropes all around the walls. Everything was really, really cool.

*

People started to arrive, and they were having fun. The music wasn't from that time (Thank God) and Louis and Daniel started to question why did the teacher want to do this, it truly looked like a high school homecoming. Louis was glad their friendship didn't change after the big reveal.

Louis thank each classmate and their guest for coming. Daniel wondered if this was like he
behaved back home: all polite, and hosting with a bright smile. Daniel watched mesmerized as Louis solved each problem calmly and perfectly. It seemed like Louis was the one with the idea of the ball and the main organizer. Louis was enjoying it very much, even though he wouldn't admit it, he missed big events.

They were laughing at a girl that was trying to dance normally, but her huge dress wouldn't let her, when Louis saw the familiar faces of his three best friends.

"This is sick!" Niall chirped

"The decoration looks awesome," Zayn said, gawking at the room

"Thanks, guys, we worked really hard," Louis said smiling.

Harry smiled fondly at the crinkles that formed around Louis' eyes when he smiled that way.

"You remember Dan, right?" Louis asked, gesturing to his friend.

Harry cringed at the nickname.

"Yeah, we do. You alright?" Zayn asked Daniel.

"Yeah, thanks. By the way, thanks so much for coming. Means a lot," Daniel replied, smiling.

"Well, anything for Louis. He's our friend" Harry said a little bit too rough and standing up straighter. Daniel was still two inches taller than him, but Harry could be quite intimidating.

Daniel chuckled nervously and turned to Louis "I'll check on Brian,"


"Bro, what's with the other lads? Why are they wearing tights?" Zayn asked Louis.

"There were different costumes, not everyone has the same one," Louis replied.

"Well, that's a shame," Harry whispered smirking.

Louis didn't hear him because his phone buzzed.

"Hey, Niall, remember my hot friend I told you I was going to bring?" Louis asked him.

"Yeah?" Niall replied eagerly.

"She's arrived, with a friend," Louis wiggled his brows "I'll bring her. Wait here,"

He walked to the entrance and saw Gemma with a girl by her side, she had silver wavy hair.

"Hi, Gemma," Louis said, standing in front of them

"Hello, Bug!" She answered smiling, "This is Lou," she said motioning her friend.

"Hello, Lou. Nice name. I'm Louis," he said, smiling brightly


"Thanks, yours too. Who copied who the crazy hair colour?" he joked.
"Very funny, Bug. Now show me your guy!" Gemma demanded.

Louis laughed, but he was nervous. Louis talked a little bit too much about him around Gemma, and she was finally going to meet him. "Okay, but don't do anything embarrassing," Louis warned.

"Oh, please. I'll just be the older sister you never had," Gemma winked.

That didn't put Louis at ease at all.

"Just so you know he's the tallest, with the skinniest jeans," Louis said and Gemma nodded "Okay, come on," Louis took her hand and led them.

When they reached them, Harry's back was facing them. But still, things happened too quickly.

First, Niall's big eyes grew even bigger when he saw Gemma. At first Louis thought 'I knew he was going to like her' but then, when they were three steps away, Harry turned to see what Niall was looking at. Then Gemma stopped dead in her tracks.

"Gemma?" Harry asked. His face was sheer confusion

"Harry?" Gemma asked back, she was just as confused. And Louis could bet his own face showed even more confusion.

"Lou!" Harry smiled when he noticed her.

"Hi, Harry!" she replied and gave him a quick hug.

Niall pulled Louis' arm and hissed "You said she was hot,"

Louis' brain wasn't working at all. Why did they know each other? Even Lou? What was happening here? All he could reply was "Well, she is,"

"Yeah, but that's Gemma!" Niall said.

"Yes, I know! Wait, how do..." Louis started asking, but then Gemma interrupted

"What are you doing here?" Gemma asked Harry with a hint of humour.

"Me? We came with Louis. What are you doing here?"

Then Gemma noticed Harry's tight jeans and, of course, that he was the tallest of his friends. She quickly connected the dots and her eyebrows changed from being frowned to being raised.

"Oooh," Gemma said "So, this is..." Gemma turned to look at Louis

Lou quickly followed up, being already up to date by her friend "Harry?" Lou asked.

Louis awkwardly cleared his throat, still without knowing what to do "Erm, yes. Girls, this is Harry,"

"Well of course they know who I am," Harry snapped, "Gemma's my sister!"

"Your... What?!" now Louis was freaking out, he turned to look at Gemma. She let out a laugh and Lou giggled at the scene. "Harry's your brother?"

Gemma nodded, laughing.
So Harry was Gemma's brother. The one Gemma told Louis about. He was the little 5 years-old little boy who broke his right arm falling from a tree, and who would keep colouring even though he did it badly left-handed. He was Gemma's little brother who would insist on spending the night at the hospital the time Gemma got appendicitis. The one with a beautiful voice that was too shy to sing in front of anyone except for Gemma and his mom. His brother that had a hard time making friends when they moved to America, after their parents got divorced in the UK. He was his gay brother who had his heart broken when his first and only boyfriend didn't want to come out because what people thought was more important to him than Harry himself.

Louis knew so much about him thanks to Gemma. And Gemma knew everything Louis liked about Harry. And Gemma also knew Louis would never do anything about it because Louis knew he had to go back at some point.

Louis was thinking so many things at the same time, so many things, and all he could ask was "Is brown your natural hair colour?"

"Yes," Gemma laughed

"What? Why do you care about hair colour? You wanted to set up Gemma and Niall? Really, Louis?" Louis then understood why Harry was angry.

"What?" Gemma asked, amused by the situation.

"I didn't know she was your sister!" Louis defended himself.

"Yeah, give him a break. We didn't know it was her," Niall got close to Gemma and hugged her
"How are you, Gems? Good to see you," he left his arm around her waist.

"I'm good, Nialler, thanks," she smiled.

"Horan, take your hands off my sister," Harry warned.

"Oh, come on, Harry, we know Gemma is way out of my league," Niall winked.

"Yeah, you sound like a jealous grandpa, Styles," Lou teased him.

Harry smiled at her "I've missed you, Lou! How are you?"

"Hey, Gem," Niall whispered to her "I saw Ashton, like, five seconds ago. You should go look for him. Heard he has the hots for you,"

Gemma giggled and started gossiping with Niall. He was lucky Harry was busy with Lou and didn't hear him saying that.

"Crazy evening," Zayn told Louis.

Louis sighed "Crazier than you think. Believe me."

*

After everyone cooled off they had a great time. And without a single drop of alcohol. They danced, ate, flirted with people, and laughed. Louis sometimes had to go with Daniel to solve situations, but he didn't mind, the only one who did was Harry.

Then, before the ball was finished their professor said a few words. He made Louis and Daniel step on the stage and thank them for being responsible for his great event, everyone applauded them.
Then they shared a hug, which almost made Harry puke.

Gemma nudged him "Easy, H. You don't want to punch anyone,"

Harry noticed his fists were clenched and relaxed them. He saw Gemma wearing a smirk with his eyes on the front, clapping with everybody else.

"We should talk about this later," Gemma told Harry

Harry had no other option. His sister was always very good at reading him. Gemma could even see the feelings he tried to hide from himself "Okay," he sighed

Gemma squealed of happiness.

*

At the end Louis had to stay to clean, he told the lads he would see them later on.

"Okay, so I'll see you in class," Gemma said, pointing to Louis "And you," he pointed Harry "We'll speak soon"

Harry just groaned.

"See you later, Harry, don't be a stranger!" Lou told Harry, giving him a hug "Really nice meeting you, Louis," Lou gave him a hug as well

Everyone exchanged hugs and Louis stayed.

This time he escaped from the broom and chose to pick plates and cups and throw them into a trash bag. He was so tired he wished he could call the maids again.

When he got to the flat he fell asleep right away and didn't wake up until noon the next day.
Harry knew Gemma wouldn't forget about the pending talk she made him promise they'd have. So he wasn't surprised when he got a text from Gemma notifying him, more than asking him, that she'd be coming over his flat for dinner.

Harry, very politely, hinted that he was having his sister over for dinner, so his flatmates went out to grab food somewhere else. Once alone, Harry got to work, cooking a nice dinner for his sister.

As soon as he finished setting the table for two, he heard the lift arrive.

"Hello!" Harry heard his sister call

"In the kitchen, Gem!" he replied

"Look at you. All house-proud!" She said, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

"What did you expect?" Harry asked with a cheeky smile.

"Some leftovers, maybe," Gemma sat down while Harry started serving "Oh, God. Should I be scared?"

Harry chuckled "It's just pasta," He set the plate in front of her.

Gemma sniffed the food "Well, it looks good, and smells too."

They ate and talk about normal stuff. About family, their classes, new T.V. shows they've watched.

"Niall told me about you and Ashton," Harry said, handing Gemma a cupcake he had baked earlier as dessert.

She snorted "Niall blows things out of proportion. Ashton just asked me my number."

"Oh, okay," Harry gave his cupcake a bite.

Gemma saw that it could be her opportunity to bring up the subject she wanted to talk about, so she added "He likes music too. He plays the drums,"

"Yeah?" His mouth still half full.

Gemma nodded "You know who plays an instrument as well?"

"Who?" Harry asked very concentrated on his cupcake.

"Louis," Gemma replied. She smirked when she saw she had her brother's full attention now "He plays the piano,"

"Oh, I didn't know that," Harry faked not to be too interested

"What do you think of him? You obviously want him. I can see that," Gemma asked straight forward.

That question took Harry by surprise, but quickly came up with an answer "Even if I wanted him, he's Zayn's and Niall's friend. I can't just do whatever I want with him and dump him, it'd be
awkward,"

"Yeah, but is that what you really want? Have a fun night, or two?" Gemma crossed her arms.

"I don't know, I don't know what I want," Harry sighed.

In reality, Harry knew. He saw Louis beyond the obvious attractiveness or sassiness. Harry saw the way he drank his tea, with his tiny hands holding a big mug and eyelashes fluttering over his cheeks. Or the way he leaned on the counter, sticking his arse out like he doesn't know what he's doing. The way he squinted his eyes when he found something funny. His laugh that could be heard all over the flat when he skyped with his friends. All those things made Harry want him more each day.

If he had a one-night-stand with Louis, after that night Harry wouldn't be able to admire these little things he knows of him. What Harry really wanted is to have Louis around, to make his tea, to make him laugh, to be the first one person to see how those eyelashes flutter in the morning when he wakes up.

Harry wanted Louis to be more than a one-night-stand. And that terrified him.

"Well your face tells me different, H. You know what you want. And you've always fought for what you wantedj" Gemma saidj pulling Harry out of his thoughts

Gemma stood up "Thanks so much for dinner, Harry. It was lovelyj"

Harry frowned "You're leaving? So soon?"

"Yeah, I have a date with Ashtonj" She said, putting on her coat, like it wasn't a big thing.

"Ashton? You said you weren't a thing," Harry complained, letting his protective-brother side show.

"Well, we're not... yet," she winked "Thanks so much, H," She gave him a goodbye kiss, Harry mumbled something back.

"I still have to approve him!" Harry warned before the lift doors closed. He only got a giggle back.

**

Harry got to the boy's flat and heard people screaming. He relaxed when he saw it was Niall and Louis yelling at a football match they were watching

"Oh, for God's sake!" Louis cried.

"Horrendous referee," Niall madly yelled.

"That clearly was a foul," Louis scoffed.

Harry let out a chuckle because the boys hadn't noticed him.

Niall took his eyes from the telly one millisecond and looked up "Oh, hi, Harry. Hey, can you pass us some juice?"

Harry grabbed two glasses and opened the fridge "Orange or a...

"Whatever's fine," Niall rushed to say.
Harry was still thinking about what Gemma had told him the day before.

She was right. Harry always persisted and got what he wanted, in a fair way. Why was he holding back with Louis? He could make it work, right?

He decided to start testing the waters, just to see where he stood.

When he handed Louis his glass he purposely brushed his fingers with Louis'.

"Thanks," was all Louis answered, gaze never leaving the screen.

Harry, unhappy with the result, sat down next to Louis, even though there was a wider spot beside Niall.

The match had five minutes left and there was a 2-2 tie. No wonder why they were so excited. Harry wouldn't have trouble catching up with the game and cheering along, but he was more focused on getting Louis attention. All he could do while the game was over, was graze his knee against Louis'.

Before extra time was finished, their team scored two goals, winning the match. Louis and Niall screamed even louder when the time was over. Harry could never get bored of Louis' unique personality.

"Let's wake up Zayn and go out for dinner," Niall suggested already opening Zayn's door.

*

They didn't feel like driving far so they settled with a near Taco Bell.

"So how's the farm going?" Zayn asked.

Louis rolled his eyes at him "It's not a farm,"

Zayn chuckled "Your greenhouse or whatever,"

"It's actually going pretty good," Harry proudly replied. He turned to Louis "It's the one that's got the most sprouts,"

"Yeah?" Louis asked, cleaning his mouth with a napkin.

Harry nodded smiling, "they've got the best parents of the class,"

Louis couldn't help blushing a little "but don't call them babies, or you won't want to eat them when they're grown," he replied quirking an eyebrow.

Harry frowned "Eat them?"

"Well, we can't throw them into the rubbish,"

"Into the organic one, maybe," Zayn shrugged, Louis slapped him.

"Yeah, I'd rather eat my babies than throw them away," Niall agreed, making everyone laugh.

"What the hell, Niall?"

"We'll see how you feel after throwing your kids away," Niall challenged Harry.
After they were done, they went back to the flat. They realised they had a lot to catch up on homework so Harry, Louis and Zayn invaded the small kitchen table with books and binders. Niall went for the couch, with his laptop on his legs.

A little past midnight, when Niall was already asleep over his things, they woke him up and everyone went to sleep.

Harry couldn't decide if Louis was very good at hiding his feelings, or he wasn't interested in Harry at all. But he sure saw a pink shade rising up on Louis' cheeks more than once.

Louis sat in his usual seat next to Daniel at Universal History class

"Hey,"

"Hi, Louis,"

"Friday, finally," Louis sighed.

"I know. What are you doing tonight?"

"Hmm, don't know really. Whatever the lads feel like doing,"

"Oh, well a couple of friends and I are going out tonight. Clubbing or something. It'd be great If you tagged along," Daniel offered.

Louis found the idea appealing "Okay, thanks. I'll text you later,"

"Okay," Daniel smiled.

* 

In the afternoon he spent some time with Liam on Skype. He heard Niall and Zayn walked in and out of the flat at different times but he didn't really pay attention to them.

* 

To Dan: So what's the plan? :) 

From Dan: We're going clubbing. See you at your place in an hour? 

To Dan: Text me when you're down so you don't have to come up 

From Dan: will do :) 

* 

Louis changed his clothes, styled his hair and put on a bit of after-shave, a touch he learnt from Liam.

He found strange that none of the boys were around, but didn't think much of it.

His phone buzzed
From Dan: *I'm outside*

To Dan: *be right down*

When he was in the lift, his phone buzzed again

"Stupid phone" Louis muttered when he read the *low battery* sign

When Daniel saw Louis walking out of the lift he went speechless. Louis was dressed so simple, yet he looked so hot. With his sleeves tight around his biceps, and his dark jeans fitting in the right places.

"Hi, Louis," he managed to say

Louis smiled "Hi, Dan. You look good," he said sincerely

Daniel blushed "Thanks, you too."

Louis was still smiling.

"We'll meet my friends there. So, let's go," Daniel said.

They took a cab and Daniel gave the driver the instructions. When they got there the bouncer let them in as soon as he saw them.

To Louis it was a natural thing that people let him in wherever he went, so he just walked in. But when he thought about it, they didn't know who he was there. Didn't they ask for an ID at the entrance?

Before Louis could ask anything they reached a lounge table, there were people sitting around with drinks in their hands. The music was loud and it was dark inside, the lights from the dance floor were the only thing illuminating the place

"Hey guys, this is Louis," Daniel yelled at the people around the table

Daniel got closer to Louis so he could hear "This is Dylan," he pointed to a cute guy with brown hair. Dylan waved at Louis, who smiled in reply. "That's Tyler," a tanned guy with black hair nodded smiling at Louis. "And that's Crystal and Holland," he pointed to a thin black-haired girl and a very attractive ginger girl. He found Holland familiar, but couldn't place her anywhere.

"Hello everyone," Louis yelled. He was sure they didn't hear him, but they could read his lips and waved at him.

"Sit, I'll get us something to drink," Daniel told Louis.

Louis sat down next to Dylan and chatted with the guys. They were really nice, actually.

Daniel arrived with two bottles of beer in his hands. He gave one to Louis who gladly accepted it.

*  

Harry went to the boys' flat after a really long Friday spent doing homework and team projects. He arrived and only saw Niall and Zayn lazily watching TV

"Where's Louis?" Harry asked, taking off his jacket.
Niall looked up "Don't know. We thought he was with you,"

"He's not," Harry moved Zayn's legs to sit down next to him.

"Let me try calling him," Zayn offered. He pulled out his phone and dialed the number that immediately send him to voice mail "It's turned off or something,"

"Let's just wait for him. It's late, he can't take much longer," Niall said.

*

Louis swallowed his fourth tequila shot of the night. Or was it his fifth? He didn't care, he was having a blast. The music was great, Daniel's friends were great. They were dancing, and singing, and having so much fun.

Dylan was doing a very bad impression of Tyler dancing; he even got on the table to do it. People looked at them and smiled or gave them thumbs up because anyone could see how much fun they were having. Louis felt so happy to be finally able to do this without thinking of people judging him and his father scolding him later.

*

"Let me text Gemma to see if he's with her," Harry said already typing on his phone.

They were really worried, it was almost 1:00 am and Louis was nowhere to be seen.

"No," Harry sighed "he's not with Gemma,"

They all exchanged concerned looks.

*

Louis didn't know how the rest was doing, but he was terribly drunk. Tyler was dancing with Crystal, Holland was dancing with Dylan, and somehow Louis ended up dancing with Daniel. Grinding would be a better description, really.

"I'm glad things didn't change between us," Daniel told Louis getting close to his ear.

His breath tickled Louis and he giggled "What things?" Daniel brought his ear closer to Louis mouth "Oh, oh, I know what things! About the prince and me?"

Daniel laughed "Yeah, I'm sorry. I should have just left you alone and not do research, you didn't want anyone finding out,"

"That's all right. If anyone was finding out, I'm glad it was you," Louis smiled at him. He looked at Daniel who was looking straight into Louis' eyes.

Daniel slowly started to lean in and Louis found himself lifting his own chin, gripping Daniel's shirt tighter.

*

"That's it. I'm going to look for him," Zayn said standing up.

"Where will you look?" Harry stood up as well.
"I think Louis once told me where Daniel room is, I'll ask him if he's seen him," Zayn grabbed his phone.

"Why don't we text him or something?" Niall asked.

"Does anyone have Daniels number?" Zayn raised his eyebrows. When nobody answered he said "Niall, come with me. Harry, stay. We'll keep in touch."

Harry nodded and sat back down. He sighed and tried calling him for the seventeenth time of the night.

*

Just before Louis and Daniel's lips touched, Louis backed away. "Sorry, I-I... I can't,"

Daniel let him take a step back "It's okay, I understand,"

Suddenly Dylan jumped in front of them "Let's get out of here, I'm starving!"

Louis laughed. They agreed and got out of there, calling a taxi.

They were all squeezed into the cab, but still laughing and singing, Daniel and Louis behaving as if nothing had happened.

Before they reached the restaurant, Dylan fell asleep.

"What if we just go back to campus? Dylan's out and my heels are killing me," Crystal suggested

They told the driver to change the route. When they got to campus Daniel and Tyler helped a really sleepy Dylan to walk to their dorm. The girls went their way and Louis walked to his building alone. He still felt a little bit drunk, but he could make it.

*

Harry heard the lift doors open and he sat up straight. He rubbed his eyes and asked "Have you found him yet?"

"Found who?"

When Harry heard Louis voice his head shoot up "Where the hell have you been? It's past three in the morning!"

"Me? Clubbing" Louis was wearing a goofy smile

"Clubbing? With who?"

"Daniel," he stopped to remember the other names "Dylan, Crystal, Daniel," he repeated, slightly slurring the words.

Hearing Daniel's name made Harry feel like his blood was boiling "You're drunk," he harshly stated.

Louis giggled "Maybe. No, not so drunk anymore. I don't think so,"

"And where the hell is your phone?"
Louis rolled his eyes "Here," he took it out from his pocket.

Harry took a step forward and snatched the phone from Louis.

"Hey! You scratched me with your ring," Louis complained.

Harry ignored him "It's dead,"

"It died?" Louis asked, standing on his toes to see the black screen.

"It ran out of battery," Harry annoyingly explained.

"Oh, yeah. Sometimes when I don't charge it, it happens," Louis said tapping the screen.

Harry grunted in frustration "Why would you do this? Going clubbing with your friends without letting anyone know? You could have at least leave a note! We looked everywhere for you, no, I'm sorry, we didn't! Because we had no fucking clue where you were! I was worried sick about you!!"

Louis' tipsiness was quickly wearing down hearing Harry rambling about what he had done. Why did he have to ask for permission? Why was Harry so upset about it?

"I can do as I please. I don't see why this concerns you. Why are you nagging so much about this, anyway?" Louis asked back.

"Because I fucking care about you," Harry snapped.

Louis didn't know what to say. Did Harry care about him in a more-than-friend way? Were all the mindless touches and bumps of shoulders actually on purpose, and not a product of his imagination?

Louis' thoughts were interrupted by a pair of lips crashing over his. Louis was surprised, but Harry's lips felt so natural on his, he closed his eyes and didn't hesitate to carry on with the kiss.

Their lips danced together for a few seconds before Harry pulled away.

Louis didn't know he needed Harry's lips as much until that moment. He gripped Harry's shirt and pulled him close again.

At first Harry didn't know if he was doing the right thing, because Louis was a bit tipsy, but when Louis locked their lips for the second time, he was sure they both wanted it.

Harry gripped Louis by the waist and Louis placed his hands around Harry's neck. Louis sighed into the kiss and Harry took that chance to slip his tongue inside of Louis' mouth.

The kiss was sloppy. Teeth clashing and tongues fighting for dominance. Louis pulled some hair from the back of Harry's head, making Harry moan. He squeezed Louis' bum in return.

They suddenly pulled away and fixed their clothes and hair when they heard the lift opening and people talking.

"Louis! You're here!" Niall hugged Louis.

"Where have you been, man?" Zayn complained.

"Have you been drinking?" Niall asked when he smelled Louis.
"I, uhh, I was out with some friends,"

Before they could ask anything else Harry said "Well, Louis's here, he's okay, we're okay. I'm off to bed," then quickly made his way out of the flat.

"What's up with him?" Zayn asked.

"Dunno. I'll take a shower. You guys should go to sleep," Louis said, heading to the bathroom and leaving his friends more confused than they already were.
Hi!

I made a My Fairytale playlist with songs that fit the Larry plot in this story. The songs are arranged in the storyline order, so if you don't want to know anything about the plot, I wouldn't recommend you to listen to it. Anyway, you can't know for sure if each song is in Harry's or Louis' POV until you read it. If you want to listen to it:

http://8tracks.com/zouismalikson/my-fairytale

Feedback is very welcome! I love reading what you have to say!

"Oh my god, I can't believe it. So are you together now?" Liam was smiling widely and was very amused by his cousin's love life.

"I mean, he kissed me, but don't even know if he meant it. Like, what if it was just an impulse of the moment? After all, he was the one who ran when Niall and Zayn came,"

"What do you mean he didn't mean it? This doesn't sound like an impulse at all to me. He was the one to kiss you, right?"

"Yeah, but then he backed up and..."

"And when you kissed him, he didn't do anything to stop you. And by the detailed description you gave me; thank you very much for that mental image, by the way, won't be able to get it out of my head in a while" Liam said, frowning and Louis chuckled "Well, it looks to me that he didn't want you to stop,"

Louis sighed and didn't say anything.

"What have you two talked about?" Liam asked.

"Umm, not much" Louis scratched the back of his head "I've pretty much haven't left the room all weekend, so I haven't seen him,"

"You mean you haven't left the flat?"

"No, I mean my room," Louis embarrassingly admitted.

"What?"

"Yesterday I woke up with the worst hangover ever, and today I'm doing homework. I've obviously gotten out to go to the bathroom and eat something," Louis rolled his eyes.

"Louis William of York, you go there, talk to him and figure this out," Liam ordered.

"Yeah, I will. Tomorrow in class, maybe. Probably not,"
"Louis," Liam scolded him.

"I'm scared," he whispered, chuckling afterwards not wanting to show the tension he felt.

A soft smile appeared on Liam's face "Louis, just because you don't know what's going to happen, you're not going to let something as great as this passes by, right? That's not the Louis I know,"

"Okay," Louis gave up "I'll talk to him,"

Suddenly Liam's face lit up "We're going to Australia!"

"What? When? Who are we?" Louis asked, completely forgetting about Harry.

Liam chuckled "Me, my parents, your parents, and I'm not sure if Helen's going, but Georgie's definitely not going," Liam counted with his fingers as he spoke.

"You mean I won't go?" Louis frowned "Why are you going, anyway?"

"There's this ceremony. New prime minister or something. It's in two weeks, talk to your dad and see if you can come. We could really use some surfing time, mate," Liam could already feel the sand and taste the salt of the sea. Being royals had its perks, traveling and visiting places at its finest was definitely one of them.

Louis snorted "Sure as hell I'll talk to him. So, see you in two weeks, Leeyum,"

*

"Dad... Dad, listen to me..." Louis sighed, one hand sticking his phone to his ear, and the other hand trying to open a bag of popcorn "... I think I should go, people will jump into wrong conclusions if I don't show up at the event..." Louis shut his eyes tight when his dad replied "Dad... No, it's not just the surfing, I'll go to the ceremony as well," the popcorn started to pop inside the microwave "...Okay... Yeah, I get it... Okay, but you promise me you'll let me go on winter break?... Okay. I love you too... Bye,"

Just when he hung up, he heard Niall yelled "I can smell popcorn!"

Louis laughed.

"Oh, it's you, Lou. Felt like leaving your cavern?" Niall said when he reached the kitchen.

"Yeah, I'm done with my homework," Louis put the popcorn in a bowl "I'm watching a movie. Care to join me?"

They spent the rest of the night watching movies, but Louis mind was more occupied thinking of how on Earth he was going to talk to Harry.

*

Daniel saw a very moody Louis sat down beside him. He just dropped his stuff on the floor and sat without saying hi.

To be honest Daniel was worried. They would usually exchange a text or two the days they didn't see each other, and they didn't talk all weekend. Was Louis mad about the moved he made? To him, it didn't look like Louis minded it. But thinking about it, why would Louis want anything to do with him? Had he ruined their friendship? He wouldn't have sat beside him if he was that mad, would he?
Louis interrupted his thoughts "Do you happen to have last lecture's notes? I think I lost them."

Daniel tried to act normal. "Hello to you too, Louis," he joked

Louis smiled "Sorry. Hi, Dan. It's just, I'm a bit down because of some family stuff."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I hope everything turns out right," he sincerely replied.

"It's not a big deal" Louis chuckled "It's more, like, I threw a fit. My whole family is going to Australia and I'm not."

"That's too bad," Daniel almost pouted. Of all the pictures of Louis, the ones in Australia with that tight wetsuit of his, were his favourites.

"But my dad promised me he will let me go on winter break," Louis beamed.

Daniel laughed "There you go. No need to be sad."

Louis felt kind of guilty that he lashed out on Daniel. He didn't want him to think things were awkward after Friday night. Gemma had mentioned a theory before, that Daniel had a crush on Louis. Now, after the almost kiss, he was pretty much sure. But Louis was not a person to hold grudges and such, and Daniel understood Louis wasn't interested. So why worry about it? Dan was a great friend.

The truth is Louis wasn't mad because of the Australia trip. Harry hadn't showed up at their flat that morning to go to Sustainability together as usual, which made Louis arrive a tad late to class. Louis had planned to use that time alone to clear things out between the two of them, now he had to wait. And to his surprise, Harry didn't show up to class either, which confused Louis even more.

* *

On Tuesday Harry didn't go to class, again. Throughout the week, Harry barely spent time at the flat, and when they were in the same room, Harry never made eye contact with Louis and he spoke to him only when absolutely necessary. It really started to get under Louis' skin, but he never let it show. That way the weird acting one was Harry, the boys knew there was something odd about him, but they never figured it out it had to do with Louis.

* *

By Friday, Louis knew not to wait for Harry anymore. He had skipped sustainability all week, "Not my problem," Louis thought. He headed to the field where the vegetable patches were growing. Dr Miller was going to check on them, just like he did every Friday.

If Louis said he didn't have a hint of hope wishing to see Harry at the patch, he would have been lying. When he got there Dr Miller was starting to inspect the first one, and there was no one at their patch.

Louis sat down beside the patch with his legs crossed, taking out his Geography notes to study for his quiz. His patch was always the last one to be looked over, thanks to Harry for arriving late the first day when the patches were chosen.

Dr Miller came and checked it. He asked Louis about Harry, Louis answered he didn't know about him. After he was done, Louis waited for the hose to be free to water the patch. Everyone was gone by the time he was able to use it.
He was almost finished when he heard someone getting closer. He looked up and saw Harry approaching him, he quickly lowered his eyes before Harry knew Louis had seen him. He hated to admit it, but seeing Harry made his stomach flutter. Memories of their kiss came rushing to Louis mind.

"Hello," Louis heard Harry said.

"Finally decided to show up?" Louis said a bit harsher than he meant to.

Harry let out a nervous laugh "I've been busy," He looked at Louis trying to suppress a smile, showing his dimples and making Louis forget about anything else but **Harry smiling at him with a mischievous smile, a glint in his green eyes and a beanie on his head.**

Louis couldn't help smiling back at him "Yeah, I'm sure skipping classes has your agenda very busy,"

Harry laughed again. He stared at the patch with his hands in his pockets "The crocus is the smallest sprout,"

Louis stared at the small green steam, which was going to become a flower someday. He simply nodded. "Can you hold this for me?" He gave Harry the hose.

He made his way to close the tap. When he closed it, he saw Harry rolling up the hose and moving it closer to the beginning of it. Louis gathered some bravery.

"So what have you been busy with?" He asked Harry when he was within earshot.

"I've been thinking" Harry replied, setting the hose in place.

When he was done, they walked back to the patch, where their stuff was.

"Thinking about what?" They stopped when they reached their patch

Harry sighed and turned to face Louis "About us,

Louis' courage suddenly disappeared "Yeah?" He managed to whisper.

Harry started to talk really fast, well, as fast as his slow tempo would allow "Look, I don't even know if you remember, but I'm sorry I kissed you. You were so drunk and I feel like I took advantage of that. It's just that, I was so worried about you. And when you showed up you asked me why was I worried, and you made me admit something that I was scared of. And I didn't see you all weekend and then I skipped class on Monday because I didn't know what to say, and then I skipped the rest because I didn't know how to justify my behaviour. I don't know if you hate me now, but I just..."

"I wasn't that drunk," Louis interrupted.

"What?" Harry frowned in confusion.

"I mean, I didn't do anything I didn't want to,"

"You didn't," Harry nervously stated, biting his bottom lip.

Louis took a step forward "I mean, I'm not saying you weren't a tool avoiding me, but," Harry's nervousness gave him confidence "But I can think of a way you can make it up for it,"
"You do?" Louis could feel Harry's breath when he spoke.

Louis smiled and looked at Harry's pink lips. He knew his life wasn't a fairy-tale. He was aware that his stay was temporary, that not even his closest friends there knew who he really was, that he had people and duties waiting for him back home, he had all of that in mind at that moment. But still, he chose to do what, in that precise second, felt the right thing for him.

He connected his lips with Harry's, and before Harry knew it, he had his arms wrapped around Louis and was kissing him back. Softly at first, and then slowly increasing the intensity. This kiss was so much better than the first one. Now they were really tasting, feeling each other. They probably didn't know what was going to happen later, but they both felt they were where they were meant to be. Like, every single move of their lives had lead them to that moment.

They broke the kiss, but Louis remained in Harry's arms. Harry couldn't stop smiling, which made Louis smile too.

"Did that made it up for you?" Harry asked.

Louis looked up, pretended to think hard "It's a start," he replied.

Harry chuckled and gave him a peck on the lips.

He picked up their stuff and gave Louis his backpack.

"You have class?" Harry asked when they started to walk.

"I have class with your sister," Louis said.

"Oh, yeah? Let me walk you,"

Louis smiled, he really missed Harry. And it was just a week.

When they reached the room, Gemma saw them and narrowed her eyes at them with a cheeky smile on her face.

Harry said hi to her and gave her a kiss on the cheek. He promised Louis to see him later at their flat before leaving.

When Louis and Gemma were in their seats, Gemma threatened Louis wearing a big, big smile "You are telling me everything about it,"

Louis chuckled "Oh, God, have mercy on me," He dramatically said.
Louis was watching the water on his mug slowly turn into a brown colour.

"Tea at this hour?" He nearly jumped, he didn't hear Harry arrive.

"Shut up," Louis snickered giving his tea a sip. It was just like he liked it. Really hot, but not tongue-burning.

"So... I was thinking..." Harry cleared his throat, hands in his pockets "wondering if, um, you... maybe wanted to grab dinner? With me?"

Louis looked up from his cup and smiled "Dinner?"

"Yeah, I know this place. It's small, but really good," Harry answered with a smug smile.

"Sounds great," Louis replied, not wanting to look eager, when, in reality, was praying that his knee-shaking didn't show.

Harry's eyes glowed with excitement "Great! So, I, umm..." He took his hands out of his pockets and set them on his back "I'll come and get you in an hour?"

Louis swallowed the sip he had in his mouth "Okay," he grinned.

"Okay," Harry repeated, taking steps back, "So, see you in a bit," he smiled.

Louis chuckled in response.

When Harry was gone, Louis rushed to the bathroom and took a quick shower. Harry said it was a small place, and Louis figured it was on campus, so he chose to dress casually, maybe putting a bit more effort than usual on his hair.

Just when he had his white converse on, Harry was on their floor again.

Louis could not believe how good Harry looked with just a plain black tee and his worn down boots. He wasn't complaining on his usual flannels or baggy t-shirts, but that black tee couldn't fit him better.

"You're all good to go?" Harry asked smiling.

Louis nodded and returned the smile.

"You look really nice, by the way," Louis said when they were in the lift.

Harry's cheeks turned a shade of pink "Thanks,"

When they stepped out of the lift, Louis walked beside Harry, following where he went.

"It's not very far, actually. But it's a little bit hidden so not many people know about it. It's a pizza shop." Harry explained

"Sounds good to me," Louis didn't want to be awkward, but wasn't doing a great job about it. He had never had a real date, let alone with a guy. *And this is a date, right?* Louis wondered. He supposed it was, but didn't want to ask Harry out loud.
His phone buzzed and saw Harry taking out his phone too.

From Zayn: You coming for dinner?

To Zayn: No, I'm eating out tonight.

He heard Harry chuckled "Niall just made me promise to cook his favourite tomorrow, since I'm not cooking tonight and I'm leaving him to Zayn's mercy,"

Louis let out a small laugh "If I were Niall, I would frequently make you go out,"

A cheeky grin formed on Harry's face "Maybe I will,"

Louis blushed thinking about having dinner and doing all sorts of stuff with Harry more often.

They reached a small open area with outdoor tables and a few shops around it. There were a few students sitting and chatting around.

They entered a small restaurant. Everything was very stereotypical Italian. Every table was covered with a red and white tablecloth and had an olive-oil jar with a basket of bread on the centre.

Louis sat down across from Harry and ordered a lemonade when the waitress arrived.

"So what did Dr Miller say about the patch?" Louis looked up from his menu when he heard Harry speak.

"Not much," Louis smiled remembering "Apparently we are doing something wrong. We're not counting the amount of water we're using, so it's kind of against the rules,"

"And how are we supposed to count the water?" Harry leaned back in his chair.

"Dunno,"

The waitress arrived with the drinks.

"Are you ready to order?" She asked very politely taking her note pad out. She had long, brown, curly hair; and big, caramel-coloured eyes that matched her tanned skin. She was really pretty, Louis guessed Liam would find her really attractive.

Harry looked at Louis "Did you see anything you'd like?"

Louis shrugged, he didn't have time to read the menu. He smiled at Harry "Surprise me,"

Harry smirked "We'll have The Loop," he told the waitress. Louis couldn't imagine what kind of Italian food could be called loop.

She wrote down on her pad "Very well. I'll be right back," she smiled and left.

"I never thought I would be growing plants in uni," Harry grabbed a piece of bread.

Louis copied him "Me neither. I only used to destroy them," he gave his bread a bite.

Harry chuckled "Destroy them?"

Louis smiled "My cousin and I would grab sticks and pretend to have sword battles. The bushes and ferns would be the enemy and they always ended up pretty much leafless,"
"Sword battles, huh? What a pair of mischievous little boys," Harry shook his head in disapproval.

"What did you use to play? Tea time with your stuffed bears?" Louis retorted.

"I actually was the captain of the neighborhood football team" Harry proudly crossed his arms, "We played every Saturday mornings,"

Louis drank a sip of his lemonade "Not a very triumphant team, I suppose," he smirked.

Harry dramatically gasped "What are you saying? I could totally beat you in a footy match,"

Louis rolled his eyes, "You wish,"

"We'll have a match then. You and Zayn against Niall and me,"

Louis clicked his tongue "What do you get Niall?"

"If you are so sure of yourself, you should be fine with Zayn," Harry smirked.

Louis narrowed his eyes, "You're on," He shook Harry's hand.

The food arrived and Louis saw *The Loop* was the name of a pizza. It was the type of pizza with thin, crunchy crust. It had different types of meat on it, and some pieces of pineapple as well. It was really good.

Louis soon stopped being nervous. They talked about normal stuff, only this time was special, because sometimes one would say something with the purpose of making the other one blush, or their feet would occasionally meet under the table. Harry then would smile and show his dimples, making Louis' heart miss a beat.

When they were done, they went to a shop near the pizzeria and bought an ice cream cone each. They ate it walking back to the flat and when Louis' hand brushed Harry's, Harry gently grabbed it and intertwined their fingers, walking the rest of the way holding hands.

Louis stopped the doors of the lift from closing "You're not staying for a while?" he asked Harry when he saw he was about to press the button of his floor.

Harry smirked "First date and you're already inviting me to come in? Cheeky" He replied, stepping out from the lift.

"Silly," Louis laughed. Their chuckles didn't let them hear the T.V. being turned off.

They made their way to the kitchen.

"If this date is over, can I get a kiss?" Harry asked, setting his hands on Louis waist and pulling them closer

"I thought there was some kind of rule about no kissing on the first date," Louis joked putting his arms around Harry's neck,

"Uh-huh? Well, let's not follow that one," Harry whispered leaning down.

Louis closed the distance and kissed Harry slowly. He tasted like vanilla ice cream. He licked Harry's bottom lip...

"Aha!" They heard Niall yelled
Followed by Zayn muttering "Damn,"

They split apart and saw them in the lounge, Niall with a big goofy smile and Zayn smirking with his arms crossed.

"Uum," Harry hesitated.

"You own me twenty!" Niall turned to Zayn.


"What?" Louis and Harry asked at the same time.

"You see, Zayn and I figured you guys were on a date," Niall started explaining "So I said you two would kiss on your first date, and Zayn said Louis wouldn't let you kiss him. So we made a bet and now I've won the twenty easiest dollars of my life,"

Louis was blushing, but Harry was grinning because he did find the situation funny.

"How did you even assume we were on a date?" Louis asked.

He was ignored because Harry added, "Well, if it helps, Zayn, that wasn't our first kiss,"

Louis blushed even harder. Niall's and Zayn's eyes grew big with excitement

"Then I say the bet gets cancelled," Zayn said.

"No way, Malik," Niall snorted.

"Bro, if they had already kissed, then a kiss on the first date is not a big deal!"

They started arguing and Harry got close to Louis' ear "I think I should go now,"

Louis raised his eyebrows "And you're leaving me with these two?"

"I'm tired," Harry whined "I don't want to deal with them,"

Louis laughed.

"Hey, lovebirds, come. We're playing Fifa," Zayn said, sitting down and grabbing the controller.

"That reminds me. We're having a real footy match soon. You, Zayn, with Louis, against Nialler and me," Harry sat down next to Louis. Leaving Niall and Zayn on the other couch.

"You're so gonna lose," Niall replied already concentrated on the telly, setting the game.

"Yeah, right," Zayn chuckled.

"The losers buy dinner?" Niall asked.

"Sure, if you also want to lose the twenties you just won," Zayn replied.

They played until late. When everyone was sleepy they all headed to their dorms.

"You two look cute together," Niall said after their room light was off "Harry and you, I mean,"

"I always look cute Niall," Louis replied with his eyes already closed, but grinning like mad.
Niall tiredly laughed "Well, it was about damn time,"

Louis chuckled in response and happily fell asleep.

*

Louis patiently waited for Liam to answer the Skype call.

A few seconds passed and when the call was answered Louis saw a mop of ginger hair and a pair of blue eyes.

"Ed!" Louis cheerily exclaimed.

"Hello, Lou!" Ed distanced from the screen and now Louis could see his whole face.

"How have you been, mate?"

"Good, I'm good," Ed smiled "Liam's in the restroom, but when I saw it was you I answered. Oh, hey, look. Here he is," Louis heard Liam in the background "It's Lou," Ed explained.

Louis saw Liam crunching down to see the screen of his laptop. Liam smiled when he saw his cousin.

"Louis!"

"Hi, Liam! How are you?!"

Liam groaned "I have so much to do. The trip to Australia is this Thursday, so I have a lot of stuff to do in advance,"

Louis chuckled "Well, I don't envy that,"

"And how are you?" Ed asked.

Louis shared a genuine smile, "I'm good. Yeah, pretty good,"

Liam understood right away that change of mood "You've talked to Harry, haven't you?" Louis didn't need to say anything, by the shimmer in his eyes, Liam guessed he had "Bro fist," Liam raised his fist and put it closer to the camera "Come on, mate, do it,"

Louis rolled his eyes and put his fist against Liam's screen-fist.

"I'm not getting it," Ed looked back and forward between the screen and Liam "Why are you bro fisting? What did you talk about with Harry?"

Liam (in all the extent of the word) giggled "Ask the lover boy," He told Ed.

"Lover boy? Wait, are you with Harry or something?"

Liam giggled more.

Louis rolled his eyes again, but couldn't help the smile he had on his face, "Well, I don't know if we are properly together. But we went on a date, and we've kissed," Louis blushed.

"Holly crap! That's awesome!" Ed grinned "I don't find it surprising, to tell you the truth, I always found you a bit..." he stopped to think "flamboyant. Yeah, that's the word."
Louis chuckled.

"You're telling us all about it," Liam said.

"God, you're such a pair of little girls!" Louis complained. But he couldn't love more those two.

"Yeah, whatever. Now, give us details!" Ed demanded.

*

Monday morning was a normal one. Louis got out of the shower, found Niall watching the morning news, ate breakfast and waited for Harry to go to their class together.

In sustainability, Dr Miller went through a report that some politician wrote stating what sustainability was about. Louis, as the good student he was, took notes the whole class; never noticing how Harry wasn't taking notes like him, but was drawing doodles and stealing glances to Louis who looked extremely cute when he was thinking hard.

After the class was over Harry couldn't walk Louis to his next class. He gave Louis a small kiss on the cheek and went separate ways.

****

"Zayn," Louis called sitting down on the couch beside him, "Have you had boyfriends?"

Zayn shook his head, he was eating crisps so Louis waited for him to gulp the mouthful he was chewing "I've had dates, but I wouldn't count any of them as boyfriends," Zayn emphasised the word

Louis nodded "But you've dated," his mind drifted a little and Zayn's attention went back to the telly. "So," Louis said seconds later "how many days after a first date would you say it's ok to ask someone out on a second date? You think a week's alright?"

"Are you asking me for advice about Harry?" Zayn chuckled.

"No, it's about Daniel," Louis slapped him playfully "Of course it's about Harry, you idiot,"

Zayn laughed "Okay, okay. I guess it's the same. Haven't you been on dates?"

Louis sighed "Not with the same person more than once,"

Zayn raised his eyebrows amused "Bit of a player, huh?"

"Shut up, Malik, it's not like that," Louis shoved him.

"Loueh!" Zayn whined catching his bag of crisps a second before it fell from his lap.

Louis grabbed the bag and ate a handful.

"Well, it's Harry," Zayn said while Louis munched "Just call him, or whatever. Don't think too much about it,"
Louis nodded, standing "Yeah, I'll call him,"

Zayn chuckled "God, this is so chick flick-like,"

Louis had already dialled and was waiting for Harry to answer.

"Hello?" he heard Harry answer.

"Hi, Harry," Louis started playing with the hem of his t-shirt.

"Hi, Lou. What's up?"

Louis hesitated for two seconds "Hi, I... uuh, wanted to say that I had a great time last Friday, and I wanted to know if you wanted to go out again. This Saturday, if you're free," He closed his eyes after his messy speech. He heard Zayn chuckled lightly.

"Yeah, I'm free," He knew Harry was smiling. Louis could feel his smile in his voice, if that makes any sense. "I'd love to go out with you,"

Louis opened his eyes and let out a nervous chuckle "Great. I'll see you around seven,"

"Okay, great," Harry chuckled.

Louis chuckled as well, but it came out more like a giggle "Ok, then. See you soon,"

"Bye Lou,"

"Take care," Louis hang up.

"That was embarrassing," Zayn laughed.

"Shut up," Louis grabbed a cushion and threw it in his direction.

"And where are you taking him?"

Louis plopped down on the other couch "Don't know, but I'll think of something," Louis suddenly covered his face with his hands "Oh, no. D'You think seven it's too early?"

Zayn laughed "Probably. It doesn't matter, Louis,"

Louis phone buzzed and Zayn peered to see what was it

From Harry: can't wait :) xxxx

Zayn chuckled "See? Don't worry, Lou,"

*

"I've finally found out why you've been in an awfully good mood this week. And I don't blame you, not when you're in the honeymoon stage with your boyfriend anyway,"

Louis laughed. Of course Gemma wouldn't let him be "I don't remember being in boyfriend terms,"

"Okay, Harry didn't use the word boyfriend either, but," Gemma rolled her eyes.

"So you interrogated Harry?" Louis chuckled.
"Well, you wouldn't say anything!" Gemma complained.

"There's not much to say," Louis explained.

Gemma raised his eyebrows "I wouldn't say that after my chat with Harry," she smirked.

Louis blushed thinking about Harry talking to Gemma about him. He also found funny how Gemma's and Harry's smirk was almost identical, he wondered how he didn't notice the similarities before he knew they were related.

"Listen. I really, really like you Louis. So I'm not going to threaten you, but please, don't break my brother's heart," Gemma sweetly smiled.

Louis felt a lump in his throat, "I won't," he answered.

"And if that little dork does anything bad to you, you come and tell me about it," Gemma squeezed Louis shoulder, making Louis laugh.

"Okay, okay." He crossed his arms and tried to change the subject, "So should I go threaten Ashton?"

Gemma narrowed her eyes, but still a blush in her cheeks rose "What do you mean?"

Louis felt he was in control now, he smirked. "You've been in an awfully good mood as well, Gem" Louis said making quotation marks with his fingers "And let me tell you, facebook is quite public, y'know?"

Gemma's eyes were still narrowed "I don't have anything about my relationship on facebook,"

Louis proudly smiled "I know,"

Gemma gasped when realisation hit her, "You, stalker!"

"Now, no need to be rude," Louis ruffled Gemma's now blond hair "I was just going through Ashton photos and saw the comment you left."

Gemma was fixing her hair "It's funny how that could be the exact definition of 'stalker',"

"Whatever," Louis shrugged "It was a small comment, but definitely not a just-friends type of comment. Have you told Harry yet?"

Gemma snorted and shoved him playfully "You sort out your relationship with Harry before meddling with mine,"

Louis laughed "Fair enough,"

*

So there he was, a nervous Louis standing in the lift. He was wearing a grey, button-up shirt with black, tight jeans rolled up to his ankles and, his favourites, black vans. When the lift arrived to Harry's floor, he decided to knock on Harry's room door.

A smiley Harry in a comfy, big, grey sweater; dark, skinny jeans; and brown, leather boots opened the door. As soon as he saw Louis his smile disappeared.

"Oh, God. Where are we going? Am I dressed too casual? I can change t-" Harry started rambling.
Louis chuckled and interrupted him "Harry, you look perfect. Are you ready to go?" Louis spoke sweetly.

Harry blushed "Yeah," He closed his door and stepped into the lift.

When they were outside the building they walked to the parking lot.

"So, since I don't have any meanings of transportation, I hope you don't mind going in a taxi," Louis explained while they got in the cab.

Harry laughed a little "It's alright,"

The taxi started driving. Harry noticed Louis didn't tell anything to the driver and they were already outside campus "Aren't you going to give instructions?" Harry whispered.

"I already did," Louis smiled.

"Oh," Harry figured Louis must have talked to the driver before he went to get him.

They chatted about everyday-stuff on the way to their –still unknown to Harry- destination.

"Sociology?" Louis asked, shivering a little.

"Yeah," Harry sighed "It's not as easy as it sounds,"

Louis chuckled "I believe you, I've taken it and it is kind of tricky,"

"You have?" Harry asked amazed. He realised he didn't know much about Louis and his original university, but he guessed it was a matter of time to get to know each other better.

"Yeah, if you want I can help you with this essay. When is it due?" Louis offered

Harry laughed "Monday,"

"Like, this Monday?" Louis laughed with him when Harry nodded "Then it's going to be a fun Sunday. Oh, we're here," Louis said when he saw the cab stopped. He thanked and paid the driver.

They were on a street with different restaurants. Zayn had told Louis about that street, where there are many places to eat all alongside.

"Where to?" Harry asked

"Let's go..." Louis scanned the street "Okay, let's try this one,"

They walked a few meters and entered into a place where they served mainly burgers and pizza. It was very informal, they sat next to the window.

"Can I get you something to drink?" The waitress offered, giving them the menu.

"I'll have a coke, please," Harry asked politely.

"Same for me," Louis said without taking his eyes from Harry, making him smile in return.

When the waitress left Harry started to read the menu.

Louis spoke "Okay, I only have one condition," Harry looked up from his menu "you can only ask for an appetizer here,"
Harry was confused "An appetizer?"

Louis nodded and smiled, crinkles forming around his eyes. Harry forgot about the world when he saw Louis smiling that way.

The waitress arrived with their beverages "Have you decided anything?" she asked

"Harry?" Louis asked him

Harry quickly scanned the appetizers "Can I have the potato wedges, please?" The waitress nodded and wrote down the order.

"That would be all, thanks," Louis said.

Harry chuckled when the waitress left "Man, I was craving that bacon burger,"

"I'll take you to eat burgers some other time," Louis smiled and unconsciously reached for Harry's hand across the table. He felt butterflies when Harry interlaced their fingers together.

They stayed like that until their food arrived. The potatoes didn't last long, and when they were finished Louis asked for the bill, paid and left.

"Come," Louis told Harry walking towards a rather fancy restaurant across the street. Harry didn't question him and walked beside him.

"Table for two?" the hostess asked Louis.

"Yes, please," Louis replied.

She led them to a quiet part of the restaurant. It was really nice. There was soft music playing in the background, white tablecloths covered every table, the light was dimmed and it wasn't full of people. She gave them two menus and left.

"Okay, here we're ordering the entrées," Louis pronounced the word with a perfect French accent.

Harry found out Louis speaking French was a major turn on for him, he tried thinking of something else. He felt so silly; one word and he turned into a horny teenager. He gave a sip to the water in his glass, "You speak French?" he asked after swallowing.

Louis shrugged "Yeah," he laughed.

They read the menus "Everything is so fancy," Harry whispered, smiling and showing his dimples.

Louis chuckled "Pick whatever you want, don't worry,"

Soon, a waiter was at their table.

"I'll have the lamb," Harry said looking unsure. When Louis nodded, encouraging him, he turned to the waiter and smiled "Please," he gave him his menu.

"And I'll have the salmon," Louis returned his menu as well.

"Very well," the waiter nodded and left.

They talked and talked, never getting bored of what the other had to say. They learnt trivial things about each other that they didn't know. Harry found out that Louis didn't like lemon pie; Louis
discovered Harry was into motorcycles, a thing he wouldn't have guessed; and the two of them were very happy to know they were both dog-persons. Being together felt so natural, Louis didn't want to sound cliché but he really felt they were meant to be.

When they were done they started walking along the street again, this time holding hands.

"It was a really nice dinner, Louis," Harry smiled

Louis returned the smile, but snorted "But we're still missing dessert," Harry's eyes grew wide
"And you're picking where,"

Harry chuckled "I don't think I can eat another bite,"

Louis nudged him with his shoulder "Don't be weak, Styles. How would you handle a French Classical Menu if I take you to one, huh?"

"What the hell is that?" Harry laughed.

"It's a meal of seventeen courses," Louis explained.

"Seventeen courses?" Harry nearly yelled "You've eaten seventeen courses?"

Louis chuckled "It was just once. It's not like French people eat it every day,"

"Wow, I don't even think Niall could do it. And Gemma! Gemma couldn't even have two courses, she's so picky with her food," Harry shook his head laughing

"I like your sister," Louis laughed "She called us boyfriends yesterday," Louis said without thinking, and as soon as he said that, he regretted it. He looked up to see Harry and found him staring at his walking feet, "I mean, I'm not making fun of that. It's just that, I don't know if that's what you want,"

"Is that what you want?" Harry shyly looked back at Louis with a small smile on his lips

"Yeah," Louis breathed. That was what he wanted, and he didn't need to think twice about it "Yeah, I'd like that. I mean, if you want that too,"

Harry stopped walking and pulled Louis' arm, making him stop and bringing him to his side "I'd love to be your boyfriend," Harry smiled. Before Louis could return the smile, Harry kissed him.

The kiss was sweet and passionate. Harry wrapped his arms around Louis body, and Louis set his arms around Harry's neck, a comfortable spot due to his shorter height.

Harry suddenly broke the kiss "But I don't want to pressure you. If it's too soon for you, we can da-"

Louis frowned "Haz, I was kissing my boyfriend. Don't interrupt," he pouted

Harry smiled, melting on the inside, and leaned in for another kiss. After a few seconds of kissing they heard wolf-whistling and voices laughing. They parted and saw a group of young teenagers passing by across the street. The boys were laughing and cheering, while the girls were cooing at them.

They laughed and Harry waved at them. They kept walking hand in hand.

When they reached a small bakery Harry suggested to have dessert in there.
They bought a two slices of cake and sat on a small table. There was only another couple minding their own business, they didn't even notice them.

The cake was really good, and after a few minutes of giggling and blushing, things went back to normal.

"So, in total, how many animals do you own?" Harry asked, amused by the long list of animals Louis said his family owned

"I don't know for sure," Louis scratched the back of his head "The pets grow old and they keep adding all the time. I mean, when I left there were four dogs, I think, but we probably own more now,"

Harry's eyebrows arched "Four dogs? And you keep adding? Why would you have so many dogs?"

Louis shifted in his seat, but kept the smile on his face "My dad's into hunting,"

"And you're going to tell me you own twenty horses?" Harry joked.

Louis chuckled "No, I won't tell you I own twenty horses," To be honest, he didn't even know how many he owned. It could be more than twenty.

"So you're a spoiled little brat, aren't you?" Harry laughed.

Louis laughed with him "Well, we still live off our parents' money. I don't see you have a job. Or Niall or Zayn. So, aren't we all?" he smiled.

"Okay, okay," Harry gave up. It was true that his dad left them, and that's why they moved to America, but he still sent a check every month, even though he didn't have to, since they were over eighteen years-old. The check was generous enough so that Gemma and he didn't have to work, so he couldn't argue about that.

They ended up feeding each other cake, and although Louis thought it was the cheesiest way to eat dessert, he didn't mind. For the first time of his life he felt completely and genuinely happy.

* 

Next morning Louis was knocking again in Harry's room door. He got no answer, and when he was about to knock again he heard some grunts.

"It isn't ten yet, Max," Harry said in a deep, raspy, morning voice.

Louis smiled and got closer to the door "It's not Max,"

He heard some ruffling and soon Harry was opening the door, wearing only sweatpants and a big sleepy smile.

"Hey," Harry softly said.

"Good morning" Louis smiled, leaning on the doorframe "Ready for that essay?"

"It's so early," Harry whined.

Louis chuckled, but ignored him "I forgot my phone, why don't you get ready while I go get it?"

"kay," Harry rubbed his eyes.
"Is your stair door opened?" Louis asked.

"Yeah, it always is," Harry said yawning.

"Okay, I'll take them. Be right back," Louis gave a quick peck on Harry's plump lips and Harry sighed in content.

After he grabbed his phone he saw there was some hot water left in the kettle. He took one of his mugs and quickly prepared a tea for Harry.

When he was back to Harry's room, he found him lying on his bed with his eyes closed. The only difference was that he was wearing a hoodie now.

Louis set the mug on Harry's night table. When Harry heard Louis, he opened his eyes and made grabby hands. Louis sat on the edge of the bed.

"I need a good-morning kiss," Harry hummed closing his eyes again.

Louis laughed "I already gave you one,"

Harry pouted again "Pretty please?"

Louis couldn't help crouching down and kissing his boyfriend. The kiss tasted like mint toothpaste.

"Lay down with me for five minutes?" Harry asked using the whiny tone again

Louis chuckled "You're so clingy in the mornings," But he was already kicking off his shoes and squeezing into the small bed "Only five minutes, okay?"

Harry scooted closer to Louis and fell into his arms. He leaned his head on Louis shoulder and closed his eyes, breathing his scent "Sure"

Louis started playing with Harry's curls, and though that maybe resting his eyes for five minutes wasn't a bad idea.

He woke up with a cramped arm and a snoring Harry by his side. He checked the time on his phone and saw it was almost eleven.

Louis sighed and kissed the top of Harry's head, "Haz," he whispered, making Harry stir a bit "Darling, wake up," Louis kissed his forehead

A crooked smile appeared on Harry's lips "Five more minutes?" He asked, with morning voice back to his throat.

Louis chuckled and untangled himself from Harry "Your tea's gone cold,"

Harry sat up and yawned loudly "Let's have some breakfast,"

As soon as Harry said that, Louis noticed how hungry he was "Okay," he agreed.

While Harry was making breakfast, Louis added hot water to the cold tea and prepared another one. He gave Harry the fresher one. Harry settled the plates on the table and they started eating.

"How do you manage to wake up every morning?" Louis asked now knowing how hard it was for him.
Harry laughed lightly, "I wake up early every day with no problem. I sleep 'till late on Sundays to make it up for it,"

"So you wake up at noon on Sundays?"

"No, I wake up around ten, but you're so comfy I overslept," Harry smiled.

Louis returned the smile, "So that's why you complained about not being ten yet when I knocked?"

Harry chuckled "Yeah, my roomies aren't allowed to nag me before ten,"

"Is Max the one with black hair?" Louis asked, trying to remember the names of Harry's roommates, he'd only seen them a couple of times.

"No, Keahu is the black haired. Max has brown hair," Harry picked up the empty plates from the table.

Louis shook his head "Okay, you're gonna have to write that one down for me,"

Harry chuckled "He's Hawaiian," He explained.

After Louis helped with the dishes, and a bit more complaining from Harry, they were finally attempting to write his essay. Louis was seated on Harry's bed, with his legs crossed and leaning on the wall. Harry was on his desk, typing on his laptop.

"Okay, so... let's start with the introduction,"

Louis laughed "What a plot twist! An essay starting with an introduction!" he joked.

Harry turned to look at him and smirked "Hey, you want to write it yourself?"

Louis raised his hands in defeat "I'll just read this book, then," He grabbed a big Sociology book and opened it, resting it on his legs.

Harry laughed "No, please tell me how to start the introduction"

Louis laughed as well, "Well, you can always write a question and start from there. Or write a definition and base on that,"

Harry nodded and then spent ten minutes thinking of the perfect question to start his essay.

Three hours and four breaks later, Harry was starting to write the conclusion. Aside from the breaks, they had worked non-stop. Harry even started calling Louis 'Mr Tomlinson' when he scolded him for wanting more breaks.

"...modern sociological theory descends from the historical foundations of functionalist, that's Durkheim don't forget to write about him, Haz, and conflict-cent..." Louis stopped reading when the book was taken from him. He looked up and saw Harry putting the book on the night table. "Why are you not typing?" Louis arched his brows.

"Cause I'm tired?" Harry smiled and leaned to kiss Louis.

Louis let him. After a moment, when he felt Harry nibbling his bottom lip, he stopped the kiss but kept their foreheads together "You have an essay to finish," He said looking straight into Harry's shimmering eyes.
"Yeah, in a bit," Harry replied, kissing him again but this time more fiercely.

Louis kissed him back.

Harry felt Louis caressing his face and pulling them incredibly close. Louis was so tender, Harry felt he was holding the most valuable and fragile thing of the world in his arms. Somewhere along the way, they laid down and now Harry was on top of Louis.

Every cell in Harry's body was so sensitive, perceiving everything; he was tasting Louis, hearing his soft moans, smelling his sweet scent, and feeling every perfect part of him. Harry's hands were all over Louis, feeling his defined biceps and his soft sides. And so were Louis' hands, roaming Harry's back and running his fingers through his curls, tugging some of them.

They both made a sudden move which made their hips converge, groins meeting roughly. "Fuck, Harry," Louis breathed before breaking the kiss.

Harry let out a small moan and went for Louis neck. Louis closed his eyes tight, swallowing. With a swift movement he rolled them over so now he was on top.

He kissed Harry. It was short but just as passionate. "Come on, darling, you still have a lot to do," He almost purred in Harry's ear.

It took a lot of strength to Harry not to roll them again and do all the nasty things he was thinking to Louis.

Louis straddled Harry's hips and with a smirk on his face, he lightly rotated his hip against Harry's before quickly standing up.

Harry grunted in response "You fucking tease," He smirked, accepting Louis' hand offering to help him up.

Louis chuckled "If you finish quickly we might have some time before the lads start looking for us,"

"Okay" Harry agreed, giving a squeeze to Louis' round bum.

But as hard as he tried, Harry just couldn't completely concentrate on his essay after those heated minutes. Niall called him asking where he was before Harry wrote the last paragraph. All Harry got after he was done was a long, sweet kiss from his boyfriend.

"Let's go, or else they'll come down," Louis took Harry's hand.

Louis only got groans from Harry as a response.
"I heard you didn't even have time to surf. And that the ceremony was extremely boring and that you almost fell asleep because of jetlag. And you know what?" Louis asked Liam, narrowing his eyes at the screen "I don't pity you at all. Because you were planning on going surfing without me. That's the least you deserve."

Liam laughed at his cousin "Yeah, whatever. We're going in December, anyway." Liam shrugged "Now, don't change the topic. When am I meeting your boyfriend?"

"Meeting him? What if he recognizes you?"

"I'll let my stubble grow. Wear a hoodie and a snapback. Maybe even get a fake piercing. I want to meet him," Liam complained

Louis laughed "Okay, only if you get that piercing," He heard the lift arrive. "I have to go, someone's here. We'll talk soon."

"Alright. But, Lou?" Liam called before Louis ended the call "You do realize you have to tell him at some point, right? You can't lie to him forever."

Louis shrugged as it wasn't a big deal "Yeah, I'll think of something."

"Okay, Lou. Bye."

"Love you, Liam!"

That night was the first one, of only God knows how many, Louis' couldn't sleep thinking about telling Harry the truth about himself.

*

Louis was awakened by the loud sound of a whistle. As soon as he opened his eyes, someone barged into the room.

"Rise and shine!" Harry energetically said "We have a match to play," He blew the whistle again

Niall groaned "Fuck off, Styles!"

Louis, still too sleepy to do anything, just turned and covered himself with the blanket.

"Good morning sleeping beauty!" Harry snatched the blanket from Louis' body. He hunched over and whispered in Louis ear, "Don't think this is revenge for waking me early last week. Not at all," He chuckled and gave a slap to Louis' bum.

Before Louis could answer anything Harry was already gone, opening Zayn's door.

"What time is it?" Louis asked with a raspy, morning voice.

Niall sighed and took his phone "Eight a.m."

Harry walked into their room again, "Come on, get ready while I make breakfast."

"Yes, mom," Niall muttered, but Harry was already in the kitchen.
Louis stood up and put on a pair of sport shorts and a loose t-shirt.

He went to the kitchen. Harry was making scrambled eggs on the small stove. Louis hugged him from behind, leaning his chin on his shoulder.

"Why are you doing this to us?" He complained.

Harry laughed "It'll be fun,"

Louis kissed Harry between his shoulder blades before letting him go. He poured himself some juice.

Niall arrived and turned on the telly with the intention of sitting down on the couch.

"No morning news today, Nialler. Breakfast's ready," Harry said.

To Louis surprise, Zayn did wake up. And after eating breakfast, they were all in a better mood, joking about beating each other in the match.

"I've never been to this part of the campus," Louis said when they could see the football fields, surrounded by two basketball courts.

"These are some of them. I'm sure there must be more, but I've never seen them either," Zayn replied.

"And we can use any of them?" Louis asked.

Niall shrugged "As long as they're free, why not?"

"Hazza, the walk was long," Louis whined "Piggy-back ride!" He screamed before hopping on Harry's back.

Harry quickly tossed Niall the ball, setting his hands on Louis tights and easily supporting his weight.

Harry laughed "You're such a princess,"

Louis gasped "Am not!" he lightly slapped Harry's head "Now you'll carry me until the game starts,"

When they arrived to the pitch they saw a bunch of guys that looked like they'd just finished training. A man, who they supposed was their coach, was picking up a bag and walking away, so they figured they could use that field.

A tall, familiar figure started to make his way towards the boys.

"Haz, put me down," Louis asked when he recognized Daniel.

"Why? You told me to hold you until the game starts," Harry mischievously smiled, turning his head to give Louis a kiss on the cheek, aware of Daniel watching them.

"Hi, guys!" Daniel said when he was within earshot.

"Hello," Harry curtly replied before Louis.

"Hi, Dan," Louis smiled, still with his arms around Harry's neck, and legs around his hips. "What
are you doing?"

"I'm on the lacrosse team," Louis then noticed he had a weird looking net with him. Daniel was a bit intimidated by Harry, but he still kept the conversation "How about you?"

"My friends and I are playing a football match," Louis explained

"Sounds like fun," Daniel turned his head when he heard someone calling him. He sighed "I gotta go,"

"Okay," Louis smiled "See you in class,"


"Goodbye, Daniel," Harry said.

Louis chuckled when Daniel couldn't hear them anymore. "You don't like Dan," Louis nuzzled his face between Harry's neck and shoulder, tickling him.

"I don't like that he likes you too much," Harry put Louis down and pecked him on the lips. "Come on, I've got a match to win,"

Louis rolled his eyes "You wish,"

During the game a bee stung Niall -luckily he could get the sting out quickly and kept playing-, Zayn fell twice, and the ball hit Harry right on his face when Louis took a penalty. Louis wanted to call off the match after hitting Harry, but after probably fifteen 'kiss-it-better' kisses, Harry said he was fine and resumed the game.

Almost an hour later Zayn and Louis had scored two goals and Harry didn't know what to blame it on. Neither him nor Niall were very good goalies and Zayn was doing a fair job, that could be a reason. Another one could be that Harry got easily distracted by Louis running around in those shorts that hugged to his bum and displayed his hot, muscular thighs. It was probably the latest reason.

"It's started to rain,"

Just when Zayn said that, Harry felt a raindrop fell on his arm.

"Oh, yeah," Louis agreed, rubbing his nose where a drop had fallen. Harry found that the most adorable thing he had ever seen Louis do.

Harry felt another drop, and another one. Soon it was drizzling.

"Game's over, and dinner is on you," Zain happily said, high-fiving Louis.

Niall scoffed "You're just lucky Harry spent the whole match drooling over Louis,"

Harry blushed "I was not!" he tried to defend himself.

Louis ran to his side "You look cute when you blush," he whispered in his ear, making the red on Harry's cheeks deepen. Louis picked up the ball. "Okay, let's go before anyone gets sick."

* 

Next morning, as soon as the lift's doors opened, Harry saw a sleepy Niall carrying two rolls of
"What's that for?" Harry frowned.

"Louis," Niall shortly answered.

Harry followed Niall into their room.

"Here you go, Lou," Niall gave Louis one of the rolls.

Louis looked awful. Red eyes with bags under them, messy hair, runny nose and thousands of scrunched Kleenex all over his bed. "Thangs, bate," Louis replied as his own sick version of 'Thanks, mate'. Louis tore a piece of toilet paper and blew his nose. He smiled when he saw Harry "Hey,"

"Babe, you're so sick," Harry sat on the edge of the bed.

Louis shrugged "Jusd a cold," Then he sneezed two times.

Harry laughed at his cute voice. "You spent a bad night, right? Why didn't you call me?"

Niall, who was in his bed about to fall asleep again, answered for Louis "Spent the night sneezing and blowing his nose. He kept saying he was okay and didn't want to bother you,"

"You would never be a bother," Harry kissed Louis' forehead. "Let me get you some tea,"

Harry guessed Louis' head would be hurting, so he brought a pill along with the tea.

"Here," Harry gave Louis the pill and tea "but the tea is..." He was interrupted by Louis making a disgusted face after giving the tea a sip "...sweetened."

"Why?" Louis asked

Harry sighed and brushed Louis' hair back "I know you don't like it, babe, but lemon tea with honey is the best thing that can happen to your throat right now. Trust me,"

"No, the best thing that can happen is if you laid down with me," Louis pouted.

"Alright, but finish your tea first," Harry said, tucking Louis under the blankets and then laying over them.

It wasn't very long after Louis finished his tea that he fell asleep again. With his lips parted and breathing heavily because he couldn't do it with his obstructed nose. Louis seemed more fragile than ever. All Harry wanted was to stay with him forever and protect him from any harm that could get him.

Harry used that time to run to the convenience store and buy stuff for his sick boyfriend. He prepared another tea.

"More tea?" Louis asked, sitting in his bed.

"You need to drink a lot of fluids. This one doesn't have honey in it," He also gave Louis another pill.

Louis accepted them and sighed after drinking from the tea.
"What would you like for breakfast?" Harry asked, picking the used Kleenex and throwing them in the trashcan.

"I'm not hungry. Come cuddle me," Louis stretched out his hand to Harry.

"But you have to eat something," Harry told him, walking towards the bed.

"Maybe later. I want to sleep some more," Louis replied, resting his head on Harry's chest and closing his eyes.

Harry wrapped his arms around Louis and let him fall asleep in his arms.

After Louis fell asleep for a second time, Harry carefully untangled himself from him and went to his room to get his laptop. He returned back to Louis' side.

"Hey," Louis whispered, waking up after a couple of hours.

"Hi. How are you feeling?" Harry softly asked, letting Louis stretch himself.

"Bit better, and a bit hungry too," Louis admitted.

"How about some chicken soup?"

"Soudsdovdly," Louis smiled.

Harry laughed "No, your sick voice sounds lovely. Be right back,"

Harry went to the kitchen to prepare Louis' food. He appreciated that Zayn and Niall offered their help, but he was fine taking care of Louis. He wasn't glad that he was sick, but he was happy that he was there to look after him.

After eating the soup Louis felt better. They spent their day watching movies on Harry's laptop, searching silly things on the internet, spent time sharing the music they liked, and Harry got a bit overly excited talking about motorbikes and showing Louis his favourite ones.

When the night arrived Harry didn't want to leave Louis side, but Louis convinced him to go sleep in his own bed saying he didn't want to pass him on the cold.

The next day they both skipped all of their lectures so Louis could get better sooner, and Harry stayed with him because he wanted to take good care of him and didn't want him to be alone all morning.

The first night Louis was sick, he would have sworn he was going to die. But after all the care he got from Harry, he felt like nothing could ever knock him down. He felt like, with Harry, he could overcome anything. And the idea of being apart from him horrified him. But Louis knew that one day, a not very far-off day, he was going to return to his horrified. But Louis knew that one day, a not very far-off day, he was going to return to his reality. A reality which Harry wasn't part of, a reality that Harry didn't even know it existed.

*

Harry got to the boy's flat and found Louis doing homework in the kitchen table. He surprised him by smacking a kiss on his cheek. Louis chuckled in response.

"Since you're a lot better now, thanks to this awesome boyfriend of yours, I've decided to take you to the cinema,"
Louis laughed "But it's Wednesday, I'm doing homework,"

"I bet that homework is due next week or something, you're a nerd and you know it. Now, come on," Harry said, closing Louis' laptop "You can't say no cause I already asked Gemma the car,"

"Gemma? What car?" Louis asked a bit confused, they were already on the lift.

"Mum got us an old car a while ago. I mean, it's old, but it works fine," Harry explained "But then I started to hang out with the boys, and I didn't need the car cos Zayn has his own. So Gemma pretty much seized it,"

"Oh, okay," they started walking towards the parking lot

"But I still have rights over it, and Gemma said that if you didn't mind riding in it we could share it,"

"What did she mean 'If I minded'?" Louis asked confused.

Harry sighed and pointed to a lilac Volkswagen.

Louis chuckled "It definitely looks like Gemma owns it. But Beetles are a classic, though. What year is it?"

"I think it's '69," Harry answered unlocking the driver's door from outside, and then the front door from inside. Louis got in the car and noticed it was very clean and had a light smell of lavender. He found adorable the way Harry's head almost hit the ceiling of the car.

"Well, tell Gemma that she'll have to start sharing his lilac car, cause I'm not scared of pastel colours,"

Harry laughed and turned the ignition on, making the engine loudly, but surely, start.

When they arrived, they didn't recognize any of the films that were at the cinema.

"Can I have two tickets for whatever movie that starts next?" Harry asked the man in the booth.

"That would be Before Midnight. It starts in five minutes. Is that alright?" he asked back.

"Sure," Harry replied, paying for the tickets.

When he was done, he saw Louis buying popcorn.

There weren't many people there, and they figured there wasn't going to be many more. Because as soon as they sat, the trailers began.

Louis wasted no time in eating the popcorn.

"You're going to finish them before the film starts," Harry complained.

"It's already started," Louis whispered back.

"No, it hasn't,"

Louis sighed and stopped eating, but left the bucket on his lap.

"Okay, it's started," Louis happily whispered when the movie began.
Harry saw how the man in the movie left his son at the airport, then how the man got into a car with a lady, who Harry supposed was her wife. Two girls were asleep in the back of their car.

The scene of the family in the car was incredibly long, and it wasn't finished yet. They were just talking and talking.

"Lou, what is this about?" Harry whispered to Louis.

"Don't know," Louis swallowed the popcorn "But we have to listen, we might miss something important,"

Harry sighed and leaned his head on Louis' shoulder, returning his attention to the film.

The family of the movie arrived to a house that looked a lot like it was somewhere in Greece.

"Lou, have you ever been in Greece?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Louis shortly answered.

"You have?" Harry asked a little bit louder than a whisper.

Louis chuckled "They're going to kick us out if we keep talking. Have some popcorn," He said, giving Harry the bucket.

Harry put the bucket on the empty seat beside him, he didn't want popcorn. He returned his head to Louis' shoulder and took Louis hand, intertwining them.

He started playing with Louis' fingers, kissing the finger tips and sucking lightly the tip of the pinkie. Then he started brushing Louis' arm, leaving goose bumps where his fingers had been. Happy with the result, Harry kept brushing Louis' arm until he reached his collar bone. Louis shivered a little, and Harry planted a kiss there.

Harry kept moving upward, leaving a trail of kisses on Louis' neck. When Harry reached his jawline Louis couldn't contain himself and leaned to kiss him on the lips. Louis found the movie extremely boring too, and Harry kissing him like that didn't make any easier to pay attention.

Harry shifted in his seat to be able to kiss Louis better. He had one hand on Louis' cheek and the other one on Louis' knee. Harry tilted his head and Louis lightly sucked Harry's bottom lip. Harry parted his lips, letting Louis slide his tongue into his mouth.

Louis' hand, once in Harry's neck, started to move down to Harry's chest, feeling his toned muscles under the thin fabric of Harry's shirt. He reached Harry's waist and started to play with the hem of his shirt.

Harry started nibbling on Louis' bottom lip, and he started to run his hand up and down Louis' thigh. Louis pulled back to catch his breath only to have Harry attack his neck, leaving open kisses everywhere.

Harry started sucking where Louis' shoulder and neck meets while he lightly palmed Louis' semi-hard bulge, making Louis sigh. Harry repeated the action, this time more firmly, and Louis suddenly pushed Harry.

Louis looked at Harry, both of them with a glistening, dark, full of lust, pair of eyes.

"I have to go to the bathroom," Louis managed to whisper, before quickly standing up and almost
running towards the exit.

Harry smirked at the mess he had made and followed him.

Louis arrived to the bathroom, desperate to fresh up himself. He leaned over the sink, opened the faucet and splashed some water over his face. Damn he was hot. He looked himself in the mirror, flushed cheeks and dark eyes with a sparkly twinkle in his eyes.

"Is there a problem?" Louis heard Harry's voice from behind, closing the door to the bathroom, locking it, and coming closer to him, with those same lustful eyes he had back where they were watching the movie.

"Umm, no—I mean," Louis couldn't help but stutter, and not to mention he couldn't help himself looking down at Harry's pants and see the big bulge in there.

Harry was so close by then, a few inches away from Louis' face, invading Louis' personal space to the point that Louis' bum was pressed against the sink and there was no more space left behind him to escape from Harry.

"You look so pretty Lou," Harry breathed against Louis' lips now, taking him by his waist, making both of their parts to press, earning a low moan from Louis, "So pretty and so hot."

"Harry," Louis gasped, not able to control himself over, just wanting a touch from the curly haired lad in front of him.

Harry smirked, seeing the needy boy in front of him, because of course he had him wrapped around his finger right now, and the thing is, Harry was a teaser. Before giving anything else, Harry liked to tease.

Now Louis was up in the sink, Harry between his parted legs, Louis trying to hold onto something before adrenaline and lust had him over. Harry thrust his hips lightly, getting another soft moan from Louis, opening his mouth, Harry took the opportunity to kiss him, with full mouth and everything, sliding his tongue inside Louis', fiercely and hard, a real mess going on between both tongues, trying to win over control.

Harry then moved his hands down to Louis' bum, pressing both cheeks, each with one hand and giving a little slap on one of them, Louis jumping lightly at the motion and grinning, because he liked that hard, lustful part of Harry.

Harry needed more tease, that's what turned him on, listening to victims plead for more until they can't hold it anymore. So, positioned between Louis' legs, Harry slid his hands up to Louis' beautiful, perfect thighs and towards the place where Louis' shaft tented in his pants. Louis' eyes were on him when Harry looked up, that intense and curious gaze coupled with parted lips made Harry smile. His hand reached Louis' cock and made those parted lips gasp as he pressed his palm against it. The thin material of boxers and skinny jeans didn't do much to stifle the feeling of Harry's sure and steady hand.

Louis' head fell back against the mirror above the sink and Harry knew this was going to go very well. He made short work of opening the fly to those jeans and pulling them down.

Harry looked up to see the flushed pink Louis sitting on the sink, with closed eyes and pumped lips, waiting for Harry to make his move.

"So hard," Harry said, grabbing Louis' cock even if the boxers were yet in the way, "And so beautiful, Lou."
Louis gasped at Harry's touch, wanting more from him, now and there. He was desperate, he was horny, he wanted Harry to blow him, there and now, he wanted to feel those full fleshy lips of Harry in his dick. He wanted a lot of things and Harry was just teasing.

Harry leaned down and pressed his open mouth to Louis' erection. Louis sighed in the softest way Harry had ever heard, bordering on a whimper, even. He moved up the shaft, grazing his teeth just slightly, then mouthed over the head of it, teasing at what Louis was going to get next.

Without warning, Louis' hips bucked up a little and Harry laughed as he pulled back, lifting his eyes to the beautiful blue eyed boy, "I take it you like this, then?"

Louis brought his gaze back to Harry's face, eyes full blown with lust in a way Harry had never seen. Louis nodded a bit more excited than planned, earning a chuckle from Harry.

Harry hooked his fingers under Louis' boxers' waistband and pulled them down in one easy motion. He knelt in front of Louis, his face just the exact high where Louis' hard cock was showing before his eyes. Lowering down, he began placing kisses to Louis' inner thighs, moving up towards his shaft again.

"Harry..." Louis said, half-angry, half-needy.

"Hmm?" Harry answered if nothing was going on, maybe too concentrated on his task to pay attention to the conversation.

"I liked your mouth better where it was before," Louis said, dangerously close to pouting, but with his gruff and commanding voice it would have been hard for anyone other than Harry to tell. His hand found a place carding fingers through Harry's curly hair.

"I know that," Harry said then biting lightly Louis' thigh, just beside the base of his shaft. Louis sucked in a breath. "But this is good stuff, too."

Finally, after hearing constant Louis' soft moaning and pleading like, "Please Haz, just— please do it now; " Harry gave up, licking his lips and turning his head, bringing his lips to the base of Louis' cock and pressing wet soft kisses along Louis' dick; those kisses trailed up from base to head. The moan Louis let out as Harry swirled his tongue around the head of Louis' cock was magnificent.

"Haz," Louis barely managed to gasp out, just before Harry lowered himself down, taking more of Louis' shaft into his mouth. The gasp turned into a long and low moan and Louis had to hold himself over the edges of the sink, his legs shaking and his heart beat racing, "That feels very good," he breathed, once he felt secure over the sink again.

Harry might have laughed if he wasn't busy concentrating on breathing. Once he took Louis as deep as he could manage on this pass, he lifted up, then down and began bobbing his head. Louis caught on quickly and closed his eyes, head thrown back, enjoying those beautiful pumped lips working on his dick.

With each pass, he took Louis further and deeper into his mouth until he managed to hold the entire length at once. It had been a while since he'd done this, but the sounds Louis was making was worth the challenge. Words fell off Louis' lips as effortlessly as breath, "Haz, yes, this is amazing," he mouthed, "What you do with your tongue— ahh, yes, oh yes, that, Harry... please, Haz, please, more of this."

And more. And so much more. Every word he spoke was in praise of what Harry was doing to him. He could tell Louis was melting beneath him. The words became breathless, peppered with moans.
and gasps, every move that made Louis stutter he memorized and did again right when he was in the middle of saying something coherent.

Louis' hips began thrusting in rhythm with the bob of Harry's head, the pace quickening and Harry had to clench at Louis' bum and circle the base of his shaft with one hand just to keep up with him. Soon after, there were no more words from Louis, replaced now with deep grunts that sounded beautiful to Harry.

The tensing of Louis' body and the noises he was making were the only warning Harry got before Louis came was released into his mouth. A loud cry of pleasure was coupled with the sound of Louis' head smacking back against the mirror as he came.

Harry swallowed it up, the feel of Louis' whole body clenching, hands on the end of the edge, holding tight and his eyes shut, crinkling and mouth partly opened, just every aspect of this moment. Harry took it all in and swallowed it down, licking, trying to clean Louis as his shaft began to decrease. Louis looked down, biting his bottom lip, looking now fondly over Harry.

Not knowing how to handle that look on Louis' face, Harry turned his own eyes to Louis' tummy and chest, kissing his way up to Louis' lips once again.

Louis then held Harry's face with both hands and pulled him in for a deep but soft kiss. However, Louis pulled back shortly after, making a weird face. Harry chuckled and nodded, before kissing Louis' jaw, "Yeah, I know, kind of salty and bitter."

Louis frowned, but still kissed Harry a little more, all over his face until he reached his ear, where he whispered, "It doesn't matter. You endured the taste and so can I," Louis said now, pulling back and looking directly at Harry, "The things you can do amaze me."

"It was only a blowjob," Harry said, laughing but couldn't stop the blush that appeared on his cheeks, "Imagine now when I do you entirely."

Louis smiled shyly, trying to hide the red on his cheeks at the mention of entirely, because now of course, he was eager to do everything with Harry. Because Harry was very good at these things and God knows Louis wouldn't stop thinking about entirely until he has it.

"Entirely, huh?" Louis said with a cheeky smirk, lifting an eyebrow but beautifully face that made Harry's heart beat a little harder in his chest.

Louis took advantage of Harry's red cheeks and took them between his hands one more time and kissed him, full on the lips and tasted his mouth, without hesitation. And Harry melted into that kiss and returned it for all he was worth—which was quite a lot, according to Louis.

Because now to Louis, Harry was worth everything.
"Don't forget," Mr Park warned "next week we'll have a big quiz." Daniel and Louis, together with the class, groaned.

"History's definitely not my thing," Daniel complained.

"If you want we can, like, study together. Review everything and stuff," Louis offered.

Daniel let out a sigh of relief "Really? That would be awesome,"

Louis smiled "Sure,"

They started picking up their belongings.

"Big plans for this Halloween?" Daniel asked Louis while they walked out.

"Well, not big plans, but this guy Kol is throwing a party so we're going,"

"No kidding? Mikaelson?" Daniel raised his brows.

"Yeah, I think Mikaelson's his last name."

"I'm going to that party too." Daniel happily replied. "Will you tell me what are you going as, or is it a surprise?"

Louis laughed "No, I don't have a costume yet,"

"No matching costume with Harry?" Daniel asked trying to be subtle.

"No, I don't think he's into that stuff," Louis shrugged "But Niall is, so probably he'll make us all go matching. How about you?"

"Umm, I might be a werewolf," He chuckled "probably boring but,"

"Classical Halloween," Louis added "It's alright."

*

"If I get to go as Aladdin then Niall gets Tinkerbell," Zayn complained.

"I won't go as Tinkerbell," Niall scoffed "Disney characters is out of the question, Harry,"

Harry stuck his tongue out at them in response. "Well, I think your option is just as lame. We're going to look like nerds if we go like marvel characters. If you want to go as Iron Man do it alone, Zayn,"

"No, no, no. We have to go matching. We're The Great Irish and Some British Lads remember?" Niall complained.

"What if we choose something simple?" Louis stepped up "Like, something from a movie. For example, the dudes from The Hangover,"

Harry chuckled "Niall gets to be the chubby one,"
"Oh, yeah? How about we pull out one of your teeth, so you can be the teeth-less dentist?" Niall snapped back.

"Or a band. Something like that, y'know?" Louis interrupted them.

"We could be Kiss," Zayn suddenly said.

Everyone stood straighter, thinking about that option.

"That's not a bad idea," Harry commented.

"Yeah," Louis agreed "And it's quite easy. Just the face-paint,"

"And there's four of them," Niall excitedly hit the table "That's the Zaynie I know," He went to hug Zayn.

Zayn chuckled.

"So I guess we all have black clothes. We just need the face paint. Louis and I can get those," Harry offered.

"Okay, sure," Zayn said.

Harry turned to Louis "We can go now. What do you say?"

"Yeah, let's go." He replied, grabbing Harry's hand.

"To the Gem-mobile!" Harry sing-sung.

Louis laughed, grabbing his wallet. "Come on, weirdo, let's go,"

They were silently driving, listening to the soft music that was playing on the radio, when Louis got a call.

"Hello, Paul!" Harry heard Louis cheerfully answered. "I'm great, thanks. How's mom and dad?"
Louis paused, listening, then chuckled, "Yeah, it was more like a treat, sort of... There's no problem, right?... Sure, thanks very much... Say hi to everyone. Bye, Paul."

"So, where are we going?" Louis asked Harry as soon as he hung up.

"I'm thinking downtown. There must be some shops that sell Halloween costumes and stuff,"

"Well, this should be fun," Louis smiled, "It's the first time I properly party at Halloween,"

"Is it? Then we have to make it memorable," Harry winked.

When they parked the car there wasn't much traffic, they started to walk towards the store they had seen. Holding hands with Harry still made Louis' stomach fill with butterflies.

"Okay, let's see what we can find here," Harry said, holding the door open so Louis could go in first.

"Hello, how may I help you?" They were welcomed by a tiny girl, who was behind the counter wearing a witch hat.

"We're looking for white and black face paint," Louis answered walking towards the counter.
"Sure," The girl went to find a small stool, stepped on it and searched for the items.

Louis looked around and found Harry going through the different costumes.

"Here you go," the girl caught Louis attention.

"I might need another bottle of each," Louis answered.

"All right," she agreed, stepping on the stool again.

"Look at these," Harry called from the other end of the store.

He was holding a pair of black, leather-like trousers, which were so slim they could as well be leggings.

Louis scoffed, "There's no way you fit in those,"

Harry gasped "Are you calling me fat? Of course I fit in this! They're long enough," He said sticking them to his legs.

Louis laughed, "Okay, I'll buy them for you, but no matter how bad they fit you, you will have to wear them,"

Harry smirked, "Deal,"

After they paid for their stuff they walked out of the store.

Just before they entered into the car, Louis spotted a familiar person walking on the other sideway.

"Isn't that... Gemma?" Louis narrowed his eyes, trying to see who she was with.

Harry stretched his neck, looking towards the direction Louis was looking at.

"She is!" Harry confirmed, "And she's with that Ashton guy!"

Louis laughed, "Well, they do look cute," He said, making his way into the car.

Harry turned to look at him like he had said the most outrageous blasphemy of all.

"Get out of the car," Harry ordered.

Louis rolled his eyes, threw the bag in the back seat and stepped out of the car.

Harry grabbed his hand and dragged him along the street.

"Are we following them?" Louis asked. "We can't sneak on them, Haz,"

"Shhh, we're just making sure that punk doesn't do anything to my sister, Harry hissed.

Louis laughed at him.

They followed them from a not too obvious distance. Harry doing silly things such as hiding behind trees or corners.

"You look so creepy doing that," Louis chuckled, "We are creeps by doing this, Haz, let's go,"

Just when Louis said that, Gemma and Ashton entered to a small coffee shop.
"We're not following them inside, are we?" Louis asked

"No," Harry whispered, "We're waiting for them outside,"

"Why are you whispering? Why are we waiting for them? They're just on a date," Louis complained.

Harry shot Louis a glare, "It's not a date,"

Louis laughed, "Okay, okay, they're just out,"

"Shhh, let's see if we can see anything from here," Harry said, hiding behind a parked car and pulling Louis down beside him.

To Louis’ luck, they didn't stay in the shop. They walked out soon, both with a hot beverage in their hands.

Gemma stopped, so did Ashton, and pulled out her phone. While she was answering what was possibly a text, the wind made a strand of Gemma's hair to fall on her face. She shook her head, but didn't fix it, so Ashton stretched out his hand and, very gently, took the strand of hair and placed it behind Gemma's ear, making her blush.

Louis was fast enough to catch Harry before he sprinted towards the cute couple.

"Harry, love, let them be," He chuckled, giving him a kiss on his nose.

Harry was pouting, "But he's gonna... he'll... they're," Harry whined.

Louis laughed, "Nothing, he's probably a good guy. Your sister isn't dumb, she wouldn't go out with pricks,"

Harry sighed in defeat, watching them walk away.

Louis then stretched himself and reached Harry's lips, catching them with his.

Harry's worries suddenly went away. Louis was kissing him, sucking lightly his bottom lip, and with his hands on Harry's hips, thumbs rubbing circles on his skin. Harry could forget about the entire world.

"Now, let's go before the lads worry about us," Louis said when they broke the kiss.

Harry, with a light pink on his cheeks, smiled, "Okay, let's go," He grabbed Louis hand walked towards the car.

* 

"Harry, stop moving," Zayn scolded, "Niall, stop distracting him! The black is the tricky part,"

"This is sick, mate," Louis said for the eleventh time. He had been looking himself in the mirror for at least twenty minutes.

Louis was the first to have his face-paint done, and now Zayn was almost done painting Harry.

"Why do I get to be the one with the whiskers?" Harry whined, earning a disapproving look from Zayn who was painting the nose.
"Because you were the last one here and didn't call dibs over anything," Niall replied.

"But that's not fair, you all live here," Harry complained.

"Harry, I swear, if you move one more time you'll go half done," Zayn threatened.

Harry closed his eyes, waiting patiently for Zayn to finish.

"There you go," Zayn sighed, Harry went running to grab the mirror Louis still had in his hands.

"My turn!" Niall jumped on the chair, "SSSSpaceman!" Niall yelled, dragging the 'S'.

Zayn chuckled, "Okay, stay put, spaceman."

"How do I look?" Harry asked Louis.

Louis nodded in approval, "Better than Catman himself,"

Harry beamed at the answer, "I'm going to get changed."

Louis laughed, "That if you fit in those trousers,"

"Of course I will," Harry replied with his hands on his waist, "You just wait,"

Harry left and Louis did the same, going to his room to get ready.

Niall was done by the time Louis had finished styling his hair, already with his clothes on.

"When Zayn finishes painting himself we're good to go," Niall told Louis.

"Okay, yeah, I'm ready,"

"Jesus, what the hell is that, Harry?" Niall asked when Harry walked into the room.

Louis felt his mouth dry when he saw Harry in tight leather.

Harry laughed and proudly did a spin, showing himself off. "This is a pair of trousers which fit perfectly,"

Niall snorted, "If by perfect you mean strangling your legs, then yes, they fit perfectly."

Louis laughed as Niall walked out of the room.

"Man, they're tight," Louis said with relish, setting his hands on Harry's hips.

"You like them?" Harry asked.

"I like you in them, yeah," Louis bit his lip.

They were interrupted by Zayn yelling, "I'm ready, let's go,"

As much as Louis wanted, he didn't give Harry's butt a spank when he turned around, 'Later' he thought.

They travelled in Zayn's car, and Harry, again, was the designated driver.

It wasn't very late when they arrived, so there weren't many people terrible drunk, yet. The house
was dark, it smelled like cigarette smoke, they could feel the bass in their chests from the loud music, and all they could see was people wearing different kinds of costumes: poorly made, three-minutes-made, overly-sexual, I-can-see-you-from-across-the-street, and what-are-you-supposed-to-be-? costumes.

People greeted them sticking their tongues out, just like Kiss did, and Niall didn't take any time answering back the same way.

A guy dressed up as vampire greeted them.

"Niall!" He yelled over the music.

"Hey, Kol!" Niall greeted back.

"You guys look awesome!" They all could tell he was already a few drinks ahead.

"Thanks, Zayn did us," Niall answered smiling.

"He did?" he asked back, then he waved at few other people. "I gotta leave you now, but the booze's in the kitchen, help yourselves!"

"Alright, thanks mate!"

They made their way to the kitchen. Zayn mixed three drinks and Harry just grabbed a beer.

Louis was still impressed by the amount of people the lads knew. Many people waved at them and stopped to say hi.

They were talking to a group of guys when Louis heard someone say in his ear, "Booh!" actually scaring him.

He turned around and found Daniel smiling at him.

"Hi, Dan! How are you mate?" He cheerfully said.

"I'm good, thanks, you look amazing, by the way," Daniel motioned toward Louis face. He laughed "Thanks, thanks. You too, are those contacts?"

"Nah, my eyes are actually bright golden, but I wear brown contacts every day," Daniel replied.

Louis laughed with him, "How can you even talk with those fangs?"

Daniel shrugged, "I can't, actually,"

"Who did you come with?"

Just when Louis asked that, Dylan appeared out of nowhere, wearing a what-are-you-supposed-to-be-? costume "Hey! Louis, what's up?"

"Hi, Dylan! How are you doing? Where's Tyler?"

Dylan scanned the room, then shrugged, "Don't know," He laughed.

"And what are you supposed to be?" Louis asked, but then he felt someone tapping his shoulder. He turned and saw Harry. The guys they were talking to were gone now, and so were Zayn and
"Look, Harry, this is Dylan and you know Daniel," Louis introduced, "This is my boyfriend Harry,"

"Hi," Harry said with the warmest smile he could manage for them, then he turned to Louis, "I'm going to..."

He was interrupted by a girl excitedly yelling Harry's name.

Louis chuckled "Go ahead, I'll meet you in a bit,"

Harry agreed only cause he hadn't seen Angela in a while, and he was happy to see her again. He pecked Louis on the cheek and went to greet his friend.

Just then, Tyler appeared with three drinks in his hands, giving one to Daniel and Dylan, and keeping one.

"Hey, Louis!" Tyler said, "I didn't know you were around. Here, have this drink. I'll go get another one," He offered.

"Oh, no, I'm good, thanks," Louis replied, raising his cup which was still half full, "Your eyes look really creepy, dude," He said noticing Tyler was also a 'werewolf' but with red eyes.

Tyler nodded enthusiastically, "That's how the eyes of a true werewolf look like, not some lame yellow colour," He said, making Daniel roll his eyes.

Louis hung out with them for a while before Zayn came looking for him, put another drink in his hand, took him to his friends and made him talk about the match where they beat Niall and Harry.

His head started to feel a little bit lighter, so he decided not to keep drinking cause he didn't want to leave Harry deal with the three of them drunk. A few minutes later he felt someone put their hands on his waist.

"Wanna dance?" Harry purred in his ear.

Louis turned around and faced Harry and, God, Harry's legs looked so long and perfect.

Before Louis knew it, Harry was dragging them into the part where the people were dancing.

Harry leaned down and kissed Louis, deeply, hungrily, and messily. They started swinging their hips along with the music, crotches stroking.

Louis moved on to kiss Harry's neck, leaving protective, but loving, marks.

"You are gorgeous, Lou, you knew that?"

Louis giggled. He kissed Harry's earlobe and the nibbled at it.

"So pretty, I want you all for myself," Harry pressed their hips tighter together and kissed him on the lips again.

Louis was suddenly ripped off of Harry's grip, he was spun and found Zayn grabbing Louis' shoulders.

"Guess what?!!" Zayn slurred, then he saw Harry's makeup smudged around the lips, "No, no, no
kissing! You're ruining my masterpiece!" Zayn pouted.
Louis laughed at his drunk friend and pissed off boyfriend, "What was it you wanted to tell me?"
Zayn eyes lighted up remembering, "I met someone!"
Louis raised his eyebrows, entertained, "Yeah? And is she fit?"
"No, no, he's a lad, and he's hot as hell!" Zayn excitedly yelled.
Louis laughed, "Then what are you doing here with me?"
Zayn finger snapped, "I'll go back to him. Maybe ask him his number!" Zayn beamed.
Louis patted him on the back, "Go for it!"
When Zayn left, Louis found himself in Harry's arms again.
"Now, where were we?" Harry asked and leaned to kiss him.
But before their lips touched Niall came rushing to them.
"Harry, Harry, Harry, Harry, come, come, come, come," Niall keenly called.
"What, Niall?" Harry sighed.
"Come, come, come, you have to come," He grabbed Harry's hand and dragged him. Harry
dragged Louis at the same time.
Niall lead them to another room of the house where they were playing beer pong.
After the current couple finished the game, it was Niall's turn and he demanded Louis and Harry to
watch him play.
Harry was having fun watching Niall play, and he was good, but Harry wasn't going to lie, he
would rather be on the dance floor ravishing Louis and not caring about anything else.
When the game was done, Harry and Louis had some time for themselves, but then again, it didn't
last long. People were continually interrupting them.
Soon, people started to leave or pass out from drunkenness. Not too long after that, Zayn and Niall
started to feel tired and Harry decided it was about time to go home.
It was kind of a deja vu for Louis, really; it was just like the first time they went to a party. Zayn
and Niall were drunk in the back seat, Harry was chewing mint gum while driving, and Louis
couldn't get his eyes off his jawline. When he couldn't restrain himself anymore, he gave Harry an
open mouth kiss where his jaw almost meets his ear. Niall yelled at them; demanding them to 'Not
get gross'. So Louis settled by doing imaginary lines all along Harry's thigh, driving him mad.
When they got to their building, Louis took Niall to their room and Harry took Zayn. After Louis
took Niall's shoes off, he didn't take off his own like he had done that first night. He went and
waited for Harry to finish helping Zayn.
As soon as Harry closed Zayn's door, Louis attacked his lips with a needy, wet kiss.
Harry broke the kiss, panting a little "Why don't we go to my room?"


All he got as a response was a low moan escaping from the back of Louis' throat.

After a couple of snogs on the lift and touches and panting and wet kisses, they were now locked up in Harry's room.

As soon as the door to Harry's room slammed shut behind them Louis grabbed Harry's waist from behind and snarled into his ear, "FUCK me," his face flushed with lust and desire after all the frustration from the party and the needing since he saw Harry wearing those leather super-skinny jeans.

Harry turned around then and shoved him against the wall, not able to contain himself with Louis' thirst for him.

Both bodies with full clothes were grinding on each other, with semi-hards on and hands being touchy and going underneath the clothes.

Louis caught Harry's lips with his own and grasped him hard. Biting down on Harry's bottom lip, allowing his tongue full access.

Harry continued the kiss so hard, so full of lust, it was almost brutal. Their teeth clicked as their tongues fought, gasping and panting as if they'd just run a marathon.

They were both horny and hot, they were both sweating and panting because they needed to fuck right there.

Harry's hand was now on the edge of Louis' pants, playing with the waistband of his boxers, only teasing Louis with it. Louis was whimpering, pouting, because he needed that touch, and see, Harry was only tracing his god damn long fingers along Louis' waist, maybe even a bit lower, but not entirely touching the needy parts.

Louis' hand was in the back of Harry's neck, at first, with the purpose of pulling closer. Now, Louis was pulling away Harry by his hair, leaving an opened mouth Harry for a few seconds, until Louis pulled him closer again, getting his tongue inside faster than ever.

Louis was taking control over this, and Harry didn't like it. So he put his hands down on Louis' bum and thrust into him, making both of his parts to rub, pain and neediness in between, earning a low moan from Louis, with pink cheeks and shut eyes.

"So pretty, baby," Harry cooed, pulling away a bit and trailing his finger along Louis' jaw as he popped the button of his jeans. "Gonna make you feel so good." Harry slipped his hands inside of Louis' pants, holding his hard crotch above his boxers and Louis whimpered, feeling his legs get weak at the pleasure. And that was it, they couldn't take it anymore.

They tore each other's clothes apart, first their shirts, plateing soft kisses in their chests and sucking his nipples, especially, Harry's sensitive nipples along the way, and then their pants, touching and touching Louis' thighs, because Harry liked them and he wanted to plant kisses there too, but that would come later; and then they rest of their clothes, boxers, socks, all of it, like they were being timed to get naked, and although taking Harry's pants off as the most difficult task, they didn't take longer than a couple of seconds.

After being fully naked, in front of each other, the small amount of alcohol only helping their neediness, their mouths smashed again, heated and hungry. Now Harry and Louis were against each other, flesh hard cocks pressing together, hands looking for stuff to grab, mouths looking for parts to kiss and suck.
Louis took then Harry's bum, squeezing it, biting his bottom lip and smirking, watching Harry groaned and thrust again against Louis.

But Harry quickly caught up with the teasing, moving his mouth to Louis' neck, sucking and biting there where his shoulder and neck connects, hearing Louis soft moans and smiling at the sound of it. Harry liked it.

"Harry," Louis groaned, "Please."

It amused Harry how innocent Louis could sound sometimes.

He twisted Louis around, pushing him up against the wall and grabbing his dick. He pumped it slowly at first, allowing Louis to enjoy the feeling. Louis’ face was against the wall, eyes shut and back arching at the feeling of Harry's large big hands against his length, pumping it and touching it.

Strings of whimpers and moans left Louis' mouth. Harry's cock was getting even harder because now it was against Louis' perfect bum and he needed to fuck Louis now before he lost it.

"Bed. Now." Harry whispered into Louis' ear, this one obeyed and laid there, looking at the ceiling in bed, while Harry went to the drawer next to it and took several things out.

"Who told you to lie down?" And well, surely Louis didn't remember Harry telling him to lie down, and with adrenaline and lust running through his veins, he only shook his head until Harry spoke again, "Turn around. Hands and knees now." And, wow, okay, Louis was liking this bossy side of Harry.

Louis did as he was told, while Harry opened the lube he had in his hands, spreading some in his hands, especially in his fingers. But before doing anything else, Harry wanted to enjoy that perfect ass in front of him.

Harry spanked Louis, soft at first, earning a little jump from Louis for taking him by surprise. But then again, it was Louis' bum and he wanted more, so before squeezing it a bit, with both of his big hands, he spanked him again, now harder and Louis gasped under him, sticking his ass out even more, for him to continue.

A few more spanks and Harry was ready, but thing is, Harry didn't even warn him, he just slipped a long finger of his on his butthole, taking one of his cheeks with the other hand. Louis squeaked, eyes brimming with tears.

"Haz," Louis said in a low moan, gasping out when Harry slipped out and in the same finger.

Harry reached up a bit to Louis' neck, kissing him tenderly to try and take his mind off the new feelings that were going through his body. Because he knew Louis was new to all of this and he wanted to make this special to him and he wanted to show Louis how much he cared even though he wanted to fuck him and broke him in two.

"Shit Lou," Harry said, groaning, "You're so tight."

For a couple of seconds more, Harry kept his finger there, turning it and trying to adjust Louis' tight hole. He slipped a second finger now, scissoring Louis' hole, making it wider and Louis sobbed and moaned under him until he adjusted. Now a third finger was in, pumping in and out, first low and then faster. Louis was a moaning, whimpering, crying mess, and this wasn't even the worst, or best, part.

"Harry please," Louis said, almost sobbing and gripping the sheets underneath him, "I need you,
After scissoring him for a couple more seconds, Harry grasped his own hard-on, already with a condom on and pushed the tip into Louis' entrance.

Biting down on his lip, he saw Louis let out a soft scream, clearly holding back with everything he had. He looked so innocent there, underneath him.

Harry's lips found their way back down to the dark hickey on Louis' neck, sucking and nibbling on it. He continued on getting his length into Louis' hole, slowly and kissing Louis in the meantime. As he felt his last inch squeeze into the tight entrance, he stood still, waiting for Louis to somewhat relax.

"Please— Harry," he barely said in low voice, "Please."

Louis didn't even know what he was pleading for, he just knew he needed Harry so much. So much more than he had needed anyone in his life.

And Harry could feel that. He looked up at him, kissing Louis' back.

"I love you so much Louis," Harry said, his lips against Louis' tanned skin, "You really don't know how much I love you."

Louis turned his face then, with flushed cheeks and pink lips, all sweaty and beautiful and Harry had to kiss him. He kissed him softly first, loving the way Louis had to arch his back only to be able to kiss Harry but then again the kiss became fiercer and hard and Louis had Harry's tongue in his mouth and instantly over powering the battle for dominance.

Louis squirmed underneath him, edging him to move. Just then, Harry slowly began to thrust into Louis' ass, feeling the tight knot in his stomach starting to form. He wanted to help Louis come too, he wanted to touch Louis. So he took Louis' cock and started pumping Louis' member to the pace of his thrusting as he sped up, loving the sound of skin slapping against skin.

"Ah Harry— yes, yes," Louis moaned, almost shouting. And, wow, hearing Louis screaming his name was the sexiest thing Harry ever heard. He started to pump faster and harder, maybe even spanked Louis with his free hand, making Louis move along with his rhythm.

He dove back in for another kiss in Louis' back, trailing to Louis' neck again to bite him again, sucked his skin until a mark would appear. Louis whimpered, as he slightly moved up and down, gripping on the sheets, his arms getting weaker and his back arching of pleasure.

"Haz," Louis said soft moaning voice, "I'm coming."

Harry didn't stop. He pumped Louis cock faster and he thrust him faster, trying to make feel Louis good, wanting to give him a proper orgasm.

It didn't take long for Louis to release "Ahhh Harry," Louis cried out loud, squirting all over Harry's hand. Moans and whimpers from Louis that flooded Harry's ears, and the feeling of Louis coming beneath him, took Harry to the edge.

Harry thrust hard one more time until the knot in his groin unraveled, his own orgasm making him go weaker and stronger at the same time. Harry stayed there for a few seconds, moaning and letting the feel spread all over his body, relaxing and his hands releasing Louis' waist.

They both panted as Harry exited him, took the condom and threw it away into the bin next to his
bed, and laid next to Louis in bed, both of them sweaty, flushed and tired.

Harry passed one of his arms over Louis, pulling him closer to his body, sweat and heat radiating from both of them. Harry kissed Louis' forehead and rested his head and his wet curls above Louis' head.

Louis lifted his face and pecked Harry on his lips, smiling fondly at him and leaning over Harry's chest, leaving soft little kisses there, only because he loved Harry's six pack and he wanted to feel the warmth from Harry's body in his lips.

"I love you Lou," Harry whispered, then playing with Louis' feathery hair, "I love you to the moon and back."

Louis inhaled Harry's scent, and before falling asleep, he whispered back, "I love you too. So much."

When Harry woke up, he saw the roles had been switched. He had his face in Louis' chest and Louis' head rested in his. Louis had his arms around Harry's body,

Harry stirred a little and felt that Louis lifted his head. Harry looked up and saw Louis was awake.

"Good morning," Harry whispered, but still in a husky voice.

"Good morning," Louis whispered back. He smiled at Harry before giving him a sweet, short kiss.

Louis quietly giggled "You've still got some face paint on,"

Harry chuckled as well, "So do you. How about a shower?"

"Yeah, you could use one," Louis joked

Harry shoved him playfully and stood up, leaving Louis with a feeling of emptiness.

He picked up his briefs, which were on the floor scattered along with the rest of their clothes, and put them on, "Be right back, babe,"

Harry left the room. And just when Louis had his own briefs on, Harry returned with a smirk on his face.

"Max's using the shower, we'll have to wait a while,"

"We can go upstairs," Louis suggested "I don't think the boys are even up,"

"Okay," Harry agreed. He grabbed new clothes and they made their way upstairs.

When they found Niall and Zayn lazily sprawled across the couch, they suddenly stopped as if they were two teenagers that had just been caught sneaking in after running away the night before.

The fact that they both were only in their black briefs made it more embarrassing for Louis and Harry. Niall was grinning like mad, wiggling his eyebrows, and Zayn was smirking, looking them up and down.

Louis awkwardly cleared his throat "Hello, lads," he pointed towards the bathroom and they started walking that way, "we're just gonna use the bathroom real quick."

Zayn chuckled, "You'd better wash that hair, Harry. You've got white paint all over it."
"You guys used protection? Or do we have to give you the talk?" Niall yelled, laughing and earning a high five from Zayn.

Harry opened the bathroom door just enough to pull out his arm and flipped them the bird, which only made them laugh even more.

As soon as they were both in the shower, warm water running along their bodies, Louis pinned Harry against the wall.

Harry hissed when his skin came into contact with the cold tiles, but Louis shut him with a kiss.

The kiss lasted a few seconds before Louis pulled away, starting to leave a trail of kisses in Harry's jaw, then his neck, his chest, and his abs. When Louis reached below Harry's navel, Harry let out a small whimper.

Louis smirked when he saw Harry was already hard, "Now, you won't want to make a lot of noise, darling. Our friends are just outside this room." He said before lowering the trail of kisses as low as it could go, letting Harry curl his fingers in his soaked hair.

When they got out of the shower, and after some more bantering from Zayn and Niall, Niall made Harry cook pancakes for all of them.

The smell of pancakes that filled the flat, along with the fact that Harry had told Louis he loved him, had Louis in really high spirits. Louis hadn't been in love before and maybe didn't know what love was. But who does? All Louis knew is that he couldn't care more for Harry, and that being with him made him the happiest man on Earth. So, yes, Louis was in love with Harry. And Harry loved him back. Louis could see it in his eyes, so bright and green when he looked at Louis, a mixture of joy, eagerness and tenderness.

So what if they were acting like a pair of young teenagers- all touchy and giggling over nothing? They were in their little piece of heaven, sharing it with their two best friends.

They were in the middle of their breakfast when Louis' phone buzzed. Louis pulled it out when he felt the insisting buzzes indicating that it was a call, rather than just a text.

"Umm, I'm just gonna..." Louis said, standing up and answering the phone, giving his friends his back. "Hello?" Louis answered, "Yeah, speaking,"

Harry didn't want to eavesdrop, but Louis was standing a few feet away from him. He tried to focus on what Niall was saying.

Louis sighed, catching Harry's attention "Well, I'm sure I can arrange something," Louis said still on the phone, "Uh-hu... Okay, yeah, I'll return the call as soon as possible... Thank you very much."

Louis sat down again with a smile on his face.

"Everything okay?" Zayn asked.

"Yeah, sure." Louis replied, not seeming worried about anything.

They all shrugged it off and continue with their very cosy breakfast.

*
After a rough day full of boring lectures and annoying classmates all Louis wanted to do is laze around in their flat, buy some pizza, probably catch a film with the lads and postpone all the homework he had to do.

His mood didn't improve when he found the flat empty, so he chose to see if Liam was available for a quick video call.

"Oh my God, who are you?" Louis gasped when Liam answered the call.

Liam laughed and caressed his cheeks that were covered in what no longer could be called a stubble. He now had a weird-looking short beard, "You like it?" He asked grinning.

"Did I miss your thirtieth birthday?" Louis asked, narrowing his eyes, "You look like a woodcutter,"

"No, I'm growing it for when I meet Harry," Liam explained, still smiling.

Louis rolled his eyes, "You still with that?"

Liam chuckled and crossed his arms proudly "Yeah."

As if the timing couldn't be more perfect Louis got a text.

From Harry: where are you?(:
To Harry: flat ;)
From Harry: I'll be there in 2 xx

"You lucky bastard," Louis muttered, making Liam laugh, "Go get your hoodie, or whatever, Harry's coming."

Liam nearly squealed of happiness and stepped out of the frame.

"Good thing is, you can now get rid of that silly beard of you." Louis said, not sure if Liam was hearing.

Liam returned with the hoodie on "But who wears snapbacks inside?" he asked, playing with his snapback in his hands.

Louis scoffed "Douches, mostly."

"Nah, I'll get a beanie."

Louis chuckled.

"Okay, hold on. I'll go get him" Louis instructed when he heard the lift arrive.

Louis opened the door and found Harry walking that way.

"Hey, babe," Harry greeted him, giving him a peck on the lips.

"Hi," Louis replied

"What're you doing?"

"I'm skyping with James." Louis motioned towards his room.
"Oh, I can come back later if you want," Harry offered, knowing Louis only skyped with him once a week, sometimes twice.

"No, umm, actually I was going to ask you if you wanted to meet him."

Harry shared a genuine smile, and maybe felt a little bit nervous, "Of course," He replied.

Louis pecked him once more and opened the door wider so they could come in. He gestured Harry to sit on his chair while he grabbed Niall's.

Harry gulped heavily, making Louis chuckle at his nervousness.

He sat down, and on the screen he saw a guy, about their age, with a kind of dense beard, a beanie and a too-big hoodie. Aside from that, he was wearing an excited smile that crinkled his eyes, which put Harry at ease.

"Hi! I'm Harry Styles," he said, showing his signature-dimpled-smile.

Liam waved, liking Harry's easy going attitude. But before he could answer anything, Louis interrupted him.

"Harry, this is James,"

Liam instantly remembered that Louis had told him about their friends not knowing Liam's first name. He just nodded. "You alright?"

"Yeah, thanks. You?" Harry asked back.

"I'm good, too, thanks," Liam smiled, "Louis here has told me a lot about you,"

Harry blushed and turned to see Louis, "All good things, I hope,"

Louis laughed, "Of course not, Haz," then winked.

Harry pouted, "Hey, I treat you right,"

"Yeah, you do," Louis chuckled.

"And how does Louis treat you, Harry? Should I scold him for being a lazy arse?" Liam asked faking a frown.

Harry laughed, "Meh, he's alright," he crooked a smile, "He's pretty amazing," he said, resisting the urge of kissing Louis in front of his cousin. The fact that Louis was biting his lip didn't help.

"You two are adorable," Liam couldn't help saying, making them blush.

"Oh, shut up," Louis snorted.

"To be honest, I was kind of nervous to meet you," Harry admitted, making Liam raise his eyebrows of amusement, "You're like this celebrity Louis won't stop talking about,"

"A celebrity, huh?" Liam asked, wiggling his eyebrows at Louis.

"Yeah, super star puppy-eyed James," Louis crossed his arms.

Liam laughed, "Don't get started on my eyes, or I'll tell Harry about the time you tried on one of
your mom's gown."

Louis gasped, "We agreed to never talk about that again,"

Harry laughed, "Please tell me, I seriously can't imagine something like that,"

Louis rolled his eyes and pretended not to hear when Liam told Harry about the only time he did that. He only wanted to know what was like to wear a dress, his curious nine years-old self just needed to know. Besides, Liam was the one who helped him zip it up and he was the one who tore a small part of the fabric while unzipping it. Liam shouldn't be so proud sharing that story.

Harry really liked Liam, he was a really nice lad who really cared about his cousin. He had a good sense of humor, was smart, and surely handsome -beneath the beard-. Harry also found that Liam had a fine bearing which, thinking about it, could be found in Louis as well. Probably they both always attended to fancy schools, Harry thought.

Aside from all of the embarrassing stories Liam told Harry, Louis was glad they got along. And Louis thought that, if he managed things well, they could meet in the future; and not necessarily by Liam flying to America.

"I heard you didn't even have time to surf. And that the ceremony was extremely boring and that you almost fell asleep because of jetlag. And you know what?" Louis asked Liam, narrowing his eyes at the screen "I don't pity you at all. Because you were planning on going surfing without me. That's the least you deserve,"

Liam laughed at his cousin "Yeah, whatever. We're going in December, anyway." Liam shrugged "Now, don't change the topic. When am I meeting your boyfriend?"

"Meeting him? What if he recognizes you?"

"I'll let my stubble grow. Wear a hoodie and a snapback. Maybe even get a fake piercing. I want to meet him," Liam complained

Louis laughed "Okay, only if you get that piercing," He heard the lift arrive "I have to go, someone's here. We'll talk soon,"

"Alright. But, Lou?" Liam called before Louis ended the call "You do realize you have to tell him at some point, right? You can't lie to him forever,"

Louis shrugged as it wasn't a big deal "Yeah, I'll think of something,"

"Okay, Lou. Bye,"

"Love you, Liam!"

That night was the first one, of only God knows how many, Louis' couldn't sleep thinking about telling Harry the truth about himself.

* 

Louis was awakened by the loud sound of a whistle. As soon as he opened his eyes, someone barged into the room.

"Rise and shine!" Harry energetically said "We have a match to play," He blew the whistle again Niall groaned "Fuck off, Styles!"
Louis, still too sleepy to do anything, just turned and covered himself with the blanket.

"Good morning sleeping beauty!" Harry snatched the blanket from Louis' body. He hunched over and whispered in Louis ear, "Don't think this is revenge for waking me early last week. Not at all," He chuckled and gave a slap to Louis' bum.

Before Louis could answer anything Harry was already gone, opening Zayn's door.

"What time is it?" Louis asked with a raspy, morning voice.

Niall sighed and took his phone "Eight a.m."

Harry walked into their room again, "Come on, get ready while I make breakfast."

"Yes, mom," Niall muttered, but Harry was already in the kitchen.

Louis stood up and put on a pair of sport shorts and a loose t-shirt.

He went to the kitchen. Harry was making scrambled eggs on the small stove. Louis hugged him from behind, leaning his chin on his shoulder.

"Why are you doing this to us?" He complained.

Harry laughed "It'll be fun,"

Louis kissed Harry between his shoulder blades before letting him go. He poured himself some juice.

Niall arrived and turned on the telly with the intention of sitting down on the couch.

"No morning news today, Nialler. Breakfast's ready," Harry said.

To Louis surprise, Zayn did wake up. And after eating breakfast, they were all in a better mood, joking about beating each other in the match.

"I've never been to this part of the campus," Louis said when they could see the football fields, surrounded by two basketball courts.

"These are some of them. I'm sure there must be more, but I've never seen them either," Zayn replied.

"And we can use any of them?" Louis asked.

Niall shrugged "As long as they're free, why not?"

"Hazza, the walk was long," Louis whined "Piggy-back ride!" He screamed before hopping on Harry's back.

Harry quickly tossed Niall the ball, setting his hands on Louis tights and easily supporting his weight.

Harry laughed "You're such a princess,"

Louis gasped "Am not!" he lightly slapped Harry's head "Now you'll carry me until the game starts,"
When they arrived to the pitch they saw a bunch of guys that looked like they'd just finished training. A man, who they supposed was their coach, was picking up a bag and walking away, so they figured they could use that field.

A tall, familiar figure started to make his way towards the boys.

"Haz, put me down," Louis asked when he recognized Daniel.

"Why? You told me to hold you until the game starts," Harry mischievously smiled, turning his head to give Louis a kiss on the cheek, aware of Daniel watching them.

"Hi, guys!" Daniel said when he was within earshot.

"Hello," Harry curtly replied before Louis.

"Hi, Dan," Louis smiled, still with his arms around Harry's neck, and legs around his hips. "What are you doing?"

"I'm on the lacrosse team," Louis then noticed he had a weird looking net with him. Daniel was a bit intimidated by Harry, but he still kept the conversation "How about you?"

"My friends and I are playing a football match," Louis explained.

"Sounds like fun," Daniel turned his head when he heard someone calling him. He sighed "I gotta go."

"Okay," Louis smiled "See you in class."


"Goodbye, Daniel," Harry said.

Louis chuckled when Daniel couldn't hear them anymore. "You don't like Dan," Louis nuzzled his face between Harry's neck and shoulder, tickling him.

"I don't like that he likes you too much," Harry put Louis down and pecked him on the lips. "Come on, I've got a match to win."

Louis rolled his eyes "You wish."

During the game a bee stung Niall -luckily he could get the sting out quickly and kept playing-, Zayn fell twice, and the ball hit Harry right on his face when Louis took a penalty. Louis wanted to call off the match after hitting Harry, but after probably fifteen 'kiss-it-better' kisses, Harry said he was fine and resumed the game.

Almost an hour later Zayn and Louis had scored two goals and Harry didn't know what to blame it on. Neither him nor Niall were very good goalies and Zayn was doing a fair job, that could be a reason. Another one could be that Harry got easily distracted by Louis running around in those shorts that hugged to his bum and displayed his hot, muscular thighs. It was probably the latest reason.

"It's started to rain,"

Just when Zayn said that, Harry felt a raindrop fell on his arm.

"Oh, yeah," Louis agreed, rubbing his nose where a drop had fallen. Harry found that the most
adorable thing he had ever seen Louis do.

Harry felt another drop, and another one. Soon it was drizzling.

"Game's over, and dinner is on you," Zain happily said, high-fiving Louis.

Niall scoffed "You're just lucky Harry spent the whole match drooling over Louis,"

Harry blushed "I was not!" he tried to defend himself.

Louis ran to his side "You look cute when you blush," he whispered in his ear, making the red on Harry's cheeks deepen. Louis picked up the ball. "Okay, let's go before anyone gets sick,"

*

Next morning, as soon as the lift's doors opened, Harry saw a sleepy Niall carrying two rolls of toilet paper.

"What's that for?" Harry frowned.

"Louis," Niall shortly answered.

Harry followed Niall into their room.

"Here you go, Lou," Niall gave Louis one of the rolls.

Louis looked awful. Red eyes with bags under them, messy hair, runny nose and thousands of scrunched Kleenex all over his bed. "Thangs, bate," Louis replied as his own sick version of 'Thanks, mate'. Louis tore a piece of toilet paper and blew his nose. He smiled when he saw Harry "Hey,"

"Babe, you're so sick," Harry sat on the edge of the bed.

Louis shrugged "Jusd a cold," Then he sneezed two times.

Harry laughed at his cute voice. "You spent a bad night, right? Why didn't you call me?"

Niall, who was in his bed about to fall asleep again, answered for Louis "Spent the night sneezing and blowing his nose. He kept saying he was okay and didn't want to bother you,"

"You would never be a bother," Harry kissed Louis' forehead. "Let me get you some tea."

Harry guessed Louis' head would be hurting, so he brought a pill along with the tea.

"Here," Harry gave Louis the pill and tea "but the tea is..." He was interrupted by Louis making a disgusted face after giving the tea a sip "...sweetened."

"Why?" Louis asked

Harry sighed and brushed Louis' hair back "I know you don't like it, babe, but lemon tea with honey is the best thing that can happen to your throat right now. Trust me,"

"No, the best thing that can happen is if you laid down with me," Louis pouted.

"Alright, but finish your tea first," Harry said, tucking Louis under the blankets and then laying over them.
It wasn't very long after Louis finished his tea that he fell asleep again. With his lips parted and breathing heavily because he couldn't do it with his obstructed nose. Louis seemed more fragile than ever. All Harry wanted was to stay with him forever and protect him from any harm that could get him.

Harry used that time to run to the convenience store and buy stuff for his sick boyfriend. He prepared another tea.

"More tea?" Louis asked, sitting in his bed.

"You need to drink a lot of fluids. This one doesn't have honey in it," He also gave Louis another pill.

Louis accepted them and sighed after drinking from the tea.

"What would you like for breakfast?" Harry asked, picking the used Kleenex and throwing them in the trashcan.

"I'm not hungry. Come cuddle me," Louis stretched out his hand to Harry.

"But you have to eat something," Harry told him, walking towards the bed.

"Maybe later. I want to sleep some more," Louis replied, resting his head on Harry's chest and closing his eyes.

Harry wrapped his arms around Louis and let him fall asleep in his arms.

After Louis fell asleep for a second time, Harry carefully untangled himself from him and went to his room to get his laptop. He returned back to Louis' side.

"Hey," Louis whispered, waking up after a couple of hours.

"Hi. How are you feeling?" Harry softly asked, letting Louis stretch himself.

"Bit better, and a bit hungry too," Louis admitted.

"How about some chicken soup?"

"Soudsdovdly," Louis smiled.

Harry laughed "No, your sick voice sounds lovely. Be right back,"

Harry went to the kitchen to prepare Louis' food. He appreciated that Zayn and Niall offered their help, but he was fine taking care of Louis. He wasn't glad that he was sick, but he was happy that he was there to look after him.

After eating the soup Louis felt better. They spent their day watching movies on Harry's laptop, searching silly things on the internet, spent time sharing the music they liked, and Harry got a bit overly excited talking about motorbikes and showing Louis his favourite ones.

When the night arrived Harry didn't want to leave Louis side, but Louis convinced him to go sleep in his own bed saying he didn't want to pass him on the cold.

The next day they both skipped all of their lectures so Louis could get better sooner, and Harry stayed with him because he wanted to take good care of him and didn't want him to be alone all morning.
The first night Louis was sick, he would have sworn he was going to die. But after all the care he
got from Harry, he felt like nothing could ever knock him down. He felt like, with Harry, he could
overcome anything. And the idea of being apart from him horrified him. But Louis knew that one
day, a not very far-off day, he was going to return to his reality. A reality which Harry wasn't part
of, a reality that Harry didn't even know it existed.

*

Harry got to the boy's flat and found Louis doing homework in the kitchen table. He surprised him
by smacking a kiss on his cheek. Louis chuckled in response.

"Since you're a lot better now, thanks to this awesome boyfriend of yours, I've decided to take you
to the cinema,"

Louis laughed "But it's Wednesday, I'm doing homework,"

"I bet that homework is due next week or something, you're a nerd and you know it. Now, come
on," Harry said ,closing Louis' laptop "You can't say no cause I already asked Gemma the car,"

"Gemma? What car?" Louis asked a bit confused, they were already on the lift.

"Mum got us an old car a while ago. I mean, it's old, but it works fine," Harry explained "But then I
started to hang out with the boys, and I didn't need the car cos Zayn has his own. So Gemma pretty
much seized it,"

"Oh, okay," they started walking towards the parking lot

"But I still have rights over it, and Gemma said that if you didn't mind riding in it we could share
it,"

"What did she mean 'If I minded'?" Louis asked confused.

Harry sighed and pointed to a lilac Volkswagen.

Louis chuckled "It definitely looks like Gemma owns it. But Beetles are a classic, though. What
year is it?"

"I think it's '69," Harry answered unlocking the driver's door from outside, and then the front door
from inside. Louis got in the car and noticed it was very clean and had a light smell of lavender. He
found adorable the way Harry's head almost hit the ceiling of the car.

"Well, tell Gemma that she'll have to start sharing his lilac car, cause I'm not scared of pastel
colours,"

Harry laughed and turned the ignition on, making the engine loudly, but surely, start.

When they arrived, they didn't recognize any of the films that were at the cinema.

"Can I have two tickets for whatever movie that starts next?" Harry asked the man in the booth.

"That would be Before Midnight. It starts in five minutes. Is that alright?" he asked back.

"Sure," Harry replied, paying for the tickets.

When he was done, he saw Louis buying popcorn.
There weren't many people there, and they figured there wasn't going to be many more. Because as soon as they sat, the trailers began.

Louis wasted no time in eating the popcorn.

"You're going to finish them before the film starts," Harry complained.

"It's already started," Louis whispered back.

"No, it hasn't,"
Louis sighed and stopped eating, but left the bucket on his lap.

"Okay, it's started," Louis happily whispered when the movie began.

Harry saw how the man in the movie left his son at the airport, then how the man got into a car with a lady, who Harry supposed was her wife. Two girls were asleep in the back of their car.

The scene of the family in the car was incredibly long, and it wasn't finished yet. They were just talking and talking.

"Lou, what is this about?" Harry whispered to Louis.

"Don't know," Louis swallowed the popcorn "But we have to listen, we might miss something important,"

Harry sighed and leaned his head on Louis' shoulder, returning his attention to the film.

The family of the movie arrived to a house that looked a lot like it was somewhere in Greece.

"Lou, have you ever been in Greece?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Louis shortly answered.

"You have?" Harry asked a little bit louder than a whisper.

Louis chuckled "They're going to kick us out if we keep talking. Have some popcorn," He said, giving Harry the bucket.

Harry put the bucket on the empty seat beside him, he didn't want popcorn. He returned his head to Louis' shoulder and took Louis hand, intertwining them.

He started playing with Louis' fingers, kissing the finger tips and sucking lightly the tip of the pinkie. Then he started brushing Louis' arm, leaving goose bumps where his fingers had been. Happy with the result, Harry kept brushing Louis' arm until he reached his collar bone. Louis shivered a little, and Harry planted a kiss there.

Harry kept moving upward, leaving a trail of kisses on Louis' neck. When Harry reached his jawline Louis couldn't contain himself and leaned to kiss him on the lips. Louis found the movie extremely boring too, and Harry kissing him like that didn't make any easier to pay attention.

Harry shifted in his seat to be able to kiss Louis better. He had one hand on Louis' cheek and the other one on Louis' knee. Harry tilted his head and Louis lightly sucked Harry's bottom lip. Harry parted his lips, letting Louis slide his tongue into his mouth.

Louis' hand, once in Harry's neck, started to move down to Harry's chest, feeling his toned muscles
under the thin fabric of Harry's shirt. He reached Harry's waist and started to play with the hem of his shirt.

Harry started nibbling on Louis' bottom lip, and he started to run his hand up and down Louis’ thigh. Louis pulled back to catch his breath only to have Harry attack his neck, leaving open kisses everywhere.

Harry started sucking where Louis' shoulder and neck meets while he lightly palmed Louis' semi-hard bulge, making Louis sigh. Harry repeated the action, this time more firmly, and Louis suddenly pushed Harry.

Louis looked at Harry, both of them with a glistening, dark, full of lust, pair of eyes.

"I have to go to the bathroom," Louis managed to whisper, before quickly standing up and almost running towards the exit.

Harry smirked at the mess he had made and followed him.

Louis arrived to the bathroom, desperate to fresh up himself. He leaned over the sink, opened the faucet and splashed some water over his face. Damn he was hot. He looked himself in the mirror, flushed cheeks and dark eyes with a sparkly twinkle in his eyes.

"Is there a problem?" Louis heard Harry's voice from behind, closing the door to the bathroom, locking it, and coming closer to him, with those same lustful eyes he had back where they were watching the movie.

"Umm, no— I mean," Louis couldn't help but stutter, and not to mention he couldn't help himself looking down at Harry's pants and see the big bulge in there.

Harry was so close by then, a few inches away from Louis' face, invading Louis' personal space to the point that Louis' bum was pressed against the sink and there was no more space left behind him to escape from Harry.

"You look so pretty Lou," Harry breathed against Louis' lips now, taking him by his waist, making both of their parts to press, earning a low moan from Louis, "So pretty and so hot."

"Harry," Louis gasped, not able to control himself over, just wanting a touch from the curly haired lad in front of him.

Harry smirked, seeing the needy boy in front of him, because of course he had him wrapped around his finger right now, and the thing is, Harry was a teaser. Before giving anything else, Harry liked to tease.

Now Louis was up in the sink, Harry between his parted legs, Louis trying to hold onto something before adrenaline and lust had him over. Harry thrusted his hips lightly, getting another soft moan from Louis, opening his mouth, Harry took the opportunity to kiss him, with full mouth and everything, sliding his tongue inside Louis’, fiercely and hard, a real mess going on between both tongues, trying to win over control.

Harry then moved his hands down to Louis' bum, pressing both cheeks, each with one hand and giving a little slap on one of them, Louis jumping lightly at the motion and grinning, because he liked that hard, lustful part of Harry.

Harry needed more tease, that's what turned him on, listening to victims plead for more until they can't hold it anymore. So, positioned between Louis' legs, Harry slid his hands up to Louis'
beautiful, perfect thighs and towards the place where Louis' shaft tented in his pants. Louis' eyes were on him when Harry looked up, that intense and curious gaze coupled with parted lips made Harry smile. His hand reached Louis' cock and made those parted lips gasp as he pressed his palm against it. The thin material of boxers and skinny jeans didn't do much to stifle the feeling of Harry's sure and steady hand.

Louis' head fell back against the mirror above the sink and Harry knew this was going to go very well. He made short work of opening the fly to those jeans and pulling them down.

Harry looked up to see the flushed pink Louis sitting on the sink, with closed eyes and pumped lips, waiting for Harry to make his move.

"So hard," Harry said, grabbing Louis' cock even if the boxers were yet in the way, "And so beautiful, Lou."

Louis gasped at Harry's touch, wanting more from him, now and there. He was desperate, he was horny, he wanted Harry to blow him, there and now, he wanted to feel those full fleshy lips of Harry in his dick. He wanted a lot of things and Harry was just teasing.

Harry leaned down and pressed his open mouth to Louis' erection. Louis sighed in the softest way Harry had ever heard, bordering on a whimper, even. He moved up the shaft, grazing his teeth just slightly, then mouthed over the head of it, teasing at what Louis was going to get next.

Without warning, Louis' hips bucked up a little and Harry laughed as he pulled back, lifting his eyes to the beautiful blue eyed boy, "I take it you like this, then?"

Louis brought his gaze back to Harry's face, eyes full blown with lust in a way Harry had never seen. Louis nodded a bit more excited than planned, earning a chuckle from Harry.

Harry hooked his fingers under Louis' boxers' waistband and pulled them down in one easy motion. He knelt in front of Louis, his face just the exact high where Louis' hard cock was showing before his eyes. Lowering down, he began placing kisses to Louis' inner thighs, moving up towards his shaft again.

"Harry..." Louis said, half-angry, half-needy.

"Hmm?" Harry answered if nothing was going on, maybe too concentrated on his task to pay attention to the conversation.

"I liked your mouth better where it was before," Louis said, dangerously close to pouting, but with his gruff and commanding voice it would have been hard for anyone other than Harry to tell. His hand found a place carding fingers through Harry's curly hair.

"I know that," Harry said then biting lightly Louis' thigh, just beside the base of his shaft. Louis sucked in a breath. "But this is good stuff, too."

Finally, after hearing constant Louis' soft moaning and pleading like, "Please Haz, just— please do it now," Harry gave up, licking his lips and turning his head, bringing his lips to the base of Louis' cock and pressing wet soft kisses along Louis' dick; those kisses trailed up from base to head. The moan Louis let out as Harry swirled his tongue around the head of Louis' cock was magnificent.

"Haz," Louis barely managed to gasp out, just before Harry lowered himself down, taking more of Louis' shaft into his mouth. The gasp turned into a long and low moan and Louis had to hold himself over the edges of the sink, his legs shaking and his heart beat racing, "That feels very good," he breathed, once he felt secure over the sink again.
Harry might have laughed if he wasn't busy concentrating on breathing. Once he took Louis as deep as he could manage on this pass, he lifted up, then down and began bobbing his head. Louis caught on quickly and closed his eyes, head thrown back, enjoying those beautiful pumped lips working on his dick.

With each pass, he took Louis further and deeper into his mouth until he managed to hold the entire length at once. It had been a while since he'd done this, but the sounds Louis was making was worth the challenge. Words fell off Louis' lips as effortlessly as breath, "Haz, yes, this is amazing," he mouthed, "What you do with your tongue— ahh, yes, oh yes, that, Harry... please, Haz, please, more of this."

And more. And so much more. Every word he spoke was in praise of what Harry was doing to him. He could tell Louis was melting beneath him. The words became breathless, peppered with moans and gasps, every move that made Louis stutter he memorized and did again right when he was in the middle of saying something coherent.

Louis' hips began thrusting in rhythm with the bob of Harry's head, the pace quickening and Harry had to clench at Louis' bum and circle the base of his shaft with one hand just to keep up with him. Soon after, there were no more words from Louis, replaced now with deep grunts that sounded beautiful to Harry.

The tensing of Louis' body and the noises he was making were the only warning Harry got before Louis came was released into his mouth. A loud cry of pleasure was coupled with the sound of Louis' head smacking back against the mirror as he came.

Harry swallowed it up, the feel of Louis' whole body clenching, hands on the end of the edge, holding tight and his eyes shut, crinkling and mouth partly opened, just every aspect of this moment. Harry took it all in and swallowed it down, licking, trying to clean Louis as his shaft began to decrease. Louis looked down, biting his bottom lip, looking now fondly over Harry.

Not knowing how to handle that look on Louis' face, Harry turned his own eyes to Louis' tummy and chest, kissing his way up to Louis' lips once again.

Louis then held Harry's face with both hands and pulled him in for a deep but soft kiss. However, Louis pulled back shortly after, making a weird face. Harry chuckled and nodded, before kissing Louis' jaw, "Yeah, I know, kind of salty and bitter."

Louis frowned, but still kissed Harry a little more, all over his face until he reached his ear, where he whispered, "It doesn't matter. You endured the taste and so can I," Louis said now, pulling back and looking directly at Harry, "The things you can do amaze me."

"It was only a blowjob," Harry said, laughing but couldn't stop the blush that appeared on his cheeks, "Imagine now when I do you entirely."

Louis smiled shyly, trying to hide the red on his cheeks at the mention of entirely, because now of course, he was eager to do everything with Harry. Because Harry was very good at these things and God knows Louis wouldn't stop thinking about entirely until he has it.

"Entirely, huh?" Louis said with a cheeky smirk, lifting an eyebrow but beautifully face that made Harry's heart beat a little harder in his chest.

Louis took advantage of Harry's red cheeks and took them between his hands one more time and kissed him, full on the lips and tasted his mouth, without hesitation. And Harry melted into that kiss and returned it for all he was worth—which was quite a lot, according to Louis.
Because now to Louis, Harry was worth everything.

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Harry and Louis were watching telly, cuddling on the couch. Harry spooning Louis and Louis feeling immensely peaceful. Louis liked watching telly with Harry, he liked going out to dinner him, partying, studying, cuddling, snoging, more than just snoging, talking, sleeping in his bed, he enjoyed every single minute he spent with Harry. And, at the end, that was what love was supposed to be; not caring about anything as long as you're with your loved one.

So Louis was happily watching Friends with Harry when he got a call. They both had to stir a little so Louis could get his phone out. He looked kind of surprised when he answered.

"Hello?... Yes... Right now?" Louis suddenly stood up, startling Harry, "Okay, I'll be right there."

"What happened?" Harry asked.

"I need to go and deal with some stuff, but it won't take long. I'll be right back, babe." Louis replied in a hurry.

"D'you want me to come with you?" Harry offered.

Louis smiled, "No, I've got it. You stay so you can tell me how Rachel's surprise party turns out."

"You've never seen this?"

Louis just scrunched down to peck Harry's lips, "It'll take ten minutes top, promise. I love you." He said before rushing out.

Harry stayed, and patiently waited for his boyfriend.

Just like Louis said, it wasn't long before he was back.

"I was cold without you," Harry complained.

Louis giggled and fell into his arms again.

"Look, Phoebe has filled the party with cups and ice." Harry explained, earning a laugh from Louis.

"Do you want to go out?" Louis asked when the chapter was finished, "Go get some ice-cream or something?"

"But it's kinda chilly for ice-cream." Harry replied hugging Louis tighter.

"Or just go out for a walk? I feel like my legs are all cramped." Louis insisted.

Harry sighed and gave in, how could he say no to anything Louis requested?

"Should I go get the car keys?" Harry asked.

"No, we won't need them anymore," Louis answered with a smile.

"What?" Harry asked confused.

Louis laughed, "It's just a walk, Haz, we don't need anything."

Harry was babbling and explaining the episode, which Louis had actually seen before, when they
reached the parking lot where Zayn, and now Harry, used to park their cars.

"...but Ben and Joey didn't look anything alike, so they chose..." Harry suddenly stopped talking when he noticed a motorcycle parked beside Zayn's car.

"Aaw, Louis," Harry cooed, "You shouldn't have!" He joked.

Then he turned and started inspecting the motorbike with his hands on his waist.

"But I wonder who owns it, really. I've never seen it before. Lucky rich kids," Harry snorted.

Louis quietly chuckled. He cleared his throat, "Umm, Hazza?" He caught his attention.

Harry turned to look at Louis. His eyes nearly popped out of their orbs when he saw Louis holding a set of keys.

"The bike's yours?" Harry choked out.

Louis laughed and tossed Harry the keys, "No, it's yours," He calmly replied.

Harry caught the keys with a strangled squeal. "You bought a bike?"

"I bought a bike for you, yes." Louis replied, getting closer to Harry, who was still in shock.

Harry looked at the motorbike, then at Louis, then at the motorbike, and again at Louis. "Do you have any idea what kind of bike is this?"

Louis acted like he was thinking hard, "I think I do. I mean, I ordered it myself,"

"It's a Harley Davidson," Harry explained, ignoring Louis' previous answer.

"Uh-huh..." Louis hesitated.

"A sportster 1200," Harry answered with a serious face.

"I believe so," Louis nodded, already knowing all of that. He was kind of worried about Harry's reaction.

"Louis, I can't accept it," Harry reached out, giving back the keys.

Louis, by instinct, took them.

"W-Why not?" Did Harry not like it? Louis could easily change it, but he was pretty sure it was one of Harry's favourite models.

"It's a Harley!" Harry said like it was obvious.

"I know," Was all Louis replied.

Harry laughed, "People don't go buying expensive things for other people,"


Harry laughed, throwing his head back, "Please tell me Niall hasn't forced you into watching Keeping Up with the Kardashians,"
Louis shrugged, "They're kinda cool, actually,"

Harry laughed some more before replying, "But the Kardashians are, like, the closest thing they have to royalty here, and I don't see you wearing any crown,"

Louis gulped heavily. This could be it. He could tell Harry right there and right now the truth. It could even be in a comical way, like, "No, I don't own a crown because, even though I do own the title of prince, only my grandma has one. And by saying I'm a prince I don't mean I'll ever be king. It's just how the silly titles work, but I can bore you with that later." That could be maybe the lightest way of letting him know. He'd freak out, obviously, but he had to find out eventually.

All of that was rushing to Louis' head. And it all sounded very good, but he couldn't do it.

"The Kardashians don't wear crowns either," Louis answered instead, with a light chuckle and rolling his eyes.

Harry nervously laughed, not knowing what to do.

"I'll tell you what," Louis offered, "Give it one ride, just drive it once, and if after the ride you still want to give it back, I'll take it back to where it came from and no big deal."

Harry sighed, biting his lip. Louis knew he wouldn't deny a ride.

"Okay," Harry agreed, "One ride and then you take it back."

Louis raised his eyebrows, "Only if you still feel like it." He laughed.

Harry chuckled, "Alright."

"Let's get the helmets first. Security is very important, I don't want you getting hurt." Louis said faking a serious tone.

Louis had hidden them in his room, so they went to get them.

"Huh. There's two," Harry said when he saw the two helmets, "How convenient," He chuckled.

Louis winked, "Did you notice the bike has a two-up seat as well?"

"I did," Harry nodded laughing, "Wait, were all those weird calls about the bike?" he asked narrowing his eyes.

Louis chuckled, "And you didn't even get to hear half of them. But, come on, let's enjoy this ride,"

Harry smirked, "And maybe I can enjoy a different ride later," he said putting his arms around Louis' waist.

Louis laughed, his cheeks changing to a red hue, "Cheeky,"

Harry sweetly kissed Louis before going to the bike again.

"Sure you know how to drive a bike?" Louis asked Harry when they were all set up on the bike, but Harry wasn't showing any signs of starting it.

"Of course I know how," Harry snorted.

He was just enjoying the feeling of having a Harley beneath him. It was hard for him thinking that
this was probably going to be the only time he would ever ride one. He surely wanted to remember every second of it.

"Okay, so turn it on," Louis said while he teasingly wrapped his arms around Harry's torso.

With a deep breath, he turned the ignition on, making the bike roar with the sweet sound of a Harley.

The bike started to move, but they couldn't go fast because they were still on campus. But as soon as they passed the gates, Harry wasn't scared to speed up.

Louis was a little freaked out at the beginning, he could barely keep his eyes opened due to the wind leaking into the helmet. But Harry was a steady driver and that gave him confidence. Even though Louis couldn't hear anything apart from the engine and the wind, he could feel Harry's laugh in his torso, and just knowing how happy Harry was, made Louis' day brighter.

In five minutes they were on the Henderson Bridge, crossing the river. Louis had never been in the other side of the river so all the landscapes were new to him.

Harry just kept driving, changing gears and speeding whenever he was the only one in the street.

All Louis knew is that Harry turned to the right, then left, left, left again and then to the right and somehow they again were on the bridge, but instead of returning straight away to campus, Harry made a different turn that lead them to a nice restaurant. Harry parked the bike and took off his helmet.

Louis copied him.

"Wow," Harry sighed, "Wow, I mean, that was... that was something," He beamed.

"Yeah, kind of scary actually," Louis admitted getting closer to Harry.

Harry laughed, dimples showing and crinkles forming. Louis couldn't get enough of his laugh that was as pure as an excited child's.

"So you really want to take it back?" Louis asked with a smirk on his lips.

Harry pouted, "My ride's not finished. We eat lunch and they I take us back to campus,"


Harry smiled, nearly giggled, and they entered the restaurant holding hands.

* *

"What are those helmets for?" Niall asked when Louis and Harry walked into the room with their helmets in their hands.

Harry blushed, and tried not to smile too much. "Louis bought me a bike,"

"Aww," Zayn cooed, "And did you make sure to get one with trainer wheels, Louis?"

Louis laughed and let Harry explain.

"I mean, a motorbike,"
Their jaws hung open, so Louis spoke up. "And he's keeping it," He grinned.

"What do you mean he's keeping it?" Niall asked.

"I told him I couldn't accept it, but he made me drive it. And, I, umm..." Harry scratched the back of his head.

"He just couldn't resist it," Louis laughed.

"So it's downstairs?" Zayn supposed.

"Yep," Louis popped the 'p'.

"And you're letting me ride it?" Niall asked excitedly.

"Pff, of course not, Niall," Harry replied already feeling attached to it.

Louis laughed at Niall furrowing his brows.

"Hey, Louis?" Zayn called before the topic was changed, "I like Rolex watches," He joked.

"You got my brother a motorcycle?" Gemma enquired hitting Louis' shoulder as soon as he sat down.

"Will everyone keep talking about it forever?" Louis complained rubbing his shoulder.

"At least these two weeks, yeah." Gemma snorted, "Who does that? Who gives away bikes?"

"It's just a present," Louis explained himself, then he thought of something he never had in mind, "Why are you ranting? Does your mom not approve bikes? Did I make Harry break rules or something?"

Gemma laughed at his cute concern, "No, mom's okay with bikes. It just is such an extravagant thing, it's weird. Harry loves you like a thousand times more now, though."

"I didn't do it to buy his love or anything. I just wanted to make him happy, y'know? Cause he makes me so. And I think he deserves, like, the best. Cause he's amazing," Louis blushed at his own words.

Gemma cooed at him, catching a few students' attention. Louis nudged her and she giggled.

"I showed Ashton the picture Harry sent me, and he was really impressed as well,"

"Are you an official thing now?" Louis asked, wanting to talk about something else.

Gemma blushed, "Yeah, pretty much,"

This time it was Louis' turn to coo.

"I'm thinking we can go grab a bite sometime," Gemma suggested.

"We?"

"I mean, Harry, you, and Ashton and me,"
"Yeah, that'd be cool. Your call," Louis smiled, then he saw the professor giving them a disapproving look and they had to stop talking.

*

Every day Harry found an excuse to use the motorbike. Today he needed to buy a book he had heard about. He didn't want to get it from the library because he wanted to have his own.

He wanted Louis to go with him, spend the afternoon with him learning what type of books each other like. Maybe grab a coffee and have a cute date reading books and drinking coffee.

Instead of texting Louis he just went to their flat. Harry heard laughs when he got there. Well, the lads could handle an afternoon without Louis, Harry thought.

But instead of finding Niall or Zayn with Louis, he found Daniel sitting at the kitchen table with tons of books, binders and notebooks, and Louis pouring hot water into two mugs.

"Hi," Harry made his presence noticed, since none of the boys saw him arrive.

Louis turned as soon as he heard his boyfriend's voice.

"Hi, Haz," Louis let the kettle down and went to give Harry a quick kiss, before returning to prepare the teas.

Daniel just smiled at Harry when their eyes met.

"I was going to ask you if you wanted to go downtown with me, but I see you're kinda busy," Harry awkwardly said.

He could see the disappointment in Louis eyes, "We have a big quiz on Friday, and well, I said I'd help Dan and..."

"It's okay, I can carry on myself," Daniel offered feeling uncomfortable.

"No, Daniel, it's alright," Harry appreciated the gesture, but he wasn't going to keep Louis from studying, "I can go with Niall, he'll be excited to go," Harry said, sharing a sincere smile.

Louis smiled back, "Okay, be careful. I'll be here waiting for you,"

Harry returned the smile, "Okay, babe, bye. Love you,"

It turned out that Niall did get all excited about riding the bike, and Harry didn't have a bad time with him. Niall always knew how to make him laugh.

*

"Hello!" Liam brightly said when he answered Louis' Skype call. On the screen he could see they were in Louis' kitchen.

"Look at you! Handsome man!" Louis chirped when he saw Liam shaved and with a haircut done.

Liam rolled his eyes and ruffled his hair, "I went home this weekend and mom made me get a haircut."

"Oh, yeah? How's everyone?"
"Good, they're all good. Just had a nice family time and, oh my God, what is that?"

"You're going to help me cook a nice dinner for Harry." Louis replied, taking ingredients out of a shopping bag.

Liam laughed, "How am I going to help you?"

"You're giving me moral support, obviously,"

"And what are we making?" Liam asked still amused.

"I'll send you the link to the recipe." Louis replied already typing it. "It's chicken, wrapped in Parma ham, and stuffed with mozzarella." Louis proudly explained.

"Sounds tricky, why don't you take him out to a restaurant or something?"

"Because what counts is the intention of cooking for him. The thing is, yesterday he got kind of upset. He wanted to hang out, but I was with Daniel studying. I mean he didn't get mad or anything,"

"He's a jealous boyfriend, isn't he?" Liam asked guessing from what Louis had told him about Harry.

"Yeah," Louis chuckled finding his jealous boyfriend rather cute, "But he's not mean or anything. He has never told me to stop hanging out with him, and he isn't rude to him. They just don't get along."

"I see," Liam smiled at his cousin, "Well, then, first things first, wash your hands young man."

After many 'I don't think that's supposed to look like this', 'that's too much', 'that's too little' and 'do you think it goes this way?' Louis had the chicken ready to go in the oven.

"Do you think it's ready to go?" Louis asked with the chicken ready to be put inside the oven.

"Ready as it'll ever be," Liam excitedly replied.

"Look at us, we could beat Gordon Ramsay in a cooking challenge," Louis proudly said putting the chicken in the oven.

He set the timer.

"Now, wait, I need to go for a wee," Louis demanded, making Liam laugh.

Liam minimized the call and kept working on his homework while Louis returned.

Louis had just started minding his own business in the bathroom when he heard someone arrive. He tried to empty his bladder as fast as he could.

"What's this?" Liam heard. He didn't recognize the voice.

"Louis? You here?" Zayn asked when he recognized his laptop.

Louis cursed himself for drinking so much water.

Liam closed his homework and opened the call, finding a really good looking guy staring at the screen with a crooked smile.
"Uuh... Hi," was all Liam could think of saying.

Zayn's face changed to a surprised one.

Louis suddenly got out of the bathroom, still zipping up his jeans.

"Zayn!" Louis called, seeing Zayn had already seen Liam.

"Why did... How is..." Zayn started rambling pointing to the laptop.

Louis tried out his luck, "That's my cousin James,"

Zayn shook his head, "No, mate, that's not James. That's the prince I told you I had a crush on."

Liam instantly felt his ears warmer.

"Why did he say hi? I thought it was a video or twitcam or something. Why did you say he's James? Why are you even on a video call with him? What's happening here?" Zayn had so many questions, and Louis had no idea what to say.

Zayn started to remember little details like hearing that there were two princes, both around his own age, and that they were always together. He also recalled Louis' behaviour: acting serious when he needed to, talking very little about his family, and the insane amount of money he seemed to have.

Louis could almost hear a clicking sound when Zayn connected the dots.

Zayn took a step back.

Louis sighed, slouching.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you the truth," Louis sincerely said.

"I mean, what I don't get is, like, why did you hide who you are?" Zayn asked, his accent sounding stronger.

Louis looked at his shoes, moving his feet nervously. Before speaking again he glanced at his laptop to see if Liam was still there. He felt a little bit better when he found Liam listening attentively.

"Because I was tired of people knowing who I am," Louis took a deep breath and continued, "I didn't want to come here and being treated like a novelty. I didn't want people judging me before getting to know me,"

Zayn sadly chuckled, "But why would we judge you? You know how Niall is, he just loves meeting new people and gets excited about everyone. And Harry, he is a good lad and... Jesus, does he know? He knows about this, right?"

The lack of Louis response was enough answer for Zayn.

"I think I need a smoke." Zayn said already heading for the stairs, which led them to the roof where he smoked when he felt stressed about something.

A dumbfounded Louis just stood staring at nothing.

"Louis?" Liam brought him back to Earth, "you alright?"
"I'm okay. We'll be fine." Louis shrugged.

Liam sent him a comforting smile.

"And we still have a dinner to finish. Might as well invite Zayn and Niall," Louis said trying to recover his upbeat mood.

Not fifteen minutes later, a more relaxed Zayn was back.

"I understand why you did it, but, like, I don't get why you didn't tell us,"

"I think I was just scared, honestly." Louis answered. He, just like any lad, didn't feel very comfortable about talking about his feelings so openly.

And, to his luck, neither did Zayn, "Well, I still think you're cool, and you're still one of my best friends." Zayn gave Louis a genuine smile, "But Harry's also my friend, and I don't think is right to keep lying to him,"

"I won't," Louis rushed to say, "I mean, I'll tell him soon."

Zayn nodded, "And you can also make it up for it with that yummy smelly chicken,"

Louis laughed, "Alright, fair enough. Now, would you like to meet Liam?"

Zayn's eyes flickered to the screen and his cheeks blushed a little.

"Hi, I'm Liam," Liam said when Zayn was visible in the screen.

Zayn smiled, "Zayn Malik," He replied.

"How's it going?" Liam asked.

"I'm alright. I mean, yes, I'm good, thank you. And you?"

Liam chuckled, "No need to act all serious, you're making this weird,"

Zayn let out a nervous laugh, "This is kind of weird,"

Liam was distracted when Ed walked into the room, "Hey, Ed! I'm talking to Louis, and his friend,"

"Ed!" Louis nearly yells when he appeared on the screen.

"Hi, Lou! How are you?"

"I'm good! Look, this is Zayn," Louis said.

"Oh, hi! I'm Edward Sheeran, or just Ed," Ed cheerfully replied, "Look, is Lou giving much trouble? Because if he is you can send him back," he said making all laugh.

"Yeah, well, he's quite a rebel, but we can control him." Zayn smirked at Louis.

They kept chatting for a while before it was late for Liam and Ed so they had to go before Liam could see how the chicken turned out.

To Louis' luck, he finished the mashed potatoes at the same time the chicken was done. Zaynset the table and just when they were going to rest some time, Niall and Harry arrived.
"I can smell chicken!" Niall yelled, running to the kitchen.

Harry took a few more seconds to reach them, "You made all of this?" he asked seeing everything neatly set.

"I did," Louis called, "Lazy Zayn just helped with the table."

Harry went to Louis side and gave him a kiss on the cheek, "You did this? Why?" he smiled, not believing how incredible Louis was.

Louis put his arms around Harry's neck, "Cause we couldn't hang out yesterday, so I cooked a nice dinner for us today;"

Harry chuckled and leaned to kiss Louis' lips. Louis sighed happily into the kiss.

"Let's eat before it gets cold," Niall complained, interrupting them.

They laughed and sat, Louis taking the job of serving everyone's plate.

The chicken was delicious. One wouldn't believe it was Louis' first time cooking a whole meal, and that made Louis felt more proud of his work.

Harry told Niall to do the dishes with him, since Zayn and Louis had made the dinner.

They had to stand Niall singing Michael Bublé's 'It's a beautiful day' all over and over while they cleaned.

Louis followed Harry to the lift when he was about to leave.

When the lift doors opened, Louis gave Harry a short, but passionate, kiss.

"D'you maybe want to go downstairs? To give me a goodnight kiss?" Harry pouted his lips.

Louis chuckled and kissed the pout. He pushed Harry and took a step forward, letting the doors close behind them.
Next morning Louis woke up at the feeling of Harry stirring beneath him.

"What?" Louis asked, still with his eyes closed and with a very raspy voice.

"I have to go to the gym," Harry whispered.

Louis hugged Harry tighter, "No, stay with me,"

Harry sighed. He really hated skipping gym, but Louis looked so pretty there sleepy in his bed.

"Alright," Harry kissed the top of Louis' head and wrapped his arms around him. He knew there was no use trying to go back to sleep, but he was happy just holding Louis and listening to his steady breathing.

Louis did try to fall back asleep listening to the beating of Harry's heart. He couldn't fall asleep again, but he stayed there enjoying Harry's company, tracing his tattoos with the tip of his fingers.

Harry started to run his fingers through Louis' hair. "Your hair is getting longer," Harry said, loving his silky texture.

Louis chuckled and snuggled even more into Harry, "Mhm,"

"You could let Lou cut it for you," Harry lazily talked, "She's good at it. I mean, she works at my mum's hair salon,"

"Your mom owns a hair salon?"

"Yeah, you knew that,"

"Oh, yeah, I remember," Louis said actually remembering Harry talking about it a few times. He hummed, "That'd be alright. It is getting long."

They fell silent for a few seconds before Harry spoke up.

"What do your parents do?" Harry asked, feeling curious about Louis' family. He knew the basics, but he felt Louis was always a bit mysterious when it came to his background.

That question took Louis by surprise. He felt a sour sensation in his gut that left him with a dry mouth.

He started building the conversation in his mind, "They're the dukes of York," Louis would say. Harry would ask what he meant. "I'm a prince, Harry," Louis would reply. Harry would then laugh and reply something cute as "Yes, you're my prince." Louis would laugh with Harry because, of course, Harry would say something like that. He would reach out and kiss Harry's lips, praying it wasn't for the last time. Then he would look at Harry in the eye, "I hate to admit it this way, but it's true. My father is the son of the queen. When he married my mum, they got the title of dukes of York. So, when I was born, I was given the title of prince of York." Harry would see the truth in Louis' eyes. A few seconds would pass, Harry digesting the information he had just received. Louis would make a cup of tea for Harry and then answer all of his questions.

Louis' train of thoughts was interrupted by Harry,
"Hmm?" Harry pronounced, wondering if Louis had heard him.

But Louis wasn't ready. Revealing the truth by answering Harry's question was not the right way. He had to face Harry because he deserved it. And Louis would not only have to answer questions like 'Why did you do it?' or 'Why didn't you tell me?' This entirely involved Harry. There would be questions like, 'What are we going to do?', 'How will they handle a gay prince?', 'So you're not only going away at the end of the semester, but you're going back to your prince status.' And Louis didn't know any of those answers, not one. And, apart from that, there was the evident possibility of Harry rejecting him for completely. He was so, so scared.

"They're politicians," Louis answered without thinking it twice.

"Ooh," Harry seemed surprised, "That explains some things,"

"Does it?" Louis cleared his throat to prevent his voice from breaking, "What things?"

"Well, you always say you want to help people. Be part of organizations so you can change things. That makes more sense now, cause if you've watched your parents do it, in a way it could inspire you to do it too," Harry shrugged.

"So you're saying that is that it'd be okay if you wanted to own a hair salon. Cause your mom inspired you," Louis chuckled.

Harry laughed with him, "I don't want to own a hair salon, but yes, it would make sense if I wanted one,"

After a small pause, Harry spoke again, "The thought of getting into Law school has always been there, but right now I'm just waiting to see what happens."

Louis thought about it. Harry's life was 'Waiting to see what happens'. He was jealous of Harry. And of Zayn, Niall, Daniel and Gem. Their lives were full of expectations and surprises, of planning their own stuff or just letting it happen.

Louis could never venture into an unknown future. His future was written since the day his mom got the news he was expecting a male first-born. But, man, how he longed for that unplanned future there in Harry's arms.

Louis let out a sad sigh, which could be confused with a lazy one. "Breakfast is what should happen right now." Louis said, feeling his stomach complaining about the lack of food.

Harry chuckled and stood after Louis.

They found Harry's roommates finishing their breakfast. They were now used to Louis' frequent company in the mornings. Good thing they didn't mind.

After their fancy breakfast, consisting of a bowl of cereal, they took a shower. Louis decided to steal one of Harry's big, warm, comfy sweaters, since November days were now colder.

"It looks good on you," Harry complimented when he saw Louis practically swimming in his sweater.

Louis rolled his eyes, "Of course it does,"

Harry laughed, never getting tired of Louis. He took his hand, gave him a spin and then pulled him close, "Sassy arse,"
"You love my sassy arse,"

Harry leaned to kiss Louis, hugging him tighter, "I love you," Harry said when he broke the kiss.

"I love you more," Louis replied, looking at Harry in the eye and smiling when he earned a blush on his cheeks.

"You ready to go?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, just let me get my stuff. I'll be right back," Louis replied.

When he got to his flat, Niall was using the shower, but the telly was still on. He thought of turning it off, but Niall would probably just turn it back on, so he left it.

He was about to walk into his room when he saw Zayn walking out of his, still in his sleeping sweats.

"Hey mate," Louis smiled,

Zayn returned the smile and nodded, walking in with Louis.

"Have you told him yet?" Zayn asked, sitting Indian style on Louis' unmade bed.

Louis sighed, "It's been less than twelve hours since I last saw you. I haven't told him,"

"Well, you better tell him before it's too late," Zayn ruffled his hair and took a deep breath before speaking again. "You know, there was this guy Sebastian,"

"Sebastian as in Harry's ex?" Louis wasn't sure why was this being brought up.

"Yeah," Zayn said and waited for Louis to respond.

"Well, all I know is that he and Harry broke up cause he didn't want to come out. That's all Harry has told me," And Louis already knew it because Gemma had told him so before knowing they all knew each other.

Louis remembered Gemma told him that it was a hard breakup for Harry. But Louis was also pretty sure Harry was over it. It had been almost two years since, if Louis wasn't wrong.

"That's right," Zayn said before adding, "But it wasn't that simple."

Louis didn't know what to say, so he let Zayn continue.

"In freshmen year, Niall met Sebastian and introduced him to us. Sebastian was part of the football team. God knows how Niall met him, but he seemed a cool lad, so he kept hanging out with us more and more. About a month and a half after meeting him, Harry confessed that he had been in a relationship with Sebastian for a month."

Louis made the numbers in his head. Wow, that was fast. It took Louis and Harry nearly two months to accept their feelings to each other.

"And we found it very strange cause, during all that time, when we went to parties and stuff Sebastian kept hooking up with different girls." Zayn kept going, "If Sebastian had been anywhere close when Harry had told us that, Niall would have given him a kick in the balls." Zayn chuckled remembering one of their firsts 'friendship-defining' moments.
Zayn continued, "But Harry explained that Sebastian wasn't ready to come out. He said that all those hook ups were a cover up, because he thought coming out in his first semester on the team would mess things. Harry said he was okay with him doing all that stuff, because he knew he 'loved him'." Zayn said drawing quotation marks in the air. "Harry almost begged us not to tell anyone. He said that even we weren't supposed to know about it. And we reluctantly did."

Louis gulped, kind of knowing where the story was going.

"They were always very careful. I can tell you, I never saw them holding hands or just acting coupley, let alone kissing." Zayn sighed, "But one night, at a house party someone saw them. They were just kissing in the bathroom, but apparently Sebastian forgot to lock the door, so when another dude from the team walked in, it was a pretty big shock for the three of them."

Louis could picture everything too well. Another man kissing Harry, touching his body and tugging his hair. And Harry, so desperately trying to please someone else in a bathroom. His heart ached just thinking about it.

"It was very unoriginal, to be honest. The guy walked in and Sebastian pushed Harry yelling him to stop touching him, catching the attention of the few people around." Zayn narrated, "Then, to prove his point, he gave Harry a punch in the eye."

Louis flinched just thinking of someone hitting his Harry, and felt a wave of rage running through his body.

"Luckily Niall was around and helped Harry. Sebastian obviously left the scene flying so Niall still wants to kick him in the balls to this day,"

A small smile appeared in both of their lips.

But Zayn wasn't done, "All the way back to campus Harry kept saying it was his fault, that he should have been more careful," Zayn chuckled, "Niall almost wanted to punch his other eye."

Zayn took a deep breath before finishing, "Harry called him, texted him and left voice mail after voice mail. After an impossible number of non-answered calls and texts, Harry realized Sebastian was done with him."

"I see," Louis licked his lips and nodded, but with his sight glued to the ground.

"The reason I'm telling you this is because I need you to understand: Sebastian hid from the world, but not from Harry. Harry knew the good things and the bad things about Sebastian. It was Harry's decision to accept him. But you, Lou, you're giving him no choice."

Louis' head snapped to look at Zayn, who was wearing a concerned look.

"You're not only hiding from the world, but also from him. This time it's different cause I know, and I see, you love Harry as much as he loves you. But I don't think Harry knows the person he is loving. Imagine how would that feel, believing you know the one you love but not being aware of a big, big part."

They fell silent for a few seconds. Louis loved Zayn too, as a friend of course. He loved the partying Zayn, the artsy one, the sleepy, the taunting and the caring one. And right now he couldn't care more for the concerned one.

"You've got to tell him, Lou."
Louis smiled at Zayn, "I told you I will. Just let me sort some things out."

Zayn nodded.

"Are you mad at me?" Louis asked, fearing that he actually was. But the night before he didn't seem off or anything.

"I'm not mad. I just can't believe you kept it for this long. And I feel kinda bad for not recognizing you."

Louis chuckled, "Don't worry. That was what I was going for."

"And am I the only one who knows?"

"Dan knows too."

"You told Daniel but not us?" Zayn asked acting offended, but with a crooked smile on his lips.

"He did recognize me."

"Oh,"

"I'd better get going. Harry's waiting for me."

Zayn nodded, "Alright, mate, see ya."

****

"Daaw, look at the tomatoes!" Harry cooed when he saw them. They were big, but still green.

Louis laughed, "You sound like a proud parent."

Harry grinned, not finding it like an insult at all. "Do you think we can harvest some of them next week?"

"Yeah, definitely." Louis took one in his hand, "Look, this one's more yellowish than green. I bet it'll be bright red next time."

Harry caressed some leafs close to the ground, "And what about the carrots? Have they grown yet?"

"I read somewhere that the bigger the carrots are, the less tasty they become." Louis said moving some of the same leafs, "And there's some orange colour visible already, so they should be ready in a week or so. And we don't like the bland, dull carrots, do we?" Louis said the last sentence baby-talking to the carrots.

It was time for Harry to snicker, "Who is the proud dad now?"

"I'm the responsible one," Louis grinned, standing up and straightening his jeans.

"I have some evidence that could contradict that," Harry replied on a daring tone.

Dr Miller arrived before Louis could retort something witty.

"Looking good, boys." He complimented

They just nodded while he wrote something on the binder he was carrying.
"Perfect. When you're done watering, you may leave."

Louis rolled his eyes, why did he need to say that when they were always the last team to leave and he was gone long before that?

"Thank you, sir." Harry politely offered.

"So what now?" Harry asked when they were done.

"I have class in, like," Louis checked his phone, "Half an hour."

"Do you want to go grab something?" Harry suggested.

"Yeah, sure."

They walked in a comfortable silence to the nearest shop. They just got a bottle of water each and Harry got a bag of crisps.

They got a few minutes early to Louis' classroom, so they hung out outside for a while.

"Hey, I forgot to ask you," Harry said after swallowing a mouthful, "How did you do in your quiz?"

"What quiz?"

"The one you were studying with Daniel for?" Harry asked unsure.

"Ah, no. That's today." Louis clapped his hands and rubbed them, jittery.

"Oh, really? Well, good luck babe."

"Thanks," Louis said before placing a kiss on Harry's cheek.

Harry smiled fondly at his boyfriend.

"Aww, look at them," Gemma laughed when she reached them.

Harry wrapped her in a side hug. "How are you?" He asked his sister.

"I'm good," she smiled, "And I can see you are too." She nudged Harry while watching Louis, who laughed lightly.

"And what are you doing tonight?" She asked Harry.

"Umm, well, we have nothing planned," Harry looked at Louis, who shrugged in response.

"I was thinking we could go out tonight. Ashton wants to officially meet you." Gemma told them as the Professor made his way into the classroom.

Harry raised his brows, "Sure, text one of us the place and time. And tell that punk to behave." He answered letting her go.

"Great. See you later, bro." Gemma replied tugging Louis' arm.

"Bye, Haz."

"Bye, babe." Harry blew him a kiss before Louis disappeared into the room.
"Ready for the 'poop' quiz?" Louis asked Daniel taking a seat.

Daniel exhaled, "Bring it on,"

Louis didn't find the quiz easy, but still felt confident after finishing it. They had studied everything that was on it, so he managed to answer every single question.

Louis was the first one to finish the exam, but instead of leaving right away he waited for his friend to finish. When Daniel handed in his, which wasn't very long after, they left together.

"How did you do?" Louis asked high-fiving Daniel.

Daniel laughed, "Not that bad. Thanks to you."

Louis smiled, "Anytime."

"And I really hope I hadn't been much trouble," Daniel said referring to Harry.

Louis shrugged, "Not at all," He sighed deeply.

Daniel turned to look at his friend, who seemed lost in his thoughts.

"What's wrong?" Daniel asked bringing Louis back to reality.

Louis bit his lip, not sure if telling Daniel would be a good idea. But what was there to lose, anyway? "Zayn found out about me, and that made me realize that I have to tell Harry, for real. Like, sooner rather than later."

Daniel tilted his head in confusion, "You mean, they don't know?"

That made Louis feel a little guiltier, "No. You were the only one."

"Oh, I didn't think I was literally the only one."

Louis twisted his mouth to the side, but didn't say anything else.

"I don't think you should worry much." Daniel said and Louis laughed at his words.

"I think I do. I mean I haven't worried since I got here so it's about time. And I believe if I tell the truth but with a kind of plan, it'll be just as shocking but less troubling"

Daniel nodded, "Makes sense,"

"Alright, mate, I gotta go. But see you on Monday."

"Sure, bye."

"Take care," Louis smiled before walking away.

* *

"I answered cause I love you but I have so much homework I literally have only five minutes to talk with you." Liam rambled when he answered Louis' video call.

"Wow, you really are stressed." Louis chuckled.
"It seems like every professor agreed to leave extensive papers due next week." Liam complained.

"You'll manage, you always do," Louis soothed him.

"And this crazy teacher wants us to go to the National War Museum and write another paper about it, so Ed and I are going this weekend and I have so much to do before that." Liam rubbed his face.

"How are you getting there?"

"Ed has a car now. It's an old truck. Don't ask me how he got it, I only understood something about a dying aunt and him getting her truck. You know how he can talk and talk and still don't say anything."

Louis laughed because that sounded very much like Ed. "Okay, but don't waste my now 4-minute video call whining about homework. Forget about it for now."

Liam breathed deeply and a small smile appeared, "Okay, you're right. So how did yesterday go? Was the chicken good?"

"Very," Louis proudly replied, "Everything went pretty smooth. Well, besides y'know, Zayn. But he was cool after that."

"Yeah, he's cool. I liked him."

Louis sent him a cheeky smile.

Liam rolled his eyes, "Not in that way."

"If you say so," Louis teased.

"And have you broke in the news to Harry?"

"No. First I need to sort out what will happen later so I can, like, make him understand what's fully happening. And I keep telling myself there's an easy way out of this, or into this, but I'm afraid there isn't one." Louis replied.

"I don't believe there's an easy way either. But I suggest you start thinking of the things you'd be willing to give up for him."

"Give things up?"

"Or things that you'd be willing to do for him. Like, would you finish uni in America? Would you maintain a long-distance relationship? Would you give up your prince title for him?"

Louis slightly cringed at the last part, "N-no, I d-don't know." He stuttered.

"Once you know, you can make plans based on that."

"Wow, you've thought about this a lot, huh?"

"Not really. It all comes from my own inspiration." Liam proudly explained.

Louis chuckled, "Don't know what I would do without you, really."

He was interrupted by Zayn walking into his room with only a towel around his hip and damp hair.
"Lou, yes, I thought I heard you. I need your help with..." Zayn started but stopped when he saw Louis in front of his laptop, "Oh, you busy?"

"No, I'm just talking with Liam," Louis answered.

Zayn tightened the towel even though he wasn't visible to Liam from that spot.

"It's okay, Lou. I think out chat is pretty much done." Liam replied when he heard his friend needed him.

"Alright, good luck with your homework and field trip."

Liam smiled, "Thanks. Love you."

"I love you too. See you soon, mate."

And with a smile he hung up the call.

"And why would you need me so desperately?" Louis asked Zayn standing up.

"I have a date and I need your help cause I don't know what to wear."

Louis laughed, "You sound like a school-girl"

Zayn snorted, "You should've seen yourself when you started dating Harry."

They were now in Zayn's room and there was pieces of clothing filling every inch of the bed.

Louis rolled his eyes, "Whatever. Show me what you've chosen so far." He said sitting on Zayn's chair.

"I haven't chosen anything. I just threw everything clean on my bed."

Then they heard Niall and Harry arrive, Niall announcing himself with a big belly-laugh.

They stopped walking when they passed by Zayn's room and found the two of them there.

"What are you doing?" Harry asked standing behind Louis and Niall pushing some clothes away making room for himself on the bed.

"Choosing an outfit for his date." Louis answered.

"Like a pair of chicks?" Niall asked laughing.

"Who are you going out with?" Harry asked after Zayn slapped Niall on the head.

"Umm, the lad I met at the Halloween party." Zayn replied watching Niall rummaging through his clothes.

"What's his name?" Niall asked.

"Michael," Zayn answered.

"Michael Fisher?" Niall asked back, throwing him a white t-shirt and a pair of black jeans.

Louis wondered if Niall knew every single person in campus.
"No, Michael Blue." Zayn replied catching them.

"Oh, I don't know him." Niall answered still tossing clothes.

Well, not everyone, Louis decided. But he did know a whole lot of people.

"Here," Niall gave Zayn a light denim jacket, "wear all that with your cool black combat boots."

Harry nodded at Niall's choice, "Well done, Nialler."

Niall winked, "That's how you do it."

"And leave the stubble," Harry added, "Makes you look sexy."

Louis slapped Harry's arm.

"What?" Harry chuckled, "You look sexy with stubble too." He grinned.

"Okay, get out now," Zayn kicked them out, "I have to be ready soon."

They laughed and went to the telly.

"So are we going out with Gemma?" Louis asked Harry.

"Yeah, she texted me the address of a restaurant in town." Harry answered.

"You're all going out tonight?" Niall complained.

"Yeah, sorry, Ni." Harry ruffled his hair.

"I'll text Deo and see if he's free, then." Niall said pulling put his phone.

After a re-run of a *The Big Bang Theory* chapter Zayn walked out of his room. Harry wolf-whistled when he saw him.

Zayn smirked, "I know, I know. I look hot."

"Thanks to me, Malik. Don't brag." Niall laughed.

Zayn rolled his eyes, "Okay, he's downstairs, so I'll better get going."

"Good luck, Zaynie." Louis chirped.

"Yeah, bye guys!" Zayn said before walking away.

"Be safe!" Harry yelled.

"You too!" Zayn yelled back from the lift.

"I'm going to get a fresh t-shirt," Harry said standing up.

"Yeah, me too," Louis copied him, "Then we leave?"

"Hmh, I want to be there before them."

Louis laughed, "I'm not sure if I'm going to enjoy the protective-brother side of you tonight."
Niall laughed, "No, jealous and overly-protective Harry is never fun."

Harry frowned, "I'm not like that."

Niall and Louis looked at each other with an 'are you kidding me?' look and laughed.

"Sure, love. Go get changed and then come and get me." Louis said kissing Harry's nose.

Harry melted to the touch, "Alright."

Louis changed his t-shirt, fixed his hair and brushed his teeth. Harry was back as soon as he finished.

"You ready?" Harry asked Louis.

"Yeah, let's go."

"Okay. You're going out, Niall?" Harry asked.

"Yes, Deo is coming to get me in an hour." He answered.

"Okay, well, always have your phone with you, yeah?" Harry warned worriedly.

Louis smiled at his cute boyfriend.

"Sure." Niall answered.

"Good, see you tomorrow, Ni." Harry said before holding Louis arm and making their way out.

"Bye, guys! Love ya!" Niall yelled.

They couldn't yell anything back since the lift doors were closed by now.

Before Harry turned on the bike Louis warned, "Now, don't be rude to Ashton, okay? Your sister likes him. He can't be that bad."

Harry chuckled, "Okay, okay,"

Louis gripped Harry tighter as he turned the ignition on.
When they arrived to the restaurant, Gemma and Ashton weren't there yet. It was an Italian restaurant which wasn't very posh but it was nice.

"Table for two?" The hostess asked.

"For four." Harry corrected with a polite smile.

She returned the smile, "Very well then. Follow me."

After she led them to their table, they chose to wait for them before ordering anything.

"So, tell me, how did your quiz go?" Harry asked, playing with Louis' fingers.

Louis nodded, "Pretty good, actually." He answered looking at Harry lacing their fingers together.

"And guess what?"

Louis looked up to see Harry, who was giving him puppy-eyes.

"I have some more Sociology homework. Could you help me, please?" Harry dragged the 'e'.

Louis chuckled, "Sure, love."

Then Harry looked up and Louis followed his gaze, finding Gemma and Ashton walking towards their table holding hands. They both stood up at the same time.

"Hello, Gem." Harry greeted.

Louis gave her a kiss after Harry.

"So, this is Ashton." Gemma said, gesturing to her boyfriend.

"Harry Styles," Harry shook his hand a bit stronger than usual.

"Nice meeting you," Ashton smiled.

"And Louis Tomlinson," Louis offered his hand as well.

"Hello," Ashton shared the same smile, then he squinted his eyes for a second, "Wait, do I know you?" he asked Louis.

Louis felt a chill running along his back, "I don't believe so," He acted normal.

"You look very familiar to me," Ashton insisted, but not getting anything apart from a faint memory.

Louis seriously wanted to snap at him and tell him to drop it, but Ashton wasn't being annoying. He probably was just looking for a conversation opener.

Thankfully for him, Gemma spoke up, "He was at the ball party a while ago, maybe that's why you remember him."

"Mm, yeah, that could be it," Ashton settled with that.
"Let's take a seat," Harry suggested catching the waiter's attention so they could order their drinks.

Ashton pulled out the chair for Gemma, which Louis found cute.

"Thanks, Ash." Gemma smiled.

She sat down in front of Harry, so that left Ashton in front of Louis.

"God, I'm starving." Gemma muttered, already studying the menu.

"Me too," Harry coincided doing the exact same thing.

"D'you wanna share a pizza?" Gemma asked Ashton.

"Sure," he simply replied.

Gemma happily returned to her menu going through the pizzas section.

Harry was still reading the menu, biting his lip. Louis couldn't help but stare.

"What are you feeling like?" Harry asked Louis. A crooked smile appeared on his lips when he caught Louis staring.

Louis scanned his menu, "The ravioli caught my attention," He said already craving them.

"Good choice," Harry agreed.

They were all ready when the waiter returned with their drinks and took their order.

"So, Ashton, Gemma tells me you're into English?" Harry said unwrapping his straw.

"I am," Ashton nodded, "I'm actually more interested in literature, but right now I'm aiming for an English degree."

"Oh, yeah?" Louis asked interested, "Any favourite writer?"

"I'm going to sound very boring but, uh," Ashton chuckled, "I'd say Hemingway and Dostoyevsky. I mean, I do read new stuff, but I prefer the, um..."

"Classics" Louis nodded smiling and approving Ashton's taste.

"I don't get why did Hemingway had to write a sad ending for A Farewell to Arms," Harry grumbled.

Gemma laughed, "Grumpy cat,"

"Hey, how come I'm a grumpy cat if I'm demanding a happy ending?"

Gemma stuck her tong out as a response.

"The way I see it," Ashton spoke, "Is that there's never an ending. Well, maybe death is the only end. Like, think about this, the nurse and the baby died, alright?" He made a small pause in which everyone nodded, "That was their end. Death. But they died in a good way because they had overcome everything and at the end they were together and they loved and had each other."

"But the soldier didn't die. He was left alone," Harry said back.
"Yes," Ashton agreed, "But it wasn't the end for him. Maybe after getting over the death of his loved one, he put his life back together and had a happy ending after all. While the nurse's end is happy because she died being loved,"

"So, you're saying that, even it feels like the end, it isn't; because you're still not dead?" Louis asked actually coinciding with Aston. "Like, everything can change, for better or for worse."

Ashton nodded, "Exactly. For me the book has more like an open ending, rather than a sad ending,"

"Look at that," Harry smirked, "Wouldn't a philosophy degree suit you better?"

Ashton laughed nervously, not knowing what to answer. He was his girlfriend's brother so he wanted Harry to like him. But he didn't want to be in the spotlight anymore.

"And what about you? What kind of degrees would you like?"

Just then the waiter appeared with their meals.

"Well, I've already told you about Harry," Gemma answered for them when everything was set, "he's into social studies, law, and such. But Louis here is quite a mess,"

Louis tilted his head in confusion.

"He's taking History of Arts, Sustainability, who knows what else, and now I've found out he's into literature as well. That's a jumble to me, really." Gemma snickered.

Louis rolled his eyes

"What else are you taking?" Ashton asked.

Louis swallowed his ravioli, "Geography, History of Philosophy," he shrugged.

"It's like a salad of lectures," Gemma smirked.

"You're just jealous cause my boyfriend is smart," Harry defended Louis.

"Not that yours is not, though," Louis added, giving Harry's knee a light squeeze.

Gemma didn't take it bad. She knew how moody his brother could get, and she enjoyed pushing his buttons.

"Could you pass me another slice, please?" Ashton asked Gemma, who had the pizza nearer.

"There you go," Gemma replied serving it.

"Thanks, doll," Ashton thanked, making Harry cringe at the choice of nickname.

"And what other things do you like, apart from reading?" Louis quickly asked, noticing Harry's reaction.

They talked about his hobbies, which included music. Even Harry let go of his serious self and engaged part of a nice conversation about bands, concerts and songs.

Ashton mentioned that he and his own band were going to perform the next day at a small place. He invited Louis and Harry, and they gladly accepted, being even happier after hearing that they could bring Niall and Zayn too. The night went flying discussing and laughing at different topics.
Louis observed how Ashton and Gemma interacted. Ashton was very sweet. He looked fondly at Gemma, whether she was talking or just laughing, Ashton enjoyed the sight of her happy girlfriend.

Louis saw how Ashton mentioned Gemma about a ring she was wearing. To be honest Louis would have never noticed that it was a new ring, but Ashton did and complimented her over it. Apparently girls liked when guys noticed little details like that, and Gemma wasn't the exception. She blushed lightly when Ashton gently took her hands in his and examined the ring.

Louis was sure Harry saw all those gestures as well. But he was also sure he would never acknowledge them, always feeling a little jealous about the dude dating his little sister, even though she was older.

"Guess who called me yesterday?" Gemma asked already picking up her handbag and coat after Ashton and Louis had split the bill.

"Dunno, who?" Harry asked

"Dad," Gemma answered.

"Oh," was all Harry replied. When his dad called it wasn't a very big deal. He usually called on their birthdays, Christmas, and some random occasions. But the latter only happened once or twice a year. Anyway, the calls never went deeper than the typical 'how are you?' and 'what have you been up to?"

"And he said he'd like us to visit him sometime," Gemma continued.

Harry frowned, "Why?"

Gemma shrugged, "Don't know, maybe because we're his children?" She sarcastically answered "And at least I could use some vacation over England,"

Harry raised his eyebrows. Gemma was right. That didn't sound that bad. He could go over there on holidays. Maybe visit Louis! Harry nearly gasped thinking about that.

The fact that Louis was going away in nearly a month had been constantly on the back of Harry's head, but now he had some kind of hope. Maybe the end of the semester didn't mean their end as well. Because now there might be a way for them.

"That's actually nice of him," Harry said, taking back his first negative impression.

He turned to look at Louis to see if maybe he had come to the same conclusion, but instead of finding an excited Louis he found him deep in his thoughts. With his brows almost furrowed.

They were by now beside Ashton's jeep tracker. Harry's bike was a few steps away.

"Thanks so much for coming, boys," Gemma said, "It was really lovely."

"No, thank you." Louis said stepping out if his trance and giving Gemma a kiss on the cheek, then shaking Ashton's hand. Harry did the same.

"Really nice meeting you, guys," Ashton said.

"Same, mate," Harry replied.

"See you later!" Gemma said before Ashton opened the front door for her and she stepped into the car.
"Well, that went well," Louis said, putting his hands around Harry's neck and giving him a kiss on the lips.

Harry hugged Louis and kissed him back. But he had to break the kiss and sigh.

"He calls her 'doll'," Harry whined.

Louis chuckled, "It's just a nickname, Haz. Do you hate it when I call you 'love' or 'darling'?" Louis pouted.

Harry smiled, "I love it when you call me 'darling',"

"Very well, darling," Louis dragged the word, "Let's go home."

"Alright," Harry agreed and reached Louis' lips once more.

But again, he broke the kiss to complain, "And the ending of A Farewell to Arms is the saddest thing I've ever read."

Louis laughed again, "But don't you think that way is the best? Hoping that it always can get better?"

Harry did agree, but didn't want to lose the battle, "We'll ask Zayn when we see him, cause I don't think Niall's read it." He huffed.

"Okay," Louis chuckled and pecked Harry's lips one last time before getting on the bike.

Once they arrived to their building they saw a couple standing just outside the door. Apparently they were just talking but, even though the distance between them wasn't very intimate, it was shorter than a regular distance to have a normal conversation.

"Is that Zayn and his date?" Louis squinted his eyes when he recognized Zayn from afar.

"Looks like him," Harry nodded, "should we say hi or we just wait here till he leaves?"

"Hmm... I say we wait. What if he wants to kiss Zayn and we ruin the moment?"

"Okay, sounds good,"

"So..." Louis spoke after ten seconds of nothing happening.

"Let's count to thirty, if he hasn't left, we say a quick hi." Harry suggested.

"Alright," Louis sighed, leaning his head over Harry's shoulder and wrapping an arm around his waist.

Harry leaned his head over Louis' and wrapped his arm over his shoulder.

They didn't feel creepy spying on them. Niall and Zayn did the same thing on their first date. Besides, they weren't within earshot distance.

"Harry," Louis spoke after more than thirty seconds, "Are you counting?"

"I thought you were counting," Harry chuckled, nuzzling Louis closer to his body.

Louis rolled his eyes, "Let's just go,"
They walked in the same position, Harry holding Louis.

Zayn was laughing when he saw the boys getting closer.

"Hi, lads," Zayn greeted.

"Hello," Harry happily replied.

"This is Michael," Zayn introduced.

"Hi," Michael smiled.

"This is Harry and this is Louis," Zayn said.

"Nice to meet you," Michael replied already knowing a little bit of both of them.

He was an inch shorter than Zayn, probably two. With black hair and doe eyes. And with thin lips and a nice chin.

"We're a little tired, so, we'll see you upstairs in a bit?" Louis asked with a polite smile.

"Sure, I'll be up in a minute." Zayn nodded.

"Alright. See you later, Michael." Louis said.

Michael replied with a nervous smile, "I hope so."

Harry chuckled, "Goodbye,"

When Louis pressed the button for his floor, Harry asked, "You're not coming to bed with me?"

"Niall's out," Louis started to explain, "I figured it'd be better if I stay in my room tonight and make sure if he comes home fine,"

"You're probably right," Harry sighed, "I'm gonna miss you," He said when the lift arrived to his flat.

"Me too," Louis chuckled and gave him a sweet kiss, "Good night, darling."

"Sweet dreams," Harry replied with a wide grin.

Not too long after he had his sleeping-sweats on, he heard a knock on his door. He opened it and found Zayn wearing a goofy smile.

"Oh, hi, I was gonna check if Niall had arrived." Zayn explained.

"He texted me. He's on his way, he should be here soon." Louis answered.

"Alright. Goodnight, mate,"

"But tell me, how did it go?" Louis complained, "Nice kiss on the cheek at the end?" Louis wiggled his eyebrows.

Zayn blushed and scratched the back of his head, "Yeah, well, not exactly."

Louis gasped, "Kissing on the first date?" he clicked his tongue, "I thought you had some self-respect." He mocked.
Zayn shoved him playfully, "Shut up, it's not like I snogged him."

Louis laughed, "Alright, heartthrob, goodnight."

"Sweet dreams, Lou." Zayn smiled.

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"You've read *A Farewell to Arms*, haven't ya', Zayn?" Harry asked the next morning, having breakfast with their mates.

Zayn nodded, "Yeah, why?"

"How about you, Ni?" Harry asked again.

Niall chuckled, "A while ago. I don't really remember. It has a crappy ending, doesn't it?"

Harry laughed, "Yes! See?" He looked at Louis, who rolled his eyes and kept eating.

"Yesterday Ashton was talking deep stuff about the book and its ending. Like the soldier could have found his own happy ending after the book was done." Harry explained them.

Niall shrugged, "Don't really remember what's it about."

"Nah, to me when the book is done is done," Zayn shook his head, "If the last thing the author writes is that the character is sad then, to me, he stays sad for the rest of his life."

"Thank you!" Harry dramatically said.

"Get over yourself," Louis laughed, "by the way, lads, we're going out tonight." He excitedly announced, "Ashton invited us to one of his gigs."

"Cool," Niall approved, "I've heard them play. They're good."

"You have?" Harry asked

"Yeah," Niall shrugged finishing his breakfast.

"We should run to the store and get some stuff." Zayn said changing topic.

"Alright, just let me finish this." Harry agreed.

In the store, Niall and Harry carried a basket each.

"Pop tarts, pop tarts, pop tarts, pop tarts," Niall quietly chanted while looking for them on the shelves.

"There you go, mate." Louis said, throwing two boxes of chocolate pop tarts into Niall's basket.

Niall gave him a wide smile, "You know me too well."

Louis laughed and ruffled Niall's hair. He found funny how it took him only a few months to feel strongly attached to the boys. They felt like family now, and he truly didn't know how he was going to survive without them. Returning to England was surely going to be the hardest thing he'll ever do.

But now he was slowly sketching different plans in his head so he didn't have to live without them.
for the rest of his life. Especially Harry. When everything started he never expected to experience more than a puppy love with him. Who would have guessed that every morning he woke up next to Harry, his love grew exponentially.

"Babe, which one do you want?" Harry caught Louis attention showing him two different cereal boxes.

"You pick," Louis shrugged, "It's your shopping."

"I can't," Harry whined, "That's why I'm asking you. Besides, you eat as much cereal in my flat as in yours."

"Okay," Louis chuckled, "Cheerios are fine."

"Alright," Harry nodded, but Louis noticed how he stared a little bit longer to the Frosted Flakes. Louis laughed some more, "Take the Frosted Flakes,"

"No, you wanted the Cheerios,"

Louis sighed and, with a smile, he took both boxes, putting them in the basket, "We'll take both, then."

"You guys ready?" Zayn asked.

Harry nodded, "Sure."

"Let me get some juice." Niall answered.

After everyone got what they needed, they went to the till to pay. They were already used to Louis paying for, like, half of more of everything's checks. They had already learnt that there was no use in trying to convince him otherwise.

When they arrived to their floors they, very tidily, put everything in place. Since they already had plans for the night, they had a calm day doing homework and watching T.V.

"I still have to do the sociology one," Harry told Louis when they were all ready to go to Ashton's 'concert'.

"Don't worry, we'll do that one tomorrow," Louis answered, giving Harry a kiss on the nose.

"Let's go!" Zayn called grabbing his car keys.

Niall turned off the telly and they made their way out.

When they arrived, they skipped the queue and gave the bouncer Harry's name, just like Ashton told them to. He let them in immediately and earn a few complaints from the people in the queue.

The place was more like a large bar or a small club. The music was quite loud but no one was dancing. People were sitting on the stools along the bar or the lounge tables around the place. There was a stage at the end, with a few instruments ready.

"You made it!" Gemma yelled as soon as she saw them.

"Hello, Gems," Louis replied with a wide smile.
After greeting each other Gemma lead them to her table which was only occupied by Lou, so they could all fit in it. A little bit squeezed, but it was all right.

Louis, Zayn and Gemma went to the bar to get shots for everyone but Zayn; since he was driving he had to settle with a non-alcoholic beverage.

When Harry swallowed his shot he wrinkled his nose. The strong drink kind of burned his throat.

"Can't handle a shot?" Gemma asked Harry pouting his lips.

Harry rolled his eyes, "I can handle alcohol way better than you."

That statement alone started a drinking contest between the siblings.

And before Harry knew it he was drunk, standing right in the front row and cheering to Ashton's band, which was really good, actually. He was sure they did say the name of the band, but he didn't really listened.

Gemma wasn't very much more sober than Harry. She was riding on Niall's shoulders and singing back the whole lyrics of each song.

Niall and Louis weren't very drunk, but their heads felt light and they were as happy as ever.

When the guys finished playing, they joined the crowd greeting their own friends. Soon, two of them, plus Ashton, were in their own group. Ashton hugging Gemma and making her giggle while the other two were talking to the rest of them.

"Where's he going?" Louis asked Niall when he saw Harry leave the group.

"He said he was thirsty," Niall answered back, but quickly cached back up with the conversation.

Louis just patted his back and followed the way Harry had gone.

He found him at the bar with a bottle of beer in his hands. He stopped to study him for a second.

Harry was laughing at something the bartender had said. The bartender laughed back, but he was quickly distracted by other people ordering. Harry didn't seem to be upset, he turned to the person next to him, said something and then laughed again.

'Charming' Louis thought and laughed at his cute boyfriend. Cute and hot boyfriend. There was something about his long legs, and wide back, and messy curls that just made Louis want to do so many things he shouldn't be thinking right now. Not if he didn't want to get a tent in his pants in such a crowded place.

"You shouldn't be mixing drinks," Louis told Harry, wrapping an arm around his waist and startling him a bit.

"I shouldn't be drinking anything anymore," Harry slurred with a smirk and then gave his beer a sip, "But don't tell my friends cos they'll snatch it from me and I'm thirsty."

Louis laughed, probably because the alcohol in his system make him find Harry funnier that he should. Louis then brushed some of Harry's hair back.

"You should get away from me," Harry said squinting his eyes, "I have a boyfriend."

That made Louis crack a laugh throwing his head back. Was Harry really that drunk? Enough to
not being able to recognize him? The place was quite dark and he had taken the jacket he was wearing off, but really?

"Is that so?" Louis asked, earning a smug smile from Harry.

"Yes, and he'd kick you if he saw us this close." He answered determined, "He kinda looks like you," Harry said tilting his head.

Louis moved back, with a smile plastered on his face.

"He's really sexy, y'know?" Harry continued, "And he's from England,"

"Really?" Louis was loving the drunk-talkative-Harry.

"Mhm," Harry nodded, "Can I tell you a secret?"

Louis laughed, "Alright,"

"He makes me so happy I wanna be with him forever."

Louis' heart swelled hearing those words.

Harry gave his beer a long sip, finishing it and putting it on the counter. The bartender appeared right away to take away the bottle, "I'd even move back to England for him!" Harry yelled to the bartender.

The bartender laughed and answered, "You go for it!" Even though he had no idea what Harry was talking about.

Louis wasn't able to react, or even process, Harry's words when Zayn reached them.

"I think it's time to go," Zayn told Louis.

"Zayn!" Harry yelled and hugged him, "We have to find the others!"

"Niall's already outside. Let's go." Zayn answered.

Zayn started walking and tugged Harry's arm. Louis walked behind them.

When they reached Zayn's car Harry hugged Niall. Then he got into the passenger seat and Louis followed him.

After everyone put their seatbelts on, Zayn started the car.

"I missed you," Harry complained, holding Louis' hand.

Louis kissed Harry's knuckles, "I'm right here, love."

"Did everyone have fun?" Niall excitedly asked.

"I did!" Harry answered.

Louis laughed and so did Zayn.

Once on campus Louis took Harry to his room.

Harry was struggling taking off his boots, so Louis helped him. Harry took his shirt off and laid
down on his bed, closing his eyes.

"Won't you take off your jeans?" Louis asked.

"No, come here with me," Harry replied already half asleep.

Louis chuckled and unbuttoned Harry's jeans, sliding them down with a big effort, since Harry wasn't helping at all.

By the time Louis had put Harry's clothes in his chair and put the boots out of the way, Harry was snoring sprawled across the bed, leaving no space for Louis.

Louis smiled. "Goodnight, babe," He gave Harry a kiss on the temple and quietly made his way out of the room.

* 

"...and empirical regularities rather than starting with an abstract idea of a social whole." Harry proudly finished reading his essay.

Louis was comfortably laying on Harry's bed, listening attentively, "Very, very good, Haz," Louis smiled.

"I know, right?" Harry returned the grin, "I can't believe it took the whole day to write it," he complained.

Louis laughed, "Well, if you hadn't woken up at noon we surely would have finished it before midnight."

"That's not fair," Harry pouted, making Louis chuckle.

Harry turned off his laptop and put away his stuff. Louis took off his shirt and remained in his sweatpants, getting under the covers.

When Harry was also ready to sleep, Louis opened his arms gesturing Harry to lay down with him.

"I love you," Harry pronounced once he was nuzzled against Louis' body.

Louis kissed the top of Harry's head, "I love you more," he fluttered shut his eyes.

"Louis?" Harry whispered a few seconds later.

"Yes, Harry?" Louis whispered back.

"Will you still love me when you're back home?" Harry asked turning to look at him.

The question took Louis a little bit by surprise, but he didn't hesitate to answer with his heart, "You start feeling a lot like home, Haz," Louis smiled, before adding, "I will love you forever."

Harry smiled and reached Louis' lips, connecting them in a very tender kiss.

* 

A loud thump woke Louis up.

"Shit," he heard Harry hissed.
"What?" Louis grumbled. He turned on the light and found Harry rubbing his feet.

"Stubbed my toe," Harry whined.

Louis noticed Harry was half dressed, "Where are you going?"

"To the gym," Harry answered, putting on a t-shirt.

"Noo," Louis whined, "stay with me," he pouted.

Harry sighed and sat down beside Louis, "But I have to go,"

"No, you don't have to," Louis tried.

Harry smirked, "and I want to."

"But I'll miss you," Louis grabbed Harry's hands and held them tight.

Harry chuckled and scrunched down to give him a kiss, "Then come with me?"

A loud groan left Louis' lips, "To the gym?"

"Yes, silly, to the gym."

"But I don't have any gym clothes."

"Yes, you do. Go get them to your room." Harry laughed.

Louis groaned once more.

"Then wait for me here. I'll be back in an hour, promise." Harry soothed.

Louis sighed, "And what would we do at the gym?"

"Workout, maybe?" Harry laughed.

"But I don't have any gym towels. The coach will scold me if I don't carry one. She's mean." Louis said, remembering the first and only time he was there.

"How do you know that?" Harry chuckled.

"Cause I've, umm, been there before." Louis admitted playing with his own fingers.

"You have? When?"

"Before we met. I kind of saw you for the first time there." Louis blushed at his own words.

Harry grinned, "You did?"

"Yeah. Got the biggest crush on you." Louis chuckled, "Thought I was going to have to come back every day just to see you. Luckily for me, you were my roommate's best friend." He chirped.

"How unbelievable cute." Harry laughed.

"All I was thinking was, 'Damn that hot, dimpled, weight-boy. He's making me think bad stuff I shouldn't be'." Louis said, brushing some of Harry's curls.
"Bad stuff, huh?" Harry smirked, biting his lower lip.

Louis laughed, "Shut up,"

Harry still didn't let his mind drift from the main point of the conversation, "Come on, I have a spare towel." He begged.

Louis groaned one last time and stood up after Harry.

He went to his room and grabbed gym clothes and fresh clothes for the rest of the day. He left them in Harry's room and they walked to the gym together.

And Louis thought if he puckered his lips and gave Harry puppy eyes, maybe he'd let Louis alone in the treadmill walking at a slow pace, drinking water and watching the music videos showing in the multiple tellies. But Harry was having none of that.

He made Louis do the whole workout with him. All of it. And, to be honest, he was quite impressed that Louis was actually enduring the whole thing.

"C'mon, baby, just one more and we're done," Harry insisted.

Louis didn't bother any more to give him a death glare or a pleading glare, he just took a deep breath and finished the last burpee.

"I hate those," Louis complained when he was done.

Harry laughed, "Don't worry, burpees don't like you either."

Louis snorted, "So we're done?" he impatiently asked.

"Yes, we'll just walk five minutes to cool down."

Louis let out a long sigh and let Harry drag him to a treadmill.

"I expect an incredibly large breakfast after this," Louis warned they were walking back to Harry's flat.

"Anything you like," Harry replied, giving him a kiss on the cheek, "But shower first."

And Louis didn't argue about that one because they both desperately needed one.

They retrieved the fresh clothes from Harry's room and locked themselves in his bathroom.

"So how about you show me what kind of bad stuff I made you think about," Harry purred once they were both under the stream of water.

Louis eyes went wide, "Are you kidding me, Styles? My legs already feel like jelly."

It was time for Harry to pout, "Such a tease,"

"But you love me," Louis beamed.

"I love you so much," Harry replied grinning.

Louis smiled and reached Harry's plump lips, kissing him with all the love and passion he felt at that moment, which was undoubtedly as much as anyone could ever feel.
They finished showering rather quickly, since Louis turned down Harry's tempting offer, and got ready to have breakfast with their mates. Louis, again, stole one of Harry's sweaters, just because he could and he knew Harry loved him in his clothes.

When they got to the lad's flat they could hear the hum of the telly.

Harry banged two times Zayn's door and yelled, "Good morning, sunshine!"

Zayn growled something, which made them chuckle. They left him rambling alone and kept walking.

They found Niall standing a few feet away from the telly, with the remote in his hand. His face showing pure confusion, with his eyes wide and lips slightly parted.

"Ni?" Harry asked.

Niall took a sharp breath and turned to look at them, "Lou," he breathed, then his attention went back to the telly.

Both Harry and Louis did the same. Niall, just like every morning, was watching the news.

On the telly, an aerial shot of a car crash was being displayed. They could see it happened on a highway, since it was just a main road surrounded by ground. The accident, which was a little dramatic, involved a red sedan-like car and an old truck. Niall turned up the volume a little bit.

"...don't have any information about Prince Liam and his companion status, but they were taken to the St Andrews Community Hospital as soon as the ambulances arrived. The royal spokesperson stated that no information will be given until everyone is stable..."

Harry sill wasn't able to make a connection and Louis didn't know how to react to those words. He wasn't even sure if it was real life, "When did this happen?" Louis asked Niall.

"A couple of hours ago," Niall answered still in shock.

The scenery in the T.V. changed, returning to the studio of the broadcast.

"As we already informed you, there is not a trace about Prince Louis being in the vehicle the moment of the accident. In fact, we still don't know anything about his location since last august, when he was publically seen in the party of Helen, Countess of Wessex." The news presenter informed as several pictures of Louis and Liam at their aunt's party were shown.

"What?" Harry interrupted.

Louis turned to look at him, with his gut filled with different emotions.

"What is this?" Harry inquired raising his voice a little, even though all his eyes showed was fear.

"Harry, I..." Louis started to say something, anything. But his mind was filled with thoughts of Liam and Ed being in a car crash, and couldn't say a word.

"What's happening?" Zayn asked, walking in with a raspy voice. He took a look at the telly which was still displaying pictures of Louis and Liam as princes, "Oh, shit," he muttered, "What happened?"

No one spoke, so Niall answered unsure of his word choice, "Prince Liam was in a car accident."
"Shit, is he okay? Are you okay, Lou?" Zayn asked concerned.

"No, I... I don't know..." Louis stuttered, then he looked at Harry, who looked desperate for an explanation.

"You knew?" Niall asked Zayn.

"You haven't told them?" Zayn asked Louis.

Louis let out a shaky breath. No, he hadn't told them. But still he was so worried, all he could think of was "Liam, Ed, Liam, Ed, Liam, Ed, Liam, Ed, are they all right?"

"What...?" Harry started, but his voice broke, "Who are you?" he asked Louis, his voice a little over a whisper.

"I'm so sorry," Louis apologised as he took out his phone and dialled Paul's number.

"Hello?" he heard Paul answer right away.

"Paul, what happened? Why didn't you call me right away?" Louis demanded.

He heard him sigh, "Your mom didn't want to worry you. We're all very stressed out."

"How are they?" Louis asked afraid of knowing the answer.

"Right now they are at the St Andrews Community Hospital, but a special location will be arranged at Buckingham so they can be moved there as soon as they are stable. There they'll have more privacy and an even more special care." Paul explained.

"Paul, I asked how they are." Louis pressured.

He took a few seconds to answer, "They're bad. Prince Liam is severely wounded, and Edward..." Paul sighed a deep breath, "The doctors aren't sure if he'll make it through the day."

Louis breath hitched and he felt tears prickling his eyes. Ed could die? Was Liam that bad? He wanted to know how it happened. He wanted to know when, exactly. If where they driving without security. So many questions. But he didn't want to get the answers through a phone call.

"Get me there. I don't care how, I just..." Louis shut his eyes tight, thinking of leaving this place so soon, "I need to be there," Louis exhaled.

"Yes, sir, I'll make the arrangements. I'll get back to you in ten," Paul replied.

Louis nodded, even though Paul couldn't see him, "Thank you," He said before hanging up.

He turned to look at his friends, who were still there and listened to everything.

"You're leaving?" Niall broke the silence.

Louis didn't answer. He looked at Harry, who had his eyes glossy, filled with unshed tears.

"Hazza?" Louis whispered.

Harry cringed at the name, and without a word he stormed off.

"Harry," Louis called again, but had no answer. He followed him, but when he reached the lift he
saw the doors were already closed.

Louis fought back the tears, and walked into his room to pack the least things he needed.

He took his backpack and shoved his laptop in it. He put his phone charger, wallet, passport, and some clean clothes that could fit. He also heard Zayn and Niall talking, probably still on the lounge, but he didn't have the nerves to talk to them. He was so worried about Liam and Ed.

His phone buzzed and he answered as quickly as his fingers would allow,

"Yes, Paul?"

"Your flight leaves in an hour. You'll be flying to New York. Someone will be waiting for you there, and will lead you to a private jet that will take you straight home." Paul explained, "I'll text you your flight information."

"Alright, Paul. Thank you."

Louis took a deep breath. He grabbed his backpack and, before making his way downstairs, he made a stop at Harry's floor.

He knocked on Harry's door, hoping he was there.

"Go away," He heard Harry growl.

Louis didn't think it twice and opened the door. Harry was facing at the window, with an arm resting on the wall.

"Harry," Louis crooked.

At the sound of Louis' voice Harry instantly turned around. His eyes were bloodshot, and he had a runny nose.

"I'm so sorr..." Louis began, but was interrupted.

"What do you want?" Harry hissed.

Louis felt like a dagger stabbed his heart when he heard Harry's cold voice.

"I have to leav..." but he was interrupted again.

"Then go, already." Harry snapped.

Another dagger pierced Louis' heart.

A few seconds later Louis spoke, "Goodbye, Harry," and just before closing the door, he added, "I love you."

He lingered at the door for a moment, hoping with all his might that Harry would say it back. And when he was about to close the door, he heard Harry called.

"Louis?"

Louis opened the door wider, "Yes?" he asked full of hope.

"Please, never come back." Harry spat.
Literally, the air left his lungs and tears filled his eyes. And without any other word, he closed the door.

He called the lift and when the doors opened, they revealed Niall and Zayn.

Niall hugged Louis as soon as he stepped out of the lift, "I hate you, Lou. You messed up big time, y'know?" He said holding him tight.

"I know," Louis gulped holding just as tight.

"Here," Niall said, letting him go and getting his wallet, "Just so you don't forget us," He said, handing him a folded paper that he took out of his wallet.

Louis unfolded it and saw it was a picture of them. Of Niall, Zayn, Harry and Louis. It was one of the pictures Deo took at Niall's surprise party.

Harry was just cutely standing, while everyone else was pointing at him. Louis could remember so well that moment. He let himself shed one tear.

"Thank you, Niall." Louis said hugging him again.

"I'm gonna miss you," Niall sniffed.

"I'll miss you too, buddy." Louis replied.

"I'll go talk to Harry," Niall said.

Louis felt sadness invade him, because he was sure that was the last time he would ever see Niall and Harry.

"Take care," Niall added before walking away.

Louis smiled, "you too."

"Okay, let's go," Zayn sighed.

"What?" Louis asked.

"How are you getting to the airport?" Zayn asked back.

Louis shrugged, "Taxi?"

Zayn shook his head, "C'mon, I'll give you a ride," he said, calling the lift, which was already there.

The ride to the airport was quiet. There wasn't even music.

When they got there, Zayn parked in a spot he shouldn't have, but he didn't mind, since he wasn't going to be there too long.

"Thank you so much, Zayn," Louis gave him a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"Don't mention it," Zayn replied with his hands on his pockets.

"So I guess this is it," Louis sighed.

Zayn just nodded. "And what about the rest of your stuff?"
Louis shrugged, "I guess I'll make someone get them later,"

They fell silent, and Louis reached out to hug him.

"I wish it would have been different," Louis quaked

"Me too, mate," Zayn sighed an added, "Don't be a stranger, yeah? You have our numbers."

"Alright," Louis nodded, "I love you,"

"I love you too," Zayn replied before Louis walked away.

And just like Paul said, Louis had a place in a flight to New York.

When he arrived to New York there was a person in a suit with Louis' name written on a board.

After Louis presented himself to the person, he led him to another part of the airport that took him to the jet.

In the privacy of the jet, engulfed in Harry's scent since he was still wearing his sweater, and with sympathetic looks from the flight attendants, Louis finally let out his tears and cried himself to sleep.

Next morning Louis woke up at the feeling of Harry stirring beneath him.

"What?" Louis asked, still with his eyes closed and with a very raspy voice.

"I have to go to the gym," Harry whispered.

Louis hugged Harry tighter, "No, stay with me,"

Harry sighed. He really hated skipping gym, but Louis looked so pretty there sleepy in his bed.

"Alright," Harry kissed the top of Louis' head and wrapped his arms around him. He knew there was no use trying to go back to sleep, but he was happy just holding Louis and listening to his steady breathing.

Louis did try to fall back asleep listening to the beating of Harry's heart. He couldn't fall asleep again, but he stayed there enjoying Harry's company, tracing his tattoos with the tip of his fingers.

Harry started to run his fingers through Louis' hair. "Your hair is getting longer," Harry said, loving his silky texture.

Louis chuckled and snuggled even more into Harry, "Mhm,"

"You could let Lou cut it for you," Harry lazily talked, "She's good at it. I mean, she works at my mum's hair salon,"

"Your mom owns a hair salon?"

"Yeah, you knew that,"

"Oh, yeah, I remember," Louis said actually remembering Harry talking about it a few times. He hummed, "That'd be alright. It is getting long,"

They fell silent for a few seconds before Harry spoke up.
"What do your parents do?" Harry asked, feeling curious about Louis' family. He knew the basics, but he felt Louis was always a bit mysterious when it came to his background.

That question took Louis by surprise. He felt a sour sensation in his gut that left him with a dry mouth.

He started building the conversation in his mind, "They're the dukes of York," Louis would say. Harry would ask what he meant. "I'm a prince, Harry," Louis would reply. Harry would then laugh and reply something cute as "Yes, you're my prince." Louis would laugh with Harry because, of course, Harry would say something like that. He would reach out and kiss Harry's lips, praying it wasn't for the last time. Then he would look at Harry in the eye, "I hate to admit it this way, but it's true. My father is the son of the queen. When he married my mum, they got the title of dukes of York. So, when I was born, I was given the title of prince of York." Harry would see the truth in Louis' eyes. A few seconds would pass, Harry digesting the information he had just received. Louis would make a cup of tea for Harry and then answer all of his questions.

Louis' train of thoughts was interrupted by Harry,

"Hmm?" Harry pronounced, wondering if Louis had heard him.

But Louis wasn't ready. Revealing the truth by answering Harry's question was not the right way. He had to face Harry because he deserved it. And Louis would not only have to answer questions like 'Why did you do it?' or 'Why didn't you tell me?' This entirely involved Harry. There would be questions like, 'What are we going to do?', 'How will they handle a gay prince?', 'So you're not only going away at the end of the semester, but you're going back to your prince status.' And Louis didn't know any of those answers, not one. And, apart from that, there was the evident possibility of Harry rejecting him for completely. He was so, so scared.

"They're politicians," Louis answered without thinking it twice.

"Ooh," Harry seemed surprised, "That explains some things,"

"Does it?" Louis cleared his throat to prevent his voice from breaking, "What things?"

"Well, you always say you want to help people. Be part of organizations so you can change things. That makes more sense now, cause if you've watched your parents do it, in a way it could inspire you to do it too," Harry shrugged.

"So you're saying that is that it'd be okay if you wanted to own a hair salon. Cause your mom inspired you," Louis chuckled.

Harry laughed with him, "I don't want to own a hair salon, but yes, it would make sense if I wanted one,"

After a small pause, Harry spoke again, "The thought of getting into Law school has always been there, but right now I'm just waiting to see what happens."

Louis thought about it. Harry's life was 'Waiting to see what happens'. He was jealous of Harry. And of Zayn, Niall, Daniel and Gem. Their lives were full of expectations and surprises, of planning their own stuff or just letting it happen.

Louis could never venture into an unknown future. His future was written since the day his mom got the news he was expecting a male first-born. But, man, how he longed for that unplanned future there in Harry's arms.
Louis let out a sad sigh, which could be confused with a lazy one. "Breakfast is what should happen right now." Louis said, feeling his stomach complaining about the lack of food.

Harry chuckled and stood after Louis.

They found Harry's roommates finishing their breakfast. They were now used to Louis' frequent company in the mornings. Good thing they didn't mind.

After their fancy breakfast, consisting of a bowl of cereal, they took a shower. Louis decided to steal one of Harry's big, warm, comfy sweaters, since November days were now colder.

"It looks good on you," Harry complimented when he saw Louis practically swimming in his sweater.

Louis rolled his eyes, "Of course it does,"

Harry laughed, never getting tired of Louis. He took his hand, gave him a spin and then pulled him close, "Sassy arse,"

"You love my sassy arse,"

Harry leaned to kiss Louis, hugging him tighter, "I love you," Harry said when he broke the kiss.

"I love you more," Louis replied, looking at Harry in the eye and smiling when he earned a blush on his cheeks.

"You ready to go?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, just let me get my stuff. I'll be right back," Louis replied.

When he got to his flat, Niall was using the shower, but the telly was still on. He thought of turning it off, but Niall would probably just turn it back on, so he left it.

He was about to walk into his room when he saw Zayn walking out of his, still in his sleeping sweats.

"Hey mate," Louis smiled,

Zayn returned the smile and nodded, walking in with Louis.

"Have you told him yet?" Zayn asked, sitting Indian style on Louis' unmade bed.

Louis sighed, "It's been less than twelve hours since I last saw you. I haven't told him,"

"Well, you better tell him before it's too late," Zayn ruffled his hair and took a deep breath before speaking again. "You know, there was this guy Sebastian,"

"Sebastian as in Harry's ex?" Louis wasn't sure why was this being brought up.

"Yeah," Zayn said and waited for Louis to respond.

"Well, all I know is that he and Harry broke up cause he didn't want to come out. That's all Harry has told me," And Louis already knew it because Gemma had told him so before knowing they all knew each other.

Louis remembered Gemma told him that it was a hard breakup for Harry. But Louis was also pretty
sure Harry was over it. It had been almost two years since, if Louis wasn't wrong.

"That's right," Zayn said before adding, "But it wasn't that simple."

Louis didn't know what to say, so he let Zayn continue.

"In freshmen year, Niall met Sebastian and introduced him to us. Sebastian was part of the football team. God knows how Niall met him, but he seemed a cool lad, so he kept hanging out with us more and more. About a month and a half after meeting him, Harry confessed that he had been in a relationship with Sebastian for a month."

Louis made the numbers in his head. Wow, that was fast. It took Louis and Harry nearly two months to accept their feelings to each other.

"And we found it very strange cause, during all that time, when we went to parties and stuff Sebastian kept hooking up with different girls." Zayn kept going. "If Sebastian had been anywhere close when Harry had told us that, Niall would have given him a kick in the balls." Zayn chuckled remembering one of their firsts 'friendship-defining' moments.

Zayn continued, "But Harry explained that Sebastian wasn't ready to come out. He said that all those hooks ups were a cover up, because he thought coming out in his first semester on the team would mess things. Harry said he was okay with him doing all that stuff, because he knew he 'loved him'." Zayn said drawing quotation marks in the air. "Harry almost begged us not to tell anyone. He said that even we weren't supposed to know about it. And we reluctantly did."

Louis gulped, kind of knowing where the story was going.

"They were always very careful. I can tell you, I never saw them holding hands or just acting coupley, let alone kissing." Zayn sighed, "But one night, at a house party someone saw them. They were just kissing in the bathroom, but apparently Sebastian forgot to lock the door, so when another dude from the team walked in, it was a pretty big shock for the three of them."

Louis could picture everything too well. Another man kissing Harry, touching his body and tugging his hair. And Harry, so desperately trying to please someone else in a bathroom. His heart ached just thinking about it.

"It was very unoriginal, to be honest. The guy walked in and Sebastian pushed Harry yelling him to stop touching him, catching the attention of the few people around." Zayn narrated, "Then, to prove his point, he gave Harry a punch in the eye."

Louis flinched just thinking of someone hitting his Harry, and felt a wave of rage running through his body.

"Luckily Niall was around and helped Harry. Sebastian obviously left the scene flying so Niall still wants to kick him in the balls to this day,"

A small smile appeared in both of their lips.

But Zayn wasn't done, "All the way back to campus Harry kept saying it was his fault, that he should have been more careful," Zayn chuckled, "Niall almost wanted to punch his other eye."

Zayn took a deep breath before finishing, "Harry called him, texted him and left voice mail after voice mail. After an impossible number of non-answered calls and texts, Harry realized Sebastian was done with him."
"I see," Louis licked his lips and nodded, but with his sight glued to the ground.

"The reason I'm telling you this is because I need you to understand: Sebastian hid from the world, but not from Harry. Harry knew the good things and the bad things about Sebastian. It was Harry’s decision to accept him. But you, Lou, you're giving him no choice."

Louis' head snapped to look at Zayn, who was wearing a concerned look.

"You're not only hiding from the world, but also from him. This time it's different cause I know, and I see, you love Harry as much as he loves you. But I don't think Harry knows the person he is loving. Imagine how would that feel, believing you know the one you love but not being aware of a big, big part."

They fell silent for a few seconds. Louis loved Zayn too, as a friend of course. He loved the partying Zayn, the artsy one, the sleepy, the taunting and the caring one. And right now he couldn't care more for the concerned one.

"You've got to tell him, Lou."

Louis smiled at Zayn, "I told you I will. Just let me sort some things out."

Zayn nodded.

"Are you mad at me?" Louis asked, fearing that he actually was. But the night before he didn't seem off or anything.

"I'm not mad. I just can't believe you kept it for this long. And I feel kinda bad for not recognizing you."

Louis chuckled, "Don't worry. That was what I was going for."

"And am I the only one who knows?"

"Dan knows too."

"You told Daniel but not us?" Zayn asked acting offended, but with a crooked smile on his lips.

"He did recognize me."

"Oh,"

"I'd better get going. Harry's waiting for me."

Zayn nodded, "Alright, mate, see ya."

****

"Daaw, look at the tomatoes!" Harry cooed when he saw them. They were big, but still green.

Louis laughed, "You sound like a proud parent."

Harry grinned, not finding it like an insult at all. "Do you think we can harvest some of them next week?"

"Yeah, definitely." Louis took one in his hand, "Look, this one's more yellowish than green. I bet it'll be bright red next time."
Harry caressed some leafs close to the ground, "And what about the carrots? Have they grown yet?"

"I read somewhere that the bigger the carrots are, the less tasty they become." Louis said moving some of the same leafs, "And there's some orange colour visible already, so they should be ready in a week or so. And we don't like the bland, dull carrots, do we?" Louis said the last sentence baby-talking to the carrots.

It was time for Harry to snicker, "Who is the proud dad now?"

"I'm the responsible one," Louis grinned, standing up and straightening his jeans.

"I have some evidence that could contradict that," Harry replied on a daring tone.

Dr Miller arrived before Louis could retort something witty.

"Looking good, boys." He complimented

They just nodded while he wrote something on the binder he was carrying.

"Perfect. When you're done watering, you may leave."

Louis rolled his eyes, why did he need to say that when they were always the last team to leave and he was gone long before that?

"Thank you, sir." Harry politely offered.

"So what now?" Harry asked when they were done.

"I have class in, like," Louis checked his phone, "Half an hour."

"Do you want to go grab something?" Harry suggested.

"Yeah, sure."

They walked in a comfortable silence to the nearest shop. They just got a bottle of water each and Harry got a bag of crisps.

They got a few minutes early to Louis' classroom, so they hung out outside for a while.

"Hey, I forgot to ask you," Harry said after swallowing a mouthful, "How did you do in your quiz?"

"What quiz?"

"The one you were studying with Daniel for?" Harry asked unsure.

"Ah, no. That's today." Louis clapped his hands and rubbed them, jittery.

"Oh, really? Well, good luck babe."

"Thanks," Louis said before placing a kiss on Harry's cheek.

Harry smiled fondly at his boyfriend.

"Aww, look at them," Gemma laughed when she reached them.

Harry wrapped her in a side hug. "How are you?" He asked his sister.
"I'm good," she smiled, "And I can see you are too." She nudged Harry while watching Louis, who laughed lightly.

"And what are you doing tonight?" She asked Harry.

"Umm, well, we have nothing planned," Harry looked at Louis, who shrugged in response.

"I was thinking we could go out tonight. Ashton wants to officially meet you." Gemma told them as the Professor made his way into the classroom.

Harry raised his brows, "Sure, text one of us the place and time. And tell that punk to behave." He answered letting her go.

"Great. See you later, bro." Gemma replied tugging Louis' arm.

"Bye, Haz."

"Bye, babe." Harry blew him a kiss before Louis disappeared into the room.

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"Ready for the 'poop' quiz?" Louis asked Daniel taking a seat.

Daniel exhaled, "Bring it on,"

Louis didn't find the quiz easy, but still felt confident after finishing it. They had studied everything that was on it, so he managed to answer every single question.

Louis was the first one to finish the exam, but instead of leaving right away he waited for his friend to finish. When Daniel handed in his, which wasn't very long after, they left together.

"How did you do?" Louis asked high-fiving Daniel.

Daniel laughed, "Not that bad. Thanks to you."

Louis smiled, "Anytime."

"And I really hope I hadn't been much trouble," Daniel said referring to Harry.

Louis shrugged, "Not at all," He sighed deeply.

Daniel turned to look at his friend, who seemed lost in his thoughts.

"What's wrong?" Daniel asked bringing Louis back to reality.

Louis bit his lip, not sure if telling Daniel would be a good idea. But what was there to loose, anyway? "Zayn found out about me, and that made me realize that I have to tell Harry, for real. Like, sooner rather than later."

Daniel tilted his head in confusion, "You mean, they don't know?"

That made Louis feel a little guiltier, "No. You were the only one."

"Oh, I didn't think I was literally the only one."

Louis twisted his mouth to the side, but didn't say anything else.
"I don't think you should worry much." Daniel said and Louis laughed at his words.

"I think I do. I mean I haven't worried since I got here so it's about time. And I believe if I tell the truth but with a kind of plan, it'll be just as shocking but less troubling"

Daniel nodded, "Makes sense,"

"Alright, mate, I gotta go. But see you on Monday."

"Sure, bye."

"Take care," Louis smiled before walking away.

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"I answered cause I love you but I have so much homework I literally have only five minutes to talk with you." Liam rambled when he answered Louis' video call.

"Wow, you really are stressed." Louis chuckled.

"It seems like every professor agreed to leave extensive papers due next week." Liam complained.

"You'll manage, you always do," Louis soothed him.

"And this crazy teacher wants us to go to the National War Museum and write another paper about it, so Ed and I are going this weekend and I have so much to do before that." Liam rubbed his face.

"How are you getting there?"

"Ed has a car now. It's an old truck. Don't ask me how he got it, I only understood something about a dying aunt and him getting her truck. You know how he can talk and talk and still don't say anything."

Louis laughed because that sounded very much like Ed. "Okay, but don't waste my now 4-minute video call whining about homework. Forget about it for now."

Liam breathed deeply and a small smile appeared, "Okay, you're right. So how did yesterday go? Was the chicken good?"

"Very," Louis proudly replied, "Everything went pretty smooth. Well, besides y'know, Zayn. But he was cool after that."

"Yeah, he's cool. I liked him."

Louis sent him a cheeky smile.

Liam rolled his eyes, "Not in that way."

"If you say so," Louis teased.

"And have you broke in the news to Harry?"

"No. First I need to sort out what will happen later so I can, like, make him understand what's fully happening. And I keep telling myself there's an easy way out of this, or into this, but I'm afraid there isn't one." Louis replied.
"I don't believe there's an easy way either. But I suggest you start thinking of the things you'd be willing to give up for him."

"Give things up?"

"Or things that you'd be willing to do for him. Like, would you finish uni in America? Would you maintain a long-distance relationship? Would you give up your prince title for him?"

Louis slightly cringed at the last part, "N-no, I d-don't know." He stuttered.

"Once you know, you can make plans based on that."

"Wow, you've thought about this a lot, huh?"

"Not really. It all comes from my own inspiration." Liam proudly explained.

Louis chuckled, "Don't know what I would do without you, really."

He was interrupted by Zayn walking into his room with only a towel around his hip and damp hair.

"Lou, yes, I thought I heard you. I need your help with..." Zayn started but stopped when he saw Louis in front of his laptop, "Oh, you busy?"

"No, I'm just talking with Liam," Louis answered.

Zayn tightened the towel even though he wasn't visible to Liam from that spot.

"It's okay, Lou. I think out chat is pretty much done." Liam replied when he heard his friend needed him.

"Alright, good luck with your homework and field trip."

Liam smiled, "Thanks. Love you."

"I love you too. See you soon, mate."

And with a smile he hung up the call.

"And why would you need me so desperately?" Louis asked Zayn standing up.

"I have a date and I need your help cause I don't know what to wear."

Louis laughed, "You sound like a school-girl"

Zayn snorted, "You should've seen yourself when you started dating Harry."

They were now in Zayn's room and there was pieces of clothing filling every inch of the bed.

Louis rolled his eyes, "Whatever. Show me what you've chosen so far." He said sitting on Zayn's chair.

"I haven't chosen anything. I just threw everything clean on my bed."

Then they heard Niall and Harry arrive, Niall announcing himself with a big belly-laugh.

They stopped walking when they passed by Zayn's room and found the two of them there.
"What are you doing?" Harry asked standing behind Louis and Niall pushing some clothes away making room for himself on the bed.

"Choosing an outfit for his date." Louis answered.

"Like a pair of chicks?" Niall asked laughing.

"Who are you going out with?" Harry asked after Zayn slapped Niall on the head.

"Umm, the lad I met at the Halloween party." Zayn replied watching Niall rummaging through his clothes.

"What's his name?" Niall asked.

"Michael," Zayn answered.

"Michael Fisher?" Niall asked back, throwing him a white t-shirt and a pair of black jeans. Louis wondered if Niall knew every single person in campus.

"No, Michael Blue." Zayn replied catching them.

"Oh, I don't know him." Niall answered still tossing clothes.

Well, not everyone, Louis decided. But he did know a whole lot of people.

"Here," Niall gave Zayn a light denim jacket, "wear all that with your cool black combat boots."

Harry nodded at Niall's choice, "Well done, Nialler."

Niall winked, "That's how you do it."

"And leave the stubble," Harry added, "Makes you look sexy."

Louis slapped Harry's arm.

"What?" Harry chuckled, "You look sexy with stubble too." He grinned.

"Okay, get out now." Zayn kicked them out, "I have to be ready soon."

They laughed and went to the telly.

"So are we going out with Gemma?" Louis asked Harry.

"Yeah, she texted me the address of a restaurant in town." Harry answered.

"You're all going out tonight?" Niall complained.

"Yeah, sorry, Ni." Harry ruffled his hair.

"I'll text Deo and see if he's free, then." Niall said pulling put his phone.

After a re-run of a *The Big Bang Theory* chapter Zayn walked out of his room. Harry wolf-whistled when he saw him.

Zayn smirked, "I know, I know. I look hot."
"Thanks to me, Malik. Don't brag." Niall laughed.

Zayn rolled his eyes, "Okay, he's downstairs, so I'll better get going."

"Good luck, Zaynie." Louis chirped.

"Yeah, bye guys!" Zayn said before walking away.

"Be safe!" Harry yelled.

"You too!" Zayn yelled back from the lift.

"I'm going to get a fresh t-shirt," Harry said standing up.

"Yeah, me too," Louis copied him, "Then we leave?"

"Hmh, I want to be there before them."

Louis laughed, "I'm not sure if I'm going to enjoy the protective-brother side of you tonight."

Niall laughed, "No, jealous and overly-protective Harry is never fun."

Harry frowned, "I'm not like that."

Niall and Louis looked at each other with an 'are you kidding me?' look and laughed.

"Sure, love. Go get changed and then come and get me." Louis said kissing Harry's nose.

Harry melted to the touch, "Alright."

Louis changed his t-shirt, fixed his hair and brushed his teeth. Harry was back as soon as he finished.

"You ready?" Harry asked Louis.

"Yeah, let's go."

"Okay. You're going out, Niall?" Harry asked.

"Yes, Deo is coming to get me in an hour." He answered.

"Okay, well, always have your phone with you, yeah?" Harry warned worriedly.

Louis smiled at his cute boyfriend.

"Sure." Niall answered.

"Good, see you tomorrow, Ni." Harry said before holding Louis arm and making their way out.

"Bye, guys! Love ya!" Niall yelled.

They couldn't yell anything back since the lift doors were closed by now.

Before Harry turned on the bike Louis warned, "Now, don't be rude to Ashton, okay? Your sister likes him. He can't be that bad."

Harry chuckled, "Okay, okay,"
Louis gripped Harry tighter as he turned the ignition on.
When Liam opened his eyes, he was disoriented at first.

He blinked twice, trying to adjust to the dim light of the room.

He knew where he was. It was his room at Buckingham. But what was he doing there?

He forced his mind to remember.

Wasn't he supposed to go to a museum with Ed? Was this a very vivid dream?

No, he remembered waking up. In fact, he remembered packing lunch for the field trip. They did get in in Ed's truck, and... Oh...

Liam suddenly remembered too well.

They were driving to the museum. Chatting away the drive and then, out of nowhere, a car going at a ridiculous fast speed lost a little bit of control, diverting off his lane and crashing with them.

Liam took a sharp breath, the memories scaring him.

Suddenly there was a person wearing white clothes hovering over him.

She took his wrist, which had some wires attached he hadn't noticed, and asked, "Hello, dear. Can you give me your name?"

Liam frowned, confused, she didn't know him? Then why was she in his room? Still, he answered, "Liam," he was surprised by his rough voice and throat.

"Liam!" An all too familiar voice called.

Liam immediately lifted head, searching for his cousin. But as soon as he moved his head, a sharp pain went through it.

He squinted his eyes and rested again.

"Easy there," the nurse soothed while she checked other devices placed by Liam's bed.

"Liam!" Louis called again, already by his side.

"Lou," Liam crooked a smile.

He frowned when he took a better look at Louis, whose cheeks were hollow, with no shine in his eyes and bags under them, "You look like shit, mate," Liam said.

Louis let out a tired chuckle, "I could say the same about you,"

"Alright," the nurse interrupted, "Before anything else I'll need to ask some questions. Meanwhile, please let everyone know Liam is awake," She instructed Louis.

While Louis went to the door and told the person guarding it to bring Liam's parents, the nurse asked Liam things like the last thing he remembered and such.

Louis was quickly by his side again, holding his hand.
"But how's Ed? Where is he?" Liam started to ask, "How did I get here? How long has it been?"

Louis took a deep breath before answering, "It's been almost a year since the accident."

Liam's stomach twisted at the information.

"You know he has to take it easy," the nurse scolded him, "It is December second, Liam. You've been in your condition for three weeks."

Liam looked at Louis, who was smiling at his own prank. He wanted to scold him for scaring him, but he couldn't bring himself to do it because that was how Louis was and he loved him for that.

"And what's my condition?" He asked not feeling anything strange apart from his sore head.

The nurse opened her mouth to speak, but was interrupted by Liam's parents walking in.

"Baby, you're up!" Karen, his mom, sobbed.

Liam noticed they were wearing robes, and had messy hair. He guessed it must be night-time.

"Hi, mum," Liam smiled.

"How are you feeling, son?" His father asked.

"Alright, I guess. My head hurts."

"I already administrated some meds through his IV," The nurse, very professionally, informed.

"Thank you, Vicky." Karen replied.

"But, what happened?" Liam asked, feeling in the dark.

"You suffered a lot of injuries in the car crash. A concussion, a pair of broken ribs and even a second degree burn in your right leg. You had been on high sedatives for all of this time, but a couple of days ago we reduced the dose since your body is already healed from the worst." Vicky explained.

Karen's eyes filled with tears just listening again to what had happened to her son, "We were now just waiting for you to come around," she spoke.

"Right now would be the best if you went back to sleep. To adjust your body to its normal functions, the sooner the better," Vicky indicated, "Dr Crawford will be here in the morning to check on you,"

They all nodded.

"Good night, sweetie. See you in the morning," Karen kissed Liam's forehead.

"Goodnightmummy," He replied.

"Rest well, son" Geoff spoke.

"Thanks. You too, dad"

Liam's parents thank the nurse and wished Louis goodnight.

"You're not going to sleep?" Liam asked Louis, who showed no signs of leaving.
"Yeah, after you fall asleep," Louis answered with a smile and making himself comfortable beside him, careful of not hurting him.

"Okay," Liam smiled, then he noticed another bed at the other end of his room, "What's that bed doing there?"

"He's been practically living here with you," Vicky said, "After three nights of sleeping in your couch your mom made them instal a bed for him."

Liam turned to look at Louis.

"I missed being your roommate," Louis shrugged with a smile.

Liam returned the smile, "Thanks for being here,"

Louis silently chuckled, "It's alright, Liam, I'm glad you're getting better." he said brushing some of Liam's messy hair.

And Liam still had so many questions, but as his headache started to give in he started feeling really sleepy. He guessed the questions would have to wait until the morning, so he fell asleep listening to Luis quietly humming a song for him.

* 

When I was younger I was certain
That I'd be fine without a queen
Just a king inside his castle
With an ocean in between
Now all I do is sit
And count the miles from you to me

Next morning Louis woke up in a better mood than he had for the last three weeks. Liam's awakening and recovery eased some of his sorrow, but he still felt a hell of a lot of pain; so his mood wasn't great either.

He got up and saw Liam was still sleeping. He took a shower in Liam's bathroom and got ready for the day.

When he got out he saw Vicky hadn't left, even though his night shift had ended. She was talking to Melissa, who worked for the first day shift, filling her in with the latest news about Liam's health.

After giving them a short greeting, he made his way to the kitchen to have an informal and quick breakfast.

He went back to Liam's room when he was finished. Once there, he grabbed the book he was reading at the time and, carefully of not waking up or hurting Liam, he crawled onto his big bed, lying beside him.

Soon, Liam's parents and Dr Crawford were in the room, sitting and talking in the small living room area of Liam's room.
"Good morning, Doc," Louis greeted, already familiar with everyone taking care of his cousin.

"Hello, Louis," He greeted back, old-age wrinkles forming around his eyes when he smiled.

Louis felt Liam stirring, "Good morning, sleepyhead," He chirped.

Liam stirred some more and grunted, "What?" and slowly opened his eyes.

Melissa was immediately by his side, taking over Vicky's job and checking everything was in order, "Good morning, sweetie," she smiled.

"Huh?" Liam was still half asleep, and didn't get why the nurse looked so different this morning.

Vicky's blond hair and pale face were now replaced by black curls and tanned skin; but both looked about the same age, probably early forties.

"She's Melissa, your morning nurse. Vicky is gone for now," Louis explained.

Liam rubbed his eyes and replied, "Good morning,"

"Melissa McCall. Nice to meet you, Liam," She smiled.

He was quickly attacked by his mother, giving him three morning kisses, "Hi, mum," He smiled.

"Hello, Liam. I'm Dr Bradley Crawford. I've been looking over you and continue to do so until you are again as healthy as a horse," He smiled, "Now, let's get started," he said as he opened the briefcase where he carried some of his tools.

And then he proceeded to check Liam. He explained everything that had happened to him. He told him that he wouldn't be able to walk for a couple of weeks, since his leg was still healing from the burn. His ribs were doing good, healing appropriately.

He said he still would have to spend another week in bed, and then they would see about the need of a wheelchair or crutches.

He finished checking him rather quickly and then they, Louis and Liam, were left alone with Melissa, since their parents couldn't be there all the time and there was no need for a doctor to be there 24/7.

"I'm glad you're better," Melissa told Liam while she fixed his pillows, "Everyone here has been worried sick about you. The whole kingdom, I'd say," she said chuckling.

"Yeah, it's great he's good now," Louis spoke, then he clicked his tongue "But he woke up in Vicky's shift. That was no fun," He whined.

Melissa put his hands on her waist, "She didn't let you prank him, did she?" she asked with an amused smile.

"Naah, she ruined it way too early. Didn't let me get a full reaction from Liam,"

"What did he do to you?" She asked Liam, still with a smile.

Liam decided he liked her better than Vicky, "He told me it had been a year since the accident," he answered furrowing his brows, "You actually scared the hell outta me,"

Melissa laughed, "You were lucky you woke up in Vicky's shift, then. Louis had meaner pranks
and I was actually very tempted to let him play them to you,"

Louis and Melissa laughed while Liam whined about their conspiracy, but then his stomach made a weird noise, interrupting them.

Melissa instantly became concerned and set his nurse-mode completely on, "How are you feeling?" She asked grabbing the stethoscope to hear his organs.

Liam chuckled, "Sorry, I think I'm just a little bit hungry,"

Both Louis and Melissa let out a sigh of relief.

"And what would you like for breakfast?" Melissa asked with the smile back on his lips.

Liam quickly chose French toasts, and no more than half an hour later a maid was bringing Liam's breakfast.

"How's Ed, Lou? Where is he?" Liam finally had time to ask everything he wanted.

"He's good, now. He's in his place. I didn't really understand what happened, I don't speak doctor. But he did lose a lot of blood and something was up with his liver."

"Oh," Liam mouthed, feeling sorry for his friend.

"But he quickly got transfusions and the doc took good care of him, so he's alright."

Liam nodded, and decided which question to ask next while chewing a bite of his French toast.

"And when did you get here?" He asked after swallowing.

"As soon as I heard about you," Louis replied, stealing a piece of fruit of Liam's plate.

"But the semester wasn't over. It's still not over, is it?" He wondered.

"No. But don't worry about that. I'm sure they'll arrange something so we don't have to recourse anything." Louis stole another piece of fruit.

"And what do your friends say? They miss you loads?"

Louis lowered his gaze and started to play with the edge of the blanket, "No. Well, yes. I don't know. But Zayn texted me a couple of weeks ago wishing you well,"

"Thanks," Liam nodded, but he didn't miss the sudden change of Louis mood, who now was lost in his thoughts, "What happened, Lou?"

Louis sighed, still with his gaze lost, "I had to tell them the truth last minute before coming back. And... Harry didn't take it so well."

If Liam could have given him an instant hug, he would have. But he couldn't move so much because his body felt heavy.

He just pushed his breakfast tray as far as he could and opened his arms for Louis.

Louis fell into them with tears already in his eyes.

"I miss him so much," Louis said, his voice breaking at the end.
Liam kissed the top of his cousin's head, "You'll get him back, Lou,"

"No," Louis sniffed, "I don't think so,"

Liam sighed and rubbed circles on Louis' back trying to soothe him.

Melissa came back from the small living room to take away Liam's tray. She sent Liam a small smile and gave the two princes a little bit of privacy, taking the tray to the kitchen herself.

* 

Zayn, Niall and Harry were having breakfast together. The three of them had very little sleep, everyone spending most of the night studying for the last finals.

"Do you want some juice, Harry?" Zayn asked him.

Harry nodded, "Thanks," he said when Zayn poured some into his glass.

Niall wasn't sure if bringing the topic up was a good idea, but he spoke anyway, "I just heard in the news that Prince Liam is better now,"

Zayn did lift his head and pay attention, but Harry kept eating like Niall hadn't said a thing.

"Yeah?" Zayn asked.

"He's in a wheelchair but he's alright. Now tourists are again allowed into the palace, cause when Liam was ill no one could get in. And everyone is pretty happy over there." Niall added.

"Good," Zayn nodded.

Harry stood up and put his plate in the sink, even though he wasn't done eating.

"I should go now. See you later, lads," he curtly said before walking away.

All Zayn and Niall did was exchange a concerned look. Both of them wondering if Harry would ever be the same again.

* 

Liam was glad he finally was out of his bed. Videogames and telly for an entire week isn't that fun at the end. But now he was stuck in a wheelchair.

Dr Crawford wanted to make sure his ribs were completely healed before Liam could use crutches. So that was at least a week for Liam in a wheelchair.

Louis tried to cheer him up and see the bright-side of it. He would make car noises when he pushed Liam's chair, or they would speed when no one was watching.

But at the same time, Liam was cheering Louis up. He always tried to keep themselves busy so Louis didn't have much time to think.

But sometimes, just when Liam thought maybe Louis had started to heal from his own wounds, something happened that brought everything back.

One time Liam complained about not being able to go to the gym. Louis' mood was so down that day, even Vicky asked him what was wrong.
Liam also noticed Louis didn't eat tomatoes anymore. Every time a salad or a dish had tomatoes, a special one without them was served for Louis. Liam decided not to ask anything about tomatoes, or any vegetable just to be sure.

Liam guessed only time would heal his cousin.

*

"But I don't want anything massive, mum," Louis spoke through the phone, but was actually more interested in the football match they were playing on Liam's x-box.

"Oh, honey, you only turn twenty-one years old once. Okay, I was actually thinking about a winter party. Imagine everything in white with some ice sculptures. And if there isn't any fresh snow, we can always set some fake snow in key areas. It's pretty late to be organizing something as big as this, but I'm sure everything will be ready..." His mom, who was at their house in Berkshire, started rambling about Louis' party.

Louis limited himself to reply with 'uh-hu', 'okay' and 'yeah, alright' whenever his mom voice tone suggested to, because he wasn't really listening.

But one sentence caught his attention, "What did you say?" he asked, pausing the game, earning a complaint from Liam.

"That you need to tell me the names of your Americans friends, so we can invite them. Are you listening, Lou?"

"M-my friends?" Louis stuttered, allowing himself to think of the people he had tried so much to forget.

Liam put a comforting arm around Louis.

"Yes, the people you befriended over the semester." she replied a little bit annoyed.

"I don't have any friends, mum. Just Ed." Louis said careful of not showing any negative emotion.

"Honey, if you're worried they are too many just text Paul their names later. I'm sure we can get all of them to be here. Now, let's talk about food..."


She clicked her tongue, "Alright, sweetie. Talk to you later."

"Bye, mom," Louis said before hanging up and rubbing his face with both of his hands.

Liam sighed, "Maybe it's a good idea that you invite them, maybe..."

Louis interrupted him, "No, Liam. It is not." He snapped.

"I'm sorry, Lou," Liam started.

Louis sighed, "Don't. I'm sorry. For snapping. It's just so hard." He took a deep breath, "I don't even talk to any of them anymore. I figured that it'd be easier to forget them if I just, erased them from my life. And anyway, that's what Harry told me to do."

"Where are you going?" Liam asked when Louis stood up.
"I'm going to bed."

"You're not eating anything before?" Liam asked worried.

"I'm not hungry," Louis replied before walking away.

*

But I never told you what I should have said.

No, I never told you. I just had it in.

And now I miss everything about you.

Can't believe that I still want you.
Liam was at his last appointment with Dr Crawford. Louis was there as well, it was his last day before going back to Berkshire for his birthday party.

"So, you've been using crutches for the last week, correct?" the doctor asked Liam while Melissa uncovered the bandages from his leg.

"Yeah," Liam nodded, "The last couple of days I've been trying to add pressure to the leg and walk some steps. Y'know? Like you told me to."

"Very well," Dr Crawford approved.

Melissa took the last one off and Louis came closer to see.

"Man, that's not pretty," he chuckled.

Liam's leg had a big pink stain. The scar was mainly in his thigh and a little bit of his knee.

"You shouldn't feel any pain. Do you?" the doctor asked while he examined the injury.

Liam shook his head, "Can't feel anything strange,"

"Can I touch it?" Louis asked already reaching out and stroking it, "It's so smooth."

Everyone laughed.

"So you must apply this ointment every morning, and this one at night. Both of them until finished. They're for the scar, to even-out the colour." Dr Crawford spoke as he left the two creams on Liam's nightstand, "And that would be all. You should be good now. But if you see something weird or feel uncomfortable, give me a call."

"Alright, thank you so much, Dr," Liam thanked with a smile.

Dr Crawford smiled, "My pleasure,"

"Bye doc," Louis waved.

"Goodbye, boys." He said before walking out of the room.

Liam put his sweats back on and Melissa helped him up.

"How are you feeling, dear?" She asked.

"Feels nice to be on two legs," Liam beamed.

"I'm so happy we're over this incident," Louis smiled.

"Yeah, Liam's a lucky boy. Most of the people take way more to recover from a burn injury. Some of them never do," Melissa sadly said.

Louis frowned, thinking of the people who couldn't have access to good surgeons or doctors to recover from a burn. Melissa was right, Liam was lucky. He literally had a person looking after him every day, all day long, for almost two months.
"Hey, does it mean you'll be gone, now?" he asked Melissa.

"Sadly, yes," she answered, "Today's my last shift. Of all nurses, actually."

"Aww, we'll miss you, Mel," Liam whined.

She chuckled, "I'm going to miss you too, boys. Now wait, I have to talk to your mother." She said before walking out.

The cousins made their way to the telly, turning it on and leaving in on a random channel.

"Maybe this will sound crazy and kind of out of the blue, but..." Louis started.

Liam turned to look at him, without knowing if he should be scared or what.

"When I finish uni," Louis hesitated "I want to take part of organizations for burn victims."

"Well, it is unexpected." Liam agreed, "But I think is very possible."

They both knew that taking part in different organizations was a duty they had as royals.

"But, like, as a full-time thing." Louis explained.

"Shouldn't I be the one wanting to do that?" Liam laughed.

"Yeah, but you've got far more things to do first. You've got the military career." Louis pointed out.

"And you're not coming with me?"

Louis shrugged, "Yeah, but maybe for a year or two."

"Yeah, you'd better be there with me." Liam playfully punched him.

Louis punched him back, "Don't start it. You're not crippled anymore, remember?" he laughed.

*

And before Louis knew it, he was handsomely dressed in a hand-tailored black tuxedo, and greeting the guests in the ballroom celebrating his birthday. Everything was just like his mom had planned. Pretty much a winter wonderland.

He wasn't having a bad time at all. He would even dare to say he missed this because everything was almost effortless, he just needed to have a nice smile and a smooth conversation. This provided a much needed distraction for everything that had happened.

This was no house-party; there was no grinding, loud music, wasted people or people filling the air with cigarette smoke. But it was alright, it was what Louis' had experienced his whole life. He spent the night with Liam and Ed by his side and had more than one fun conversation with people ranking between the ages of fifteen to seventy.

"There you are, Lou," Liam chuckled when he found his cousin sitting alone in one of the tables.

The party was pretty much over, Ed was long gone and the few people remaining were just saying their last goodbyes.

"Do you think I can count every bubble in this champagne glass?" Louis asked Liam, examining
closely the glass of champagne he had in his hand.

"No," Liam chuckle.

"One, two, three, four, fiv... oh! Bubble number four just burst. Should I still count it?" Louis whined, making Liam laugh.

"Are you drunk?" Liam sat next to him

Louis frowned, "Of course not. Champagne doesn't get you drunk, it just makes you giggle and feel lighter."

"And do you feel that way?" Liam asked with an amused smile.

"Yes," Louis giggled, "But it's alright, the party is over."

"Hmm..." Liam shrugged.

"And I like champagne! Do you know why I like champagne, Liam?" Louis asked, still absorbed in the bubbles.

"Why do you like champagne, Louis?"

"Because it doesn't remind me of Harry." Louis sighed.

"It doesn't?" Liam asked, unsure if talking about it would be a good idea.

"Nope," Louis shook his head, "I never drank champagne with him, so it doesn't bring any memories."

Liam didn't speak.

"You see, there are so many things that remind me of him, I really want to enjoy the things that don't," Louis said and had a sip of his champagne "Maybe I'll start to forget him that way."

He licked his lips after swallowing.

He allowed himself to think for one last time about the person he once thought he could not live without.

He wondered, if he had done everything right from the beginning, would Harry have been there tonight? Also dressed in a fancy tuxedo, drinking champagne with Louis?

Would Harry have acted shy around so many important people? No, Louis didn't think so. He would have been charming, as always. Greeting with his bright dimpled-smile and his shiny green eyes. Harry would have talked with the guests, and then called Louis to introduce him to them. Then Louis would have laughed, and replied that, in fact, he already knew them.

Would Harry have given him a birthday kiss? Yes, he would have. They would have escaped to another room, to have a few minutes of privacy, where they would share the love gestures they were so desperate to show since the moment they saw each other so elegantly dressed.

And then, next morning, Harry would have given him a goodbye kiss because he would have to travel that day to spend Christmas with his family. But not before promising to meet again for New Year's Eve.
Louis ran his fingers along his own lips, still feeling the warmth of Harry kisses.

He finished his drink, wishing champagne would wash away Harry's taste forever.

"I think I'll go to bed now," Louis said standing up.

Liam nodded, "Alright, Lou. See you in the morning. Happy birthday."

Louis sent him a small smile, "Thanks,"

>You're in my veins and I cannot get you out.<br>You're all I taste at night inside of my mouth.<br>You ran away cause I am not what you found.<br>You're in my veins and I cannot get you out.

*

"Alright, kids, I'm going to bed. Merry Christmas,"

"Merry Christmas, mom," Gemma gave her mother a kiss.

"Goodnight, mom, merry Christmas," Harry also gave her mom a kiss.

Now there were just Gemma and Harry, sitting by the fireplace in the living room of their home. Both with an unfinished glass of red wine in their hands and watching the credits of the movie they've just finished.

Their Christmases were always quiet, just the three of them. They always cooked a nice meal together and then, when it was ready, they changed to something nicer for dinner.

They spent dinner talking about anything. Some bits about childhood memories, then maybe future plans. After they were finished, they sat in the living room to exchange their presents.

Gemma always suggested to watch a film, and they always ended up watching it. It was never the same one, but it was always a Christmas one.

"It was Louis' birthday yesterday," Harry said blankly after a few minutes of silence.

"Oh," Gemma worded not knowing how to react.

It was the first time Harry talked about Louis since he left. Whenever Gemma had tried to talk about Louis, Harry would ignore her.

"Did you know who he was?" Harry asked her.

"No, of course not." Gemma quietly chuckled "Ashton was the one who told me when he heard about Liam. He told me that he finally remembered where he had seen Louis before, and then explained everything."

Harry just nodded.

"How are you feeling, H?" Gemma asked, "I know not well. Even mom sees you're different."
"I feel betrayed, to be honest," he answered, his features were hard.

Gemma felt sorry for his brother.

"Have you talked to him?" he asked.

"I texted him once. He replied saying how incredibly sorry he was, he begged me not to hate him, and told me to tell you he loves you." she finished biting her lower lip.

"Well, there isn't much to do about it, is it?" Harry asked, not letting the love message sink in.

Gemma shook her head.

Harry shrugged, "Well, it was nice while it lasted."

He stood up and left his glass on the coffee table, "Goodnight, Gem, and merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, H." She smiled.

*

Louis had talked to his parents about the burn victim's organization thing, and they were very happy to hear that kind of initiative. So he decided to finish uni as soon as he could.

Louis had decided to check again which classes he had taken. It turned out that he had already taken the majority of the classes for a major in Art History. If he made an extra effort, this could be his last semester at uni.

"Isn't it nice to be back?" Liam asked excitedly while he unpacked his clothes and placed in the small closet in his dorm in Saint Andrews.

This was also the last semester for Liam. Him getting a major in Geography.

"No," Liam and Ed answered in unison, laughing afterwards.

"Well, I am," Liam rolled his eyes, "I was already sick of my place."


All of the winter parties, along with the company of Louis' sisters, slowly helped him to get over everything. Not completely, because he still struggled with the thought of Harry, but had accepted that that chapter of his life was finished. Everything was taking its normal course again.

"What are our plans for the weekend?" Liam asked.

"Stuff ourselves with pizza," Ed answered.

"I second that," Louis high-fived Ed, "And a Marvel movie marathon."

"Okay, I'm in," Liam agreed.

"You talking every single one of them?" Ed laughed.

"Yes, I say we watch Thor first!" Louis replied already grabbing his laptop.

And that's how their semester started.
Because of their choices of majors, Liam, Louis and Ed didn't share that many classes. But Louis wasn't upset, he kind of practiced not being with them last semester.

And this time he even tried to get to know other people. He discovered it wasn't just in his head, most of the people *did* act awkward around them.

But he also noticed that it wasn't every single person. He actually met a really cool girl in one of his classes, Elena. She reminded him of Gemma, she was as witty and easy going as her, and even a little bit sassy.

Elena also had a friend. Claire was more on the shy side, but once she had warmed up to them she could be quite entertaining. So now they spent some of their free time with the two girls.

It was a rainy day in the middle of March when Liam got a call. The five of them were having lunch inside a small shop. Louis, Liam and Elena were sharing a pizza, while Ed and Claire shared some fish n chips.

"Who was that?" Ed asked when Liam hung up, not caring if he was inappropriate.

"My dad's assistant," Liam sighed.

"What did he want?" Louis asked.

"The president of the States invited grandma and my parents to an event," Liam started to explain. Louis suddenly remembered, "You own me a trip to Australia, mate!"

Liam rolled his eyes, "This year, I promise. Anyway, my parents can't go cause they're in Malaysia doing this other thing..."

"Your parents are in Malaysia?" Louis asked.

"Yes," Liam replied.

"Even Ed knew about that, Louis," Elena snorted before biting her slice of pizza.

"So they told me to go with grandma to the event, in representation of my parents," Liam finished.

"So you're going to the states," Ed clarified.

"Yes, and guess who's coming with me?" Liam asked wiggling his eyebrows. Everyone turned to look at Louis.

"You want me to go with you?" Louis whined.

"You own me a whole semester of lonely events," Liam laughed.

"And when's this thing?"

"In two weeks," Liam replied.

* Those two weeks went flying. They arranged everything for the trip. It was a short one, since it was a one-day event.
They travelled to London and then, together with the queen, they reached Washington D.C. and were welcomed by a large committee of people.

Nice, sweet, smiles; all sorts of little chats; fancy breakfast; massive dinner; and cameras everywhere, summed up their trip.

The second, and last, night of their trip Louis knocked on Liam's hotel-room door.

It was pretty late, so Liam took a while to answer.

"Lou?" Liam asked with a raspy voice.

Liam heard a sob as response.

"Lou, what's wrong?" Liam asked alarmed, dragging him inside.

Liam led Louis to the small lounge area of his room.

Louis was sniffling and sobbing.

"I'm sorry," he cried, "I was doing very well, Liam. I was," he whimpered, "But trying not to think of him is so hard. It hurts cause I miss him and..." he stopped to clear tears from his face, only to be replaced by new ones, "And I can't do it anymore. Being here, I feel like I'm so close, but at the same time so far. I can't,"

Liam was scared. He had never seen Louis so out of control. He just hugged him and engulfed him, letting him curl himself by his side.

"Lou, you have to go. You have to go get him..."

"He told me to never come back," Louis sobbed, "He doesn't want me anymore. I ruined it. I ruined it forever."

"Don't say that. You don't know that,"

Louis sniffed three times more, slowly calming himself, "Can I sleep with you tonight, Li?"

Liam gave Louis a kiss on the forehead, "Of course, Lou. C'mon, we have to wake up early tomorrow."

_Loving you hurts_

_Knowing I already lost you_

_*_

Next morning, Louis woke up feeling like shit. He took a shower and tried to look not as shitty as he felt. He acted like nothing had happened, talking to Liam about stuff that they needed to do when they were back at Saint Andrews.

Soon, the cars were there to pick them up. One for the queen and another one for the princes.

"Thank you, sir," Liam told the driver when they reached the airport.

He nodded in response and got their bags from the trunk, carrying them to take them to their flight.
"I think we're at the wrong place," Louis said, "This is the terminal for the national flights,"

"Yes," Liam answered dragging him, "We're flying to Rhode Island."

"What?" Louis nearly yells, "You can't do that!"

"Yes, we do. I arranged everything."

"Wha... how... wait, no!" Louis yelled.

"I'm not taking no for an answer. I don't want to see you like yesterday ever again. Now you get your bum in the plane and get Harry back." Liam ordered.

Louis was left with nothing else to say, jolted by Liam's firm voice.

They reached their gate before Louis could react to their actions.

"Can I see your tickets, please?" A lady from their airline asked.

The driver, who was still with them, handed in their tickets.

"Very well," she smiled, "Follow me."

And she led a happy Liam and a terrified Louis to their first-class seat.
The hour-and-a-half flight, Louis spent it fidgeting; bouncing his leg up and down, messing his hair and biting his bottom lip.

"Would you stop it?" Liam spoke, half annoyed but half amused.

"No," Louis answered back. Then he sighed, "What am I going to say?"

"Tell him what you feel,"

Louis was about to say something.

"Stop," Liam commanded, "Don't say anything. Now, think about Harry, and tell me what you feel."

Louis shook his head, "So many things,"

"The most overwhelming one,"

"That I want him back," Louis answered more as a question.

"Then you tell him that. Explain everything to him," Liam said.

Louis bit his lip, "But what if he doesn't take me back?"

Liam sighed, "Well, you can't do much about it,"

Louis nodded, realizing everything Liam said was true, "I just need to say everything. The rest is up to him,"

"Pretty much," Liam agreed.

Louis smiled and stood up from his seat, sitting in Liam's lap and hugging him, "Thanks so much, Li."

Liam squirmed a bit, "You're welcome," he chuckled.

"Now, move. I want cuddles." Louis said making room for himself in Liam's seat.

The seat wasn't too wide, but they could fit. A little bit cramped, but fine.

*  

"There's someone waiting for us?" Louis asked when he saw a man holding a board with Liam's name outside their gate.

"He's our driver." Liam explained walking in his direction.

Louis had no option but to follow him.

The driver took their luggage and led them to their car.
"Why a black SUV, Liam? We're just going to a university. Any car would have worked." Louis rolled his eyes.

"Not my fault. I told Paul something not too flashy," Liam shrugged, getting into the car.

"Paul? And since when do you give Paul orders?" Louis asked, not really meaning it.

Liam ignored his question, "I talked to him after you fell asleep last night. Told him that you wanted to visit some friends and he arranged everything,"


"Is Brown too far away?" Liam asked.

"20-minute drive, maybe 15." Louis answered feeling much more calmed than he expected.

What Liam had told him really, really helped.

Okay, but maybe he did start to feel butterflies in his stomach when they crossed the gates. He felt weird.

He felt like he had never left. Everything was just the same. He could swear it was just yesterday when he arrived for the first time.

He gave the driver instructions and soon they were in the parking lot near his building.

"Look, look, look," Louis patted Liam impatiently, "There's Harry's bike,"

"It's a nice bike," Liam approved.

"Oh, no," Louis started freaking out, "I think I'm gonna be sick,"

"Lou, breath." Liam instructed.

Louis took four deep breaths.

"Is it a good thing or a bad thing that the bike is still here?" Louis asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Like, does he still use it? Or he did he leave it untouched since I left?" Louis tilted his head.

"How would I know?" Liam laughed.

Louis breathed two more times, "Alright, here we go," he said before opening the door.

Liam followed him out of the car.

"I really hope he still lives in the same room," Louis muttered, realizing he had no other way to reach him.

Liam sat down on a near bench, "Well, go for it, mate," he cheered.

Louis nodded, "You good here?"
"Sure," Liam gave him a smile.

"Wait, how do I look?"

Liam chuckled, "Like you're going to be flying with the queen."

Louis checked his clothes. Liam was right.
He was wearing black trousers, a white t-shirt, a black blazer, and brown formal shoes.

"At least I need to get rid of the shoes," Louis said opening the trunk and getting his suitcase.

He opened it and started rummaging through his stuff.

"My babies," he chirped when he got his black vans.

He quickly changed his shoes, while the driver dealt with his mess.

Louis cleared his throat, "Okay, I think I'm ready now."

"Good luck, Lou," Liam smiled.

Louis let out a nervous laugh before walking towards his building.

He didn't overthink anything. He didn't even take a second glance to the place surrounding him.

He entered into the building, called the lift, pressed the button for Harry's floor, and waited.

When the lift doors opened, he immediately walked towards Harry's dorm-room and knocked.

He had no answer.

He knocked again.

Still no answer.

He knocked for a third time.

And this time, a door was opened, only it was the door from across the hall.

Louis turned around and found Max, Harry's roommate.

"Hi," Louis said.

"Hi, Louis," Max answered a little bit confused. He hadn't seen Louis in a long time, and wondered what he was doing there.

"Um... does Harry still live here?" Louis asked.

"Yeah," Max replied, "But he's out,"

"Oh," Louis said, "And... do you know when he's coming back?"

Max shook his head, "No, sorry,"

"Alright, thanks, mate,"
Max nodded and went back to his room.

Louis called the lift, which was still there.

He wondered if Harry was at *his* old flat, with Zayn and Niall. He wasn't sure if he was ready to face the three of his friends. But pressed the button for his floor, anyway.

When the lift reached the floor and the doors opened, Louis didn't come out.

He stayed in the lift, listening.

Everything was quiet.

Maybe they weren't there.

Before Louis could decide anything else, the doors closed again.

He sighed and made the lift take him back to the ground floor.

He walked out of the building, squinting his eyes at the sun.

And then he saw him.

Harry was walking towards the building. He was twenty, or twenty five, steps away from him.

Louis was frozen in place.

Harry still hadn't seen Louis because he was laughing. Showing the dimples Louis never thought he would see again. He was laughing at something another person said. Harry was with someone else.

He was thin and tall, taller than Harry, and with brown hair. He also looked older. Older than Louis, even.

Before Louis realized it, they were five steps away. His heart started to beat faster.

His mouth reacted before his mind, "Harry," Louis called, catching his attention.

When Harry heard his name, for an instant, he thought it was Louis' voice, but then he remembered it couldn't be. Then he turned to look at the source of the sound and realized, it *was*.

Louis was there. Standing in front of them. So beautiful in formal clothes and his perpetual vans.

His smile erased from his face, being replaced by a puzzled look, "Louis?"

They stared at each other for a few seconds, which felt like an eternity.

Harry felt the sudden urge to touch him, but resisted it.

He tried to make something out of Louis' features. But Louis showed nothing. Not happiness, not sadness, not even confusion.

"What are you doing here?" Harry asked.

Louis didn't answer. His eyes flickered to his companion.

"Oh, sorry. This is Nick Grimshaw," Harry introduced him, "He's, uhh..." he hesitated.
Nick chuckled, "A friend," he said extending his arm.

"Louis of York," Louis replied, already shaking Nick's extended arm, "Nice to meet you."

Harry felt weird in his stomach. He wasn't Louis of York; he was Louis Tomlinson.

But then, again, he wasn't Louis Tomlinson; he was Louis of York. And that's what started the whole thing.

An awkward silence followed their handshake.

"I just came to say hi," Louis said, "But I see you're busy."

Harry's look was starting to get harsh, which kind of scared Louis.

"I'll come back later," Louis said before walking away without another word.

He quickened his pace and reached Liam, who was laying on the bench, playing on his phone.

"You're back?" Liam asked sitting up.

Louis was breathing hard, "He's with someone else."

"What do you mean someone else?" Liam frowned.

"He was on a date, maybe. Or something," Louis started rambling without making any sense, "I talked to him, just said I came to say hi. He introduced me to the other guy. He didn't know what they were. But he said friends. But Harry wasn't sure. Shit, I shouldn't have come..."

Louis suddenly felt a body crashing hard against him. The only reason Louis didn't fall is because the body was holding him tight.

Louis quickly recognized the owner of the blond hair nuzzling against him.

"Hello, Nialler," Louis smiled.

Niall pulled back and beamed at him, "Lou! What the hell, mate? What are you doing here?"

Louis laughed. Then he saw Zayn was also there. He hugged him hard, "I missed you, bro" Louis said.

"Hi, I'm Niall Horan," Louis heard Niall say.

Louis parted from Zayn and saw Liam stood up to shake Niall's hand, but Niall pulled him into a hug.

Liam chuckled, "Liam of Wales, nice meeting you,"

"We have the same middle name, y'know?" Niall chirped.

Liam nodded with a smile, "So I've heard."

Then he turned to look at Zayn and offered his hand as well, "Hello, Zayn,"

Zayn smiled wide, "Hi, there,"

"So why are you doing here?" Niall asked again.
"I missed you guys too much," Louis pinched Niall's cheek.

"Course you did," Zayn ruffled Louis' hair.

"We came to the States for this official thing, and then Liam suggested we came by to say hi to you, lads, and... Zayn, would you stop gawking at my cousin? It's weird, mate. Don't," Louis scolded when he saw Zayn biting his lip and staring at Liam.

Zayn chuckled in response, while Liam's cheeks turned red.

"And when did you get here?" Niall asked after laughing at Liam and Zayn.

"About ten minutes ago?" Louis asked Liam, who nodded.

"So you haven't seen anyone?" Zany asked.

"Well... I bumped into Harry... and Nick," Louis scratched the back of his head, "Didn't really exchanged a lot of words."

Their laughs and happy faces faded away.

"Do you wanna go to the flat?" Zayn asked, "We can chat over there,"

Louis nodded.

"It's actually really nice," Liam said once in the flat where his cousin lived for a semester.

Louis was smiling. Memories of his staying flooding his mind.

"And who's the new roommate?" Louis asked, realizing someone else should be sleeping in the bed that once was his.

"His name is Sam," Niall answered, sitting down on the couch, everyone else did the same. "He's quite dorky. He never hangs out here,"

After everyone had sat down, Louis knew their friends were waiting for him to say something.

"So, when I left it was rather quickly. Didn't have the time to explain anything," Louis started.

"Well, Zayn told us what you told him," Niall said.

Louis nodded, "Yeah, that's about it. I just wanted to be normal, for once. I guess I owe you an apology,"

"It's alright, mate," Niall nodded.

After Niall had said that, they fell silent.

"And, uh... How's Harry?" Louis asked.

Zayn and Niall looked at each other and shrugged.

"To be honest, I wouldn't know," Zayn said, "I mean, he never talks about you. He kind of just erased you from his life. I don't believe he thought you'd ever come back,"

Zayn sighed and so did Louis.
"He's... normal," Zayn continued, "Like nothing had happened,"

Hearing that broke Louis' heart. Did Harry actually forget him like that? Did he just wipe the slate clean, like it was no big deal?

"Well, I'll still talk to him," Louis said, "I've got some things I have to get out,"

Niall nodded, sending an encouraging smile.

"And how are you?" Zayn asked Liam after a few seconds, "Y' alright now?"

Liam guessed it could only be about the accident. He smiled, "Yeah, thanks. All better now,"

"Good," Zayn smiled.

"And for how long are you staying?" Niall asked them.

Louis raised his brows, "I don't know. Liam's actually the organizer of this trip,"

Liam shrugged, "We have a hotel booked, but it's really up to Louis,"

"A hotel? No way, you can stay here. You can have my bed, Lou, I'll sleep on the couch or something," Niall excitedly offered.

Zayn smirked, "Yeah, and we can share my bed," he told Liam, who instantly blushed and let out a chuckle.

"Stop it, Malik," Louis warned.

"Why? He was just being generous." Liam replied, just to tease Louis.

Zayn's smile grew wider and he winked at Liam, who, again, chuckled.

"Okay, I'm done sticking up for you," Louis raised his hands in defeat.

Niall couldn't stop laughing.

"So who's this Nick guy?" Louis asked, but without showing how upset he actually was for knowing Harry might have found someone else.

"Hmm... he and Harry have been friends for a while," Niall explained, "He works here. He's not a teacher, though. He works in the library. And, I dunno, they hang out. He obviously has a crush on Harry. He flirts openly to him, but Harry doesn't really do much more than flirt back." Niall bit his nail.

"Yeah, as far as we know, they're not together or anything," Zayn added.

Louis nodded. Well, Harry's always been a flirt, but that didn't help. He still felt really bummed out.

"And, do you think he's still with Nick, right now?" Even though Louis already felt nervous about talking to him, he wanted to do it already. He needed to know how Harry felt.

"Text him," Niall said, offering his phone.

Louis accepted the offer.

To Styles: Where you at? with Nick?
He decided not to tell him it was actually Louis texting. Let him think it was Niall.

From Styles: *No. I'm in my room.*

Louis felt kind of hurt that Harry hadn't mentioned to Niall he had seen him.

He stood up, "I guess it's time I talk to him,"

He felt the phone buzzed again

From Styles: *Do you have paper? Need to print homework and I ran out of.*

Louis looked at Niall, "He wants to know if you have paper."

Niall nodded, "Sure," and went to his room to get it.

To Styles: *Just a sec.*

Niall came back with the paper and gave it to Louis, "Go get him, mate," Niall smiled.

Louis let out a shaky breath, "Okay,"

Zayn and Liam sent him encouraging smiles.

Louis took the stairs and made his way to Harry's room.

He took a deep breath and knocked.

"Just get in, you don't have to knock," Louis heard Harry say, probably still thinking it was Niall.

Louis opened the door.

Harry was facing away, sitting on his desk and typing on his laptop.

Louis came closer until he was beside Harry. He set the bunch of papers in his desk without a word.

Harry, wondering why Niall hadn't spoken or laughed, turned around; seeing Louis.

He took a deep breath and turned back again to his laptop. He saved what he was doing and closed his laptop almost violently, almost.

He suddenly turned again to Louis and stood up, making Louis take a few steps back.

"What are you doing here?" Harry harshly asked.

"I'm here to talk," Louis stuttered.

Harry crossed his arms and didn't say a word.

Louis cleared his throat, "Do you want to go for a walk?"

Harry shrugged, but at the same time walked around Louis and walked out of the room, calling the lift.

Louis took that as a yes and followed him.
And, *God*, why did Harry had to look so gorgeous? With his black, skinny jeans; a red flannel with a white tee underneath; and a folded bandana on his hair that framed his handsome face.

They didn't exchange any words in the lift.

When they got out they started walking aimlessly at a slow pace.

Louis spoke after a couple of minutes of silence, "I came here to explain why I never told you,"

"I know the story." Harry interrupted, "Zayn told me everything,"

"Harry, I *was* planning on telling you. But every time I was about to say it, I just freaked out. I had no idea how you would take it. I was so scared about your reaction I just kept postponing it." Louis explained, playing with his fingers.

"Well, now we know it wasn't the coolest," Harry curtly said.

"I'm sorry, Harry," Louis said, "I thought I wanted to be prepared. To have all the answers for the questions you would ask."

Harry didn't say anything back. So Louis remained quiet again, kind of forgetting the reason he came back.

If Harry already knew, then what was he doing there? Right, to get him back. Only, Harry didn't look too pleased to see him.

Harry interrupted his thoughts, "Do you know depressing it is to realize you don't know something about the person you love that, apparently, the whole world does know?"

Louis' heart fluttered hearing Harry say *love*. He didn't want to get his hopes up, either. Anyway, Harry was still talking, so he didn't have time to react.

"Niall googled you, for god's sake! He read the Wikipedia page of the person he shared a room with for four months, because he didn't know the basics about his background. Do you know how disappointing is that? And he fucking got excited about it!" Harry groaned.

"But you *do* know me," Louis managed to say after Harry's angry speech.

"Oh, yeah. We knew you grew up in London. We knew you've got four sisters. We just missed the tiny detail that you're a bloody *prince,*" Harry almost spat the word.

Louis didn't know what to say.

"You made me feel like I wasn't worth it," Harry spoke with saddens in his voice, "Like I was something you could easily dump when you were done here. Like some fun that wouldn't mess up your perfect life."

"Harry, you know that is not true. And my life is far from perfect," Louis breathed.

Harry stopped walking, and so did Louis. He rubbed his face with his hands, closing his eyes hard.

"Why did you come here, anyway?" Harry sighed, opening his eyes.

Louis realized he hadn't prepared any speech, so he just spoke with his heart, "Because every day I hate myself for not doing things right from the beginning. I should have told you. I didn't and I regret it more than anything," He made a small pause and then continued, "I miss you, Harry. I-I..."
I need you."

Harry took a few seconds to process what Louis told him.

He let out a sad chuckle, "And then what, Louis? You expected me to jump on the back of your white horse? To leave everything and live with you in a castle, happily ever after?"

"What?" Louis world was falling apart.

"That's fairytale's crap. This is real life, Louis. You have to realize there's no way for us." Harry shed a tear, "What will people say when the queen's first grandson comes out gay? Or what? Will I be your mistress while you're publicly married to a beautiful princess? I'll be just your toy for when you're bored?"

Harry's words hurt Louis. Harry was rejecting him. And he was doing it for the wrong reasons.

"Listen to yourself, Harry!" Louis was getting desperate, "Why would I ever do that to you? Can't you see I love you? What can I do to prove it to you?"

Louis took out his phone and continued talking, "I can contact a national radio station and say I, personally, want to make a statement. They will link my call with the radio transmission, and then I'll be talking live in the radio through my phone."

Harry squinted his eyes, confused.

"Then, on air, while the whole country is listening," Louis carried on, "I will say that I am in love with a young man from Cheshire, named Harry Styles. Straightforward. Then the radio-hosts will ask questions and then I will answer each of them. Telling them how I met you here in Brown, how I fell in love with you, lost you, and that now I want you back."

Harry was shaking his head, "That's not what I mean," He had an angry look on his face, but also tears in his eyes.

"Then what? I would do anything for us, Harry. So don't make shit up saying how I wouldn't fight for us. I would give you the place you deserve, not like the bullshit you just came up with. If you don't want me, just say it. Say that you don't want me, and I'll leave."

Harry closed his eyes, the tears now streaming down his face, "I don't want you."

Louis' breath hitched. He didn't really expect Harry would say it. He just wanted to know what Harry actually wanted from him.

Now he needed to know if Harry actually meant it.

He took a step towards him, and gently cupped Harry's face, placing his hands on his cheeks "No. I need you to look me in the eyes and say that you don't love me. I'll never come back, if you do. I promise."

Harry opened his eyes, green meeting blue. And, after a few seconds of intense staring, he whispered, "I don't love you anymore, Louis."

Louis' world crumbled. But Harry had said it without hesitating, and he had made a promise.

He slowly let go of Harry's warm face, letting his arms fall, "Very well, then," Louis nodded, "Goodbye, Harry," he said before walking away.
Hands are silent, voice is numb
Try to scream out my lungs
It makes this harder
And the tears stream down my face
If we could only have this life
For one more day
If we could only turn back time
You know I'll be
Your life
Your voice
Your reason to be
My love
My heart
Is breathing for this
Moment
In time
I'll find the words to say
Before you leave me today
*

The blank expression Louis was wearing was enough to tell Zayn, Niall and Liam, that it hadn't gone as expected.

Louis wasn't crying. It was like his heart was ripped out of his chest, and that's probably why he felt absolutely nothing.

Well, he felt hollow. Dull. Hopeless.

He felt like he should have said more. But he had said it all. So there was nothing more to do. It was Harry's choice.

Nobody spoke, until Louis broke the silence standing up, "Can I help myself to some water?"

Niall nodded, "Sure, Lou, you know the way,"

Louis grabbed a glass, filled it with water, and drank it. When he was done, he had some more.

No one knew what to do.
"Do you want some, Liam?" Louis asked.

"Oh, no thanks, Lou. I'm good," Liam answered, raising a glass he already had.

Louis nodded and came back to sit down with them.

"I think it's time to go," he told Liam.

"So soon?" Zayn replied.

"You don't want to see other friends?" Liam asked.

Louis thought of Daniel, of Gemma. Of the other people he used to be friends with.

Louis shrugged, "I don't know,"

"'Cause we kinda already told Gemma to come." Niall said, "We wanted to surprise her so she doesn't know you're here,"

Just then they heard the lift arriving. A few more seconds Gemma was walking into the lounge where they were.

"Oh, wow," Gemma smiled, "Hello, bug!" she hugged him.

Louis felt a little bit warm inside thinking that not every Styles hated him, "Hi, Gem," he weakly smiled.

"You should have told me he was here," Gemma told Niall, "Would have worn my grandma's pearls on this joyous and honourable occasion!" She teased.

Louis let out a chuckle, and Liam instantly liked her because, for an instant, she got rid of his gloomy mood.

"Surprise?" Louis replied.

Gemma laughed, "It was indeed a big surprise. A good one," she added.

Then she noticed Liam, "And who may this nobleman be?" she joked, already knowing the answer.

"He's Liam, my cousin," Louis introduced.

Liam smiled and extended his arm, "Hello, Gemma,"

Gemma smiled back and shook his hand, "Hi, Liam. Nice meeting you,"

"Nice to meet you too," Liam chuckled.

"And where did your funky hair go? You sticking with being a blond now?" Louis asked, actually relieved she was there to distract him.

Gemma shrugged, "Nah, just for now. But tell me," she demanded with a smirk and making herself comfortable in one of the couches, "What are you, guys, doing here? And where's my brother? He knows you're here? He'll go absolutely crazy! He misses you like hell, y'know? He won't admit it, though. But he does."

Louis nodded slowly, "Yeah, he knows I'm here. I, uhh, talked to him just a few minutes ago,"
"Oh," Gemma said surprised, she tilted her head.

If Harry knew Louis was there, and they weren't clinging onto each other or in Harry's room 'doing what bunnies do', then it could only mean one thing

"So he's being an arse. Right?" Gemma assumed.

"I mean, I explained everything, and he made his choice. There's not much I can do," Louis shrugged.

"Really? You explained everything?" Gemma asked.

"Yeah. Well... you know that feeling when you come up with of other things to say, but the argument's already finished?"

Zayn chuckled, "Mate, I hate that."

"Sure you do, Malik. You're the worst at comebacks," Niall laughed.

Louis sighed, "Anyway, what's done is done."

Gemma nodded, "Yeah, but you shouldn't leave anything unsaid."

"Yeah," Louis agreed, but he didn't think Harry would want to see him again. Besides, he just wanted to let him know a few more things, he didn't need an answer. "Do you think leaving a letter would be acting cowardly?"

They pondered on it.

"I don't think so," Gemma spoke, "I mean, he does have a way to reach you, in case if, y'know, he regrets his decision."

"Yeah, Zayn has my number," Louis nodded.

Louis thought about it for a little bit longer.

"Alright. Can I have some paper and a pen, lads?" Louis asked.

Zayn gave him some, with an excited grin on his face.

Louis sat down in the kitchen and started to write, with the voices of his friends chatting as a background noise.


Harry,

I know I told you I'd leave and never come back, and that promise remains. I will stay out of your life as long as you want me to.

But before I go, let me explain something first.

The title I own, which I didn't elect, but I am still destined to, does not define at all who I am.

Being a prince only means I have duties already chosen for me to complete in the future. However, those duties do not outline who I am, and they don't have an influence on my choice of the person I
You do know me, Harry.

You know the things I love and the things I hate. You know what kind of person I am and what kind of person I want to be. You know my essence, and that is far more important than a status which I was born with.

You changed me for the better. I never knew I was capable of loving someone as much as I love you. And, to be honest, I don't think I will ever be again. Believe me when I tell you I will love you forever.

You will be always in my heart.

Yours sincerely, Louis.

He didn't sign it as Louis of York, or as Louis Tomlinson. He decided that 'Louis' was enough. And, at the end, that was the point of the letter: that his last name didn't define him.

He re-read it. He found it a little bit too formal, but he wasn't in the mood of re-writing it.

Louis wished he had an envelope. But he didn't. He folded the paper nicely and wrote Harry on one of the sides.

"Will you give it to him?" Louis asked Niall, "I don't want to leave it under his door or anything. And tell him I don't need an answer, this is just..." Louis shrugged

Niall nodded, "Of course,"

"Okay," Louis smiled, "Now I think it is time to leave,"

Niall hugged him, "I'll miss you, Lou,"

Louis chuckled, "I'll miss you too. But you know, if one day you find yourself in England, make sure to come by and say hi."

"Really?" Niall chirped, "Like, I can visit you at Buckingham or the Royal Lodge?"

Louis laughed, "Someone's been doing some research,"

Niall laughed.

"But, yeah, you've got a place to stay," Louis offered smiling.

"Ya' hear that Zayn? We'll be important people over there," Niall yelled, even though Zayn was right there.

Zayn laughed and hugged Louis, "Okay, you can't take back that offer, yeah? We might just surprise you one day,"

Louis chuckled, "Please do,"

Then he hugged Gemma, "The same goes to you. Don't you dare forget me,"
"How could I, bug?" She smiled.

Zayn, Niall and Gemma also hugged Liam goodbye, Zayn lingering a bit more, making Louis slap his head.

"Alright, goodbye everyone," Louis said.

They all mumbled their goodbyes and, with a sad smile, Louis and Liam stepped on the lift. They made their way to the SUV, which would get them again to the airport and then back home.

Liam was at his last appointment with Dr Crawford. Louis was there as well, it was his last day before going back to Berkshire for his birthday party.

"So, you've been using crutches for the last week, correct?" the doctor asked Liam while Melissa uncovered the bandages from his leg.

"Yeah," Liam nodded, "The last couple of days I've been trying to add pressure to the leg and walk some steps. Y'know? Like you told me to."

"Very well," Dr Crawford approved

Melissa took the last one off and Louis came closer to see.

"Man, that's not pretty," he chuckled.

Liam's leg had a big pink stain. The scar was mainly in his thigh and a little bit of his knee.

"You shouldn't feel any pain. Do you?" the doctor asked while he examined the injury.

Liam shook his head, "Can't feel anything strange,"

"Can I touch it?" Louis asked already reaching out and stroking it, "It's so smooth."

Everyone laughed.

"So you must apply this ointment every morning, and this one at night. Both of them until finished. They're for the scar, to even-out the colour." Dr Crawford spoke as he left the two creams on Liam's nightstand, "And that would be all. You should be good now. But if you see something weird or feel uncomfortable, give me a call."

"Alright, thank you so much, Dr," Liam thanked with a smile.

Dr Crawford smiled, "My pleasure,"

"Bye doc," Louis waved.

"Goodbye, boys." He said before walking out of the room.

Liam put his sweats back on and Melissa helped him up.

"How are you feeling, dear?" She asked.

"Feels nice to be on two legs," Liam beamed.

"I'm so happy we're over this incident," Louis smiled.

"Yeah, Liam's a lucky boy. Most of the people take way more to recover from a burn injury. Some
of them never do," Melissa sadly said.

Louis frowned, thinking of the people who couldn't have access to good surgeons or doctors to recover from a burn. Melissa was right, Liam was lucky. He literally had a person looking after him every day, all day long, for almost two months.

"Hey, does it mean you'll be gone, now?" he asked Melissa.

"Sadly, yes," she answered, "Today's my last shift. Of all nurses, actually."

"Aww, we'll miss you, Mel," Liam whined.

She chuckled, "I'm going to miss you too, boys. Now wait, I have to talk to your mother." She said before walking out.

The cousins made their way to the telly, turning it on and leaving in on a random channel.

"Maybe this will sound crazy and kind of out of the blue, but..." Louis started.

Liam turned to look at him, without knowing if he should be scared or what.

"When I finish uni," Louis hesitated "I want to take part of organizations for burn victims."

"Well, it is unexpected." Liam agreed, "But I think is very possible."

They both knew that taking part in different organizations was a duty they had as royals.

"But, like, as a full-time thing." Louis explained.

"Shouldn't I be the one wanting to do that?" Liam laughed.

"Yeah, but you've got far more things to do first. You've got the military career." Louis pointed out.

"And you're not coming with me?"

Louis shrugged, "Yeah, but maybe for a year or two."

"Yeah, you'd better be there with me." Liam playfully punched him.

Louis punched him back, "Don't start it. You're not crippled anymore, remember?" he laughed.

*

And before Louis knew it, he was handsomely dressed in a hand-tailored black tuxedo, and greeting the guests in the ballroom celebrating his birthday. Everything was just like his mom had planned. Pretty much a winter wonderland.

He wasn't having a bad time at all. He would even dare to say he missed this because everything was almost effortless, he just needed to have a nice smile and a smooth conversation. This provided a much needed distraction for everything that had happened.

This was no house-party; there was no grinding, loud music, wasted people or people filling the air with cigarette smoke. But it was alright, it was what Louis' had experienced his whole life. He spent the night with Liam and Ed by his side and had more than one fun conversation with people ranking between the ages of fifteen to seventy.
"There you are, Lou," Liam chuckled when he found his cousin sitting alone in one of the tables. The party was pretty much over, Ed was long gone and the few people remaining were just saying their last goodbyes.

"Do you think I can count every bubble in this champagne glass?" Louis asked Liam, examining closely the glass of champagne he had in his hand.

"No," Liam chuckle.

"One, two, three, four, fiv... oh! Bubble number four just burst. Should I still count it?" Louis whined, making Liam laugh.

"Are you drunk?" Liam sat next to him

Louis frowned, "Of course not. Champagne doesn't get you drunk, it just makes you giggle and feel lighter."

"And do you feel that way?" Liam asked with an amused smile.

"Yes," Louis giggled, "But it's alright, the party is over."

"Hmm..." Liam shrugged.

"And I like champagne! Do you know why I like champagne, Liam?" Louis asked, still absorbed in the bubbles.

"Why do you like champagne, Louis?"

"Because it doesn't remind me of Harry." Louis sighed.

"It doesn't?" Liam asked, unsure if talking about it would be a good idea.

"Nope," Louis shook his head, "I never drank champagne with him, so it doesn't bring any memories."

Liam didn't speak.

"You see, there are so many things that remind me of him, I really want to enjoy the things that don't," Louis said and had a sip of his champagne "Maybe I'll start to forget him that way."

He licked his lips after swallowing.

He allowed himself to think for one last time about the person he once thought he could not live without.

He wondered, if he had done everything right from the beginning, would Harry have been there tonight? Also dressed in a fancy tuxedo, drinking champagne with Louis?

Would Harry have acted shy around so many important people? No, Louis didn't think so. He would have been charming, as always. Greeting with his bright dimpled-smile and his shiny green eyes. Harry would have talked with the guests, and then called Louis to introduce him to them. Then Louis would have laughed, and replied that, in fact, he already knew them.

Would Harry have given him a birthday kiss? Yes, he would have. They would have escaped to another room, to have a few minutes of privacy, where they would share the love gestures they
were so desperate to show since the moment they saw each other so elegantly dressed.

And then, next morning, Harry would have given him a goodbye kiss because he would have to travel that day to spend Christmas with his family. But not before promising to meet again for New Year's Eve.

Louis ran his fingers along his own lips, still feeling the warmth of Harry kisses.

He finished his drink, wishing champagne would wash away Harry's taste forever.

"I think I'll go to bed now," Louis said standing up.

Liam nodded, "Alright, Lou. See you in the morning. Happy birthday."

Louis sent him a small smile, "Thanks,

*You're in my veins and I cannot get you out.*

*You're all I taste at night inside of my mouth.*

*You ran away cause I am not what you found.*

*You're in my veins and I cannot get you out.*

*

"Alright, kids, I'm going to bed. Merry Christmas,"

"Merry Christmas, mom," Gemma gave her mother a kiss.

"Goodnight, mom, merry Christmas," Harry also gave her mom a kiss.

Now there were just Gemma and Harry, sitting by the fireplace in the living room of their home. Both with an unfinished glass of red wine in their hands and watching the credits of the movie they've just finished.

Their Christmases were always quiet, just the three of them. They always cooked a nice meal together and then, when it was ready, they changed to something nicer for dinner.

They spent dinner talking about anything. Some bits about childhood memories, then maybe future plans. After they were finished, they sat in the living room to exchange their presents.

Gemma always suggested to watch a film, and they always ended up watching it. It was never the same one, but it was always a Christmas one.

"It was Louis' birthday yesterday," Harry said blankly after a few minutes of silence.

"Oh," Gemma worded not knowing how to react.

It was the first time Harry talked about Louis since he left. Whenever Gemma had tried to talk about Louis, Harry would ignore her.

"Did you know who he was?" Harry asked her.

"No, of course not." Gemma quietly chuckled "Ashton was the one who told me when he heard
about Liam. He told me that he finally remembered where he had seen Louis before, and then explained everything."

Harry just nodded.

"How are you feeling, H?" Gemma asked, "I know not well. Even mom sees you're different."

"I feel betrayed, to be honest," he answered, his features were hard.

Gemma felt sorry for his brother.

"Have you talked to him?" he asked.

"I texted him once. He replied saying how incredibly sorry he was, he begged me not to hate him, and told me to tell you he loves you." she finished biting her lower lip.

"Well, there isn't much to do about it, is it?" Harry asked, not letting the love message sink in.

Gemma shook her head.

Harry shrugged, "Well, it was nice while it lasted."

He stood up and left his glass on the coffee table, "Goodnight, Gem, and merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, H." She smiled.

*

Louis had talked to his parents about the burn victim's organization thing, and they were very happy to hear that kind of initiative. So he decided to finish uni as soon as he could.

Louis had decided to check again which classes he had taken. It turned out that he had already taken the majority of the classes for a major in Art History. If he made an extra effort, this could be his last semester at uni.

"Isn't it nice to be back?" Liam asked excitedly while he unpacked his clothes and placed in the small closet in his dorm in Saint Andrews.

This was also the last semester for Liam. Him getting a major in Geography.

"No," Liam and Ed answered in unison, laughing afterwards.

"Well, I am," Liam rolled his eyes, "I was already sick of my place."


All of the winter parties, along with the company of Louis' sisters, slowly helped him to get over everything. Not completely, because he still struggled with the thought of Harry, but had accepted that that chapter of his life was finished. Everything was taking its normal course again.

"What are our plans for the weekend?" Liam asked.

"Stuff ourselves with pizza," Ed answered.

"I second that," Louis high-fived Ed, "And a Marvel movie marathon."

"Okay, I'm in," Liam agreed.
"You talking every single one of them?" Ed laughed.

"Yes, I say we watch Thor first!" Louis replied already grabbing his laptop.

And that's how their semester started.

Because of their choices of majors, Liam, Louis and Ed didn't share that many classes. But Louis wasn't upset, he kind of practiced not being with them last semester.

And this time he even tried to get to know other people. He discovered it wasn't just in his head, most of the people did act awkward around them.

But he also noticed that it wasn't every single person. He actually met a really cool girl in one of his classes, Elena. She reminded him of Gemma, she was as witty and easy going as her, and even a little bit sassy.

Elena also had a friend. Claire was more on the shy side, but once she had warmed up to them she could be quite entertaining. So now they spent some of their free time with the two girls.

It was a rainy day in the middle of March when Liam got a call. The five of them were having lunch inside a small shop. Louis, Liam and Elena were sharing a pizza, while Ed and Claire shared some fish n chips.

"Who was that?" Ed asked when Liam hung up, not caring if he was inappropriate.

"My dad's assistant," Liam sighed.

"What did he want?" Louis asked.

"The president of the States invited grandma and my parents to an event," Liam started to explain.

Louis suddenly remembered, "You own me a trip to Australia, mate!"

Liam rolled his eyes, "This year, I promise. Anyway, my parents can't go cause they're in Malaysia doing this other thing..."

"Your parents are in Malaysia?" Louis asked.

"Yes," Liam replied.

"Even Ed knew about that, Louis," Elena snorted before biting her slice of pizza.

"So they told me to go with grandma to the event, in representation of my parents," Liam finished.

"So you're going to the states," Ed clarified.

"Yes, and guess who's coming with me?" Liam asked wiggling his eyebrows.

Everyone turned to look at Louis.

"You want me to go with you?" Louis whined.

"You own me a whole semester of lonely events," Liam laughed.

"And when's this thing?"

"In two weeks," Liam replied.
Those two weeks went flying. They arranged everything for the trip. It was a short one, since it was a one-day event.

They travelled to London and then, together with the queen, they reached Washington D.C. and were welcomed by a large committee of people.

Nice, sweet, smiles; all sorts of little chats; fancy breakfast; massive dinner; and cameras everywhere, summed up their trip.

The second, and last, night of their trip Louis knocked on Liam's hotel-room door.

It was pretty late, so Liam took a while to answer.

"Lou?" Liam asked with a raspy voice.

Liam heard a sob as response.

"Lou, what's wrong?" Liam asked alarmed, dragging him inside.

Liam led Louis to the small lounge area of his room.

Louis was sniffling and sobbing.

"I'm sorry," he cried, "I was doing very well, Liam. I was," he whimpered, "But trying not to think of him is so hard. It hurts cause I miss him and...," he stopped to clear tears from his face, only to be replaced by new ones, "And I can't do it anymore. Being here, I feel like I'm so close, but at the same time so far. I can't,"

Liam was scared. He had never seen Louis so out of control. He just hugged him and engulfed him, letting him curl himself by his side.

"Lou, you have to go. You have to go get him..."

"He told me to never come back," Louis sobbed, "He doesn't want me anymore. I ruined it. I ruined it forever."

"Don't say that. You don't know that,"

Louis sniffed three times more, slowly calming himself, "Can I sleep with you tonight, Li?"

Liam gave Louis a kiss on the forehead, "Of course, Lou. C'mon, we have to wake up early tomorrow."

Loving you hurts

Knowing I already lost you

Next morning, Louis woke up feeling like shit. He took a shower and tried to look not as shitty as he felt. He acted like nothing had happened, talking to Liam about stuff that they needed to do when they were back at Saint Andrews.

Soon, the cars were there to pick them up. One for the queen and another one for the princes.
"Thank you, sir," Liam told the driver when they reached the airport. He nodded in response and got their bags from the trunk, carrying them to take them to their flight. "I think we're at the wrong place," Louis said, "This is the terminal for the national flights," "Yes," Liam answered dragging him, "We're flying to Rhode Island."

"What?" Louis nearly yells, "You can't do that!"

"Yes, we do. I arranged everything."

"Wha... how... wait, no!" Louis yelled.

"I'm not taking no for an answer. I don't want to see you like yesterday ever again. Now you get your bum in the plane and get Harry back." Liam ordered.

Louis was left with nothing else to say, jolted by Liam's firm voice.

They reached their gate before Louis could react to their actions. "Can I see your tickets, please?" A lady from their airline asked.

The driver, who was still with them, handed in their tickets.

"Very well," she smiled, "Follow me."

And she led a happy Liam and a terrified Louis to their first-class seat.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you didn’t hate it. Thank you so much for your feedback!
Twenty-four

The flight back home was tiring. They both spent it in an awkward slumber.

Behind Louis’ back, Liam texted Ed letting him know everything that had taken place the last couple of days, and suggested not to ask Louis anything about it, since things hadn't turned out for the better.

When they landed, they didn't stop by at London. Their parents were busy, so there was no point of spending a day there if they weren't going to see anyone anyway.

They arrived early in the morning at Saint Andrews and Louis was thankful Liam suggested to sleep in all day. Classes could wait one day more.

Around dinner time, they were awakened by a knock on their door. Liam was already half awake, so he answered it.

"Hi!" Elena chirped.

Ed and Claire were behind her.

Liam let them in.

Claire was carrying two boxes of pizza, and Elena, a tray of brownies.

Ed let himself fall over Louis' sprawled body.

Louis let out a loud groan, "Piss off."

"Oi! That's not a nice way of greeting us," Ed laughed, "we brought you food."

Louis pushed Ed off of his bed.

"Man, I was hungry," Liam said already with his mouth full of pizza.

Louis went for the brownies instead. He had a bite and moaned, "You made them?" He asked the girls.

"Elena did," Claire answered.

"They're so good," he bit one more time, "I can't get enough of your pastries," Louis answered.

Elena, almost illegally, owned a small toaster oven, which she used to bake all kinds of baked goods. The boys never complained about her baking hobby.

Elena laughed "But leave some for the others, fatty,"

Louis just rolled her eyes at her.

They talked about random stuff.

Ed and Louis played three rounds of 'rock, paper, scissors' to win the last slice of pizza.

Ed won, and after Louis complained he noticed there was one brownie left and immediately grabbed it, everyone laughing at his greed.
"Thanks so much, lads, this was nice," Louis smiled tiredly when everyone was about to leave.

Ed ruffled his hair, "Any time, mate,"

"See you tomorrow morning?" Liam asked Claire.

"Sure," she smiled.

Both, Elena and Louis, were rather happy that their best friends had finally found someone to go to the gym with.

A gym was the last place Louis would like to be, since working out with Harry was the last thing they did together before everything went down. He was trying now to erase everything that reminded him of Harry.

When they were gone, Louis and Liam went back to sleep, even when they had slept most of the day. And luckily for Louis, he quickly fell into a dreamless sleep.

*

Ever since the day Liam arrived to his room and found Louis, eyes glistening with tears, staring at a crumpled photo of his old friends, Liam knew Louis wasn't as fine as he claimed to be.

The four friends tried to leave Louis alone the less time possible. There always was at least someone with him, never giving him the time to think too much or to drown in his memories.

Louis knew what his friends were doing, and he was glad he had such good friends. Although he knew he had said it all and done everything he could, it was still some days hard not to think of Harry. But still, he knew he had to learn to leave without him in his life.

So without wasting another minute he started to arrange things for when he finished uni.

"What you're doing today?" Liam asked when he found Louis on his bed, with his laptop on his legs, and Ed on Liam's bed.

"Do you remember Paul told me he was going to ask someone to help me with the org?" Louis asked him back. 'Org' being the abbreviation they gave for Louis' new role in "New Hopes for Life", which was the burnt victims' organization he chose to work with.

It was an organization that specifically helped children. Louis chose that one because the sole thought of a kid going through what Liam went, made him want to cry.

"Uh-huh," Liam answered sitting on his chair and getting books out of his backpack.

"He told this lady, Carol's her name, to help me with everything I needed. Cause, y'know, Paul's already too busy with my dad's stuff,"

"So you've got, like, your own assistant now?" Liam asked.

Louis nodded, "Yeah, I guess,"

"And she'll bring you your tea and stuff?" Ed asked.

Louis rolled his eyes, "Oh, yeah, cause she can bring me tea all the way from London,"

Ed shrugged, "She's your assistant, she would have to manage to get you your tea,"
Louis laughed, "I pity the person that one day'll be your assistant,"

"And what will your obligations be with the org?" Liam asked half listening to the chat and half reading his text book.

"Dunno. Arrange events to rise funds, perhaps make my own donations, maybe even do some volunteering."

"Busy person you'll be," Liam said before uncapping a highlighter with his mouth.

Louis smiled, "Well I hope so. I'd like to have my head occupied and, y'know, I'm just glad I'll be helping people that really need it."

They fell silent for a few seconds, the sound of Liam running his highlighter along the pages of the book filling the room.

"What you doing?" Ed asked Liam.

"Got a big paper to write. Hey, Lou, don't you have an important exam this week? Elena told me about it."

Louis groaned, "Yeah, we're studying tomorrow to the library. D'you guys wanna come? We can grab something to eat when we're done."

Liam nodded, "Yeah, sure."

*

The following day, the five of them were in the library. Ed had his earbuds on and was listening to his music. He was sitting next to Louis, who was in front of Elena. Liam and Claire were searching for books.

One would say Claire was rather tall, but, at the moment, she was having trouble reaching a book on the upper shelf. Liam chuckled and easily reached out for it, grabbing it without problem. Claire blushed at the kind gesture.

Elena, who had been watching the two of them, snickered, "Silly Claire," she muttered.

Louis, hearing Elena, looked up from his notes and scanned the library, searching for Claire. He found her beside Liam, who was offering her to carry some of her books for her, since she had a lot.

"Why is she silly?" He asked.

"Cos she can be this really cool girl, but when it comes to Liam she turns into a smitten thirteen-year-old girl," Elena smirked.

"What?"

Elena rolled her eyes, "Have you really not noticed her huge crush on Liam?"

"No," Louis answered after thinking it through for a bit.

Claire didn't act like she had a crush on Liam at all. She wasn't the giggling mess girls could be when they were around the guy they liked. She wasn't too touchy, or her voice didn't raise its pitch when she talked with him. Louis never thought she could be into Liam.
Elena shrugged, "Okay, yeah, I give her some credit. She isn't too obvious."

Louis watched the two of them as they walked along the library aisles. Liam was talking and holding Claire's books while she scanned through the shelves, looking for more.

Liam had never told Louis about having feelings for Claire. If he did, Louis would be the first one to know. Louis hoped Claire wasn't too disappointed.

As if Elena was hearing his thoughts, she spoke, "But she knows Liam doesn't return the feeling. And she's totally okay with it,"

"Is she?" Louis asked surprised, he would have guessed Claire was the type of girl that didn't take rejection well.

"Yeah, she doesn't see herself actually with Liam,"

"No?" Louis asked, "So she just like him for his looks, or...?"

"No, of course not," Elena chuckled, "Liam's a great lad. His personality matches his great looks. But, listen, getting in a relationship with someone is already a struggle. Like, you wonder if you're good enough, if you're making things right, and there's always a big chance someone ends getting hurt. Picture doing all of that with the soon-to-be king. With the whole world's eyes on you."

Louis hadn't thought about that. He parted his lips.

"Claire's only been once in Buckingham as a tourist, when she was twelve or something," Elena continued, "Imagine her returning to that place to be introduced to Liam's parents as his girlfriend," she smirked, "Maybe other girls dream about living that fairytale, but, I can tell you, not Claire."

Ed, unaware of their conversation, spoke, "Do any of you have a red pen?"

Elena searched in her bag and grabbed one, giving it to Ed, who replied a quiet "Thanks,"

She sighed and resumed the conversation, "All Claire cares about right now is finishing uni and traveling around the world." They saw their friends getting closer, so Elena just added, "So she's actually thankful Liam doesn't see her that way. Takes that pressure off and she just lives happy, enjoying the sight and company of prince charming".

Claire sat down in front of Ed, by Elena's side.

Liam set his books beside Ed, "I missed a book, I'll go get it," Liam informed.

When he wasn't within earshot Elena spoke with a smirk on his face, "Since when you can't reach the top shelf, Claire?"

"Hmm?" She looked up from her book, "Oh, I'm wearing sandals today," she shrugged, "I swear I feel smaller in them,"

Elena laughed, "What are you talking about?"

"No, it's true," Louis intervened, "shoes do give you extra height,"

"Yeah, you would know, vans-boy," she snickered.

"Where is your off button?" Claire smirked, earning a chuckle from Louis.
Liam arrived, so they fell silent again.

Even if what Louis and Elena just shared was just gossip, actually the chit-chat had sunk in in Louis' mind, reminding him of a certain dimpled-boy that obliviously, once upon a time, fell in love with a prince.

He wondered, if Harry had known all along... would he still had taken Louis' heart? And given him his own? He decided he didn't really want to know the answer.

*

Graduations are pretty much the same everywhere. You're sitting, wearing a silly gown, waiting for your name to be called. Then you pass to the front, shake a bunch of people's hand, and get your paper.

The order in which the students were being called was alphabetical, so by the time they were calling the people whose last name started with O, everyone was already annoyed and tired.

However, when Liam was called, the round of applauses grew. And since Liam's parents stood up, everyone else did too.

The same happened with Louis.

They were thankful that the queen wasn't there, but they still had a lot of attention. They were a few publicity cameras here and there, taking pictures of the newly graduated princes with their families.

"I'm so proud of you, boys," Jay beamed, giving her son a kiss and then one to Liam.

"I'm just so glad that we're finally done," Louis sighed.

"Lou," Louis' eldest sister tugged his gown, "Can I see your funny hat?"

Louis chuckled and gave her his cap.

Liam saw their friends and smiled at them, encouraging them to get closer.

Elena, Ed, and Claire, congratulated their friends and then greeted their families.

While the girls were a little shy, Ed was more at ease, already familiarized with his friends' high-profile relatives.

"So you'll reach us tomorrow?" Karen asked the pair of princes after finishing congratulating them.

"Yeah," Liam answered.

"Your friends are coming?" She asked back, smiling at her son's friends.

"Yeah," Liam repeated, "We'll be there a little after midday."

"Okay, baby," Karen kissed him one last time, "Goodbye, dears,"

After saying their goodbyes, the five friends decided to go to the bar where they usually spent the few nights they went out.

That was no high-school graduation; they didn't have a prom or anything alike, so going to the bar
was all they could do in the occasion. But the princes were having a small gathering next day at
Buckingham, anyway.

They weren't planning on getting wasted, but they still wanted to have some fun, so a taxi was the
best way to get there, and leave.

It started with a round of beers. There were a few other students who just waved at them. And,
even if they didn't have a massive group of friends, they had a good time just the five of them.

They made jokes about leaving Ed alone with the girls now that Liam and Louis weren't going to
be there anymore, made bets about each other's future, sang loudly to the songs, and even danced to
some of them.

After a few more beer-rounds, they decided to call it a night, everyone agreeing because they were
traveling the next day.

Early next day, Louis got a text.

From- Zayn Malik: Congrats, mate. All the best, N,Z&H.

And well, if Louis shed a tear after reading it eight times, no one had to know.

Louis had thought that the girls were going to be even more nervous once in Buckingham, but they
actually weren't, probably Ed soothed some of their worries telling them they didn't need to be.

And everything went great. It was a small gathering, only consisting of his immediate family, but it
was just enough. Liam's dad, as well as Louis', did a brief toast praising the princes. The food was
really good and the company too.

Louis actually enjoyed being there. It's actually funny, how whenever he was with his family, he
just wanted to get out, and whenever he was out he realized he actually missed them a lot.

But right now he felt eager. He wanted so badly to start a new chapter in his life, where he was
going to be useful to other people. He was also looking forward to his military career; it was going
to be short, but it was something new for him. And new is always exciting.

So yes, he was keen about putting his life on track. Hoping to have new experiences, to construct
new memories. Hoping to be able to slowly fill in his heart again, because it felt empty.

He hoped to always have something to look forward to, because without the green-eyed boy in his
life, and without the hope of getting him back ever, waking up alone each day would surely
become more and more difficult if he didn't have something to hold on to.
So far, Louis was satisfied with his life. After graduation he stayed in London, so he could start his charity work as soon as possible.

'New Hopes for Life' was kind of a small hospital, but less gloomy. Children with all kinds of burn-injury attended. But they were divided into three mayor groups.

The ones that were more delicate lived in there, waiting for their recovery before going back home.

Another group was of children that had already been there, but also had already gotten better, and they just returned once in a while for an over-all check-up.

And there was another group of children who, even if they didn't live there because they were already healed, they had to go back regularly to get therapy.

Louis didn't want to say that he pitied the kids who went to therapy, but they were the ones who touched his heart the most. He found incredible how they always had a smile on their face and never complained about their life, even though they knew it could be months before they could return to be normal kids.

There was physical therapy that helped them to get their body back as normal as possible. For the kids that lost their ability to walk, or write. Or the ones who had lost their sight, or hearing.

And then, there was another type of therapy for the kids that lost something greater than a physical loss. Some kids had lost a sibling, their father, or their mother. Some had lost their entire family.

And Louis couldn't believe how strong every kid was. His first visit and meeting with the staff was enough to make him want to do so much for the children. And since it was an organization that helped children of all social backgrounds, the fees weren't high. They survived by donations or help from promoters, so Louis knew there was a lot that could be done.

Even thought if Louis would have loved to keep it a little toned down, he knew this kind of actions would draw a lot of attention to him. But, again and as always, Liam was there to help him.

The first official thing he did, was donate a bunch of medical devices that the centre lacked from.

He did most of the work, anyway; answering questions, posing for photos, and shaking hands. The whole staff was very excited about having the Prince of York in their team now.

So he did that donation, one or two check donations, an art auction in favour of the org, and lots of volunteering.

"Look at you! You're doing so much better!" Louis beamed, holding Nat's hand.

Natalie was a seven-years-old, sweet, little girl who had suffered burns on her knees. About a month ago, while her mom was doing house-chores and she was supposed to be watching a movie, she got hungry. She sneaked into the kitchen, and saw a pot lying on the stove.

She, thinking the pot could contain some food, stood on her tiptoes and grabbed it. But the pot was full of boiling water. When she couldn't handle the heat or weight of the pot, she let it drop; boiling water splashing her legs, mostly her knees. And, since she was wearing a skirt, everything was worse. They were all very thankful that the water didn't reach her face.
So there she was, a month later getting daily rehabilitation for her knees. Because, although they were already healed, they still needed to get back their strength.

She was lying on her back while John, her physiotherapist, was working with her little legs, moving them in different manoeuvres. Forcing the knees to get use to the movement again.

Nat sighed, "No, I'm not."

Louis snorted, "Yeah, you are. When I first saw you could only bend your knees about this much," Louis demonstrated with his own hands, "And now look, you can bend them almost completely."

She sighed again, not very happy with the result.

"When you're done here," Louis continued, "Your legs are going to move all the way up here," he exaggerated the movement with his hands, "And then people will call you and say they need you to go to the Olympics and compete in gymnastics. Cos you'll be so good at it."

She chuckled, which made Louis smile wide.

"No, I don't want to be a gymnastic," She smiled, shaking her head.

"You don't want to be a gymnast?" He fondly asked, brushing her blond bangs, "Then what do you want to be?"

She gave it a little thought, "A princess," she chuckled.

"Oh, but you already are a princess!" Louis gently tickled her sides, making her laugh.

"All finished, miss," John smiled, letting them know she was done with that day's session.

Nat sat up, leaning on her elbows.

Louis easily lifted her and placed her in her small wheel-chair.

"Thanks, Johnny," Nat smiled.

"See you tomorrow sweetie," he smiled back at her and then thanked Louis.

"Your mom hasn't come to get you," Louis told her while pushing her chair, "Do you want to colour for a bit?"

"Yes," she nodded eagerly, "Is Allie here?" she didn't wait for an answer, "I need to make two crowns. If I'm a princess then she is a princess too, cause she's my friend. Like you and your friend that's a prince too, right?"

Louis laughed, "Yeah, he's also a prince. But he's my cousin."

"Yes. I need two crowns," she kept talking.

When they arrived to the small area where the kids waited for their parents, they didn't see Allie anywhere, but Nat didn't care. She got to work, colouring a sheet of paper with a yellow crayon.

"Are you done for the day, Lou?" Valerie, the lady who looked after the kids in the play centre, asked.

He saw Natalie wasn't paying much attention to him anymore, "Yeah. I should get home now. I
probably won't come tomorrow, I have other stuff to do,"

"Okay, dear. Have a good day." She grinned.

"Thanks, Val, you too." He replied, "Goodbye, Nat, see you on Friday"

"Goodbye Mr Lou," she said not even glancing up.

"Mr? Where did you get that from?" Louis snickered. Natalie always called him Lou.

"Princesses are very polite. Now I have to call everyone mister and ma'am," she very seriously answered.

Louis laughed, "Alright then, your highness, take care."

"Goodbye, Mr Lou," she repeated.

Louis left the place with a smile on his face. He saw his car already waiting for him.

The driver stepped out of it and opened the passenger door for him, revealing Liam inside.

"Hey, Leeyum! What a nice surprise!" Louis smiled.

"Hello, Lou," Liam smirked. He thanked all the heavens because Louis looked so happy after working with children.

"And what's the occasion?"

"I was bored. I came so you can take me out for dinner," Liam beamed.

Louis laughed, "Anything in particular?"

"McDonalds," Liam answered without missing a beat.

They didn't want their order to be 'To go' and since it was a Wednesday, there wasn't many people there. They grabbed their food and sat in a booth.

"Are you nervous about tomorrow?" Liam asked munching on his fries.

"Not really. I mean it's only a few lines," Louis replied.

"You're gonna be a movie-star," Liam sing-sang.

Louis laughed, "I hardly consider that appearing in the end of an advertisement makes you a movie-star,"

"Party-pooper," Liam pouted.

"Will you come with me? To the set, I mean," Louis asked.

"Really? Yeah sure!" Liam answered excited.

"Okay but you have to get me a chocolate sunday," Louis smiled, "Please?" he batted his eyelashes.

Liam laughed and went to get one for each.
"Liam?" Louis nervously called.

Liam made his way towards the stage, walking around big equipment and busy people.

"You've got make-up on?" Liam smirked.

"Oh, shut up, it's just so my face doesn't shine."

Liam chuckled, "Alright, whatever. What did you need?"

"I think I forgot my lines," Louis whined.

"Are you kidding me? You were repeating them all the way up here! I think I also learn them from hearing them over and over,"

"Well then, repeat them for me please," Louis pouted.

Liam sighed, and started reciting, "You can aid..."

"Can help," Louis corrected and kept reciting himself, "You can help children like Jack or Lana to be the happy and healthy kids they were before. Text yes to 93335 to donate five pounds and make a difference."

Liam smiled, proudly, "You see? You'll do fine."

"I'll need a vacation after this," Louis smirked.

"Well, you have been working very hard," Liam approved, shrugging.

"Yeah, I might go to the Lodge for a few weeks," Louis sighed, finding appealing the idea of returning to his childhood house.

"Everybody in their places!" The director called.

Louis nodded, when he looked at him.

"Alright, go sit somewhere where you don't disturb," Louis said.

"Do you think the director will let me scream 'action'?!" Liam chirped.

"Go away," Louis chuckled.

A woman, who was holding a little girl's hand, took her beside Louis.

"Hey, Lana, remember me?" Louis asked, kneeling so he was at her eye-level.

Lana nodded with a small smile.

"Mommy is going to be over there, but you have to stay here and stand very still. Can you do that for me, baby girl?" the woman asked Lana, who, again, just nodded.

As soon as her mother turned around, Lana tugged Louis' jeans, "Up?!" she asked raising her arms.

Louis chuckled and lifted her, setting her on his hip.
"We can film it this way, right Ben?" Louis asked the director.

He gave him a crooked smile, "Sure. Now is everybody ready?"

*

Harry changed the channel on the telly halfway through the advertisement.

"Why is he everywhere?" he sighed.

Gemma, who was brushing Harry's hair since he had his head resting on her lap, chuckled, "Cos he's like Mother Theresa over here, doing all sorts of charity stuff,"

Harry didn't say anything back.

"Go wash your hands, kids. Dinner's ready."

"Thanks, dad!" Gemma replied.

They got ready and sat around the table.

"The papers are piling up in the office and I have so much to do," their father, Des, spoke, "I'm sorry I'm not around much," he apologized.

"Same old, same old," Harry huffed.

Gemma sent him a death glare.

"Sorry," Harry muttered.

"It's alright, dad. We still know our way around town, don't we, H?" Gemma sweetly replied.

Harry just nodded, and Des sent them a soft smile.

*

"It's so good to have you back, honey," Jay spoke at dinnertime.

Louis' mom and sisters were glad to have him with them. Louis' father as well, but he was almost always busy.

"Do you think we could do some horseback riding tomorrow?" Daisy jumped. She always seemed to be the most excited one of the four sisters when Louis came home.

"It's called equestrianism," Lottie, the oldest, interrupted.

Louis chuckled, "Yes, love, if that's what you want," he replied addressing Daisy.

"But be careful because Daisy nearly falls last time," Phoebe said, snitching on her twin.

"But Fizzy was there to help me!" Daisy quickly mended.

"Alright, but tomorrow we'll be careful, right girls?" Louis asked.

Everyone muttered agreeing responses.

*
"You? What are you doing here?" Louis beamed, entering one of the reception halls.

"Your mom didn't tell you? She invited me over." Liam hugged Louis.

"She did?" Louis smiled.

Then they saw Louis' mom walking their way.

"Liam, darling, how are you?" She greeted Liam.

"I'm good thanks. And thanks for the invitation,"

Jay clicked her mouth, "Any time, dear." She looked at Louis, "Are you, gentlemen, joining us for tea?"

Louis shifted uncomfortably in his place, "I don't think so, mom. Liam just got here, he's probably tired."

"Alright, kids, you have fun. I have to run," She said kissing them goodbye.

They went to Louis' play room.

The play room used to have things like rocking horses, small tricycles, two small built-in forts, and many toys for the young prince. All of those toys were now replaced by a flat screen, video-game consoles, and a billiard, a foosball, and a ping-pong table.

Liam let himself fall over the big couch.

"So why did you refuse the tea?" Liam asked.

"I-I... why? Do you want tea? I can ask someone to set us one of the terrace gardens and get us tea. It's a nice day. My mom is using the White Terrace, but you'd be alright if we use the Purple one, right?" Louis asked knowing Liam's favourite terrace was the white one.

The terraces were named after the colour of the flowers that filled the area.

"No, it's alright. Do you want tea?"

"If you want to, yeah. I want to do whatever you want to do," Louis replied.

Liam chuckled, "I was just wondering why you had refused tea, mate"

Louis took a deep breath, "It's just that I don't want to have tea with my mom,"

"Why?" Liam asked, finding it strange.

"Because, lately, she's been having Lady Calder over for tea. And sometimes her daughter comes too,"

"Eleanor?"

"Yeah," Louis replied dully, "I joined them a couple of times, they're nice,"

"But...?" Liam asked, knowing there was more.

"But then, when they were gone, my mom wouldn't stop talking about what a nice young lady Eleanor is, and how smart, funny and pretty she is." Louis sat down on the other end of the couch.
Liam lifted Louis' feet and put them on his lap, playing with the laces of his shoes.

"And then Daisy asked if Eleanor was going to marry me," Louis sighed, "And then my mom just giggled and said that, in fact, she would be a good catch." he finished annoyed.

"But you're too young, aren't you?" Liam frowned.

"For marriage, yes. For having someone in my eye, apparently not."

"Well, you have a good relationship with your mom. Tell her you don't wanna marry her. I'm sure they won't force you into it." Liam soothed.

"The thing is, that I don't know," Louis whispered, almost like a squeal.

"You want to marry her?" Liam asked surprised.

"It's not that I want to. But, I mean, what else if not? She is indeed cute, and funny, and smart," Louis murmured, playing with his fingers.

"But she's not what you want" Liam softly added.

"I'll never have what I want, anyway." Louis bit his thumb.

"And what about the option of staying single?" Liam raised his brows.

"I don't think I'd be any happier if I stay single or not," Louis shrugged, "Might as well get married, and make my parents happy;"

Liam changed the subject after a few seconds of silence, "What about you make me happy and we play a round of FIFA;"

Louis let out a breath and smiled, thankful for the distraction.

*

A few weeks later, Louis and Jay were in his room at the last fitting of the new blazer that was being tailored for him. He was wearing it to Helen's birthday party.

"It's gorgeous, Lou. You look so handsome," Jay complimented him when he put the blue blazer on.

"Yeah, this colour's nice," Louis agreed.

"And the Calders are going to be there," She cheekily added, but not meaning to upset Louis.

"Mom," he curtly replied, he saw he had startled his mother, so he added more relaxed "Can we not talk about Eleanor, please?"

"Why, dear? What's wrong?" She worriedly asked.

Louis looked at the tailor and at the maid who were in the room as well. He didn't want to talk in front of them.

Luckily, Jay understood Louis' glance. She dismissed them.

"It's not a big deal, mom," Louis tried to keep his voice normal.
"Then, what is it?"

Louis knew he wasn't going to come out to his mom, and even less knowing that the only boy who he has ever loved, or ever will, was never going to be a part of his life again.

"I got my heart broken in America," Louis admitted, looking down. He heard his mom gasped, but continued, "and I feel like, it's too soon to be talking about those kinds of plans. With Eleanor, or anybody, really,"

"Oh, baby," she cooed, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Cos I'm getting better," Louis shrugged, "I'm getting there," he whispered more to himself.

Jay brushed some of Louis' hair, feeling sorry for his kid. "Well, I'll go grab a cuppa. Do you want to join me?" Jay softly asked.

"Just you and me?" Louis asked.

"Yes, baby, just you and me," she replied, taking her son's hand.
After Helen's party, Louis and his parents stayed in London. Louis to continue with his charity work, and his parents to carry on with their own duties.

The kids were ecstatic about him returning every day, and he was more than glad.

"This doesn't fit," Thomas told him, giving Louis a piece of the puzzle he was building.

Christmas in Thomas' house had been a little tragic. Their Christmas tree caught on fire, which resulted in a fire along the ground floor. Little nine years-old Tom was the one who suffered the most.

He suffered burns around his upper body, leaving him with a poor eye-sight. But seven months later, he was recovering. He had to wear thick glasses now, but with therapy they were hoping to reduce the amount of magnification he needed.

Louis gasped loudly, "What do you mean it doesn't fit?" he asked exaggerating his voice tone. He started inspecting the piece, lifting it high and pretending to be in deep thought "And what kind of shape does this extravagant piece have?"

Tom giggled, "What's extravagant?"

"Oh, that means weird, or fancy," Louis smiled.

"But that's not weird!" Tom laughed, "It's a triangle!"

"A triangle!" Louis shouted, making even other kids turn and laugh.

Tom laughed some more, "Yes,"

"And it doesn't fit?" Louis asked narrowing his eyes.

"No," Tom replied.

"Well, then I think we will have to use some magic," Louis whispered.

"Yeah," Tom whispered back, playing alone.

Louis took the piece in his two hands, covering it completely, "Say the magic words," Louis said, getting his hands closer to Tom's mouth.

"But I don't know any magic words," Tom answered with wide eyes.

"Okay, let's try..." He brought the piece close to his mouth, "Avada Keda..."

"No, Louis!" Tom yelled, putting his tiny hands over Louis' mouth, shutting him up, "That's an unforgivable curse!"

"Oh, no! Now the dementors are going to come and get me!" Louis whined.

"Shh! Stay still," Tom commanded, holding Louis in place.

Louis waited, holding in a chuckle.
"I think we're good," Tom sighed, "You're not going to Azkaban,"

Louis let out a dramatic sigh, "Now you say the correct magic words."

Tom thought for a couple of seconds before whispering, "Whiskers and milk,"

"Whiskers and milk?" Louis laughed.

Tom laughed with him, "Like the whiskers on your face,"

Louis caressed his stubble, and faked a deep voice "These're not whiskers! This is the beard of a grown man!"

Tom laughed, "Yeah, you're old,"

"And what are you? Six?" Louis asked back.

"I'm nine!" Tom proudly answered.

Louis laughed, "Alright, nine, let's see if the magic worked,"

Louis handed him the piece, and Tom attempted to get it into the hole with the triangle shape.

"It worked!" Tom beamed.

"See? You're a wizard!" Louis tickled him.

"Tom, your mom's here," Valerie informed.

"Aww," Tom whined.

"Don't worry, buddy, I'll see you tomorrow," Louis ruffled his hair.

Tom nodded, "Okay, Lou, bye!"

"Bye, Tom!" Louis smiled.

"These kids love you," Valerie said.

Louis chuckled, "And I love them,"

She smiled sweetly at him, "You're going home now?"

"Yeah, I think I should,"

"Okay, dear, see you tomorrow."

When Louis arrived at Buckingham, a guard told him that Liam needed him, "He's in the Northern Hall," he informed him.

He started hearing voices the closer he got to the hall.

"There he is!" he heard Liam say.

"Oi, mate! So rude! Not even a text have I gotten from you!" Ed yelled.

Louis laughed and hugged him when he reached them.
"How's it going mate?"

"I'm good! God, I missed you, guys!" Ed ruffled Louis' hair.

"And what do you want to do?" Liam asked.

"Let's go out!" Ed said, throwing his hands in the air.

"Yeah? Alright," Louis laughed at his friend's excitement.

"But go take a shower cos you stink, mate," Ed told Louis, making Liam laugh.

* Louis let out a loud yawn.

"You slept past your bed-time, didn't you Lou?" Brianna asked him.

Brianna was one of the kids who lived in the centre. Her burnt arms were just beginning to heal, so she was going to spend there probably a week more or two.

The rooms were pretty much like any hospital room, so Louis was sitting in the single sofa while Brianna rested in her bed.

Louis wiped the sleepy-tear that escaped from the corner of his eye, "You caught me," he chuckled.

"Did you stay up late watching telly?"

"No," Louis chuckled again, "I had a friend over, so we slept late."

"Like a sleep-over?" she chirped, "My mom says that when I come home from them I'm cranky, because I don't sleep enough."

"But I'm not cranky," Louis replied smiling wider than normal.

Brianna laughed, "And why did you have a sleep-over on a Thursday?"

"Because my friend only came for a couple of days. He's gone now, so..." Louis shrugged.

"Well, tomorrow you can get up late. I always get up late on Saturdays," Brianna smiled.

"What about Sundays?" Louis asked.

"No, I used to go to church on Sundays," she replied.

Louis chuckled, and Brianna turned her attention back to the telly.

"Do you like this movie?" Brianna asked after a few minutes.

"Tangled? Yeah, you?"

Brianna nodded, "Yeah. But you can sleep if you want to, I won't mind," she added when she saw Louis yawned again.

Louis chuckled, "Okay, but promise you'll wake me up when they sing in the boat,"
"It's called 'I see the light," she giggled, "okay, I promise,"

Louis sent her a thankful smile and fell asleep.

*

Louis woke up in an especially good mood that Saturday, remembering Brianna and the permission she had given him of sleeping in that day.

He stood up and lifted his arms, stretching himself and making some of his bones pop.

He scratched his bare chest and made his way towards his desk, where his phone was.

His desk was facing a window, and had the Palace tennis court as view. It was a really nice day, the sun was out, warming the city.

Louis checked the time on his phone, and, okay, his good mood was probably because he had a little over twelve hours of sleep.

He wrote Liam a text.

To Liam: *Wanna grab lunch with me?*

He locked his phone, left in on the desk, and had a shower while Liam answered him.

Having just a towel wrapped around his waist, he, again, went to his desk to check his phone.

He got startled a bit, when he saw a bunch of people outside walking towards the tennis court. At first he thought they were workers, but after studying them he concluded it was a group of tourists, since they seemed to be following a single person and it was quite a mix of ages and genders.

His phone buzzed in his hands. Louis looked at it and saw Liam was calling him.

"Hey, mate," Louis picked up.

"Don't tell me you just waked up," Liam snickered.

Louis laughed, drying some drops of water that had fallen to the desk, "The night out with Ed left me exhausted. Don't know how you handled it,"

"Unlike you, pair of lazy arses, I do work on week-days. And arriving at 4AM on a Thurs... shit!" Louis muttered dropping his phone.

He picked it up.

"... happened?" Louis heard Liam say.

"There's a tourist that looks like Harry," Louis replied, eyes glued to the person.

"What? What do you mean? What's a tourist doing in your room?" Liam asked confused.

"He's outside, in the tennis court" Louis answered annoyed, "Shit, he really looks like him,"

"Lou, are you alright? Are you imagining things? I thought you were getting over him," Liam's breath was getting heavier.

The group of tourist started to leave. The way the guy walked confirmed Louis' supposition, "Shit,
shit, shit. Liam, it *is* Harry!" Louis started panicking, "Why is he here? Why woul-... Liam, come here right now!"

"*Mate, I am coming!*" Liam replied panting.

Louis rushed to his dressing room. He grabbed whatever he saw first. A white tee, black jeans, and his pair of old, white converse.

As soon as he got dressed, he heard Liam walking into his room.

"What? Where? Show me!" was the first thing Liam said.

"Look out the window," Louis replied, "No! The other window!" he added when Liam went to the wrong one.

"I don't see anything,"

Louis looked out, "They're gone. Do you know where they go next?"

"No. Don't they just walk around the gardens?" Liam asked.

Louis started pacing around his room, "What do I do? What do I do? What do I do?"

"Louis!" Liam called and chuckled, "Breath,"

*

Harry didn't want to buy anything from the souvenier shop, and the tour was over, so he decided to leave.

He got what he needed. He caught a glimpse of Louis' life, and that was all he wanted. All he could have asked for, actually. He didn't think he deserved more.

Just when he was about to cross the gates, he felt a hand on his shoulder.

He turned around and saw a security guard.

"Sir, I've been informed you're needed in the Music Room," the guard said.

That statement caught Harry off guard, "Umm... I'm just a tourist," he explained.

"I'm aware. I was ordered to take a tourist; male; around his twenties; wearing boots, dark jeans, and a black t-shirt, into the Palace. You're the only one who fit into that description, sir,"

Harry let out something like a muffled squeal.

"Follow me, sir," The guard politely offered.

And, okay, Harry didn't expect that. His self started to fill with fear.

He started thinking of different scenarios. Maybe the whole palace knew about him, and that he had rejected Louis. Maybe 'Music Room' was a code for the old dungeons, where he was bound to spend the rest of his life.

Maybe someone who knew about him yelled: *Off with his head.* And now he was about to die beheaded.
Maybe he was now considered a terrorist, for breaking the prince's heart. So he was going to be deported to the States, if not killed.

As soon as he walked into the palace, his crazy theories stopped and his mouth hanged open.

Everything was so fancy, so clean, and so royal. There was art everywhere, Harry didn't doubt that every single one was the original masterpiece. There was a majestic silence, sometimes perfectly broken by the voices of people elegantly talking.

He let out a breath when he was guided into a room which actually looked like a music room. There were three pianos, all different. A harp; two cellos; and different cases stacked on a fancy shelf, probably some of them containing violins, others flutes.

Chairs, two tables, and a set of couches filled the room.

Harry heard the door being closed. He turned around and found himself alone.

He wandered in the room.

He pulled one of the harp's stings, creating a very soft and beautiful sound.

The black, grand piano caught his attention. He grazed it with the tip of his fingers. He lifted the cover, revealing perfectly white and black keys.

The sound of the door being opened startled him, making him let the cover fall, causing a loud noise in the room. Harry winced, ready to apologize to the person in the room.

But he didn't expect to face what he found when he turned around.

Louis was standing there, just a step away from the now closed door. With his lips slightly parted, but with an unreadable expression.

Harry took a step back, stumbling with the piano bench.

"Sorry," Harry muttered. Then he set back the piano bench in its right place, "Sorry," he repeated.

He looked up at Louis, who was wearing the same blank expression.

"Um... what are you doing here?" Harry asked.

Louis smirked, and a short chuckle left his mouth.

"I'm sorry, 'm sorry. I shouldn't be asking questions," Harry quickly added, "It's just that... Niall told me you lived in Berkshire,"

Louis nodded, "I do, sometimes."

And, God, how did Harry miss his voice. It was very different hearing him in the commercial than to have his real voice ringing in his ears.

"I-I... wasn't expecting to see you here," Harry admitted.

Louis fully laughed, "Neither did I,"

That laugh. Harry could have died happy right there, after hearing Louis' laugh after so long.
Harry didn't speak.

"So what brings you here?" Louis asked, taking a few steps forward so the space between them wasn't great anymore.

"I, uh... came to visit my dad. So, I'm staying with him. In Cheshire, I mean." Harry stammered, "Came to London for the weekend, by myself."

"And how are you finding London?" Louis put his arms behind himself.

"Good, thanks," Harry answered, "Hadn't been in London for quite a while. It's nice,"

Louis nodded, and after a few seconds, spoke again, "And you were planning on leaving, without saying hello or anything?" Louis shrugged.

"I didn't think you'd be around," Harry replied, obviously nervous.

"Oh, so you didn't really come to see me," Louis said. And even if he had a smirk on his face, hurt could be sensed in his voice.

"No. I mean, yes. I mean...." Harry rubbed his face with his hands, "God, I'm so stupid,"

"W-why are you stupid?" Louis asked worriedly.

"Coming here was a bad idea. I knew I shouldn't have come," Harry muttered more to himself.

"Then, why did you?" Louis asked biting his lower lip.

"I don't know," Harry shook his head, "Because I'm... confused,"

"You're confused?" Louis tried to process everything Harry was telling him, even if it wasn't a lot.

Harry let out a shaky breath.

Louis was thinking of what to say, when his stomach growled.

He couldn't resist chuckling, "Sorry. Haven't really had anything to eat,"

"Oh," Harry raised his brows, "If you need to be somewhere else, I understand. I... I can leave now,"

But Louis wasn't ready for Harry to leave, "How about you have lunch with me?" he proposed.

"Right now?" Harry asked, a pink shade rising on his cheeks.

"Well, I would like to keep talking to you, without my stomach interrupting," Louis laughed lightly.

A small smile appeared on Harry's lips, which warmed Louis' heart.

"There, I missed those dimples," Louis fondly whispered.

Harry blushed even more, because he didn't know if he was supposed to hear that.

"Okay, yeah. Lunch sounds fine," Harry smiled.

Louis' beamed, "Great! Um, just let me make a quick call," he said taking out his phone and giving
some steps back.

He turned around and dialled Carol's, his assistant, number.

"Good afternoon, Your Highness, how can I help you?" she answered.

"Hi, Carol." Louis tried not to speak too loud, "I, um, I need you to make a reservation for two, somewhere nice and private, to have lunch right now. And also, a car that takes me there. I'm at the palace right now. Well, I actually want to drive myself,"

"Alright. I will make reservations at Berners Tavern, is that alright for you, sir?"

"Yes, excellent. Thank you," Louis smiled.

"The car should be ready in five minutes," she replied.

"Thank you," Louis repeated before hanging up.

He turned and saw Harry exactly where he was.

"Why so still?" Louis chuckled.

"I didn't want to break anything," Harry shyly said.

Louis laughed and said, "So, we've got some minutes before the car's ready. Will you be alright if you wait a little while I go get some stuff?"

Harry nodded, "Yeah, sure,"

Louis smiled and went to open the door, gesturing Harry to step out of the room.

There was a guard outside the Music Room.

"Your Highness," the guard bowed when he saw Louis was about to address him

"Can you please take Mr Styles, here, to the main reception hall? I will be with him shortly," Louis politely asked.

"Certainly. Please, follow me, sir," the guard offered to Harry.

Harry sent Louis a hesitant look, which he replied with a reassuring smile.

"I'll be right there, Haz," Louis assured him. He froze when he realized he had used Harry's old nickname, but his heart fluttered when he saw Harry's watching at him tenderly, with a new shine in his green eyes.

Harry walked behind the guard while Louis went to his room.

Louis grabbed his wallet, put on a bit of after-shave, and fixed his hair a bit.

He called Liam.

"Tell me everything! What's happening now?" Liam demanded.

"I'm taking him to have lunch," Louis explained.

"Good. What have you guys talked about?"
"Not much. But we will talk," Louis sighed, "I really, really want to fix things,"

"And I guess Harry does too," Liam said, and Louis knew he was smiling.

"I really hope so," Louis bit his lip.

"Everything will come out for the best. Now, hang up on me and leave already. I want to see you happy again,"

Louis smiled, "Thanks, Liam. Thanks so much,"

Liam chuckled, "Mate, I just want the best for you. I love you,"

"Love you too, Li. Bye,"

When Louis got to where Harry was, he found him sitting in a sofa.

"Hey," Louis softly spoke.

"Hi," Harry answered.

"The car's ready, sir," The same guard informed Louis.

"Thank you," Louis replied before making his way outside, making sure that Harry was following him.

A black Range Rover was waiting for them. A guard opened the front door for Harry, and another one the driver's for Louis.

Louis started the ignition after they had put on their seatbelts.

"Nice ride," Harry chuckled, slowly getting comfortable around Louis.

It was easier for him now that he knew Louis didn't hate him. And that his head was safe.

Louis shrugged, "You get used to it,"

Harry looked out the window, watching London's streets pass by.

"So, how are the lads? Zayn and Niall alright?" Louis asked.

"They're fine, yeah." Harry spoke fondly of his friends, "We're so excited to be graduating next year." He grinned.

"Oh, yeah?" Louis grinned back, "Well, good luck. And what about your sister?"

"Thanks," Harry smiled, "She's good too. She also graduated last May. Then, as a graduation present, my mom gave her tickets for here, y'know, to visit my dad and travel around Europe. And then my dad said he wanted to see me as well, so he sent me tickets." Harry answered fluently.

Louis was so glad Harry was starting to act less timid and more like himself.

"And where is she now? I kind of miss her too,"

"Traveling around Europe," Harry repeated with a smile and a nod, "She doesn't know I'm here. She's going to die when she finds out,"
"If she had come, she would have probably made you ring the front doorbell of the palace instead of sneaking around," Louis teased.

Harry laughed, and blushed a little too, "Yeah, sorry about that,"

"It's okay. I'm glad I caught you," Louis winked.

"And what were you doing creeping over the tourists, huh?" Harry joked.

Louis snorted "Creeping over tourists is my ultimate hobby,"

"You're kidding, right?"

Louis laughed, "Of course I'm kidding."

Harry laughed at himself.

"I don't know, maybe it was just fate, or something, that made me look outside the window when you were happening to wander around my backyard," Louis said smiling.

"You mean, like, fate's trying to tell us something?" Harry asked.

Louis shrugged, "Probably," he looked at Harry, who was biting his lip.

Harry chuckled, "Yeah,"

"We're here," Louis announced after a couple of more minutes of driving.

He left the Range with the valet and entered to the restaurant.

"Um, Lou?" Harry asked, making Louis' heart skip a beat hearing his nickname on Harry's lips, "Aren't we a little... underdressed for this place?"

And, yes, it was true. They were both wearing t-shirts and jeans. And the place was extremely fancy.

It had an elegant taste, with opulent chandeliers. Framed art covered the entire walls. The huge lobby bar, which was empty at that hour, looked impressive with its very low lighting. The vast dining room, with its ornate plasterwork ceiling and clean look, looked even better.

If they were anyone else, they surely wouldn't have been admitted.

Louis didn't answer, he just walked to the hostess and spoke, "Louis of York. Reservation for two,"

The hostess' smile grew wider, "Very well, um, Your Highness. Follow me, please."

"Perks of being a prince, I guess," Louis whispered to Harry.

They were led to a table in a more private part of the restaurant.

A waiter showed at their table.

"Good afternoon, Your Highness," he greeted, smiling at Louis and then at Harry, "May I offer you something to drink?"

Louis looked at Harry, giving him the word.
"Just a sparkling water, please," Harry told the waiter.

"And for Your Royal Highness?" he asked.

"The same, please." Louis smiled, "But it is Your Royal Highness just the first time. After, it's just Sir,"

The waiter gulped rather nervous, but managed a small smile, "I'll be right back with your drinks, sir;"

Louis smiled back again.

"I'm sorry about that," Louis told Harry when the waiter was gone, fearing that Harry had found him arrogant.

"It's okay," Harry reassured him, "It's your, um, your thing... I guess," he chuckled.

"I don't usually go around with so many formalities," Louis shrugged, "Just in the palace with other people. At uni or the org I'm just Louis," he smiled.

"The org, you mean like, the organization where you..." Harry dragged the question, wanting Louis to talk.

Louis eyes came to life thinking of the org and his children.

He started talking about it and about what he did, but never bragging about himself. He explained the situation in which the kids found themselves and how 'New Hopes for Life' helped them. He spoke about Nat and Tom. About the sweetness of the kids.

Louis was so passionate, talking about it lit up his features. Harry was mesmerized watching Louis tell his stories. He couldn't stop listening to Louis. He wanted him to tell every little detail, so Harry could watch his thin lips and cheekbones move along his words. To hear his excited voice when he shared the improvement of a certain child.

But they didn't only speak about Louis.

Louis also wanted to know about Harry.

He asked them about his classes. More about his friends, family, even the gym, and future plans. They even went a little to the past, and talked about the vegetable patch. Louis was more than glad hearing that Harry had made a salad with theirs, and that he, Zayn and Niall ate it together.

Their drinks, as well as their dishes, arrived at some in between conversations. And they were both sure that everything was delicious.

But what was more delighting for them was finally being with each other. To finally know what they were up to. To feel like they were the same as before, having each other into their lives.

When they were finished, Louis paid the bill and called for his car.

Harry had told Louis that he was staying in a small hotel, so Louis offered "Are you sure you want to spend the night in a hotel? I mean, you can always stay at my place, y'know?"

Harry was surprised, "At Buckingham?"

"Yeah," Louis shrugged, eyes glued to the road, "Save some pounds, instead of spending them on a
hotel when you've got another place to stay,"

"Like, can you do that?" Harry asked.

"Have people over? Yeah. They're called guests," Louis smirked.

"And I won't be a bother?"

"We might need to make huge arrangements, since there is so little space. Maybe we will have to inflate some air mattresses," Louis joked, rolling his eyes.

Harry chuckled, "Alright, then. If you insist," he teased back.

Louis smirked, "So do you want us to go grab your stuff?"

"Yeah, yeah, okay," Harry nodded.

He gave Louis instructions and got rather quickly to the small hotel.

Louis waited for Harry in the car while he gathered his stuff.

When they arrived at Buckingham, a maid took Harry's duffle bag.

"Mr Styles will be staying with us. Please arrange him a bedroom in the Southern Side. The White Bedroom should be fine," Louis told her with a soft smile.

Harry admired how he gave orders with a smile on his face and without sounding bossy.

They heard the sound of heals approaching.

Harry saw a woman around her thirties walking towards them. She was quite stiff, but her smile seemed genuine "Hello, sir, how was your lunch?" she asked Louis.

"Great. Thank you, Carol." Louis thanked, "This is Mr Styles. He's my guest and be staying with us for a couple of days,"

Carol stretched her hand and shook Harry's, "I'm Carol, the prince's assistant."

"Very nice to meet you," Harry smiled.

"Please make sure Mr Styles is comfortable with his bedroom," Carol addressed the maid, who was still there. "And please let me know if you need anything," she told Harry.

"Thank you," Harry replied.

"Sir, the Duchess of York wanted me to remind you about dinner tonight with Lord Calder and his family," Carol told Louis.

Louis' features fell for a second, he had completely forgotten about that compromise.

"Thank you, Carol" Louis nodded, "Actually, Mr Styles will be joining dinner as well," he added, ignoring Harry's confused look.

"Very well, then. I'll let the staff know," she nodded.

"Thank you," Louis dismissed her.
"Do you want to go for a walk?" Louis asked Harry.

"Sure," Harry replied, following Louis.

"So... dinner with Lord Calder?" Harry hesitantly asked.

"Oh, sorry," Louis apologized, "I totally forgot about it. But it's okay if you go. I mean, if you don't want to, you don't have to, but it'd be nice."

"But I don't have anything nice to wear. All I have are tees and flannels."

"You can borrow clothes from Liam. I think they'd fit," Louis replied.

Harry bit his lip, "Okay," he smiled.

Louis smiled back.

They walked along the gardens in silence for a few minutes.

There were flowers all around it, and Harry noticed a patch of crocus flowers growing around the area.

He remembered what he did with his and Louis crocus once it blossomed. He had pressed it in his sociology book and kept it. Then, after Louis' unexpected visit, he had thrown it away in the garbage in a fit of anger. Having memories of Louis hurt very much, even more knowing that he had pushed him away maybe forever.

"I didn't expect to see you. This morning I just thought that I'd be coming in as a tourist and leave unnoticed," Harry admitted.

Louis let out a nervous breath when he realised the conversation they were going to have. He put his hands in his pockets, "Then why did you come?"

Harry's head was down, looking at his boots "I saw you in the papers, and in the telly. Everything felt so surreal. I felt like if I came here, it'd give me something to hold on to. Some kind of evidence that it wasn't just a dream."

Harry stopped walking near a tree and some flowers. Besides the bugs that could be around, they were completely alone.

"I told you, I was... confused," Harry whispered.

"Confused about..." Louis dragged the words.

He was silent a good minute or two before answering.

"You left a letter," Harry let out a deep breath, "and you told me that I do know you. So I came to see if I could find the Louis that I know. If I could find the little Louis running around the gardens, playing with his cousin, destroying flowers and bushes unintentionally."

Louis smiled, not believing Harry really remembered that story.

"But then, I also feel like you're this different person. With an important life, with guards following your orders, and relevant people listening to you." Harry's eyes started to water.

"But when I look at you," Harry continued, "I stare into the same blue eyes I fell in love with. You
had completed my life. Now I see you everywhere. In my cup of tea every morning; in my lonely bed when I fall asleep; on my way to classes, in the field where we used to grow vegetables."

Louis was breathless.

Harry sniffled, "You're everywhere in my life, and at the same time you're still missing from it. I tried so, so hard to ignore everything that reminded me of you, but I don't want to anymore. I don't. I'm tired of acting. I want you in my life again. And I'm sorry for lying to you. For saying that I didn't love you when I still did. When I still do." Harry admitted with a whisper. "But..."

Louis didn't let Harry continue.

In a heartbeat, Louis cupped Harry's face and kissed him.

He kissed him with all his might. Like he wanted to show how much Louis needed him. How much he had missed him. How incomplete Louis was without him.

And Harry welcomed him. He wrapped his hands around his waist and pulled him as close as he could. Kissing back with as much passion. With as much need, and as much love.

They kissed for a little while. Tilting his heads. Pressing their lips together in short, feathery kisses. Then open kisses, sharing sighs. Both of them feeling their hearts were about to burst.

Louis broke the kiss, to catch his breath, and cleared some of the tears remaining in Harry's cheeks.

"But...?" Louis urged Harry to continue, panting a little.

"But I was scared."

Louis cleared the single and last tear that escaped Harry's eye.

"Don't be." He gave Harry a short kiss.

Harry sighed, "I'm still scared I'm won't be good enough. I'm scared you'll find someone who can actually be by your side and be what you need. Who knows how to behave, or what to say. " He closed his eyes "I told you I didn't love you because I didn't want to cause you any problems. I know your life is very different from mine and that I'm probably the worst thing that has ever happened to the royal family, but...

"Harry..." Louis caressed his cheek, wanted to interrupt.

"No. Let me finish," Harry put his hand over Louis' chest, gripping the fabric of his tee.

He took a deep breath, "But I also don't care. I miss you so, so much. And I'm selfish and I want you all for me. I don't care what anyone else says. I need you, and I'm so sorry I can't offer you much more than just me."

"Just you?" Louis asked, "Harry you're the best thing that has happened to me. How can you say 'it's just you', when you're the world to me?"

Harry sniffled, but tears weren't streaming down his face anymore, "Don't know how long it would have been before coming back and admitting this to you. I'm glad you saw me today." he gave him a small smile.

Louis smiled dearly at him, "I'm more than glad," he said pressing their lips together one more time.
Harry hugged Louis tight after the kiss, "I missed you,"

"I missed you too," Louis replied, breathing in Harry's scent.

When they let go, Louis held Harry's hand and kept walking along the path.

It wasn't long before his phone buzzed.

"Hey, Liam," Louis picked up.

"They told me you're here and with a guest!" Liam squealed.

"Yeah," Louis chuckled smiling at Harry, "He's here,"

"Well, let me meet him!" Liam urged.

"We're outside right now, but... meet us in my room?"

"Got it," Liam answered way too excited and hung up.

"Liam wants to meet you," Louis told Harry.

Harry answered with a shy smile, "Okay,"

"I don't mind the blush on your cheeks," Louis brushed his thumb along Harry's cheekbone, "But you don't need to be shy anymore. We're the same as before,"

"Yeah?" Harry asked, leaning into Louis' touch.

"Yeah," Louis smiled, "I mean, I'd love to be able to call you my boyfriend, again."

Harry's face lit up, "Are you asking me if I want to be your boyfriend?"

"I think I am." Louis put his hands on either side of Harry's waist.

Harry replied with a kiss on his lips, "Yes. A thousand times yes," he said against Louis' lips.

Louis smiled into the kiss.

"You're too good for me," Harry said after breaking the kiss.

"No one's too good for you," Louis sighed, "I'm so glad you're giving me a second chance,"

"A secon... what? If anything, you're the one that's giving me an opportunity. I'm sorry for being an arse," Harry muttered.

"Then I'm sorry for breaking your trust,"

"You already apologized for that. And you're long forgiven," Harry sighed,

"Then we're good," Louis smiled, pecking Harry's lips one more time, "I love you,"

Harry smiled wider than ever, "I love you too,"

When they were about to enter the palace, Harry tugged Louis' hand.

"What's wrong?" Louis asked when he saw Harry's worried look.
Harry looked at their clamped hands.

Louis then remembered, and let go of it.

"I understand if you, like, don't want to, like, hold hands and stuff when we're, like, in front of other people,"

Louis laughed, "Three "Like's" in a sentence?"

Harry chuckled.

"But thanks, uh," Louis gulped, "for understanding."

Harry brushed some of Louis' hair, "Don't worry about it,"

Louis smiled back, "And let's hope it's not for too long,"

"Whatever you wish, babe," He gave Louis a quick kiss before walking into the building.

And Harry had his mouth opened the whole walk to Louis room. Gawking at the interiors of the palace.

"This is your room?" Harry asked in awe.

"Yeah," Louis replied finally being able to hold his hand and lead him inside.

"Three people could live in here," Harry stepped into the area that pretty much looked like a small living room, with a coffee table in the middle, and facing a flat-screen. The telly was above a fireplace, which Harry couldn't guess if it was real or not.

There was a desk under a window. A fancy window-seat under another window. Other small tables with vases were against some walls. The walls had art hanging from them, mostly landscapes paintings.

At the end, there was a king-size bed, placed in a way that the flat-screen could be seen from. And even thought the bed was really big and it had bed-tables on both sides, it didn't look like it filled the room. Everything was so spacious. There was a double-door near the table, which must have been the bathroom.

Louis sat down on a sofa, and watched amused as Harry stared at the room.

"This must be way better than any hotel room," Harry said.

"Not really, I don't have a mini-bar here, so..." Louis joked.

Then the door was opened, revealing an excited Liam who stepped in with a big smile on his face.

"Hi!" Liam greeted.

Louis stood up, "Hey, Li. This is Harry,"

Harry stretched out his hand, "Very nice to meet you,"

"Forget about handshakes. Give me a hug, mate," Liam said already hugging Harry.

"Okay," Harry chuckled, feeling immensely thankful that Liam didn't hate him.
"Wow, I can't believe you're here," Liam beamed, "You're good? You're back together, right?" He looked back and forth between them.

Harry blushed.

"Yeah, of course you are. Look at the sparkle in Louis' eyes," Liam cooed.

It was time for Louis to blush, "Drop it already,"

They sat down. Liam on the single sofa, and Louis and Harry together in another one. Louis leaning into Harry's body.

"We should throw a feast!"

Louis laughed at the scared look on Harry's face, "Don't worry, he can't do that,"

"You saying I can't throw a party in my own house?" Liam dared.

"Yes," Louis snorted, "And who's going to go to a last-minute party? Your stuffed animals?"

"I don't have any stuffed animals,"

"Well, then you'll be the only one," Louis smirked.

"Whatever," Liam rolled his eyes, "No, we really should go out,"

Louis sighed, "Can't. We're having dinner with the Calders,"

"We as in Harry and you?"

"Yeah,"

"You going?" Liam asked Harry.

"Apparently," Harry shrugged with a nervous smile.

"It'll be alright. Those things tend to be extremely boring," Liam replied, "Why are your parents still meeting with them?" he asked Louis, "Did you already talked about, y'know, the issue?"

"Yeah, I talked to my mom, she's alright. But my dad and Lord Calder have been working together a lot lately, so they can't just, stop talking to them," Louis explained.

"Oh, I see,"

"Hey, and," Louis added, "Harry doesn't have anything to wear. Do you think you can lend him something?"

"Yeah," Liam nodded, "Is it too formal? What will you wear?"

"This," Louis shrugged, "I'll just put on a black blazer and formal shoes,"

"Okay, yeah," he stood up. "So let's go,"

"Now?" Harry asked, but still stood up.

"Yeah, so you have plenty of time to choose the clothes and get ready,"
Louis smiled at Harry and nodded.

"In which room are you staying?" Liam asked Harry.

"Um..." Harry searched Louis for help.


"Fancy," Liam winked.

"Only the best for my boy," Louis smiled, making Harry blush.

"Southern?" Liam asked, guessing since it was the area in which Louis' room was.

"Yeah," Louis answered.

"Okay, then we'll go to my room so you can pick the clothes and then I'll take you to your room," Liam told Harry.

"I'll go get you at yours," Louis told him.

"Okay," Harry nodded.

Louis gave him a short goodbye-kiss, to which Liam squealed.

* 

Louis was speechless when Harry opened his bedroom door.

Harry started to worry at the lack of Louis' words.

"Is this alright?" Harry asked.

Louis eyes were roaming Harry's body.

"You look so hot," Louis said, barely over a whisper.

Harry was wearing the same dark jeans and worn-down boots, but he had a black button-up with a black tie, and a black blazer over it.

"Thanks," Harry blushed.

Louis bit his lip, having a really hard time keeping his hands off Harry.

"You look good too," Harry said.

Louis chuckled, "Of course not. Next to you I'll look like a cat that has been run over seven times,"

"No, you don't," Harry laughed, "You look perfect, you always do,"

"Thanks," Louis smiled, accepting the compliment.

He moved from the door so Harry could step out.

"So, what are these things like?" Harry asked walking by Louis side.

"What, dinner? Just like dinner with your family," Louis shrugged, "But instead of asking how
everyone's day was, they just talk about boring stuff and try to sneakily get information to see if they can get something from each other,"

Harry chuckled.

"Sorry, that sounded very selfish. It's not always like that," Louis tried to mend.

"It's okay. Self-interest happens everywhere," Harry shrugged.

Louis then started to worry about his problem with Eleanor and the marriage interest.

He was sure his mom wouldn't say a word about it until Louis told her he was okay with that. But he wasn't so confident about Lady Calder.

She'd probably batter her eyelashes as if she was the marriageable one. She'd brag about Eleanor, and maybe say an inappropriate comment about how good would they look together.

"You know, Harry, the last time I hid something from you things turned out to be a mess," Louis nervously said.

Harry sent him a comforting smile, "You don't have to tell me every single thing, now. I trust you,"

"I know," Louis smiled, "And thank you for trusting me again. But it'd be good if I can, like, warn you about a certain thing,"

"Okay," Harry cautiously said.

"Lady Calder's main interest is me marrying her daughter," Louis admitted, "And my mom agreed, but..."

Harry stopped dead in his tracks, "You're engaged?" he asked. Fear filling his eyes.

Louis sighed, "Don't jump into conclusions. I haven't finished talking."

"But if your parents agree, is it not that like an arranged marriage? You're pretty much married, already," Harry panicked.

"Haz," Louis cupped Harry's face, "I told my mom I didn't want to. Marrying Eleanor is nowhere in my To Do List. And she understood, but that doesn't guarantee that Lady, or Lord, Calder aren't going to say a stupid comment relating that topic,"

Harry gulped.

Louis made sure there wasn't any guard around, before kissing Harry gently.

Harry instantly relaxed under Louis' touch.

"You alright?" Louis asked Harry.

Harry nodded.

"Good, cos you're the only one in my life now, and I'm afraid you're stuck with me,"

Harry smiled, "That's fine by me,"

They resumed their way.
"I'm not sure I know how to behave," Harry said, "Can you give me, like, the basics?" he asked smirking.

"Well, the only important thing is how you address them, but just be your charming self and if you doubt, do what I do," Louis shrugged.

"Okay," Harry nodded, snickering a little.

"Alright, my parents are duke and duchess, so you'll call them 'Your Highness' just the first time you address them, then you call them 'Sir' or 'Madam', actually 'Ma'am' is fine too." Louis explained, "The same for Lord and Lady Calder, call them 'Lady' and 'Lord' just once. Eleanor is just Miss, and... I think that's it,"

Harry nodded, "And what about your sisters? What do I call them?"

"You can call them 'beasts' but they won't be there." Louis joked.

"Louis," Harry scolded, "Don't be a mean older brother," he said with a smile.

"Why? They are beasts," Louis laughed

"And what to other people call them?" Harry asked back.

"The same, they are all 'Her Royal Highness'. I mean, if you talk to them, it's 'Your Highness' as well."

"And they are... princesses?" Harry guessed.

"Yes,"

"And you're a prince?"

"Yes," Louis chuckled. "I thought you knew that,"

"I did. But you said your dad's a duke," Harry asked confused.

"Yeah, but we, Liam, my sisters, and I, are the Queen's grandsons, so we're princes and princesses," Louis shrugged, "Until we get married and acquire another title,"

"So, if one of your sisters marries a Lord, then she'd be a Lady?"

"Yeah,"

"Well, that's not very convenient for them," Harry frowned. "Why is Eleanor just Miss, and not Lady?"

"Because the title of Lord or Lady aren't inherited by their children," Louis explained.

"So, if she marries you... she'd be a princess?" Harry deduced.

"No. When I get married, I most probably will be given the title of duke, so she'd be a duchess," Louis explained.

"Which is still very convenient for her," Harry added.

"Exactly," Louis smirked.
"We've walked a long way," Harry complained, realizing they were still walking.

Louis laughed, "It's because it's in the Northern area, but were close. Just around the corner,"

"How do you not get lost in this place?"

Louis laughed again before stopping in front of a door with a guard beside it. The guard opened the door.

Louis parents were sitting in a rather big living room. They stood up when they saw them.

"Louis, honey, how are you?" Jay kissed him.

"I'm good, mom, thanks," Louis said before shaking his father's hand, but in a kind way.

"This is Harry Styles," Louis introduced, "He is a friend from Brown, from the semester abroad I did last year."

Jay extended her hand, "Very nice to meet you,"

"The pleasure is mine, Your Highness," Harry bowed his head a tiny bit.

Then Harry shook Louis' fathers' also extended hand, "Your Highness," Harry repeated.

"So you're visiting Louis," Jay spoke.

"Yes, ma'am, I came to England to visit family, and then I came to London to visit Louis just for a couple of days," Harry smiled.

"Well, I'm glad you're joining us today. I hope everything is to your satisfaction," she smiled back.

"Thank you, ma'am,"

Then the doors were opened again, and Lord and Lady Calder, next to Eleanor, came in.

Louis introduced Harry to them, and he was happy no one was cold towards him.

After a little chat in the living room, Jay offered to pass to the dining room.

Louis was able to whisper to Harry to sit beside Eleanor.

Harry tried to gawk at the place as little as possible.

Louis' father sat on the head of the table with Lord Calder by his left and Jay by his right.

Lady Calder was sitting next to her husband, and in front of Louis, who was beside his mother.

Eleanor was between her mother and Harry.

And, yes, Lady Calder bragged about Eleanor and her perfect French, but Harry didn't care.

Watching Louis act so formal, so proper, was hypnotizing for Harry. He was so assertive. He answered each question so elegant and so clever, it would have been hard for anybody to differ to whatever Louis said.

Harry's cheeks turned a deep shade of red when he saw Jay caught him staring at Louis. And tried to stop for the rest of the evening.
After dinner was ready, the ladies had some tea while the gentlemen opted for something a bit stronger.

Louis suggested, to Harry and Eleanor, to have a walk around the nearest garden.

And Harry didn't mind Eleanor's presence at all. Louis led the conversation without leaving any of the two out. Even Eleanor asked Harry some questions, and Harry also asked her some, just to be polite.

Harry never thought he could love Louis more than he already did, but seeing this side of himself, seeing him completely, made him love him even more.

The evening wasn't over when Louis excused themselves, saying they had had a long day, which wasn't a lie, really. But Harry was more than thankful to be able to leave.

They went to Liam's.

Liam asked how things went, not hiding his excitement at all.

They chatted some more, making jokes and sharing stories.

Harry felt so comfortable with Louis, like he was always where he belonged.

But, all too soon for Harry, they had to say their goodnights.

Louis took Harry to his room, and said that he would come back in the morning to get him.

The White Bedroom was as big as Louis', but since everything was in white, it looked even fancier.

Harry stripped himself to his boxers and got under the covers of the massive bed.

It actually was a king-size, but it felt massive because he was used to the single-bed he had in Brown.

And without Louis, the bed felt even bigger.

Harry tossed and turned, without being able to fall asleep.

He wished Louis was there, so badly.

Harry sighed when he realized he had no way to contact him. They had been together the whole day, Harry never thought of asking Louis his phone number.

He stood up and put on a robe that was in a chair near the bed.

He opened the door and peered out, meaning to go look for Louis.

He hadn't given three steps when he saw a guard at the end of the hall.

He chickened out and returned to his room.

Anyway, he wouldn't have been able to find Louis room. He probably would have ended lost.

He went to bed again, trying to fall asleep.

Several minutes passed, Harry didn't know how long, since he had lost track of time.
He was just about to drop off when he heard the door being opened.

"Hazza?" Harry heard someone whispered, and that someone could only be Louis.

Harry turned on his bed-side lamp.

"Hey," he crooked.

"Hi," Louis smiled getting closer. "Did I wake you up?"

"No. Couldn't even fall asleep,"

"Me neither," Louis replied, "Not when I know you're so close but still not next to me," Louis blushed.

Harry smiled, and lifted the covers, opening his arms so Louis could fall into them.

Louis nuzzled his body against him and Harry felt so complete.

Harry let out a happy sigh, "I missed this so much,"

"Me too," Louis hummed, "You're so warm,"

Harry smiled and kissed Louis head.

"You'll fall asleep now?" Louis asked.

"I hope so. With you everything's so much easier,"

Louis kissed Harry's neck in response.

Harry was calm, but he still wasn't completely at peace, "Lou?" Harry called when his mind was so clouded he couldn't handle it anymore.

"Yeah?" Louis answered, hugging him tighter.

"What are we going to do? About us?" Harry asked with a raspy voice.

Louis understood Harry's question, because it had also been wandering around his mind all day, "I don't know, babe. But we'll figure it out," he kissed Harry's shoulder.

"Wouldn't it be easier if you marry Eleanor?" Harry whispered after a few seconds.

Louis turned, and looked at Harry in the eye, face twisted in pain.

"No, Harry," Louis whispered, "I don't want to be without you anymore. I don't want to be with anyone but you. I know that sometimes things will get rough, and things won't always be perfect. But I want you to know that I'll do my best. I will fight for us and I'll be with you for as long as you want me to..."

Harry interrupted him with a needy kiss. Wrapping Louis' body and tangling their legs together.

Harry pressed their foreheads together after the kiss, "Forever. I want you forever," he breathed.

Louis smiled, "Forever it is," and leaned in for another kiss.

"I love you," Harry panted between kisses.
"I love you more," Louis replied, meaning it more than ever.

The world is brighter than the sun now that you're here.
Though your eyes will need some time to adjust to the overwhelming light surrounding us,

I'll give you everything I have, I'll teach you everything I know.
I promise I'll do better.
I will always hold you close, but I will learn to let you go.
I promise I'll do better.
I will soften every edge, I'll hold the world to its best,
And I'll do better.
With every heartbeat I have left I will defend your every breath,
And I'll do better.

So far, Louis was satisfied with his life. After graduation he stayed in London, so he could start his charity work as soon as possible.

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"Look at you! You're doing so much better!" Louis beamed, holding Nat's hand.

Natalie was a seven-years-old, sweet, little girl who had suffered burns on her knees. About a month ago, while her mom was doing house-chores and she was supposed to be watching a movie, she got hungry. She sneaked into the kitchen, and saw a pot lying on the stove.

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Louis snorted, "Yeah, you are. When I first saw you could only bend your knees about this much," Louis demonstrated with his own hands, "And now look, you can bend them almost completely,"

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"No, I don't want to be a gymnastic," She smiled, shaking her head.

"You don't want to be a gymnast?" He fondly asked, brushing her blond bangs, "Then what do you want to be?"

She gave it a little thought, "A princess," she chuckled.

"Oh, but you already are a princess!" Louis gently tickled her sides, making her laugh.

"All finished, miss," John smiled, letting them know she was done with that day's session.

Nat sat up, leaning on her elbows.

Louis easily lifted her and placed her in her small wheel-chair.

"Thanks, Johnny," Nat smiled.

"See you tomorrow sweetie," he smiled back at her and then thanked Louis.

"Your mom hasn't come to get you," Louis told her while pushing her chair, "Do you want to colour for a bit?"

"Yes," she nodded eagerly, "Is Allie here?" she didn't wait for an answer, "I need to make two crowns. If I'm a princess then she is a princess too, cause she's my friend. Like you and your friend that's a prince too, right?"
Louis laughed, "Yeah, he's also a prince. But he's my cousin,"

"Yes. I need two crowns," she kept talking.

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"Are you done for the day, Lou?" Valerie, the lady who looked after the kids in the play centre, asked.

He saw Natalie wasn't paying much attention to him anymore, "Yeah. I should get home now. I probably won't come tomorrow, I have other stuff to do,"

"Okay, dear. Have a good day," She grinned.

"Thanks, Val, you too." He replied, "Goodbye, Nat, see you on Friday"

"Goodbye Mr Lou," she said not even glancing up.

"Mr? Where did you get that from?" Louis snickered. Natalie always called him Lou.

"Princesses are very polite. Now I have to call everyone mister and ma'am," she very seriously answered.

Louis laughed, "Alright then, your highness, take care."

"Goodbye, Mr Lou," she repeated.

Louis left the place with a smile on his face. He saw his car already waiting for him.

The driver stepped out of it and opened the passenger door for him, revealing Liam inside.

"Hey, Leeyum! What a nice surprise!" Louis smiled.

"Hello, Lou," Liam smirked. He thanked all the heavens because Louis looked so happy after working with children.

"And what's the occasion?"

"I was bored. I came so you can take me out for dinner," Liam beamed.

Louis laughed, "Anything in particular?"

"McDonalds," Liam answered without missing a beat.

They didn't want their order to be ‘To go’ and since it was a Wednesday, there wasn't many people there. They grabbed their food and sat in a booth.

"Are you nervous about tomorrow?" Liam asked munching on his fries.

"Not really. I mean it's only a few lines," Louis replied.

"You're gonna be a movie-star," Liam sing-sang.

Louis laughed, "I hardly consider that appearing in the end of an advertisement makes you a movie-star,"
"Party-pooper," Liam pouted.

"Will you come with me? To the set, I mean," Louis asked.

"Really? Yeah sure!" Liam answered excited.

"Okay but you have to get me a chocolate sunday," Louis smiled, "Please?" he batted his eyelashes.

Liam laughed and went to get one for each.

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"Liam?" Louis nervously called.

Liam made his way towards the stage, walking around big equipment and busy people.

"You've got make-up on?" Liam smirked.

"Oh, shut up, it's just so my face doesn't shine."

Liam chuckled, "Alright, whatever. What did you need?"

"I think I forgot my lines," Louis whined.

"Are you kidding me? You were repeating them all the way up here! I think I also learn them from hearing them over and over,"

"Well then, repeat them for me please," Louis pouted.

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"Can help," Louis corrected and kept reciting himself, "You can help children like Jack or Lana to be the happy and healthy kids they were before. Text yes to 93335 to donate five pounds and make a difference."

Liam smiled, proudly, "You see? You'll do fine."

"I'll need a vacation after this," Louis smirked.

"Well, you have been working very hard," Liam approved, shrugging.

"Yeah, I might go to the Lodge for a few weeks," Louis sighed, finding appealing the idea of returning to his childhood house.

"Everybody in their places!" The director called.

Louis nodded, when he looked at him.

"Alright, go sit somewhere where you don't disturb," Louis said.

"Do you think the director will let me scream 'action'?" Liam chirped.

"Go away," Louis chuckled.

A woman, who was holding a little girl's hand, took her beside Louis.
"Hey, Lana, remember me?" Louis asked, kneeling so he was at her eye-level.

Lana nodded with a small smile.

"Mommy is going to be over there, but you have to stay here and stand very still. Can you do that for me, baby girl?" the woman asked Lana, who, again, just nodded.

As soon as her mother turned around, Lana tugged Louis' jeans, "Up?" she asked raising her arms.

Louis chuckled and lifted her, setting her on his hip.

"We can film it this way, right Ben?" Louis asked the director.

He gave him a crooked smile, "Sure. Now is everybody ready?"

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Harry changed the channel on the telly halfway through the advertisement.

"Why is he everywhere?" he sighed.

Gemma, who was brushing Harry's hair since he had his head resting on her lap, chuckled, "Cos he's like Mother Theresa over here, doing all sorts of charity stuff,"

Harry didn't say anything back.

"Go wash your hands, kids. Dinner's ready."

"Thanks, dad!" Gemma replied.

They got ready and sat around the table.

"The papers are piling up in the office and I have so much to do," their father, Des, spoke, "I'm sorry I'm not around much," he apologized.

"Same old, same old," Harry huffed.

Gemma sent him a death glare.

"Sorry," Harry muttered.

"It's alright, dad. We still know our way around town, don't we, H?" Gemma sweetly replied.

Harry just nodded, and Des sent them a soft smile.

*

"It's so good to have you back, honey," Jay spoke at dinnertime.

Louis' mom and sisters were glad to have him with them. Louis' father as well, but he was almost always busy.

"Do you think we could do some horseback riding tomorrow?" Daisy jumped. She always seemed to be the most excited one of the four sisters when Louis came home.

"It's called equestrianism," Lottie, the oldest, interrupted.
Louis chuckled, "Yes, love, if that’s what you want," he replied addressing Daisy.

"But be careful because Daisy nearly falls last time," Phoebe said, snitching on her twin.

"But Fizzy was there to help me!" Daisy quickly mended.

"Alright, but tomorrow we'll be careful, right girls?" Louis asked.

Everyone muttered agreeing responses.

*

"You? What are you doing here?" Louis beamed, entering one of the reception halls.

"Your mom didn't tell you? She invited me over." Liam hugged Louis.

"She did?" Louis smiled.

Then they saw Louis' mom walking their way.

"Liam, darling, how are you?" She greeted Liam.

"I'm good thanks. And thanks for the invitation,"

Liam clicked her mouth, "Any time, dear." She looked at Louis, "Are you, gentlemen, joining us for tea?"

Louis shifted uncomfortably in his place, "I don't think so, mom. Liam just got here, he's probably tired."

"Alright, kids, you have fun. I have to run," She said kissing them goodbye.

They went to Louis' play room.

The play room used to have things like rocking horses, small tricycles, two small built-in forts, and many toys for the young prince. All of those toys were now replaced by a flat screen, video-game consoles, and a billiard, a foosball, and a ping-pong table.

Liam let himself fall over the big couch.

"So why did you refuse the tea?" Liam asked.

"I-I... why? Do you want tea? I can ask someone to set us one of the terrace gardens and get us tea. It's a nice day. My mom is using the White Terrace, but you'd be alright if we use the Purple one, right?" Louis asked knowing Liam's favourite terrace was the white one.

The terraces were named after the colour of the flowers that filled the area.

"No, it's alright. Do you want tea?"

"If you want to, yeah. I want to do whatever you want to do," Louis replied.

Liam chuckled, "I was just wondering why you had refused tea, mate"

Louis took a deep breath, "It's just that I don't want to have tea with my mom,"

"Why?" Liam asked, finding it strange.
"Because, lately, she's been having Lady Calder over for tea. And sometimes her daughter comes too,"

"Eleanor?"

"Yeah," Louis replied dully, "I joined them a couple of times, they're nice,"

"But...?" Liam asked, knowing there was more.

"But then, when they were gone, my mom wouldn't stop talking about what a nice young lady Eleanor is, and how smart, funny and pretty she is." Louis sat down on the other end of the couch. Liam lifted Louis' feet and put them on his lap, playing with the laces of his shoes.

"And then Daisy asked if Eleanor was going to marry me," Louis sighed, "And then my mom just giggled and said that, in fact, she would be a good catch." he finished annoyed.

"But you're too young, aren't you?" Liam frowned.

"For marriage, yes. For having someone in my eye, apparently not."

"Well, you have a good relationship with your mom. Tell her you don't wanna marry her. I'm sure they won't force you into it." Liam soothed.

"The thing is, that I don't know," Louis whispered, almost like a squeal.

"You want to marry her?" Liam asked surprised.

"It's not that I want to. But, I mean, what else if not? She is indeed cute, and funny, and smart," Louis murmured, playing with his fingers.

"But she's not what you want" Liam softly added.

"I'll never have what I want, anyway," Louis bit his thumb.

"And what about the option of staying single?" Liam raised his brows.

"I don't think I'd be any happier if I stay single or not," Louis shrugged, "Might as well get married, and make my parents happy."

Liam changed the subject after a few seconds of silence, "What about you make me happy and we play a round of FIFA,"

Louis let out a breath and smiled, thankful for the distraction.

*

A few weeks later, Louis and Jay were in his room at the last fitting of the new blazer that was being tailored for him. He was wearing it to Helen's birthday party.

"It's gorgeous, Lou. You look so handsome," Jay complimented him when he put the blue blazer on.

"Yeah, this colour's nice," Louis agreed.

"And the Calders are going to be there," She cheekily added, but not meaning to upset Louis.
"Mom," he curtly replied, he saw he had startled his mother, so he added more relaxed "Can we not talk about Eleanor, please?"

"Why, dear? What's wrong?" She worriedly asked.

Louis looked at the tailor and at the maid who were in the room as well. He didn't want to talk in front of them.

Luckily, Jay understood Louis' glance. She dismissed them.

"It's not a big deal, mom," Louis tried to keep his voice normal.

"Then, what is it?"

Louis knew he wasn't going to come out to his mom, and even less knowing that the only boy who he has ever loved, or ever will, was never going to be a part of his life again.

"I got my heart broken in America," Louis admitted, looking down. He heard his mom gasped, but continued, "and I feel like, it's too soon to be talking about those kinds of plans. With Eleanor, or anybody, really,"

"Oh, baby," she cooed, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Cos I'm getting better," Louis shrugged, "I'm getting there," he whispered more to himself.

Jay brushed some of Louis' hair, feeling sorry for his kid. "Well, I'll go grab a cuppa. Do you want to join me?" Jay softly asked.

"Just you and me?" Louis asked.

"Yes, baby, just you and me," she replied, taking her son's hand.

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"Thanks, Val, you too." He replied, "Goodbye, Nat, see you on Friday"

"Goodbye Mr Lou," she said not even glancing up.

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Everyone muttered agreeing responses.

*

"You? What are you doing here?" Louis beamed, entering one of the reception halls.

"Your mom didn't tell you? She invited me over." Liam hugged Louis.

"She did?" Louis smiled.

Then they saw Louis' mom walking their way.

"Liam, darling, how are you?" She greeted Liam.

"I'm good thanks. And thanks for the invitation,"

Jay clicked her mouth, "Any time, dear." She looked at Louis, "Are you, gentlemen, joining us for tea?"

Louis shifted uncomfortably in his place, "I don't think so, mom. Liam just got here, he's probably tired."

"Alright, kids, you have fun. I have to run," She said kissing them goodbye.

They went to Louis' play room.

The play room used to have things like rocking horses, small tricycles, two small built-in forts, and many toys for the young prince. All of those toys were now replaced by a flat screen, video-game consoles, and a billiard, a foosball, and a ping-pong table.

Liam let himself fall over the big couch.

"So why did you refuse the tea?" Liam asked.

"I-I... why? Do you want tea? I can ask someone to set us one of the terrace gardens and get us tea.
It's a nice day. My mom is using the White Terrace, but you'd be alright if we use the Purple one, right?" Louis asked knowing Liam's favourite terrace was the white one.

The terraces were named after the colour of the flowers that filled the area.

"No, it's alright. Do you want tea?"

"If you want to, yeah. I want to do whatever you want to do," Louis replied.

Liam chuckled, "I was just wondering why you had refused tea, mate"

Louis took a deep breath, "It's just that I don't want to have tea with my mom,"

"Why?" Liam asked, finding it strange.

"Because, lately, she's been having Lady Calder over for tea. And sometimes her daughter comes too,"

"Eleanor?"

"Yeah," Louis replied dully, "I joined them a couple of times, they're nice,"

"But...?" Liam asked, knowing there was more.

"But then, when they were gone, my mom wouldn't stop talking about what a nice young lady Eleanor is, and how smart, funny and pretty she is." Louis sat down on the other end of the couch.

Liam lifted Louis' feet and put them on his lap, playing with the laces of his shoes.

"And then Daisy asked if Eleanor was going to marry me," Louis sighed, "And then my mom just giggled and said that, in fact, she would be a good catch." he finished annoyed.

"But you're too young, aren't you?" Liam frowned.

"For marriage, yes. For having someone in my eye, apparently not."

"Well, you have a good relationship with your mom. Tell her you don't wanna marry her. I'm sure they won't force you into it." Liam soothed.

"The thing is, that I don't know," Louis whispered, almost like a squeal.

"You want to marry her?" Liam asked surprised.

"It's not that I want to. But, I mean, what else if not? She is indeed cute, and funny, and smart," Louis murmured, playing with his fingers.

"But she's not what you want" Liam softly added.

"I'll never have what I want, anyway," Louis bit his thumb.

"And what about the option of staying single?" Liam raised his brows.

"I don't think I'd be any happier if I stay single or not," Louis shrugged, "Might as well get married, and make my parents happy,"

Liam changed the subject after a few seconds of silence, "What about you make me happy and we play a round of FIFA,"
Louis let out a breath and smiled, thankful for the distraction.

*

A few weeks later, Louis and Jay were in his room at the last fitting of the new blazer that was being tailored for him. He was wearing it to Helen's birthday party.

"It's gorgeous, Lou. You look so handsome," Jay complimented him when he put the blue blazer on.

"Yeah, this colour's nice," Louis agreed.

"And the Calders are going to be there," She cheekily added, but not meaning to upset Louis.

"Mom," he curtly replied, he saw he had startled his mother, so he added more relaxed "Can we not talk about Eleanor, please?"

"Why, dear? What's wrong?" She worriedly asked.

Louis looked at the tailor and at the maid who were in the room as well. He didn't want to talk in front of them. Luckily, Jay understood Louis' glance. She dismissed them.

"It's not a big deal, mom," Louis tried to keep his voice normal.

"Then, what is it?"

Louis knew he wasn't going to come out to his mom, and even less knowing that the only boy who he has ever loved, or ever will, was never going to be a part of his life again.

"I got my heart broken in America," Louis admitted, looking down. He heard his mom gasped, but continued, "and I feel like, it's too soon to be talking about those kinds of plans. With Eleanor, or anybody, really,"

"Oh, baby," she cooed, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Cos I'm getting better," Louis shrugged, "I'm getting there," he whispered more to himself.

Jay brushed some of Louis' hair, feeling sorry for his kid. "Well, I'll go grab a cuppa. Do you want to join me?" Jay softly asked.

"Just you and me?" Louis asked.

"Yes, baby, just you and me," she replied, taking her son's hand.

%MCEPASTEBIN%
Harry woke up with Louis snuggled against his side, lips slightly parted and small puffs of air leaving his lips. He wrapped his arms around Louis better and Harry's lips curved into a smile when Louis nuzzled even closer, without giving signs of waking up.

A couple of minutes passed, Harry busying himself with stroking Louis' arm with his fingertips, when he felt Louis stir a little and heard his steady breathing changed. He looked at the man in his arms and found him with his eyes closed.

"I can feel you staring at me," Louis said still with shut eyes. His morning voice sounding croaky, barely over a whisper.

"You're pretty," Harry answered with a smirk on his face and a husky voice, as well.

Louis sighed. Too sleepy to give any type of reply. After a few seconds, Louis stirred a bit more and wrapped an arm around Harry's chest.

He fluttered his eyes open, slowly adjusting to the light and looking up, searching for Harry's gaze.

He found him smiling and staring fondly at him.

"Hi," Harry whispered.

Louis smiled in response and stretched his neck, reaching for Harry's lips.

Harry leaned in and closed the distance, pressing their lips together in a small, but lingering kiss.

And Louis wished with all his might that he could wake up in Harry's arms and with a good-morning kiss every day for the rest of his life.

"How did you sleep?" Louis asked, a bit more awake now.

"Never better," Harry replied, brushing some of Louis hair that was falling over his forehead.

Louis hummed happily in response, "You hungry?"

"Little bit,"

Louis linked their fingers together, "C'mon. Let's get breakfast," he said standing, Harry following behind.

Harry couldn't say he wasn't curious about Louis' life-style. Last night, when Louis said it was just like any normal dinner, made Harry wonder if Louis even knew what a 'normal dinner' was, because Harry never wore ties to any meal with his family, not even on Christmas.

Anyway, he found cute that Louis had tried to soothe his nervousness by saying that.

He was going to try not to ask a ton of questions about his 'every-day'. But he knew his curiosity would win at the end.

He figured, and hoped, he would eventually find out what was 'normal' for Louis.

For now, he didn't think breakfast would be very fancy, because Louis told him to wear whatever
he wanted, and Louis was wearing sweatpants himself.

"Good morning, Pete," Louis greeted when they walked into a kitchen, earning a greeting from an elderly man wearing a chef-hat.

The kitchen wasn't as large as Harry would have expected, given that they were in a palace, but it obviously was, like, four times the kitchen of his house, and even his mom loved her kitchen because it wasn't small.

"So, what do you want for breakfast?" Louis asked Harry, sitting on a table that was on one end of the kitchen.

"What do you usually have?" Harry asked back.

Louis laughed, "Cereal. But we can have something more substantial than that,"

"Well, in the hotel I just had coffee and a scone, so everything would be better than that," Harry laughed with him.

"Hmm," Louis narrowed his eyes, thinking.

"Hey, Pete," he called after a couple of minutes.

"Yes, sir?" The chef asked, walking towards them.

"Do you remember the crêpes you made the other day? The ones with the berries?" Louis asked him with a warm familiarity in his tone.

"I do, sir. In fact, we just got fresh strawberries. Would you like me to prepare those for you, gentlemen?"

Louis beamed, "Yes, please,"

"Very well," he smiled before turning around and instructing other cooks to do different things.

"That man's the best," Louis told Harry, who was watching him with a smile, "He's been here forever and I swear his cooking gets better each day,"

"Is this the kitchen for the whole place?" Harry asked looking around the busy kitchen.

"No, just the kitchen of this side," Louis said reaching for Harry's hand, that was over the table, brushing it gently.

Harry nodded, accepting the reply.

"You see, the Palace is divided," Louis started explaining, guessing maybe the answer wasn't very satisfying, "into sides, zones, whatever you want to call them. So there's the Northern, Eastern, Western, and Southern."

"And we're in the Southern," Harry wondered.

"Yes," Louis nodded, "So each side has its own things, which are pretty much the same in every side. Except for the State Rooms, there are only one of each and they are all in the Northern side. But rooms like the Reception Hall, the kitchen, the White, Blue, or Red Bedrooms, we have one of all of those in each side. So I can live in the palace without bumping into other people every meal."
"Other people?"

"Like, Liam and his parents, and my granny, live all year long here. My grandma in the Northern side, and Liam's family in the Eastern. My family and I live in Berkshire, but when we have to come, we stay on the Southern,"

"Oh," Harry nodded, comprehending, "So, you live in the Windsor Castle?" he asked biting his lip.

"God, no." Louis chuckled, "But not very far away actually. It's called, uh, The Royal Lodge," he had never felt silly saying where he lived, until now.

Harry found Louis' blush cute, "And is it big?"

"Not really, no. It's a small lodge, a cottage. Nothing mayor." Louis shrugged.

"So, comparing it to this place?"

"Uh," Louis squinted his eyes, "Maybe it's like half of this place,"

Harry's eyes grew.

"But I'm talking about the whole thing, like, gardens and all. Not the main building," Louis quickly added.

Harry laughed, "Which is still pretty huge, y'know?"

"How about we talk about you?" Louis asked with a grin.

Just then the chef returned carrying two plates. Three thin, folded crêpes filled with cheese cream laid on them, surrounded by different types of berries, and covered with some powdered sugar. Another cook also delivered two cups of tea.

They thanked them and started eating right away.


"Not about that." Louis laughed. He munched on his food and asked, "How's the bike?"

"It's amazing. I will never thank you enough for that," Harry answered.

"You still use it?" Louis beamed.

"Yeah, well, to be honest I didn't for the first few weeks after... well, after you left." Harry said, looking at his breakfast. "But then, at the end of the semester, I couldn't just leave it there, so I took it home and, also, Gemma made some good points about how I couldn't let it just rust. So I started using it again,"

"Well, I'm glad you're enjoying it," Louis smiled.

Harry smiled back.

"And what do you want to do today?" Louis asked, both of them almost finishing eating.

"Dunno. I don't want to bother you, if you have stuff to do I understand."
"Well, it's Sunday. There's nothing I need or have to do," Louis shrugged, "We can go out. Sightseeing and doing tourist-stuff,"

"Okay," Harry smiled.

"And where would you like to go?" Louis asked already excited about spending the day together.

"I don't know. We can just, like, walk around, if you want."

"Have you been to the London Eye?"

"Couple of times," Harry nodded.

"Oh," Louis seemed kind of disappointed.

"Have you been on it?" Harry asked with a smirk.

"No, not really." Louis chuckled.

"Never?"

"No, I... Uh, my parents never really had the time to..." Louis scratched the back of his head.

"Oh," Harry felt a bit bad, "Well, we can go there," Harry suggested.

"But there are other places, y'know,"

"Yeah, but I want to go there with you," Harry smiled.

Louis smiled back, "Alright,"

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"No fucking way!" Harry almost yelled open-mouthed.

"Language, Harry," Louis scolded with a smug smile on his face.

"You booked a private capsule?" Harry asked, walking into the capsule of the gigantic Ferris-wheel, Louis followed behind.

"Yeah," Louis shrugged with a smirk.

"You didn't order champagne, did you?"

"I could have ordered champagne?" Louis whined. If he had known, he certainly would have.

Harry laughed, "I'm glad you didn't. You didn't have to do all of this. How was it possible? We were talking about coming here, like, two hours ago!"

"Enjoy your ride, sir," The man who guided them said, closing the capsule and leaving Louis and Harry alone.

Louis shrugged again, the smirk never leaving his lips, "You should get used to the bright-side of being a prince's boyfriend."

A smile appeared on Harry's lips.
The wheel started moving and they walked to an end of the capsule, Harry wrapping his arms around Louis.

"This is really cool," Louis said, eyes scanning London.

Harry hummed in response. "Well, I am kind of glad we have our own bubble," he said before turning Louis around, cupping his face, and pressing their lips together.

Louis put his arms around Harry's waist. Bodies fitting perfectly.

Louis nibbled Harry's bottom lip, making Harry part his lips, and allowed his own tongue explore Harry's mouth.

Both of them were filled with joy, finally tasting and feeling each other.

Louis sighed after breaking the kiss, "I really should have ordered champagne. Bet it tastes better in your lips,"

Harry chuckled and pecked Louis' lips once more.

"It's alright, babe, this is pretty amazing,"

"We can go to the zoo later!" Louis said almost like a little kid.

Harry nodded, "Sure, that would be fun,"

"We should go to the theatre too! I used to love drama, before, y'know? Anyway, let's go!" Louis started randomly making plans, "But wait, when are you leaving?" He frowned.

"Wednesday," Harry sadly replied, suddenly remembering this wasn't eternal.

"Well, we still have three days..."

"No, I mean, to America. I leave on Wednesday to America,"

"So soon?" Louis face fell.

"Sorry I didn't tell you. Guess I just lost track of time and place with you," Harry scratched the back of his head.

Louis caressed Harry's cheek, "Well let's do that for right now. Forget about everything but ourselves,"

"Sounds perfect," Harry smiled, and reached for Louis' lips, meeting them halfway.

After the thirty-minutes ride, which they spend most of it making out, they told the driver to take them to the zoo. Louis had chosen to have a driver so they wouldn't have to spend time looking for parking spots.

"C'mon, Haz, we don't absolutely have to read every single plaque," Louis whined wanting to see other animals, "they're all cats, what's the difference?"

Harry laughed, "Like, a lot?"

"And these tigers are asleep," Louis pouted
"These are mountain lions," Harry laughed.

"Same old, same old. I wanna see the snakes!"

"You're like a child!" Harry laughed again.

Louis smiled a big silly smile and shrugged.

"Okay, let's see the snakes," Harry gave in.

After spending more time that Harry would have liked in the reptile section, they went to grab lunch.

They ordered a sandwich each, along with a water bottle, and sat in an area that was surrounded by various stands. Most of the people sitting on the picnic tables were parents with their loud kids.

They chatted more about Louis' life. About the places he had been to, and the people he had met.

Harry shook his head, "Everything sounds so strange. Like, from another world."

"It's not. It's just different,"

Louis reached for Harry's hand, intertwining their fingers.

"'Different' would be that you know the owner of a venue, so you get to go to cool concerts now and then," Harry smirked, "You're a whole new level of 'different', Tomlinson,"

Harry didn't realise what he said until he saw the nostalgic, but not sad, look on Louis' face.

"Wha- Oh, sorry, it's just..."

Louis chuckled, "It's okay," he gave Harry's hand a light squeeze, "I kind of missed it,"

Harry replied with a light chuckle.

"Um, wait a sec," Louis said before letting Harry's hand go and taking his phone out from his pocket.

"Hello, Carol," Louis picked up.

"Good afternoon, sir. I'm sorry to bother you, but I got a call from New Hopes for Life. They said they're having some problems with a little girl, who says she wants to see you. They tried to explain to her that you're probably busy but she doesn't give in," Carol said.

"Oh, is she alright?" Louis replied standing up and gesturing Harry to do the same.

"I've been told she's fine, but not feeling very well. They would like to know if it's possible for you to go. I told them you're out, and they'll understand if you can't go,"

"It's alright, I can make it. Tell them I'll be there shortly," Louis said walking towards the exit with Harry by his side.

"Very well, sir. I'll let them know," Carol said before ending the call.

Louis texted the driver, asking him to pick him up at the entrance.

"I'm sorry, Haz, they need me in the org. But I hope it won't take too long," Louis said while they
waited for the car.

"It's okay, I can wait," Harry nodded.

"What? No, I meant..." Louis hesitated, "I was thinking we both could go, but if you don't want to it's alright."

"No, no, no. I just didn't think you wanted me there, 'cause that's important stuff" Harry blushed.

Louis sighed, smiling fondly at Harry, "Hazza, I will always want you by my side. And I'd dare to say you're the most important thing for me. I love you,"

Harry's cheeks reddened even more, "I love you too,"

Louis smiled wide and resisted the urge to kiss him.

When they arrived, a woman, the one who replaced Valerie on weekends, welcomed them and took them to a room in the upper part of the building.

Louis knocked the door and a nurse opened it, letting out a big sigh when she saw it was Louis.

"Hello, Louis," she greeted.

"Hi, Rose," Louis smiled.

"It's Natalie," she explained, "She feels pain in a knee and need to get an injection but she won't let us."

"I see," Louis nodded, "And where's her mom. Nat's spending the night here?"

"Yes, her mother left. There wasn't much point on her staying. Nat will just stay until we know for sure there's nothing serious going on,"

"Okay, I understand. I'll see if I can do anything," Louis smiled.

Louis entered and saw Nat, lying in the bed with blood-shot eyes and traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Hello," Louis sang.

Nat looked up, "Lou!" she called, tears gathering again in his eyes.

"What's the matter, love?" he asked sitting on the bed.

"My knee hurts," she sniffled.

"Does it?" Louis softly asked.

Nat nodded, "This one," she said pointing to her right knee, then she saw Harry lingering in the door and sniffled one more time, "Who's that?" she asked Louis.

"That's Harry," Louis replied, then he turned to Harry, "C'mere, Haz,"

"Hi," Harry greeted when he reached them.

"I'm Nat," she sniffled, "You're Louis friend?"

"Yeah, I am," Harry nodded.
"Your knee hurts too?" she asked.

"No," Harry smiled, "But we came to see if we could make you feel better,"

"They want to give me a shot," she pouted.

"Hey, Nat," Louis called, "Remember you told me your hamster Snowflake bit you once?"

"Yeah," she nodded, "She bit me here," she showed Harry his index finger, where it had bitten her.

Harry gasped, "It must have been awfully painful!"

She chuckled, "Not really,"

"The shot will hurt even less, Nat," Louis soothed.

Nat pouted again, "You promise?"

"Yeah, and I'll get you a lollipop," Louis grinned and then whispered, "I know where Valerie hides them,"

She chuckled but her expression soon changed back to being worried.

"C'mon, love, or your knee won't stop hurting," Harry softly added.

Nat nodded weakly, "Okay," she whispered.

Rose started gathering the stuff she needed now that they had coaxed Nat.

"Can you tell me more about Snowflake? What colour is she?" Harry asked, attempting to distract her.

"She's white," Nat reply forgetting about the injection, "And she fits in my hand,"

"No, she doesn't," Louis interrupted, "Your hand is the tiniest hand I've ever seen,"

Nat smiled, "But she does!"

"Look," Louis said holding her hand in his, "Mine's bigger!"

"Aaw," she pouted, "what about Harry's?" she asked reaching for Harry's hand.

Harry held her tiny hand, laying it flat against his, "Uh-oh, mine's bigger."

"But Snowflake does fit in my hand," she chuckled.

"There you go, miss," Rose put a cotton-ball dipped in alcohol against her arm.

"Is it done?" Nat asked not believing it.

"It is," Rose smiled.

"See? You didn't have to worry," Harry smiled.

"Can I have my lolly now?" she cheekily asked.

Louis laughed, "Alright, you've earned it." Then he turned to Harry, "Can you stay while I go get
"Sure," Harry smiled.

Louis went to the ground floor to get the candy.

When he returned, Rose was gone. Harry had moved the chair closer to Nat's bed and was sitting in a very awkward position, allowing Nat to braid his hair.

Louis laughed at the sight.

"Don't laugh at me," Harry pouted.

"I'm not," he chuckled, "You look cute, by the way," he whispered before giving Nat the lolly.

"There you go, princess,"

"Thanks, Lou!" she said before forgetting Harry's hair and unwrapping the candy.

Harry sat straighter, "I thought I was going to get bald," he whined, whispering.

"Don't worry, you wouldn't" Louis said.

"How do you know? You weren't the one whose hair was being pulled out," Harry huffed with a crooked smile.

"Oh, but I've been there," Louis chuckled, going behind Harry and massaging his scalp.

Harry leaned to the touch and closed his eyes and a small moan escaped his lips, making Louis feel giddy.

"Can we watch a movie?" Nat asked, taking her attention off her lollypop.

"Uh, sure," Louis replied when he got a nod from Harry.

"Tangled!" Nat shouted.

Louis rolled his eyes, of course, because it was the latest hit in the org and every girl was in love with the movie. He probably watched it twice a week with different patients every time.

He turned on the telly and started searching for the movie in their system.

"Are you a prince like Louis?" Nat addressed Harry.

He chuckled, "No, I'm not."

"And will you be someday?" she asked curious.

"I don't know, Nat. Does he look like a prince?" Louis interrupted with a smirk.

Harry grinned back.

"Hmm..." she squinted her eyes, "yes," she decided.

"I do?" Harry asked.

"Yes. You have soft hair and pretty green eyes," she smiled, "Like Rapunzel!"
Harry laughed.
"But you're also nice," she added, "You have to be nice and polite to be a prince. Right, Lou?"

"That's right, princess," Louis chuckled.

"I think that if you're a good friend to Lou, he can turn you into a prince. Right, Lou?" she repeated.

"That's right, princess," Louis repeated as well, but this time smiling fondly at Harry.

"Alright, the movie's set," he announced.

"Yes!" Nat cheered.

"You can sit on the couch. That chair is awfully uncomfortable," Louis told Harry.

Then he helped Nat to make herself comfortable, and she only complained about his knee a little bit.

After Nat was ready he sat on the same single-couch where Harry was. It wasn't too small, but still, it didn't have enough space. They squeezed in it, Louis putting his legs over Harry's lap, curled up against his side.

A couple of minutes into the movie, Louis started leaving small kisses in Harry's neck.

"There's a kid in the room," Harry whispered.

Louis stretched his neck, "She's exhausted from crying. She's already asleep," he whispered back.

Harry wanted to send Louis a scolding face, but failed miserably and ended up smirking with his bottom lip caught in between his teeth.

Louis couldn't help leaning up and kissing him, and Harry didn't do anything to stop him.

The fact that Louis was on top of Harry, didn't let them take things slow.

Harry did have to stop things when something like a whimper left the back of Louis' throat.

"Do you think we maybe could leave? Nat's asleep. I don't think she'll mind," Harry suggested, catching his breath.

Louis nodded, "Okay,"

They, very quietly, left the room. Leaving Natalie fast asleep.

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When they arrived to the Palace, they bumped into Liam in the main reception hall.

"Hey!" Liam greeted.

"Hi, Liam," Harry smiled.

"Where've you been?" he asked.
"Out," Louis replied.

"You went to get dinner?" Liam asked.

"No, we were about to go to the kitchen and have something. You already had dinner?" Louis asked back.

"No, I haven't."

"Well, then c'mon," Louis offered.

They had dinner together on the southern kitchen. Liam asked about their day and told them about his. He helped Harry understand some other questions he had about their life, and Harry didn't feel silly asking them because Liam actually got excited explaining them.

Harry was comfortable around Liam because he already felt like family. And Louis was extremely happy they got along so well.

Shortly after dinner, Liam went to his room; he had had a long day.

"Haz, would you like to take a tour around the palace?" Louis said after Liam was gone, "Maybe like, walk for a while."

"Yeah, sure," Harry said smiling.

They both stood up from their chairs and started walking beside each other very close, hands touching sometimes and when they did, they both smiled, trying to keep the secrecy of what they actually felt whenever their skins touched, because obviously, there was always people around and they couldn't just hold hands or anything—just not yet.

Harry was amazed by the enormity of the place, and Louis couldn't say he didn't find it cute. The way Harry's mouth opened whenever Louis showed a painting or explained some kind of detail in a room, would always endear Louis because honestly, Harry is just the cutest thing ever.

They kept walking, making sure Harry would appreciate everything because Louis knew that, for Harry, this wasn't an everyday occurrence. The little long walk and the temperature of the rooms, made Harry all pink cheeks and his bangs rested on his forehead, making it look like a fringe—which looked really hot on Harry—but also, those full pumped lips of his made Louis' knees to quiver from time to time because even though he knew he was taking things slow, he was just a human and he craved for Harry more than he thought.

"I really can't imagine how you don't get lost in this place," Harry chuckled at the end of the tour, not really tired after the walk.

"It's actually not that hard," Louis laughed with him, turning to see him, noticing how the pink cheeks were now disappearing.

"No, wait a second. I know where we are. I've been here before," Harry started taking in his surroundings.

Louis chuckled before answering him, "Yes, silly, it's your room," Louis said opening the door and revealing the White Bedroom. They stepped in and closed the doors, not even bothering to turn on the lights; the only glimpse of light coming from the lights outside, lighting the gardens.

"Oh, right," Harry frowned.
Louis chuckled some more and finally, inside the room, he took Harry's face between his hands and leaned in, connecting their lips, lingering the hard, needy kiss before separating.

"I was waiting to do that for a while now," Louis said, with a low voice.

"Really, now?" Harry said smirking.

"Yeah," Louis said with a playful smile too, faces really close, noses almost touching and breathes stroking each other's faces.

Harry then took Louis by his waist, pulling their bodies closer, leaning in to kiss Louis, this time more passionate, more frantic, more rough. Their kiss deepened, their touches got wilder and maybe the mood in general would have gotten more intimate but Louis' cell phone rang, meaning he got a text.

"Sorry love," Louis said separating from Harry, hearing a groan from the other lad, Louis just chuckled and took his phone out of his pocket; it was a text from his mom, only wishing him good night.

Louis smiled and put the phone away, before turning to see Harry. Thing is, Harry was now taking his clothes off, only leaving a pair of boxers on, throwing all of his clothes to the bed, and because Louis actually didn't see that coming, he was left mouth opened.

"Who was it?" Harry said, turning to see Louis, before realizing Louis state and lightly laughing, "Don't look at me like that perv!"

Louis was taken out of trance with that and he shook his head, before grinning to Harry, "Oh well, sorry for contemplating that perfect body of yours, but it caught me off guard."

"Perfect?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow. And wow, Louis didn't even notice when he said that.

"Hmm—yeah—no, I mean—," Louis was now stuttering and Harry only stopped him to kiss him.

Harry deepened the kiss, putting his hands on Louis' hips, pressing their bodies together, making Louis stumble in his place until he felt the wall in his back; now Harry was pressing him against the wall, but it was all difficult for Louis to process with Harry's naked body against his.

Harry took his hands lower, putting them in Louis' thighs, lifting him up, still pressed against the wall. Louis quickly put his legs around Harry's waist, his arms around Harry's neck and head tilted to the back, because Harry was now leaving a trail of kisses and bites on Louis' neck.

"Haz," Louis panted, feeling how his bulge on his pants were slowly increasing.

"Hmmh?" Harry mumbled, not stopping with the kisses.

"Take me to the bed," Louis said after a few seconds, finally able to speak after Harry finished a love-bite in one of Louis' collarbones.

Harry stepped back a few inches, only to directly look at Louis, nodding and walking off to bed with Louis in his arms. Harry always made it look like Louis didn't weight at all.

Harry laid Louis down on the bed, putting himself on top of him. Louis didn't let go off Harry, his arms still around his neck and legs around his waist.

Louis loved this; he loved how Harry would always know how to turn him on and how to make
him weak in the knees.

Harry leaned down slowly, kissing Louis' lips softly, one hand supporting himself above Louis and the other hand making its way under Louis' shirt.

Harry's long, slim fingers travelled all around Louis' stomach, feeling how his abs were marked, remembering the first time he saw Louis without his shirt. He needed to see Louis like that again.

Harry took Louis by his face, not separating from the kiss, making them to straight up in bed. Then Harry separated, only to take Louis' shirt off and admire the beautiful toned body in front of him.

"You're so hot," Harry said, deep low voice coming out, not even noticing how much he has craved for Louis body this much.

Louis blushed, tinting his cheeks a faint shade of red, biting his bottom lip and smiling.

Harry couldn't take it anymore, so he lean down over Louis again, this time, focusing on his chest, on his arms, collarbones and stomach. Louis put his hands on Harry's hair, playing with his soft curls while Harry kept leaving trail of kisses everywhere in his body.

But when Harry got to the waist band of Louis' jeans, he looked up to see Louis, waiting for him to give him permission. Louis nodded, a bit too much quick if you ask.

Just then, in a swift move, Harry took Louis' jeans off, as long as his shoes, leaving Louis only in his briefs, now with his dick visible under those tight boxers, making Harry's mouth water.

"Don't just look," Louis said in a high pitched voice, and well, Harry must admit, he sounded needy too, "Do something, for fuck sakes."

Harry laughed, shaking his head, because he wasn't used to hear Louis swear, but oh god, Harry liked it; he laid down again, this time, playing with the waist band of his boxers, leaving kisses near it, hearing Louis' breath hitch several times before Louis' hips thrust, making Harry smirk.

Harry climbed up, reaching for Louis' mouth to kiss him softly, smiling into the kiss, because Louis wanted to deepen the kiss, make it rougher, but Harry kept slowing it down, smiling.

"You are a fucking teaser, you know it?" Louis groaned into their mouths, making Harry laughed.

One of Harry's hands made it to Louis' bulge, palming it and moving it up and down, rubbing his hands against the clothed dick. Louis instantly moaned, closing his eyes shut and arching his back.

"You like it, babe?" Harry asked, kissing Louis' collarbones, while his hands keep working down on Louis.

"Y—yeah—Harry, ple—please," Louis barely said, not able to form a coherent word while Harry's hand kept moving against the bulge.

Just then, only when Harry had heard Louis plead, he moved down again, only to take off Louis' boxers and admire Louis' dick, dangling in front of him, all flushed and hard.

"Harry," Louis pleaded one more time, feeling all flushed and exposed, needing the touch of the curly haired boy.

That's when Harry took Louis' dick, making Louis' breath hitch and moan at the same time, taking the bed sheets under him fist ing into them.
Harry started to pump Louis' dick, first with both hands, up and down, feeling how Louis' body couldn't stop shaking, but after he felt his own cock hard against his boxers, feeling desperate to get out, he took one of his hands down on him, pumping his cock too.

It was too perfect; seeing how Louis looked so flushed in his bed, in this massive bed with the dim lights from outside, only contouring some parts of his body, total silence apart from Louis' moans and Harry's sounds.

Harry needed both of his hands, so he opted to put Louis' dick inside his mouth now, bobbing up and down on him, while his two hands worked on him, trying to make Louis reach his climax the same time as him.

"Fuck Haz," Louis moaned, along with other moans—crying/pleading noises he has been making all this time, which Harry loved to hear, it turned him on so much.

Louis started thrusting into Harry's mouth, not able to contain himself, wanting to reach his orgasm.

Harry would look up once in a while, with sweaty bangs on his forehead, full pink lips bobbing up and down Louis' flushed cock and seeing how sweaty and hot Louis looked, looking down on him, thrusting into his mouth, literally fucking his mouth, Louis biting his bottom lip, keeping it that way so his moans didn't rise louder, his fists clenching into the bed sheets, both of them almost reaching their orgasms.

And just when Harry felt that weird tight on his stomach, meaning he was about to cum, he felt Louis' body tense up, meaning he was to cum too.

He took Louis' cock out just in time, when he started to spill cum all over his stomach, while Harry kept jacking off until he cum all over his hands.

Louis was lying in the bed, trying to control his breath now, with all the adrenaline in his system, when he felt weight on the side of the bed, he turned to see Harry, smiling fondly at him.

"Hey love," Harry said, putting his arms around Louis, pulling him closer to him, "Everything good?"

"Yeah," Louis breathed out, nodding with a soft smile on his face, leaning on Harry's chest, with one hand on Harry's abs.

"Let's get ourselves under the duvet, shall we?" Harry said, not waiting for Louis response, already moving the sheets and duvet under them to cover Louis with them.

"Thanks babe," Louis said, after feeling warmer underneath the sheets, "I love you so much," he said before placing a light kiss on Harry's chest.

"I love you too, Lou," Harry said finally, smiling and kissing Louis' forehead, before both of them slowly started to drift off into sleep, with their arms around each other's, side bodies connected as one.

Louis slowly fluttered his eyes open. He found himself with his head resting over Harry's chest, and his arms wrapped around him, while one of his legs was over one of Harry's.

Louis let out a happy sigh. Harry was so warm and soft. Louis could lay there forever, studying his butterfly tattoo over his flawless skin.
He heard Harry take a deep breath. He looked up and saw him waking up, a small smile forming on his face, "Hi," Harry said with a husky voice.

Louis smiled and moved, adjusting his body so he was now hovering over Harry.

He pressed their lips together, Harry hummed into the kiss and put his hands on Louis' lower back.

Louis broke the kiss and then kissed Harry's cheek, "Good morning," he whispered before moving his lips to Harry's jaw.

Harry shivered under Louis touch, still finding it overwhelming.

"You cold?" Louis asked now going for Harry's neck, kissing him and then sucking lightly on his sweet spot.

"I'm fine" Harry breathed, roaming Louis' back.

They were suddenly interrupted by a phone ringing.

"That's not mine," Louis chuckled, sitting up and straddling Harry's waist.

"It's mine," Harry replied stroking Louis' thighs, "just let it ring," he said tugging Louis' arms and bringing him closer.

Harry pressed their lips together but Louis quickly broke the kiss, "I have morning breath," he scrunched his nose.

Harry laughed, "I don't really care,"

"Can't get enough of me, can you?" Louis smirked.

"I'll never get enough of you, babe," Harry grinned before pulling Louis down for one more kiss.

The phone, which stopped ringing at some point, started again.

"You should get that," Louis said before letting go of Harry and falling by his side.

Harry groaned and stood up. He picked up his jeans and started looking for his phone in the pockets.

"Hello?" He asked when he found it.

"Harry where are you?" Gemma demanded.

"I'm in London," Harry answered crawling back in the bed. Louis rested his head again on his chest.

"I know you're in London," Gemma replied annoyed.

"Then why do you ask?" Harry asked finding amusing his sister's annoyance.

"Do you even know what day is it?"

"Monday," Harry answered, playing with Louis hair with his free hand.

"Yes. We're leaving today,"
"No, we leave this Wednesday," Harry furrowed his brows.

"No, we leave today. Remember I told you I changed the dates because Ashton's playing on Wednesday?" Gemma said.

"Uh-oh," Harry now remembered. Yes, Gemma had told him.

"Yes, 'Uh-oh,'" Gemma chuckled.

"Well, I'm already in London. Just pack the rest of my stuff and meet me here," Harry said, earning a confused look from Louis.

Gemma huffed as response.

"Or do you want me to go back, pack my stuff, that is literally just a pair of tees and jeans, and then come down here again?"

"Okay, alright. Just meet me at the airport. Five o'clock on the dot, okay?"

"Okay," Harry sighed.

"See you later, H,"

"Bye, Gem," Harry said before hanging up.

"What's the matter?" Louis asked a little frightened.

Harry sighed, "We're leaving today,"

"What about Wednesday?"

"I totally forgot Gemma had changed the tickets because thing came out, I didn't really listen to her, but she wanted to be there earlier," Harry sorely said.

Louis processed the information for a minute, "Wow, I never thought I'd have so little time with you. I already miss you,"

Harry muttered something unintelligible.

"Say again?" Louis asked, because he wasn't sure Harry had said what he heard.

"Nothing. I didn't say anything." Harry replied.

"Oh," Louis said, saddened.

Harry noticed Louis' disappointment. He started playing with the end of the sheet, "I said that you could always, uh, go with me," Harry admitted.

Louis blushed, because that was actually what he had heard, "You'd like me to go with you?"

"I mean, only for a few days. I know you're busy,"

Louis bit his lip thinking. Yes, he was busy. But he had waited for so long to be with Harry again, and to let him go so suddenly and not see him again until God knows when, was hard.

Louis felt so weak when it came to Harry. It was mind-blowing, really, how badly Louis loved him. Maybe any other person would have gotten over Harry while they were apart, but not Louis.
When he was with Harry he felt complete and, right now, he didn't feel ready to feel un-complete again.

"And your mom would be okay with that?" Louis asked Harry.

Harry nodded eagerly, "Yeah, of course. I would call her to let her know, but I think she'd be alright with it."

"That'd be crazy you know that?" Louis chuckled. But he just couldn't say no to a few extra days with Harry. Skipping work for a couple of days wouldn't hurt, would it?

Harry saw a twinkle in Louis' eyes. He started peppering his face with feathery kisses "Please?" kiss, "Please?" kiss, "Please?" kiss, "I don't want to leave you yet."

Louis giggled.

"I bet Gemma would be so excited to have you over. And my mom will love meeting you." Harry was now hovering over Louis, who was admiring every feature of Harry's face and enjoying his weight over him. "I know I could just change my ticket and stay here a little longer, but... I don't know." Harry sighed.

Louis leaned to kiss the tip of Harry's nose, earning a smile from him.

"I guess I want us to go so I don't feel like I'm waking up from a dream." Harry admitted.

"It does feel like a dream came true, right?" Louis said brushing back some of Harry's curls. Then he sighed, with a smile on his face, "So at what time should I tell Carol to book the flight?"

"Is that a yes?" Harry beamed.

"Will I ever say no to anything you ask?" Louis chuckled.

"No, because you love to spoil me," Harry teased with a smirk.

"You, brat," Louis laughed, "finally getting used to it?"

"Maybe," Harry nodded.

They laughed a bit more, "But you have to call your mom first,"

"I'll do it right now," Harry grinned before dialling her number.

They both sat up straighter on the bed, leaning their backs on the frame.

"Hello?" Anne picked up.

"Hi, mum," Harry smiled.

"Hi, sweetie. I can't wait to see you! How have you been?" She lovingly said.

"Great, I'm great. I came to London, actually" Harry explained.

"Yeah, your father told me. How was it?"

"Amazing," Harry chuckled.

"Good," Anne smiled. Then she waited for Harry to talk.
"Uh, mum, you remember Louis?" Harry asked unsure, searching for Louis gaze.

Louis sent him a comforting smile.

"Louis as in Louis from last year?" she asked curious.

She knew Harry had a boyfriend, and that his name was Louis, because he mentioned it every time they spoke on the phone. But when on winter-break Harry never said a word about him, she figured they had broken up. She never said anything about it, respecting her son's privacy.

"Yeah... He's from London," Harry said.

"Yes, I remember," Anne answered even more curious now that she heard excitement in Harry's voice.

"Well, I bumped into him and I was wondering if I-... I mean, I invited him over... to our house. I wanted to know if you're okay with that," Harry rambled.

Anne gave a little sigh, but a smile could be felt in her voice, "I'm okay with whatever makes you happy, baby. And if he makes you happy, then he's very welcomed."

'Really? Thanks, mom! Yes, he makes me very happy," Harry beamed, reaching for Louis' hand and kissing his knuckles.

Anne chuckled, "Alright, then. I'll see you all tomorrow morning."

"Okay, mom. Bye! Love you!"

"I love you too, baby. Goodbye," she hung up.

"So, I guess you should call Carol now," Harry wiggled his brows at Louis.

Louis laughed, "Poor Carol has the double amount of work now that you're here. But yes, I'll call her right now,"

Harry laughed with him, "Okay, and then breakfast?"

Louis smiled and pecked Harry's lips, "Yes, love, then breakfast."

Just when they were about to walk into the kitchen, Louis' mom was walking out of it.

"Hello, boys. Good morning," Jay smiled.

They greeted back.

"Lou, honey, I went to your room last night, but you weren't there." Jay mentioned in a casual tone.

Louis nearly choked, "I- uh... You-... Why? You needed me, mum?"

Jay suppressed a chuckle seeing his nervous son and flustered friend, "I just wanted to see you, that was all." she smiled and then remembered, "And let you know that your father and I are going back to Berkshire today; in about an hour," she smiled.

"Oh, okay. Yeah." Louis nodded.

"You'll stay for the rest of the summer here, I suppose."
Yeah, that's the plan." Louis made a pause and turned to Harry and then, again, to his mom, "Well actually, mom, Harry's leaving today. And he invited me to spend a couple of days over his house,"

"Oh, did he?" She turned to Harry, "That would be in America?"

"It would, ma'am," Harry replied, "If that's fine by you, of course,"

"Well, just make sure to leave everything organized, and I'll let your father know," Jay smiled, making both of them smile too at her permission.

"Thanks, mum," Louis gave her a kiss on the cheeks.

"Be a good boy. Okay, honey?" Jay chuckled.

"Yes, mum. See you later," Louis grinned.

"And this is certainly not the last time we'll meet, right, Harry?" She smiled.

"I hope not, ma'am" Harry blushed.

"I'm sure not, honey." She replied, stealing a cheeky glance at Louis, who also had a pink tint on his cheeks.

Harry chuckled nervously.

"Alright, boys. I have to go. Take care,"

Louis gave his mom a last good-bye kiss.

"Do you think she knows?" Harry whispered, making their way into the kitchen.

Louis laughed, "I have no idea. Mothers just seem to know everything, or at least sense it,"

"Is this real life?" Gemma asked, open-mouthed, when she spotted Harry in the airport, with Louis walking by his side, both carrying luggage.

"Hello, Gem," Louis chuckled, giving her a hug she couldn't quite return because she was a bit shocked.

"I go on a euro-trip and you go get your boyfriend, slash, prince, slash, love-of-your-life, back?"

"You're being dramatic," Louis rolled his eyes.

"So I'm guessing I was sleeping at cheap hotels while you slept in a castle," Gemma smirked.

"Well, I didn't send you on your trip, did I?" Harry taunted. "'s not my fault you didn't get yourself a prince,"

Gemma huffed, but she was happy anyway, "And you're coming home? That's cool! Mum already knows?"

"She knows Louis's coming," Harry scratched the back of his head, "She doesn't know it's Louis of York, though,"

"That'll be fun to watch," Gemma laughed.
They were then called to board their flight.

"Hey, Gem. I've got a first-class ticket." Louis said with the paper in his hand, "Want to change with me?" Louis asked, wanting to spend every second he could next to Harry.

"Are you serious? Hell, yeah." She said grabbing the paper.

Louis laughed.

"But, really, bug, I'm glad you're back," Gemma gave him a genuine smile.

"I'm glad too," Louis nodded, squinting his eyes of happiness.

They had to tell Anne that Louis' plane ticket came along with a car service, since they couldn't tell her that it was actually Louis' assistant who had hired a car for them. After a while, they could convince Anne that she didn't need to pick them up at the airport.

Harry's house wasn't exactly in the city of Providence. It was in Cumberland, a town not too far away. It was a forty-minute drive, which felt like the longest forty minutes of Louis' life.

Louis was so nervous. He had never been so nervous about meeting anyone in his life. To be honest, it usually was the other way around; people would stammer on their words when talking to the prince of York while he carried on with the conversation effortlessly.

But this was Harry's mom. There were only two outcomes, either she wouldn't mind, or she would totally hate the fact that her son is dating a prince. Saying 'I'm dating a prince' may sound dreamy, but Louis knew there were many downsides to it. And he also knew Anne wouldn't miss them.

He then remembered his friends. Elena had told him about Claire's crush on Liam, and that she would never make a move on him because of his title. Claire was afraid of all responsibilities that Liam had, of the different life he lived. And Louis didn't blame her.

Louis could see a bit of Claire in Harry. The day Louis came back for Harry, Harry had refused him because he was scared, not because he didn't love Louis. He was scared of the possible future with him, of being in the public eye, of not fitting in into Louis' world. But, extraordinarily, Harry loved him enough to forget all of that, just to be with his Louis.

Anne, on the other side, didn't love Louis. She wasn't going to sugar-coat anything. She was going to see the pros and cons of the situation in their rough state. She could even forbid Harry to see Louis, if she really wanted to.

So Louis was really hoping that she didn't mind her son was seeing a prince.

"Lou, you're gonna break my hand," Harry said with a soft tone.

"Oh, God, sorry," Louis said letting go of it. He didn't realise his nerves were making him hold tight of Harry's hand. Tight enough to hurt him.

Harry chuckled and grabbed Louis' hand again, rubbing it with both of his hands; when it should had been the other way around, since Harry was the hurt one, "It's okay, love. You don't have to be nervous."

"Can't help it," Louis bit his lip, "What if she hates me?"

Harry laughed, "She won't hate you. You're charming,"
"I mean, not me me." Louis gestured to himself, "But what I am,"

Harry smiled fondly at him, "I tell you she won't. C'mon, she raised Gemma and I, she can't be that bad, can she?"

"I guess," Louis sighed with a small smile.

"You ready, bug?" Gemma said taking off her ear-buds.

The car came to a stop.

"We're here?" Louis asked, panicking.

"We are," Gemma wiggled her brows.

They were parked in front a white house. It was a very stereotypically American-like house. It had gable roofs and a small porch. It was surrounded by green grass and different type of flowers, suggesting Anne was into gardening.

They stepped out of the car and the driver helped them get their things out of the trunk.

Louis dismissed him when everyone had all of their stuff and made their way to the front door.

A black and white -mostly black- cat was laying on the porch-swing, grooming itself.

"Hello, Dusty!" Gemma chirped. The cat did meow back and then returned to his grooming chore.

Gemma opened the front door and Louis froze in place.

Harry chuckled, "C'mon, babe." He kissed Louis' temple and put his hand on the small of his back, guiding him inside.

Louis stepped in and was suddenly surrounded by a homely feeling. He could swear it had a certain glow or aura that made him feel peaceful.

"We're home!" Gemma yelled, leaving her suitcase by the door.

"In the kitchen, love," Anne replied, her voice distant.

Harry did the same with his duffle bag, so Louis copied him.

Gemma sent Louis an excited and cheeky smile before walking towards where Louis thought the kitchen was. Well, bouncing would be a better description.

"Good-luck kiss?" Harry grinned, showing the dimples Louis loved so much.

Louis let out a shaky breath and let the short touch of Harry's lips over his sooth his nerves.

Harry took Louis' hand and led the way.

They walked into the spacious and bright kitchen, filled with the smell of breakfast being cooked.

"Hi, mum," Harry beamed and hugged her.

"Hello, baby," she hugged back.

Harry let go, but still let his arm around his mom waist.
"This is Louis," he introduced.

"Pleasure to meet you, Mrs Styles," Louis smiled.

"Oh, sweetie, please call me Anne," She chuckled, "And the pleasure is all mine. I'm glad to finally meet you,"

"You have a lovely house," Louis complimented sincerely.

"Thank you," Anne smiled. "So you, kids, would like some breakfast?"

Gemma and Harry both sighed with relief at the same time, "Yes, please," Harry replied.

They set everything up. Louis offered his help, but Anne thanked him and said that since he was the guest, he didn't have to.

"So, Louis, tell me why are you visiting us for so little time?" Anne asked after serving everyone's plate and sitting beside Gemma on the table.

"I- uh, I didn't really want to skip work for a long time, since I already took a couple of weeks off to see my family," Louis replied. He also was kind of sad that he only could allow himself three more days with Harry.

"Oh, you work?" Anne asked curious.

"Well, it's actually volunteering in an organization for kids who have suffered from burn injuries," Louis explained.

Anne chewed the bite she had slowly, eyeing Louis and Harry carefully.

Harry knew what was coming. He started to move his leg up and down nervously.

Gemma sniggered quietly.

Anne smiled "I'm sorry, boys." she said after swallowing, "But I need to ask. Are you who I think you are, Louis?"

"Umm," was all Louis could pronounce. His ears suddenly felt a lot warmer.

"Mum," Harry whined in a small voice.

Anne chuckled and shrugged innocently and had another bite from her eggs.

"Yeah, he's prince Louis of York," Harry slightly rolled his eyes.

Louis blushed furiously, because, did Harry really have to say the whole thing? A simple yes wasn't enough?

Anne's brows raised, but the soft smile didn't leave her lips.

"And were you planning on telling me?" she looked at Harry.

"Figured you'd recognize him yourself," Harry shrugged, with a carefree smile.

Anne didn't say anything back, making Louis fear that she was thinking all the terrible things he predicted.
Gemma winked and sent Louis a smile, as a gesture of reassurance.

Anne sighed, and looked at the boys with gentle eyes "I just hope you, guys, know what you're getting into." she reached out for one of Louis' and Harry's hands, "And I want you to know that no matter what you'll always have my support. I don't want anything bad to happen to you."

"Thanks, mum," Harry beamed.

"That means a lot to us, Anne, thanks," Louis genuinely smiled, feeling all his worries wash away.

Anne gave their hands a light squeeze, "Alright, now finish your breakfast. And then you can get some rest. I bet the flight left you exhausted,"

"Not really. Not me," Gemma smirked.

Harry opened a door at the end of the hall, "So, um- this is my room,"

Louis stepped into the room and Harry put their bags on the floor.

The walls had a cream colour, just like the rest of the house. The bedframe, just like the night-stand tables, was dark, but it had a really fluffy-looking white duvet on top. It had a desk with some books over it and a couple of small speakers with wires tangled around. A wardrobe covered one wall, while in another one there was a door, probably the bathroom.

"No posters on the wall?" Louis asked, looking closely at every little detail.

He felt so close to Harry now. Even if he had already been, or even slept, at his room in Brown, being in his actual room felt more private. More like Harry was showing him a piece of himself.

"I'm not much of a decorator myself," Harry shrugged.

Louis just hummed and moved to the desk, tilting his head so he could read the titles of the books.

He let out a light laugh, "Why do you own *A Farewell to Arms* if you hate it so much?"

"Got it last semester." Harry explained moving to Louis' side, "You remember how Ashton told us how there's never an ending? And the soldier could have had another one?"

Louis nodded.

"I kind of wanted to read it and then get the feeling that things could change. So I could at least imagine another ending for us." Harry admitted, blushing a little.

Louis smiled at him and then reached up, catching his lips with his.

Harry instantly wrapped his arms around Louis, but they were soon interrupted by Gemma yelling them that the movie was ready.

They made their way downstairs.

Gemma was sprawled across the big couch, leaving them the love seat.

"Press play," she told Harry before he sat down.

At some point everyone fell asleep and woke up long after the movie was finished.
Harry took Louis back to his room and they spend the afternoon listening to the bands Harry used to be a fan of.

They chatted some more, made out -even though Louis was a little against it, since he didn't want to get walked into-, and just hung around.

Louis was wrapped up in the different stories Harry told him. Even if they were faint memories from his childhood, memories from not so long ago, or just showed him stuff that he kept because they had a special meaning.

When they were called for dinner, Anne let Louis this time help setting the table.

"And you're going to continue with the volunteering once summer is over?" Anne asked him.

They were all already in the table, eating the rather delicious dinner Anne had made.

"No, actually Liam and I will apply to Sandhurst, so... hopefully we'll be accepted and that'd be a year of military training," Louis explained.

"What's that?" Gemma intervened.

"It's, uh, The Royal Military Academy Sandhurst" Louis replied.

"A soldier," Gemma smiled at Harry, wiggling her brows.

"Just for a year?" Anne asked.

"Forty-four weeks, yeah," Louis nodded, "Then we choose if we want to, like, keep going. Liam maybe will enrol in the armed forces, but I'm not sure. Don't really feel that's for me. I wouldn't want to stop helping the org for good. That's actually something I'd like to keep doing on a regular basis,"

"That's really nice of you. Bet your parents are very proud," she smiled.

"Yeah, they're happy I'm getting involved in new and good stuff," Louis nodded.

"And the kids, mom, they are the sweetest. Well, I only met one, but she was so sweet. And they just love Louis. He really does an amazing job." Harry rambled, making Louis bush.

They continued talking a bit more about Louis and his face felt so hot, he could have sworn he looked like a tomato.

Louis then, trying to take the spotlight from him, asked Gemma about her trip around Europe.

They fell into a comfortable conversation about countries and places.

After dinner they all felt sleepy, even though they had an almost three hour nap.

"Haz, the couch will be just fine," Louis tried to reason.

"I don't want you to sleep on the couch," Harry whined, "Why don't you just sleep with me?"

Louis laughed, "I don't want to break your mom's rules."

"She didn't make any rules,"
"No, but those are the kind of unwritten rules. Everybody knows it." Louis replied.

"Okay, then you take the bed," Harry insisted.

"No," Louis laughed.

"Why?" Harry whined.

"Because you'll sneak in when everyone is asleep. And then I won't be able to tell you no because I'm weak," Louis said, putting his hands over Louis waist.

"You sneaked in my bed at your place," Harry smirked.

"But no one noticed," Louis shrugged.

Harry laughed, "I wouldn't be so sure,"

Louis huffed, "And we wouldn't want that to repeat, right?" Louis kissed Harry's cheek, "I want your mom to like me,"

"She already likes you," Harry pouted, and Louis didn't resist kissing his pout.

"More. I want her to be convinced I'm good for you,"

Harry sighed and brushed some of Louis hair, "Okay," He reluctantly agreed.

"Thanks, darling," Louis smiled kissing him one more time.

Harry smiled back, "Do you want to have a shower while I get you the blankets and stuff?" He offered.

"Yeah, thanks," Louis nodded.

After Harry showed him the ways in the bathroom, he closed his bedroom door and went to gather the things.

He went downstairs and started to make an improvised bed.

"Hi, sweetie. Where's Louis?" Anne asked seeing Harry alone.

"Taking a shower."

"Oh, okay. You sleeping in there?" She asked when Harry started laying out the blanket over the couch.

"No, Louis said he wanted to take the couch. Couldn't convince him otherwise,"

"Let me help you with that," she offered when she saw Harry's poor work.

"Thanks. You do it so much better," Harry replied still helping.

"So, tell me. How did Louis and you happen?" Anne dared to ask.

"Like I told you," Harry shrugged, "He studied in Brown for a semester and was Niall and Zayn's roommate."

"Uh-huh. And what about the part of him being a prince?" She chuckled.
"Well... I didn't recognize him. And he didn't mention it either. When I found out I was already in too deep for him, but I still felt angry because he didn't say anything." Harry sincerely answered.

"I see," Anne nodded.

"Then he had to leave and I told him to not come back. He did it anyway but I refused him. Not even a week later I realised I had made the biggest mistake." Harry admitted a little embarrassed.

Anne didn't want to interrupt. She let him speak.

"So I went to London. I told myself I wasn't going there to get him back, that I just wanted to see a bit of his life because I didn't deserve him. But he saw me and asked me out for lunch," Harry chuckled, "It was as if we were the same as before."

"And he took you back?"

"Yeah, mom. Just like that." Harry still could not believe it.

"Sounds like he loves you," Anne smiled brushing Harry's curls off his face.

Harry sighed, "Yeah, he's so good. I still feel like I don't deserve him."

"Oh, sweetie, don't say that. You are worthy of so much, and deserve the best." Anne smiled fondly.

"You say that because I'm your son," Harry laughed.

"I mean it, baby." Anne laughed with him. "You both deserve each other," she smiled.

Harry beamed and hugged his mother, "I love you mom,"

"I love you too, baby." She chuckled. "Now, off to bed."

"Okay," Harry smiled, "Goodnight, mum."

"Goodnight, baby."

Anne turned around, making her way upstairs.

"Good night, Anne. Have a nice sleep," He heard Louis say.

"Good night, sweetie, see you in the morning," Anne answered kindly.

"It's done," Harry said when Louis was by his side.

"Thanks, Haz,"

"Good-night kiss?" Harry pouted.

Louis chuckled and snaked his arms around Harry's waist, pulling him close and crashing his lips over his.

Harry engulfed Louis' smaller frame.

"I'm gonna miss you," Harry whispered between kisses.

"I'll see you in the morning," Louis replied, putting their foreheads together.
Harry gave him one last kiss, "Alright. I love you," he said.

Louis smiled, "I love you more."

Louis woke up to the sound of noise in the kitchen.

He stood up and went to the bathroom. He freshened himself, splashing a little water over his face, and brushed his teeth with the toothbrush he was careful to bring.

He walked into the kitchen and found Anne alone, making breakfast.

"Good morning," he greeted, still with a sleepy voice.

"Hello, Louis. How did you sleep?" She greeted back.

"Really good, thanks." Louis smiled, "Would you like some help with breakfast?"

Anne, again, just let him set the table.

"Louis, sweetie, do you mind if I have a word with you?" Anne smiled softly.

"Not at all," Louis replied trying to control his nerves.

"Don't worry. I know you already have enough on your mind. And I know you understand more about your own situation than me. But I just want to make sure you know what you're doing getting in a relationship with Harry."

Louis nodded before taking a breath, "I just know it won't be easy. People will judge and maybe not everyone is going to be happy about my relationship. But I promise I will protect him from any harm. The last thing I want is him getting hurt."

"So you really want this, don't you?" Anne was still cooking the pancakes, but listening patiently.

"I love him so much," Louis sighed, "I don't know what's going to happen but I swear I'll do whatever it takes to be with him."

Anne opened her arms, giving Louis a hug.

"I know you will. You've got what it takes, I can see it." She grinned, "And, whatever the outcome is, you will always have me and Gemma by your side."

Louis smiled, "Thanks so much, Anne."

"It's okay, sweetie,"

Just then they heard the banter from Harry and Gemma getting near.

"Smells delicious, mom," Gemma said kissing her cheek.

"I'm starving," Harry complained, then he also gave his mom a kiss.

"Hey, there," he greeted Louis surprising him with a small peck on the lips.

If Gemma or Anne noticed, they didn't show any sign of discomfort at the small exchange.

"And what are you guys up for today?" Anne asked.
"I was planning on showing Louis around town, maybe going to the city," Harry replied, searching for Louis gaze to see if he was okay with that.

Louis nodded and smiled wide as a confirmation.

"How about you, Gems?" Anne turned to her.

"Ashton's gig's today," she replied.

Anne nodded, "Okay, then. Everyone sit down. It's ready,"

Harry and Louis were out all day, mostly in the city, driving around in Harry's bike.

Louis had asked if any of the other lads were around because he really missed them. Sadly, Niall was on vacation with his family, and Zayn lived a little over two-hours away.

But, honestly, Louis couldn't say he had a bad and boring time. Not at all. He even had a better time there than in London. In Providence Louis could hold Harry's hand and kiss him whenever he wanted to without worries.

Maybe if people knew he was there, or if Liam had gone with him, photographers might have been looking for him. But not this time. He was as free as he could be, doing what every other couple could in public.

They drove along the river, had junk food for lunch, drove around downtown, and then walked around. They didn't do much, but they couldn't ask for more. Spending that day together was, by far, one of the best days of their year.

They had dinner outside, and arrived at Harry's house a little after ten, both of them pretty tired. Anne was still awake, reading a book in the living room. After the three of them wished each other good night, they went to their own bed –in Louis' case, the couch-.

Louis was fast asleep when he felt someone laying down almost on top of him. He quickly recognized the scent and the familiarity of Harry's weigh over him.

"Babe, what're you doing?" Louis croaked, barely conscious.

"I miss you," Harry replied. He gave Louis' lips a quick kiss.

Louis sighed, "You need to go,"

"No," Harry whined.

Louis was so sleepy he couldn't complain more, but after a few minutes he woke up again. He still was more asleep than awake.

Louis yawned "I'm trying to impress my mother in-law and you don't make it any easier,"

"What?"

"Huh?" Louis blushed when he realised what he said.

"What did you say?" If there had been any light, Louis would have seen the cheeky smile on Harry's lips.

"That I'm trying to impress my boyfriend's mother and you won't let me," he tried to mend.
"No, you didn't say that," Harry answered, feeling giddy inside.

"I'm too sleepy to remember," "Yeah, right," Harry couldn't help grinning like mad.

Louis chuckled, flustered, "You really should go," "Give me a kiss first," Harry replied, already reaching out for Louis lips, kissing them tenderly in a longer kiss.

"I love you," Louis breathed when they broke.

"I love you more," Harry replied, the tingling feeling still owning him.

"Goodnight, babe,"

Harry stood up, "Good night," he replied. Louis could feel Harry was smiling, and he didn't blame him, he was beaming himself.

The next day, and last, Louis felt more confident around Anne. And the visit wouldn't have been complete if Anne hadn't offered him to go through Harry's baby photos. Unluckily for Harry, she did; and Louis was very amused with every one of them.

They spent a good hour battering about Harry. They even discussed about the oddity of Harry having straight hair when he was a kid.

"Alright, I think you've seen enough of photos of me naked," Harry huffed, closing the album that was displaying the result of an after-bath photo-shoot when he was two.

"Hey," Louis whined. "C'mon, Harry, those pictures were too precious not to be shared." He laughed.

Harry rolled his eyes and let his mom take the album from him.

A single photo slipped from it, falling to the ground.

Louis picked it up. It was a picture of Harry, about three years-old, wearing a Goofy jumper and looking truly angelic.

"Weren't you a cutie?" Louis smiled, scrunching his nose in delight, and gave Anne back the photo. She took a look at it and cooed. "You can keep this, sweetie," she said, returning it to Louis.

Louis beamed, "For real?"

"Yeah," Anne smiled, "I've got enough," she replied lifting the album.

It was probably the most valuable photo he'd ever possess. "Thanks," he grinned.

Harry rolled his eyes, again, "Okay, let's go," he interrupted.

"Just let me put this away," Louis replied running to Harry's bedroom, where his bag was, to save it.

This time they hung around town, walking on the streets of Cumberland.

Harry took him to the bakery he used to work in.
After a chat with the employees and getting a good supply of pastries, they went to a park to eat them. They avoided the playground section and the kids that were there, and just sat on the grass facing a small lake –or large pond- that was home of a few ducks and ducklings.

"So I'll have to wait until December to see you again?" Harry asked, hugging Louis from behind while he fed the ducks the remaining crumbles of their pastries.

"I guess," Louis shrugged, throwing the pieces as far as he could. "I mean, if you still want to,"

Harry spun Louis around, "Of course I will. What makes you think I wouldn't?"

Louis chuckled and kissed Harry's lips, seeing that he had made him upset, "I know. I'm just teasing you,"

Harry smiled relieved, "Good. And will you come and see me?" he battered his eyelashes.

"No," Louis answered pinching Harry's nose, "You'll have to go 'cause it's my birthday and I want you in my party,"

"Like, a real party? With many important people?" Harry asked, a little freaked out.

"Yeah," Louis chuckled at Harry's reaction. "I was also thinking of inviting the lads,"

"Will they let us go?" he asked worried.

"It's my birthday. You're my guests." Louis snorted, "Yeah, I think you can go,"

Harry bit his lip.

"You scared, love?" Louis asked caressing his cheek.

"No," Harry sighed, "Yeah... well... you'll be there, right? W-with me?"

"I'll be with you every step of the way, okay? I'll never leave your side," Louis said, earning a long and sweet kiss from his boyfriend.

"Okay," Harry nodded. "Except for right now. Your plane leaves in three hours,"

Louis groaned and continued kissing Harry, maybe a little too rough for a public park. Harry didn't complain, and held Louis tighter, parting his lips and allowing Louis' tongue to explore his mouth.

"We really should get going, babe," Harry said, breaking the kiss.

Louis sighed, "Okay,"

They returned to Harry's house to get Louis' stuff and take him to the airport.

"See you later, bug," Gemma hugged Louis when they reached the part of the airport where they could no longer go with him.

"Goodbye, Gem," Louis hugged back, "Take care."

"It was really nice meeting you," Anne said when it was her turn to hug him.

"You too, Anne. Thanks so much for letting me stay," Louis answered, maybe thanking for more than just the three-day stay.
Anne nodded smiling, getting what Louis really meant. "We'll wait for you in the car, sweetie," she told Harry before dragging Gemma outside.

"So, should we display a cheesy airport-goodbye?" Harry asked smiling.

"God, no," Louis laughed, "Though you wouldn't mind, would you?"

Harry laughed, "C'mere," he said before pulling Louis and hugging him really tight.

"I'll miss you," Louis said, his voice muffled by Harry's clothes.

"Will you, really? Living with hundreds of fit soldiers all year long?" Harry joked.

"Oh, shut up," Louis laughed.

"Tell them I wish them good luck trying to make you work-out,"

"Ha-ha-ha. Very funny, Styles," Louis rolled his eyes.

Harry grinned. He stared into the blue eyes he fell in love with so much, "I'll miss you too,"

Louis smiled and kissed Harry, not with the same force as in the park, but it still was long and full of emotions.

They were interrupted by his flight being called through the speakers.

"Time to go home, babe," Harry sighed.

"No," Louis smiled, "You're home, remember?"

Harry lips curved into a soft smile, "Okay," he pecked Louis lips, "Good luck, babe. I love you,"

"I love you more," Louis replied.

He couldn't help kissing Harry one more time before picking up his bag and walking away.

Just before getting too far, he turned to look at Harry once more.

Harry blew him a last kiss, before he disappeared from his sight.

*

So you can keep me inside the pocket of your ripped jeans

Holding me closer 'til our eyes meet

You won't ever be alone, wait for me to come home.
Back to Brown, when Harry told Zayn and Niall everything that had happened, they were so happy
Harry thought their faces were going to split from grinning so much.

Niall even tackled Harry onto the floor.

"Why?" Harry grunted without air in his lungs and Niall completely on top of him.

Zayn was laughing his pants off.

"I wanna hug Louis so much but he's not here so you get double hugs!" Niall yelled, crushing
Harry.

Harry laughed.

"C'mon, Styles, bring your laptop so we can Skype!" Zayn impatiently demanded.

"Yes!" Niall got up from the ground and went to get Harry's lap.

"We can't," Harry rolled his eyes.

"Why not?" Niall complained, already with the computer in his hands.

"He's busy. It's like five in the afternoon there."

"So?" Niall insisted.

"He's in military school now. We can only Skype on weekends,"

"Jesus, how do you handle that?" Zayn asked.

"It's been just two weeks since he got into school, so it hasn't kicked me in. But we text a lot,"
Harry shrugged.

"Then let me text him," Niall whined.

Harry rolled his eyes and handed him his phone.

To Louis: *Tomooooooo just heard everything!!! Big up maaan!! So happy for you!!!!!!!* - Niall

"You remember he's not Tomlinson, right?" Zayn asked laughing, when he peered over Niall's
shoulder to read the text.

Niall shrugged, "Whatever. This is so cool!" Niall again jumped over Harry who was now sitting
on the couch of their old flat in Brown.

Harry laughed, "You, crazy,"

* 

The weeks passed and Harry wasn't going to lie, it was hard for him to be apart from Louis.
And Louis was the best boyfriend and always cheered Harry up in the little time they spoke, but texting wasn't satisfactory for neither of them in any scenario.

This day Harry was especially down because Louis hadn't answered any of his texts. He never took more than three hours to answer them, except for when he was asleep, but Harry knew his sleep hours. Right now it was twelve in the afternoon and Louis hadn't replied any of Harry's texts from the night before.

He was sitting in the library, alone, in a big table surrounded by books. His plan of keeping his mind away from Louis actually working, since he was submerged into his philosophy homework.

His phone buzzed, startling him.

From Louis: **Heyy, babe!!! Had a busy day, sorry :( I miss you too. And don't listen to Niall, if you want to wear hats do it. I bet you wo(...)**

His phone buzzed again, getting the second part of the text.

From Louis:  **(...juld look really sexy;) So what are you up to?**

Harry really didn't want to answer him immediately, wanting to give him a taste of his own medicine.

But it was Louis, and Harry missed him so much. Plus, he brought up the subject he had complained about in his latest texts.

To Louis: **You wouldn't call me farmer like Niall does if I wore them? ;(**

From Louis: **Sexy farmer, yeah. Tell Niall only I can call you names. What are you doing love?**

To Louis: **In the library with philo homework. The teacher's the one that hates bees, remember I told you he was crazy?**

Louis didn't reply to that text and, okay, this time Harry was actually mad. Why would he start a conversation if he didn't have time to keep it going?

He decided to turn off his phone because he knew if Louis texted him again, he wasn't going to resist replying to him.

He didn't care if it made Louis upset. He was upset first.

Harry huffed and resumed his reading. Picking up from where he left.

But Louis was everything that was occupying his mind.

Whenever Harry couldn't answer a text he, at least, wrote him a quick 'Can't talk right now. Love you'.

Couldn't Louis do the same? Well, clearly not. It really made Harry feel like he wasn't worth five seconds of his time.

Harry closed his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to relax.

Maybe he was overreacting. But he couldn't help feeling sad.

Accepting the fact that he wasn't going to be able to concentrate again, he closed the book and
started putting away his stuff.

Maybe Niall or Zayn would find a way to cheer him up a bit. He started walking towards the exit.

Before he walked out, he went to the counter and returned a book he had borrowed.

"Thank you," the lady behind the counter offered a smile when she received Harry's book.

Harry smiled weakly and then turned around.

But when he did, he bumped into another body.

"Oops," Harry pronounced.

"Hi," Louis softly replied, holding Harry in place.

When Harry realized it was Louis' voice he heard, Louis' arms he felt, and Louis' blue eyes he stared into, he hugged him, putting his arms around Louis neck and clinging to him.

Harry was breathless.

"What are you doing here?" Harry finally asked, looking straight into his eyes, fearing that, if he looked away, Louis would vanish.

"I wa..." Louis started to say, but was shut by Harry kissing his lips.

Louis chuckled into the kiss and returned the needy kiss of his boyfriend.

"Oh my God, you're here," Harry said cupping Louis face, studying his features as if he was making sure he wasn't imagining things.

"I think we should go outside," Louis laughed.

Harry looked around and saw many people, including the lady behind the counter, staring.

"Okay, yeah," he agreed.

Louis chuckled and gave Harry a last short kiss before walking out.

"I can't believe it," Harry beamed, walking next to Louis and swinging their hands back and forth like a young couple.

Louis smiled, squinting his eyes of happiness, and shrugged, "Surprise!!"

"It was the best surprise of all times,"

"You happy?" Louis asked, pretty sure Harry was.

"So happy." Harry laughed, "And to think I was mad at you five minutes ago!"

"You were mad at me?" Louis frowned.

"You took too long answering the texts," Harry blushed, because saying it out loud made him realise he sounded like a jealous, over protective teenager.

"Oh, babe, I had to put my phone on airplane-mode." Louis did feel kind of bad.
Harry chuckled, "Yeah, forget I said that."

"I then went to look for you in the flat, but I only found the lads and they didn't know where you were. So I texted back and when you said you were in the library I came running here," Louis explained.

"So you've seen them already?" Harry asked, meaning Niall and Zayn.

"Yeah," Louis smiled.

"But tell me! How is this possible?" Harry grinned.

Louis lifted Harry's hand, which was intertwined with his, and kissed his knuckles. "I missed you too much. And since we're halfway through the semester I thought it'd be fair to come and see you."

Harry beamed, "You're amazing,"

Louis chuckled, and then saw Niall, Zayn and Liam walking on their way.

Niall was talking, since he was moving his hands way too much and Zayn's and Liam's head were turned to him.

They soon met halfway.

"Liam!" Harry happily greeted.

"Hi, Harry!" Liam greeted back hugging him.

"We wanted to see the happy reencounter but you sprinted from the flat, mate" Zayn whined, talking to Louis.

Louis shrugged, "We're all here now," he smiled putting his arm around Harry.

"Hey, Harry, I was telling Lou and Liam about the new hamburger-place we found. We should definitely go," Niall started rambling.

"You don't know if Louis has anything planned for Harry," Zayn elbowed Niall.

"Oh, yeah. Well, you can go. We can take Liam there," Niall replied just as happy.

"Well, honestly, I don't have anything in mind," Louis looked at Harry with an apologetic look.

"It's okay, babe. You're here," Harry smiled.

Niall and Liam cooed at the same time.

Louis rolled his eyes at them.

"I have class," Harry suddenly remembered.

"Yeah?" Louis asked, a bit upset. But he wasn't going to make Harry skip class.

"Mhm," Harry nodded, "In like, half an hour,"

"Well, I can wait," Louis answered.
And yeah, he definitely could. He had been waiting for Harry all his life. He could even wait the rest of it, so one more hour wasn't much.

They went to the flat to get some of Harry's stuff that he needed.

They could finally chat properly instead of squeezing in front of a computer. And this time they could get to know Liam better, since last time they barely had time to talk and their mood was rather tense.

The five of them were so happy

"You waited here all hour?" Harry asked when he saw the Louis outside of the building. Right where he had left him for his class.

"No. I visited some friends that live near. At Andrews Hall." Louis replied gesturing the way the building was. "So it was a short visit and then I came back to wait for you. The lads are in the flat already,"

"Friends?" Harry tilted his head.

"Yeah. Y'know, Daniel and the guys." Louis shrugged, taking Harry's hand and walking to the flat to meet their friends.

"Oh," Harry said remembering them, "And how are they?" He asked, wanting Louis to know he was okay with that.

"Good," Louis nodded, "Tyler has a broken toe. Dan has a boyfriend. They're alright,"

Harry winced, "A broken toe? Man, that's gotta hurt. But I'm glad they're fine."

"Yeah, it was nice to, like, catch up." Louis nodded, smiling at Harry.

"Well, I know other stuff we could catch up on," Harry told Louis with a wink.

Louis just raised his brows and bit his lip.

When they got to the building, and the lift's doors closed in front of them, Harry pushed Louis to one of the walls of the small lift and instantly attached his lips to Louis neck.

"I take it I should press the button for your floor," Louis smirked, snaking an arm around Harry's waist and stretching the other to press the button.

Harry replied with a low almost-growl.

As soon as they were on the privacy of Harry's room, Louis took off Harry's tee.

He stopped to admire a new set of tattoos Harry had.

"When did you get these?" Louis said, brushing the pair of birds on Harry's chest with the tip of his fingers

"About a month ago," Harry replied, letting Louis trace the outline of the smaller one, and then the large one. "They were actually a part of your birthday present."

Louis looked up and found Harry's graze, "So they're..."
"Us," Harry finished for him. "I wanted to have us somewhere where we can't be separated. And where we're next to each other, since we're not literally."

"But we will be," Louis rushed to say, "We will be together and won't be separated,"

Harry leaned to kiss Louis, sweet and tender.

"And what was the other part of the present?" Louis asked, smirking.

"Birthday sex," Harry chuckled proudly, "'cause I was going to take off my shirt to show you the tats and that would have led to it,"

Louis laughed at Harry's plan.

"Guess you got your present early,"

"What? No," Louis complained with a mischievous smile, "I still expect the birthday sex"

"You, cheeky prince," Harry laughed kissing him again, this time more fiercely.

Zayn paused the game and smirked when he saw them coming into the lounge of his and Niall's flat, "That's gotta be the hugest hickey I've seen,"

Harry rolled his eyes and Louis, smiling and satisfied, kissed where he had marked Harry -which was on his collarbone, just above the tip of the wing of Harry's bird-.

"Seriously? It's like four in the afternoon," Niall snorted.

Louis shrugged, still with the smug smile on his lips, and snatched the control out of Liam's hands.

"Hey!" Liam complained.

"What? I've spent the same time without videogames as you. Lemme play," Louis said, taking a seat. "Zayn, resume it,"

Zayn chuckled and handed Liam his own control, "Here. You play,"

"Really? Okay," Liam accepted with a big grin, making Zayn smile too. Then Liam stuck out his tongue at Louis.

"Very mature, Liam," Louis laughed, leaning against Harry, who had sat beside him.

"So, Lou, when the game's done, we'll go out. Since Zaynie turned twenty-one we sneak in with him in bars and clubs. We're bad boys now." Niall said over excited, still with his attention on the game.

"Like you didn't do it before, you punks," Louis laughed.

Niall gasped, faking offense, "We never did!"

"Is that so?" Louis snickered.

"Only two times." Niall replied, "Okay, maybe five,"

"Shut up, Niall," Zayn laughed.
They took a cab to the bar, because none of them wanted to not drink and drive that night. It was too of a happy day to stay sober.

The bar wasn't super crowded, but most of the tables were occupied, everyone enjoying the Saturday night.

They kept it light and stuck with beer, not wanting to get wasted either by mixing drinks and doing shots.

Harry noticed that no one was using the billiard table, so they played a round of pool.

Zayn even tried, in a very cliché way, to show Liam some tricks; settling behind him and showing Liam the way to use his arms and hands to move the cue.

Louis was too entertained to stop his tipsy friends because the way Zayn's smaller body surrounded Liam's larger one, attempting to teach tricks that Liam already knew, was very amusing.

Then a girl caught Niall's attention so he left the lads to go talk to her.

When Niall left, a pair of guys asked them if they were up for a friendly match. Liam and Zayn agreed.

Since they out-numbered the interested players, Harry and Louis took advantage and returned to their booth to have a few minutes alone.

After snogging for a while, Louis dragged Harry to the dancing area and danced for a while, but it wasn't too long before Harry spun Louis around and started grinding against his perfect bum to the beat of the music.

Louis leaned his head back on Harry's shoulder and tilted it so he could kiss his neck, which drove Harry insane. He dug his fingers deeper in Louis' hips and rolled his crotch rougher against Louis' curvy arse.

And Louis was about to suggest Harry to make a quick trip to the bathroom together, when Liam came nearly running to them.

"We should go now," Liam said, with his breath hitched.

"What happened?" Louis furrowed his brows.

Then, Zayn arrived dragging Niall behind him.

"Let's go," Zayn demanded.

No one said another word and left the place, spotting a taxi and getting in.

"Why did we have to leave so fast?" Now it was Harry who asked.

Zayn and Liam started laughing.

"Let's say that the lads weren't too happy that they lost," Liam replied still laughing.

"And one started to bluff, saying we should take it outside," Zayn continued.

"But then he tripped with Zayn's foot, and fell flat on his face," Liam finished, both of them going through another fit of laughter.
"You made him trip?" Niall asked, equally amused.

The new wave of cackles was enough confirmation, meaning it hadn't been unintentional. When Zayn and Liam finished laughing and giggling over inside-jokes Niall spoke again.

"So how are we splitting the beds?"

"You two are not sleeping in the same bed," Louis pointed at Liam and Zayn. "No, mate, not gonna happen," he said when Zayn shot him a pouting glare.

Liam chuckled, "It's okay. I can take the couch."

"No, mate, it's alright. You have my bed and I'll sleep on the couch. Unless Niall here wants to invite me over his," Zayn batted his eyelashes to Niall.

Niall laughed, "I would, Zaynie, but I'm sure Sam will get all whiny about it," he answered referring to the guy Niall shared his room with.

"So, yeah, the couch is fine," Zayn chuckled and opened the door, since they had arrived.

"Goodnight, guys," Harry said when the lift got to his floor.

"Yeah, goodnight to you too," Niall replied with a very cheeky smile, making Harry and Louis laugh.

"So, maybe we could finish what you started on the dance floor," Louis purred in Harry's ear.

"Me? It was you and your lips, and exquisite arse," Harry replied, kicking the bedroom door closed and putting his hands around Louis' bum, squeezing it.

Louis chuckled, "Whatever. Let's just get on with this," he breathed before kissing Harry hungrily.

* *

Louis and Liam had to return the next day so a car was sent to pick them up and take them to the airport.

"I'm gonna miss you so much," Harry said for the fiftieth time of the day, this time hugging Louis who was about to get in the car.

"Me too, love. But we're half-way there. Before we know it you'll already be over there with me," Louis replied, kissing Harry's cheek.

Harry sighed and nodded weakly.

"C'mon, Styles, let us say goodbye too," Zayn complained.

Harry used that time to hug Liam goodbye.

"So we'll see you soon," Liam smiled.

Niall bounced on his tip-toes, giddy because of the invitation. "Yes! I can't wait,"

They chuckled at Niall's excitement.

Liam sent them a last smile, "Goodbye, guys,"
They muttered their last goodbyes to them.
Liam got in the car and Zayn and Niall started walking away.

Harry, again, sighed sadly.

"C'mere," Louis said, hugging him tight.

"Take care, yeah?"

"Of course, babe. You too,"

Harry pulled back only enough to be able to kiss Louis on the lips.

Louis didn't really want to get carried away with the kiss, since the driver was waiting for him and Liam was in the car, but it was Harry and he couldn't help deepening it.

This kiss was going to be their last in a long time, so he wanted to remember it. He wanted to remember the taste, warmth, and familiarity of Harry's lips. The way that Harry's body fit perfectly with his, made him feel like Harry was where he belonged. And he tried not to think that it was going to be long before they could be a whole again.

Much to Louis dismay, they had to break their kiss.

Louis managed a smile for Harry, and Harry also tried to return it. But their smiles didn't reach their eyes.

"I love you," Louis said.

"I love you too,"

"See you soon, babe,"

Harry nodded, and with that Louis turned around and walked towards the car.

The driver opened the door for him.

"Y'know," Louis said catching Harry's attention. Then he nodded at the driver who walked to the front door, and held the door opened by himself, "When you get there, in December, I'll tell my parents about us."

Harry's eyes widened, "You- what?"

"I mean, I'm sure about this. You sure about this?" Louis said gesturing between themselves.

"Yeah, but... you don't want to wait a bit more?"

"No, I don't see the point. If we're together they're going to find out eventually, so it's better sooner than later." Louis smiled. "Can't wait to show the world I get to be with you,"

Harry was beaming, speechless.

"I love you," Louis said one more time.

Harry, with two large steps, closed the distance between them and crashed his lips against Louis.

"I love you too. I love you so much," Harry beamed.
Louis chuckled and gave him a last quick peck, "Goodbye, Haz,"

"Bye, Lou," Harry smiled.

Louis nodded and got in the car. Harry closed his door.

And Louis was so glad that he didn't take with him the image of Harry with a sad expression, but instead a Harry with a big, genuine smile and eyes full of hope.

*

Harry and Louis skyped as much as they could -which still was only on weekends.

And, unlike most of the long-distance couples, distance didn't make them grow apart. They both made each other stronger, and reassured themselves when things were hazy.

When the last weeks arrived, they were even busier. Harry had finals, and Louis also had some especial tests and exams.

Some days both of them were so busy, they kept doing their homework but with the video call on. It wasn't exactly a great conversation, but at least they could look up from their homework and find the other equally concentrated in his work in the screen of their computers.

So Louis didn't think it was that bad, because he felt like days were passing quicker, which meant that the day Harry was arriving, was sooner.

*

"Hi, mum. You needed me?" Louis asked after walking into his mother's office, which was also his father's.

The 'office' was just a big room with two desks that belonged to each of his parents. Two walls were covered by bookshelves filled with all sorts of books. Vases with flowers decorated the room, along with paintings.

"Yes, dear. Come and sit," Jay answered and Louis took a seat in front of her desk.

"I just can't make up my mind," She clicked her tongue, "I don't know which one looks best." She said handing Louis two folded pieces of stiff paper.

"What's this?" Louis took them.

"The invitations for your party," Jay replied, at the same time as Louis read along his name and the number twenty-two.

"And what's the difference?" He asked, opening them and reading the exact same thing on both, which was the actual text and information about the party.

"This," she pointed to the blue stripe that swept across the bottom of the paper.

"They're blue," Louis said confused.

Jay rolled her eyes, "This one's Ice blue," she pointed to one, "and that one is Sky blue."

Louis took another look at them. Yeah, maybe one blue was a tiny bit brighter than the other, but why did it matter so much?
"Help me out, baby," Jay insisted.

Louis laughed at his mother's meticulousness.

"Jay, dear, do you happen to know where the document, the review, Paul printed yesterday is? I can't find it," Louis' father asked, walking into the room without warning -not that he needed to knock either-.

"Yes. I believe I have it," Jay answered.

"Hi, son," Mark greeted.

"Hey, dad," Louis greeted back.

"So which colour, Lou?" Jay asked, rummaging through the drawers of her desk.

"Uh... Ice blue," Louis decided. To be honest, only because he didn't remember the other name. Was it Baby blue?

Anyway, Jay looked excited with the choice.


After Mark thanked her, he sat down on the other chair before Jay's desk.

"And I need you to write down the names of the people you want to invite. Or is it just Ed again?" Jay asked Louis, giving him a blank sheet of paper.

"No, I do have some names this year," Louis smiled, taking the paper.

He started to write his friend's full names. Ed's, Elena's and Claire's on one side, under the title of Saint Andrews; and Harry's, Niall's and Zayn's on another side, Brown University written above it.

"Very well," Jay started reading the paper, "I see the girls' name, Harry's, and another couple." She smiled, "This is the first year that will actually look like your birthday party,"

Louis smiled back, "Yeah, I'm very excited to have him over- I mean, them." He quickly corrected, "I can't wait to see them,"

But Jay didn't miss it and neither did Mark, since he looked up from his reading, eyeing at Louis who looked rather nervous now.

Jay and Mark exchanged glances.

"You know, Louis," Jay spoke softly, "last summer I noticed some things."

And Louis was breaking out in cold sweat. He knew this talk was taking place soon, but not that soon. He was supposed to rehearse his speech with Liam first. And he was also supposed to have talked to Harry about it before it actually happened.

"And I let your father know about them." Jay continued, "We didn't say anything because we wanted you to come to us first."

"We didn't want to force you to admit anything. We still don't want to," Mark added.
"But you need to know that, before anything else, we are your parents and we love you no matter what." Jay smiled.

And Louis couldn't believe what was happening.

At the lack of Louis' words, Jay spoke again.

"And because of that, we want to protect you, we want you to be safe,"

"Look, son. There are plenty of jealous, interested people who would die for a good story about you and your personal life. And we can't prevent anything bad to happen if we don't have communication and trust each other." Mark said.

They paused, wanting Louis to say anything.

After a deep breath, Louis spoke, "There's not much to add. It looks like you know everything already." And, yeah, maybe the fear made him snap, but his parents didn't take it bad.

"Lou, you know we don't have people following you around, this is mere parental intuition. I know you. And, let me tell you, you are quite different now. Especially when Harry was around, or when you simply talk about him," Jay replied.

Louis swallowed nervously. Did he really talk about Harry that much?

"Just think about what we've just talked. And whenever you want to talk again, let us know," Mark smiled.

Louis sighed, because what was the difference between right now and next week?

"Well, it is what it is," Louis said, gaining a bit of confidence. "I'm with Harry and there's not much anyone can do about it."

Jay and Mark looked surprised at the sudden reveal, but sent him an encouraging look.

"I didn't see it coming, but I liked what we had." Louis explained. "I love being with him, and I want to be with him,"

Jay nodded, "How serious is this, honey?"

"Huh?"

"You've been together for, what? A year and a half?" Jay asked.

Louis tilted his head, "Yeah, you could say so," he simply replied.

"How long are you planning on carrying on with the relationship? Is it just an experimental thing, or..."

Louis almost choked, "Expe- God, no. Not at all. When I said I wanted to be with him I meant it. And I'm planning on staying that way for a long time,"

"So this is a serious thing? You've both committed to it?"

Louis spoke, not finding any other way of describing it, "I don't see myself with anyone else. This isn't just anyone. Mom, I love him."
Mark sighed, "This is not going to be easy for any of us."

"I know," Louis said weakly.

"People will talk about you. Maybe for a couple of years, maybe for the rest of your life. Some will hate you, others won't care. But we," he put a comforting smile on Louis' back, "we support you son. And we won't hide anything. There will be lots of talking to do, lots of people to convince. But I just want you to be happy, so we will do this together as a family,"

Louis smiled at his father, "Thanks, dad,"

Mark returned the smile.

Jay looked at Mark, who nodded. "Then I think it'd be best if we also invite his family to your birthday party. We need to meet them,"

Louis was surprised, even though he knew he shouldn't be since he just confirmed they had a serious relationship, and meeting his mom would be a basic thing to do.

"His mother and, did you mention he has a sister?" Jay asked.

Louis nodded, "He does,"

"Okay, dear. Then write their names on the list, please," Jay smiled.

And with shaky hands, Louis did.

*

"Hello?" Harry picked up his phone with husky voice.

Louis slapped himself on the forehead, "I woke you up, didn't I, love?"

"Lou!" Harry said, a bit more awake.

Louis rarely called him on the phone. It was always video calls.

"Good morning, darling," Louis smiled.

"Hi, babe. No, you didn't wake me," Harry lied, a yawn giving him away.

Louis chuckled, "It's Sunday, and it's like seven A.M. over there. So, yeah, I definitely woke you up,"

Harry hummed, "It was the best way I could have been awoken."

Louis bit his lip. "I miss you so much," he said fondly.

"Only two more weeks!" Harry said excited.

"Yeah. About that," Louis took a big breath, "The invitations will be sent tomorrow. So expect it in the next few days,"

"I get a real invite?" Harry asked, giddy.

"Yes. But not only you,"
"Zayn and Niall, too?"

"Yeah, but I'm talking about someone else," Louis said and then paused.

Harry waited for him to talk.

"Your invitation is not personal. Your mom and Gemma are expected as well," Louis explained.

"Oh... Uh, why?" Harry was maybe a bit too sleepy to get to conclusions.

"Because my parents want to meet my boyfriend's family," Louis said without holding back a grin.

Yeah, it probably was scary. But far more exciting to be able to have a proper relationship with him, where everyone knew they were together.

"You talked to them?" Harry suddenly sat up, feeling more awake.

"Yeah," Louis answered, and before he could say anything else, Harry started rambling.

"I thought you were going to wait a little longer. What did you say? What did they say? They want to meet my mom? That means we're good?"

Louis laughed at his boyfriend, "Calm down," he sighed, relaxed, "Long story short; they kind of already knew, I guess that gave them some time to think about everything, so they didn't freak out. They were just waiting for me to say it."

"Are you serious? This sounds too good to be truth." Harry laughed, "My mom is the one who'll freak out,"

Louis chuckled, "Tell her I said hi,"

"I will," Harry smiled and Louis wished he could see those dimples.

"I have to go now, love. But, talk to you later?"

"Yeah," Harry nodded, even though Louis could' see him.

"Everything's gonna be great," Louis said, trying to convince them both.

Harry nodded again, "It will,"

"Goodbye, Haz. I love you,"

"I love you more," Harry replied, with a smile plastered on his face.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is the last chapter. And then I might write an epilogue (I'll let you know).
Feedback is very welcomed!
Louis’ birthday parties were usually held on his exact birthday, but not this year. He didn’t want his friends to have to fly back to their families on Christmas, so his party was scheduled for the twenty-second of December.

He had been fidgety all day because it was a day before his birthday party, also when Harry and everyone else was arriving.

Liam had arrived to Berkshire a few days before, and his current technique to keep Louis’ mind occupied, and to prevent him from driving him insane, was playing Mario Cart.

Three hours before expected, a butler announced that the guests from America had arrived.

After letting Louis freak out, Liam went with him to welcome their friends.

Just when they were about to enter to the reception hall, Louis stopped walking, “Wait,” he held Liam back.

Liam didn’t question him, and waited.

Louis put a finger on his mouth, gesturing to be silent.

They tried to listen to what their friends were doing on the other side of the door, but they couldn’t hear anything but quiet, unintelligible mumbles.

“Niall, no!” They heard Zayn raised his voice, followed by a thump noise.

Louis then opened the door, and found Niall picking up a vase that was laying on the floor, while everyone else was sitting on the hall’s sofas.

“We didn’t break anything!” Niall quickly said.

Louis laughed, “’s alright, Nialler,” he said already reaching them and hugging Gemma.

“Well, bug!” Gemma hugged back.

“I’m so glad you came,” Louis said, now hugging Anne.

“Thank you for having us, sweetie,” she smiled.

When Louis let go of Anne, Niall crushed him with a hug, which Louis returned.

“Happy Birthday!!!” Niall yelled in his ear.

Louis laughed again, “Thanks, mate, thanks,”
Then he moved on to Zayn, “I missed you, bro,”

“Yeah, me too,” Zayn replied with a fond smile.

Louis saw Liam had also greeted everyone, but Louis was missing the most important person.

“Where’s Harry?” He asked.

“He went to the loo. Got lost, probably,” Gemma replied with a smirk.

“Oh, should I go look for h..” Louis started to say, but was interrupted by the door being opened and Harry’s deep voice speaking.

“Thank you, and sorry about that...” Harry said with a blush on his cheeks.

“Don’t worry, sir,” the butler who opened the door replied.

Seeing Harry and hearing his voice was overwhelming for Louis. Video calls did not do justice to Harry’s features and certainly did not radiate his familiar warmth and sweet smell.

When Harry noticed Louis was in the room as well, Louis was already walking the short distance between them.

Harry welcomed him with open arms and the fondest smile.

“Lou,” Harry simply said.

“Hi, Haz,” Louis replied, his own voice being muffled since he was nuzzled in Harry’s neck.

After the short, but emotional, embrace Louis let go, searching Harry’s hand and intertwined it with his, “How are you?”

“Good,” Harry grinned.

And they would have shared a lot of more words and touches, but they weren’t alone and needed to maintain composure. Beside, their eyes spoke louder than anything, and it was enough for them to let each other know everything they felt.

After finishing their greetings, Louis commanded the staff to lead each of them to their accommodations.

*  

“I have to admit meeting your parents this time was scarier than the first one,” Harry chuckled.

They were walking around the house. The rest of the lads were in the play room, enjoying Louis’ facilities, but Louis and Harry had chosen to have a nice, quiet moment together, wandering aimlessly along the place.

“It wasn’t that bad. I mean you did stutter a lot, but you did alright,” Louis shrugged.

“I didn’t stutter that much,” Harry bit his lip, “Do you actually consider I did just alright?”

Louis laughed and gave Harry’s cheek a kiss, “You did more than alright. You did amazing, babe. I was just kidding.”
Harry sighed, relieved, “Don’t joke around, Lou, this is really important,”

Louis laughed one more time, “I know it is. It’s just fun to see you all worked up. My parents like you. See,” he said pointing to a large window near them, “they even get along very well,”

Harry looked outside the window and saw both of their mothers, plus Gemma and Louis’ two older sisters, having tea.

Jay and Anne looked so into their conversation, it was easy to see they both clicked. Promising a strong and long friendship.

“I truly am the only one who’s nervous and freaking out, right?” Harry let out a nervous laugh.

“Yes,” Louis gave Harry a quick, but reassuring, kiss, “Yes you are,”

Harry shoved him playfully.

“By the way, Haz, I’m not sneaking into your room tonight,”

The pout formed on Harry’s lips made Louis laugh.

“My mom told me she needs my neck to be hickey-free for tomorrow. Yours as well.” he shrugged smiling.

Harry blushed, again, “Ugh, please tell me you’re joking,”

“Oh, I wish, dear Harold, I wish,”

*

The next day, before the party, Harry had taken a long shower. He washed his hair twice and was extra careful while shaving, he didn’t want to cut himself or miss a section that would make people stare at his bad-shaved cheeks.

After being satisfied with his cleanliness, he styled his hair backwards, because a bandana wasn’t an option to keep his hair off of his face tonight.

He had his shoes, slacks and white button-up shirt on, when he heard a knock on the door.

“Come in,” Harry allowed.

He was sure it wasn’t Louis, for he wouldn’t have knocked, so he made his way to open the door.

Before he could get to it, a butler opened it announcing that Jay was there to see him.

“Hi, dear, how are you?” Jay greeted him when the butler left them alone.

Harry smiled, “Good, thanks. Almost ready,”

A moment of worry assaulted his mind, because Jay was already dressed in a beautiful, yet simple, red, floor-length dress, with perfect hair and makeup, and Harry didn’t even have his tie on. But no, the party started at eight, so he still had plenty of time.

“You look very handsome,” Jay complimented.

“Thank you,” Harry said with a rose tint on his cheeks, “you too,”
Jay smiled in return.

“I mean, not handsome- I meant pretty. I mean, elegant, or...” And, wow, Louis wasn’t kidding when he said Harry stutters.

But Jay just chuckled fondly, “Thank you, dear,” she appreciated the effort.

Harry smiled nervously. He saw how Jay made herself comfortable, taking a seat on a near chair.

“I came to have a quick chat with you,” Jay finally spoke, making goose-bumps appear over Harry’s skin.

Harry nodded, “Sure,”

“Now, I won’t give you a cold, boring talk like they gave me when I started dating Louis’ father,” Jay began, with a soft smile that agreed with what she just said.

Harry corresponded the gesture.

“But I do want to make sure we’re both in the same page.” Jay continued, “I’m sure you already know that this is a first. Maybe is not the first time in which a member of the royalty has a relationship with someone of the same gender. But it is the first time that it’s going to be accepted and official.”

Harry nodded, “Yes. I know this is a big thing we’re dealing with. So, as long as Louis wants it, we will go through everything.”

Jay looked intrigued with Harry’s answer, “What do you mean by saying as long as Louis wants it?

“Honestly, I want to be with him, whatever it takes.” Harry didn’t hesitate, “Being in a secret relationship isn’t what I dream of. But Louis has everything to lose, and I wouldn’t want him to be affected because of me. If he found himself compromised, then I’d prefer to be more discrete about us so he can carry on with his plans.”

Jay smiled, “That’s very mature of you. And that actually gets me to the point I wanted to cover,”

Harry didn’t have anything to say. He just waited for Jay to go on.

“We will support Louis and be by his side at all times. And he will make it. He’s a strong man,”

Harry nodded in agreement.

“But you are a different story. You will be the prince’s boyfriend.” Jay tilted her head, “Leave aside the matter we just talked about. Pretend everything works out perfectly.”

Harry swallowed and croaked a small “Okay,”

“Your life will not be the same. This isn’t just glamour, there are downsides and rough paths. You will have a public life with new responsibilities,”

“Do you think I won’t be able to fulfil them?” Harry asked. A neutral tone in his voice.

“I don’t believe that. I just want you to know every side of this before we go down and present you as Louis’ partner. You will have to attend events, go to important dinners, even travel to very boring ceremonies, and socialize with new people. Are you sure you want this, dear?” Jay asked with concerned eyes.
And, instead of answering, Harry asked back, “Do you ever regret marrying Mark?” He felt inappropriate to call Louis’ parents by their first names, but he was told many times to do so.

Jay knew where he was getting, so she answered truthfully, “Yes. There are days when I don’t want to be a duchess. When I want to let my phone ring and not care about anyone. But then I look at my husband, at my kids. And I’m so thankful for them. They make getting ready in the morning worth.”

“I would dare to say I feel the same way about Louis. I love him and I want him more than anything, come what may. I won’t be the perfect partner, but I can try. With some time and patience I may get the hang of everything,” Harry answered smiling back.

Jay smiled, “Louis is very lucky he found you,”

Harry grinned, “Believe me, I was the lucky one,”

Jay sighed, content, and stood up “Well, Harry, I am so glad we could talk. I leave you now, so you can finish,”

Harry nodded and accompanied her to the door, opening it for her, “Thanks, Jay. See you in a bit,”

And Harry finished getting ready happier than ever, because he felt like he had just gotten all the approval someone could ever get.

* 

“Looking sharp, bro,” Gemma grinned when she saw Harry.

Harry smiled and smoothed his outfit, “Yeah?”

“Absolutely,” Gemma reassured, fixing Harry’s tie which wasn’t actually misplaced, but it was an old habit of her to be tidying her little brother.

Harry, Gemma, Anne, Zayn and Niall, as well as Louis´ parents, were already in the ballroom waiting for Louis so they could start receiving guests.

And Harry didn’t know what he expected. Maybe a big entrance like the one Mia Thermopolis did in the movie “The Princess’ Diaries 2”, but it didn’t happen that way.

After a good ten minutes of waiting, Jay told Paul to look for Louis. Then he came back with a very sexy Louis’ in a blue tux with his hair slicked back. Harry couldn’t help grinning like mad at the sight.

Ignoring whatever Niall was saying, Harry made his way towards his boyfriend when he saw Louis gesturing him to join him and his parents.

Louis started explaining, “Okay, Haz, so you, my parents and I are going to be standing over there,” he pointed near the entrance, where his parents were already heading, “And will be saying hi to the people that arrive.”

“Me too?” Harry asked, because doing that sounded more like being a host, rather than a guest.

“Well, yeah,” Louis shifted his weight to the other leg, “so I can introduce you to everyone,”

Harry bit his lips and nodded.
“It’ll be okay, love. The whole family already knows, and those are the important people, they just need to meet you,”

Harry nodded again, sharing a small smile, and was extremely grateful for the small kiss Louis gifted him.

Not long after that, the queen arrived.

“Hello, granny,” Louis showed his big smile, where his eyes would crinkle.

The queen greeted back and then noticed Harry.

“This is Harry Styles, my boyfriend,” Louis introduced.

And there is no denying, she did eye him well, but she didn’t act cold, “Nice to meet you, Harry”

Harry took her hand gently and bowed his head delicately, “The pleasure is mine,” Harry shared a big and more confident smile.

She returned the smile.

Then Harry was introduced to Liam’s parents who were just as kind as Liam. They were followed by Louis’ aunt Helen, countess of Wessex, and her husband, along with Georgie. Georgie was very sweet too, and she didn’t leave until they promised to tell her how they “met and fell in love” later in the night.

Louis’ parents and the couple didn’t stay receiving guest all night. At one point they left the entrance to join their guests, letting the new ones arrive and greet by themselves.

People soon started flooding into the room. Lords, ladies, barons, viscounts, some ambassadors, and also very wealthy people who had connections with the nobility.

Harry’s favourite reaction was Lady’s Calder. She nearly choked, but Eleanor did a nice save by distracting them and politely asked how Harry had been since last year when they met.

And reaction like that one, they had many; but there was nothing the guests could do. They were in Louis’ house and there was no way they could insult them in any form. So, even if it was just to not be rude, they all exchanged a few words with Harry.

Harry could easily tell apart the nice people from the ones who weren’t sure of Louis’ choice of partner. So he stuck to the nice ones.

Niall, Zayn, Gemma and Harry, could finally meet Ed, Elena and Claire. The last three, being more excited because of everything they had heard about Louis’ new friends. Niall was his friendly self, Zayn was interested in Ed’s tattoos, and Gemma and the girls got along really well since the beginning.

When it was time to sit down to have dinner, Harry and his family sat with Louis and his. The queen was sitting with Liam and Georgie, and their family, while the rest of Louis’ friends were sitting together.

Mark, as every year, did a toast for Louis and they all drank champagne to him. The dinner was delicious and the cake even more.

Then, again, everyone could leave their tables, if they wanted to, to socialize some more.
The music started and Jay and Mark opened the dance. Because this wasn’t a wedding so Louis didn’t necessarily had to be the first one to dance.

“How am I supposed to dance to this, mate?” Niall complained.

Of course he was going to complain. This wasn’t electronic or pop music. There were actual musicians playing ballroom songs.

Louis rolled his eyes, “You find someone to dance with, and dance together,”

“That means no dancing for me tonight,” Zayn chuckled.

“How come?” Liam almost pouted.

“No, Liam, don’t. You are not allowed to have Zayn that near you,” Louis scolded.

“You can get so jealous sometimes,” Harry laughed.

“Chill, mate, I know.” Zayn laughed as well, “I wouldn’t put Liam in a situation like this with so many important people,”

Liam chuckled, and sent him an “Oh, well” smile, together with a shrug.

“Okay, you have to tell me about this too,” Georgie whined, feeling left out of the inside-joke.

“All right, come dance with me and I’ll tell you,” Niall offered her, and Georgie gladly took his hand, “Come to dance, Zaynie, tell Elena to teach you,” Niall added.

Elena nodded smiling and took Zayn’s hand, taking him to the dance floor,

“Oh, but I’m a terrible dancer,” Zayn warned her.

“Just try not to step on my feet,” Elena winked.

Ed danced with Claire, and Liam with Gemma.

“Do you want to dance too?” Harry asked Louis, watching all of their friends doing their version of ballroom dance.

“Yeah, but this way,” Louis took Harry’s hand, guiding him outside.

This year, there were no fairy-lights hanging, but the illumination of the garden was beautiful enough to be a really pretty scenario.

There were just the two of them, the sound of the music coming from inside, and the cold December weather. They surely wouldn’t last long outside.

Harry put his hands around Louis’ waist while Louis secured his behind Harry’s neck.

They started to rock their bodies around and twirling slowly. Not quite dancing but it was nice.

“How are you doing, babe?” Louis asked his boyfriend.

“I’m alright,” Harry smiled, “I mean, this is quite scary. But I think I was nervous for nothing.”

“I told you. Everyone loves you,” Louis felt proud of Harry. The party was like something he had never seen before, yet Harry acted so confident and elegant, like he always belonged there.
“No, not everyone,” Harry added, “but it’s okay as long as I’m with you,”

Louis kissed Harry’s lips, which were already cold from being outside.

“And it does help that your family is so kind.” Harry said. He felt like, if they were dancing, he should spin Louis around, but he was too comfortable having him pressed against him.

“Yeah, my granny told me you talked for a bit before dinner,” Louis smiled.

“She’s a sweetheart,” Harry spoke the truth, because latter in the night they had chat in a certain informal way.

Harry was happy the queen didn’t hate him. Who knows? If she did, she might have gotten Harry’s head off.

“She told me I chose well. Because there was no way you could be a mean person if you had such dimples,”

Harry laughed, showing the said dimples.

Louis kissed the left one. “She did like you,” he reassured.

Harry sighed happily in response, still swaying their bodies to the faint music.

“So I, uh...” Harry paused, “I don’t know if you remember that I told you that... uh,”

“Yeah?” Louis asked softly, pressing his cheek to Harry’s shoulder and leaving small, fluttery kisses in his neck, which made him lose the little focus he had.

"That I always liked the option of being a lawyer? And I'm graduationg soon, so..."

Louis was the hesitant one, now “Okay...” he let him talk.

And then Harry blurted out, “So I applied for a law degree in the University of London and got accepted,”

“What?” Louis was surprised, he even left the comfortable crook of Harry’s neck to look him in the eye.

“I, uh... I don’t know why I didn't tell you sooner,” Harry bit his lip, but he was feeling confident as he watched his boyfriend expression change from confused to a beaming one.

“Is this true?” Louis asked with a massive grin.

“I start classes next fall,” Harry shared the same big smile.

“I can believe it! I’m so happy for you! Are you happy? You want this?”

“A hundred percent sure,”

“I’m going to have you next to me,” Louis smiled, crinkles forming in his eyes.

“Forever, Lou. You’ll have me forever,”

Harry placed his lips over his boyfriend’s. They were cold, but that only intensified the tingling sensation it left on Harry’s lips.
Louis deepened the kiss, tracing Harry’s bottom lip with his tongue.

Harry granted entrance, but not for too long, “I love being here with you, but my bum is freezing,” Harry said after a couple of minutes.

Louis laughed and squeezed it, “I can help you warm it up later,” he winked.

Harry laughed with his boyfriend and gave him one last kiss, “C’mon, babe,”

Louis rolled his eyes, “Okay,” he answered with a fond smile and guided him inside.

They reached their friends, who were gathering again.

Elena was leaning on Claire and rubbing her right foot.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Zayn said mortified.

“It’s alright, Zayn, it really is. Stop apologizing,” Elena sent him a genuine smile.

“I’m the best dancer ever,” Niall bragged, “Tell them, Georgie, tell them,”

She laughed and agreed, “He’s the best dancer ever,” maybe just to please him.

“Who’s that?” Harry asked pointing towards her mother who was chatting with a man which rose cheeks and kind smile.

“Hmm…” Louis squinted his eyes to see better, “That’s The Baron Teynham. His name’s Robin, his last name I believe is Twist,”

Harry stretched his neck, wanting to take a better look.

“He’s a nice man. I think I’ve crossed some words with him before,” Liam added.

Harry grunted some words, displeased.

Louis laughed, “And I am the jealous one,”

“I’m not jealous.” Harry said, still trying to hold a better view of that man, Robin, and making everyone laugh, “Gems, go talk to him or something,”

“No, I’m busy,” Gemma furrowed her brows at her brother interruption, way too caught up in the girl’s conversation.

Harry rolled his eyes and dropped the subject.

“Sir,” Paul caught Louis attention, “Your mother needs you, she’s at your table. The photographer is here,”

“Oh,” the photos were normally taken before dinner, Louis didn’t notice how this time it hadn’t happened, “Okay, thank you,”

Once Paul left, the group of friends waited for Louis to talk.

“Uh, so I’ll be right back,” Louis said.

Everyone nodded or mumbled understanding words.
Louis gave a quick kiss to Harry’s cheek.

“Liam, you coming, mate?” Louis asked, because Liam was going to be called at some point anyway.

Liam nodded and followed his cousin.

And, well, it was always the same set of photos with slight variations each time. A picture with his parents, then his sisters joined them, and then the princesses left to leave place to queen and Jay’s parents. Then Liam came in, as well as his parents.

In the last one –before the photographer started to walk around the party photographing guests– the three families: the York, the Wales, and the Wessex, along with the queen, participated.

Then Louis was free again to return to Harry.

On his way there, he was stopped by some guest who wanted to exchange some words with the prince. Louis granted them some of his time, he couldn’t spend the entire night with his friends, as much as he would’ve liked.

Louis sighed when he got to his friends, “Was I away for too long?”

“Yes,” Harry pouted, joking.

Louis chuckled and was about to kiss him when the photographer interrupted them, wanting to take a picture of all of them.

Everyone posed formally, but with a smile on their faces.

And Louis knew he couldn’t hold a pose more than friendly with Harry, so he didn’t. He knew it was just for now, because they had to take baby-steps. So he was alright with that.

Then Louis took Harry to talk to other influential people. And, yeah, Harry might have forgotten everyone’s name as soon as they were introduced, but he could hold a stimulating conversation with most of them, which was more than fine. Important members from the org were also there, so Louis made sure to spend a fair amount of time with them.

The atmosphere of the party started to tone down, since it was late. And Louis was glad, because he was growing impatient with the need of holding Harry as close as he wanted to.

So when the party ended, Louis didn’t sneak out to Harry’s room. He had taken Harry straight to his own.

**

Louis’ and Liam’s graduation was the first event Harry attended after Louis’ birthday party. And it was also the first one in which paparazzi could find a way inside.

And, again, his nervousness was in vain. Everything was fairly easy. He flew to London, which did require a bit of effort since he was about to begin finals, and once in London he was told everything he had to know or do. In which car to get on, where to sit, who to greet and who to wait for them to say hi.

It was an odd graduation for Harry -nothing he had ever seen. The graduates did some marching, they stood still, there was a speech, and then they were given the range of lieutenant, along with an
Harry didn’t actually pay much attention, because he was more concentrated picturing old women naked. He was sure if he hadn’t done that, he would have ended up with a visible boner; Louis wearing a uniform was enough to give him one.

When the ceremony was done, Harry was very proud of Louis. And he let him know by giving him a tight, long hug.

That hug was captured by the cameras, and even though no statement had been given, many speculations were born from that moment.

Soon, Harry started to be recognized due to his recurrent appearances next to Louis in socials and official events.

***

And a month after that, in the queen’s birthday parade, the speculations were proven to be true.

Everyone was looking at The Red Arrows displaying acrobatics in the air, leaving traces of colour in the sky.

Harry was enjoying it so much, remembering the few times that he attended the parade when he was a kid, when his parents were still together. The big difference was that they would stand in the crowd, wearing sneakers and some Disney-graphic tee, far away from the world Harry was part of now; unaware that Louis was watching the same parade.

Now he was dressed in dark slacks and a light blue button-up, standing right next to Louis who owned his heart. He wondered of the times he and Louis had crossed paths before they even knew each other. Certainly there weren’t many, but it still made Harry’s heart swell. The thought of destiny waiting for the right time and place to bring them together, made his eyes shimmer and smile grow wide.

Louis, who, unlike everyone else, was staring at Harry instead of the show, couldn’t resist Harry’s shiny eyes and reached to place a soft kiss on his lips.

Harry was taken by surprise, but leaned to Louis’ kiss and touch anyway. They felt like they were on their personal bubble. Only they weren’t.

Someone with a rather good camera caught them.

Pictures of the kiss, and moments after the kiss where they exchanged loving looks and enamoured smiles, were soon circulating everywhere.

So the statement wasn’t needed at all.

There were broken hearts, from teenage girls who aspired to marry the elder prince. There was disagreement, from people who thought they knew better. But there were also people who found the situation beneficial, and took it as one more step towards a better society; one with tolerance and equality.

Most of all, there was lots of attention.

The articles that covered gossips about the royals, started to show interest in Harry. They knew he was from Brown, that he was currently studying law at the University of London, and they also...
knew he lived in a fancy flat complex near campus.

They also covered the story that updated Louis’ residence, which was the Clarence House at St James’s Place. Since he wasn’t a student anymore and he had duties in London, he needed to pick a location, but he didn’t want Buckingham to be his permanent residence. He wanted something more private so Clarence House, which was more like a mansion than a house, was the best choice.

No one was surprised when they noticed that Harry had been photographed only once outside his building. On the other hand, there was a big bunch of candid-photos, from different days, that revealed him leaving Clarence House in hours that would suggest he was heading to a morning class.

But Harry and Louis didn’t concentrate on the gossip. They thanked the people supporting them and tried to ignore the negativity.

“What if what they say is true? Maybe your life would be easier without me,” Harry would whisper his fears while lying in bed, curled into Louis. Because sometimes that was the only place where he felt safe.

“Haz, we don’t see things as they are, we see them as we are. So if people think this is wrong, then they are the ones that are wrong.” Louis would kiss the top of Harry’s head to comfort him, “If you love me as I love you, and I know you do, then there’s no bad in this. There’s nothing wrong about love,”

They needed to focus on what was important to them at the moment. Harry was doing a very good job in law school, and Louis kept working in organizations.

So with encouraging words and their strong love, they made their way into their new lives.

*****

Louis was over the clouds.

It had been a hell of a month. Lots of talking, meetings, and arrangements.

But now every single, little, tiny, minor detail was perfectly planned.

And Louis couldn’t stop grinning.

After telling the driver to head to St James’s, he dialled Harry’s number.

“Hello, love, where are you?” Louis said when Harry picked up the phone.

“Still in the office but I’m finishing up. Meet you at the house in an hour?” Harry said kind of rushed, trying to leave as much work done before leaving.

Since Harry already had a previous degree from Brown, he finished his law degree in three years. When Harry had gotten his diploma, he was already offered a place in an important law firm in London, job which Harry took.

With only twenty-four years he was the youngest in the firm, and he could be a bit inexperienced, but he did bring fresher ideas every day, which made him very valuable.

And he was as committed to his job as he was to the duties he had to fulfil next to Louis –which weren’t a whole lot, but still.
That’s why he was tidying things up in the office. Louis and he needed to be in the airport in two hours because they were flying to Italy.

The president, who hold a stance in favour of Louis and Harry’s relationship, had invited them to the Italian Republic Day.

“Okay, see you there.” Louis agreed.

“Love you,” Harry replied.

“Love you, too,” Louis said before hanging up.

Louis called Liam right away.

“Louis? Hi! How’s everything?” Liam picked up the phone, excitement could be sensed in his voice.

“Everything’s ready. We’re leaving in two hours,” Louis informed.

“You got the ring?”

“Yes,” Louis beamed.

Liam let out an unmanly squeal, “You have to call me as soon as he says yes,” he demanded.

Louis chuckled, “Alright, Liam. I’ll text you before anything happens, okay? I’ll probably freak out and need a lot of reassurance,”

“Absolutely! Text me as much as you want,” he said eagerly.

“Okay,” Louis accepted.

“Okay, Sophia is here. I have to go, Lou. Bye!” Liam answered, and Louis could tell Liam was smiling as wide as he was.

“Bye, Liam,”

When he hung up, Louis took out the small, black box from his jacket.

He opened it and contemplated the ring. It was a wide, silver band; with alternating small, round and squared, embed diamonds all around the band.

He sighed in content and placed it again in his jacket. There was no way he was getting the small box out of his sight. He could not lose it, so was going to carry it everywhere.

And he couldn’t contain his excitement when he saw Harry, smacking a loud kiss on his lips as his greeting.

Harry smiled, “Good day today?”

“Amazing day,” Louis smiled and interlaced their fingers together.

“Good,” they started walking to Harry’s office room in the mansion, “cause these last weeks you’ve been a little stressed,”

Louis sighed, happily “Yeah, I know. But everything’s solved out now,”
Harry sat down on his desk chair, “You were at the org? You know I’m happy to help you with
that stuff,”

Louis’ new project was to open a new organization, together with *New Hopes for Life*. But this new
org was going to be for adults who had been victimized by fire.

Louis was very excited, but it was a long process that required a lot of work. And Harry, wanting to
help Louis as much as he could, managed a lot of the legal stuff.

But that wasn’t the cause of Louis’ lately stress.

He had been dealing with a much more personal issue, like getting permission to marry Harry.

Because yes, everyone had already come to terms with their relationship, but Louis still had to go
through a protocol in order to be able to marry him. And he wanted to have everything ready even
before he asked him the question.

“No, I was with my dad. Just checking some issues out and arranging stuff,” Louis replied, sitting
down on Harry’s lap and burying his face in his neck.

“He’s in London?” Harry asked turning on his laptop.

“Yeah,” Louis replied.

Harry hummed while moving some things in his lap, “Okay just let me send some last minute
emails and we’re good to go,”

Louis stood up from Harry’s lap to let him work, “Alright I’ll get everything done,”

And then they flew to Italy and stayed in a suite of a very luxurious hotel in Rome.

The next morning they got ready to go to the parade being held that day.

The president welcomed them and thanked them for coming, speaking a very fluent English. And
they attended to the parade, then they had dinner with a few important Italian members, some of
them speaking in a not so fluent English, but it was alright.

The day full of events left them exhausted, so they were straight to bed.

The following day, after breakfast in bed, Harry asked what their plans were for that day, since
they didn’t have any events planned for that day and they weren’t coming back until the next one.

“We are going to go on a road trip today,” Louis proudly explained.

“You planned it?” Harry asked pleasantly surprised.

“Yeah, my pocket’s full of surprises for you today Haz,” Louis smiled. ‘Actually there’s just one in
my pocket, which is round and goes in your ring finger, but we’ll get to that later’ He smugly
thought.

And, yes, he had planned to go on a small trip going over the beautiful Italy because it’d be fun, but
he also needed Harry to be busy and away from the hotel so everything could be set up.

For the big question Louis had planned a romantic dinner.

He had rented the hotel’s penthouse, which was even more luxurious that their suite.
The penthouse had, obviously, the master bedroom and the rest of the equally fancy rooms, but it was the terrace what Louis was most interested in.

It was a big deck with the view of all Rome beneath their feet, it had a small fountain next to a pool that also had a hot-tub.

So he hired the staff of the hotel to set “the most incredible and romantic dinner Rome has ever seen,” as Louis described it.

There decoration would be very minimalistic. A table for two in the middle of the deck, and all kinds of candles placed in every surface possible: contouring the edge of the construction, over handrails, surrounding the pool, on top of the small tables beside the pool, and even some over the edges of the bigger jardinières.

Louis figured that, at night, the lights of Rome next to the four-hundred candles would make an amazing scenario for them.

The best chef of the hotel would make their meals: a light salad as an appetizer, followed by filet mignon with sauce of mushrooms, and the best Italian gelato for desert.

The wine was something that Louis was going to choose along the way, in a classical Italian winery.

So they drove along Italy. As transportation, Louis had rented a black smart car. And it was a clever decision to rent one with GPS, since driving on the other rail was already had enough for Louis, imagine having to figure out a map in Italian.

And with every picturesque scenery they witnessed, or small village they visited, they felt like they were discovering Italy; like they were owning it.

There was no one who recognized them, no one to pose for. They were free to do whatever they wanted. That feeling of freedom brought them back memories of their first months together, when they had no one to care about but themselves.

Soon, the mountains that surrounded the highway started to fade, leaving place to open land used to grow vines.

“We’re like in an ocean of vineyards,” Harry said where there was nothing else in sight but the grey road that contrasted with the small, bright bushes loaded with grapes. Grapes which were going to turn into delicious wine.

Louis pulled over after Harry’s words.

“Why did you stop?” Harry asked.

“You want to go for a walk?” Louis smiled already opening the door.

Harry didn’t answer and got out of the car.

Holding hands, they walked into the furrows of the plantation.

“You sure it’s okay to just walk around?” Harry spoke.

“Well, there aren’t any No trespassing signs,” Louis shrugged.

And after a few minutes of walking around, Harry spoke again, “Do you imagine all the work this
requires?"

“But it’s easy for them, because they are experts. Certainly not a couple of students trying to figure out how deep to bury a seed,” Louis laughed.

Harry laughed at the memory, “Hey, don’t underestimate our abilities of harvesting. Our vegetable patch was one of the bests,”

“No, not as best as these grapes,” Louis said, kneeling down and plucking a single grape and eating it with a mischievous smile.

“Lou! You can’t do that!”

“Why not?” Louis dared, plucking another one, but taking it to Harry’s lips instead.

“Because it’s wrong?” Harry chuckled, giving in anyway and opening his lips, letting Louis place the grape in his mouth.

Louis couldn’t help staring at Harry’s lips while he chewed the grape.

“It is really good,” Harry smiled.

“Yeah? Let me taste it,” Louis said before leaning to kiss Harry’s lips.

Harry instantly wrapped his arms around Louis, pulling him closer. They pressed open mouth kisses to each other lips, and twirled their tongues together while Louis tugged Harry’s curls and Harry’s hands roamed Louis’ hips and back. They could taste the remaining sweet of the grape in their mouths, and even when they couldn’t anymore, they kept kissing.

Because, to Louis, kissing Harry was something as good as holding his hand or making love to him. There was nothing that could ever replace Harry’s kisses, and he wanted them forever.

And then they pulled back.

Maybe it was the plumpness of Harry’s pink, slightly swollen lips.

Or the shine and fondness on his incomparable green eyes, which stood out even more being surrounded by so much green.

Or the feeling of his strong arms wrapped around his waist, that promised security and comfort.

And maybe even the atmosphere helped.

The bright sun made Harry’s skin glow.

The soft wind tousled Harry’s soft, longer hair. Louis loved running his fingers through it.

The smell too. The smell of the soil, of the plants, of the sun. They reminded him so much of the time they spent together, taking care of a small patch of their own. The tiny piece of land that brought them together so much.

Maybe it was all of that combined that made Louis kneel in front of Harry, taking out of his pocket the box he had been carrying all along.

“Harry,” Louis softly spoke. And without taking his eyes off him, he opened the box.
And Harry was frozen. He was staring at Louis kneeling, among vine bushes, with a ring on his hands and his heart on his eyes.

“Lou,” Harry managed to whisper. Eye flickering between the silver band and his lover’s eyes.

“I love you, Harry. I love you more than anything in the world, more than I love myself. And this is not the way I planned to ask you, but I couldn’t wait longer; not when I look you in the eye and know you’re all I need.” Louis’ voice was steady, full of tenderness. Meaning every single word.

Harry, he had lost his voice.

“Five years ago, I met you. And I can say that I love you more every day. We’ve been through so much together, and I want to stay that way. I never want to be parted from you. So, Harry Edward Styles,” Louis smiled at Harry, whose mouth was hanging open. “Would you do me the absolute honour of becoming my husband, and spend the rest of our lives together?”

Harry let out a shaky breath, and Louis’ heart pounded waiting for his answer.

Soon enough, Harry slowly started nodding, “Lou, I… This is– Yes! Yes, yes, yes!” Harry chanted as Louis stood up and hugged him with all his might.

“I can’t believe it, Lou, yes! I’ll be your husband and you’ll be mine and…” Harry said as Louis pulled back, taking Harry’s left hand.

He put the ring on Harry’s ring finger, with the biggest smile on his face. Louis planted a kiss to Harry’s knuckle when the ring was perfectly placed.

“How did you plan this? God, Lou, it’s gorgeous,” Harry said taking a better look at it.

Louis caressed Harry’s cheek, putting special attention to the dimple, “You are gorgeous,” he told his beaming boyfriend.

Harry kissed Louis’ lips delicately.

“How about we find a winery and celebrate?” Louis suggested.

Harry nodded, agreeing, “And then can I take you to dinner?”

Louis chuckled, “I think I already have that sorted out,”

Harry sighed happily, “I love you,”

Louis smiled, “I love you more,” he said before giving Harry another kiss.

They drove again, with their hands intertwined, finding a very traditional winery where they had their own private engagement party.

Then, the amazing dinner Louis had planned was waiting for them, and that was another scene in which Harry was left speechless.

And when they came back, their small bubble of love burst. Not their love itself, but they were back to their jobs where they had other responsibilities. And, although things sometimes got rough, they were sure they made the right decision, because there was no other place where they wanted to be but beside each other.

They showed their love every day. Whether it was just a cuddle at night; or a lot more than cuddle.
A fancy dinner because Louis absolutely loved to spoil Harry; or going to Harry’s flat because Harry was feeling domestic and wanted to cook for Louis. Louis’ help with Harry’s work, giving him a new perspective to the problems of cases he was in charge of; or Harry’s patience when Louis had had a bad day at the org, because health didn’t always make progress.

They made each other strong and relied on one-another. Just simply waking up next to each other every morning was like living in their own fairytale.

*The End.*
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Sorry I took so long.
Thank you so much for waiting for and reading every update. This has been amazing for me to share it with you. xxxx

Here’s a video which is another epilogue. It might be better if you watch it before reading the chapter, but it's oka either way.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jZOO1kz9a24

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis slowly started to gain conscience, but he tried to keep his mind in blank. He didn’t want to wake up. Not yet. It was Saturday.

Then, that one thought made his stomach flutter, waking him completely. It was Saturday.

He opened his eyes to his dim lit room; the only light sneaking from behind the curtains. Still, when he turned around, he could see Harry sleeping beside him. With messy hair and slightly parted lips.

He was fast asleep, and Louis smiled fondly at his husband. With the same loving eyes as nearly six years before when he vowed to be with him forever.

He was tempted to kiss him, but he didn’t want to wake him up. Not when Louis knew the excitement hadn’t let Harry sleep the night before. Just as it hadn’t let him sleep either.

So he stayed there, eyes closed. Listening to the steady breathing of his husband and his soft snores, next to the few street’s sounds he could catch.

With the light leaked into the room, as well as the little noise coming from outside, he figured it was around eight AM.

His time-theory was proven true when he heard the door being, rather clumsily, opened. Followed by the sound of tiny feet padding on the floor. Not too late after that, Louis felt his son climbing up the bed and crawling until he reached the narrow space in-between his fathers.

Sneaking into his fathers’ bed in the morning, usually around eight, was a habit Drew was acquiring now that his crib was replaced by a small bed that allowed him to sneak out of it.

Louis opened one eye and peeped at his son, who was caressing his favorite stuffed toy, which was a Simba from The Lion King.

Drew caught him awake, and spoke, “Papa,”

Louis brought his hand to his own lips, gesturing to be quiet, “Daddy’s sleeping,” he whispered.

Drew copied him, sealing his lips with his small hands, “Daddy sleep,” he whispered too.
Louis nodded and, smiling, he opened his arms, “Come cuddle,” he said in the same voice tone.

Drew smiled wide and nuzzled against his father’s chest, not losing hold of Simba.

“How about we sleep a bit more?” Louis suggested.

“No sleepy,” Drew answered, forgetting he had to be quiet.

“Shh,” Louis ran his fingers through his baby hair, which had an incredibly similar chestnut colour to Louis’.

That didn’t wake up Harry, though. He just stirred a little.

But soon, Louis’ efforts of letting Harry sleep flew out the window. Their dog, which sneaked after Drew, had jumped and landed just beside Harry. His tail exactly in Harry’s mouth.

Harry jolted awake and tried to spit the few dog-hairs.

Drew chuckled, “Bad, Bwuce,” he tried to scold the brown Labrador.

Bruce just readjusted himself on the end of the bed, by the feet of his masters.

“Good morning,” Louis said.

“Good morning,” Harry greeted back with a sigh, a lazy smile, and husky voice. “Hey, baby,” he pinched Drew’s cheeks.

Drew laughed, “Daddy and Bwuce,”

“Yeah, Bruce woke up daddy, didn’t he?” Harry chuckled, grabbing Drew’s hand, the one that wasn’t holding Simba, and took it to his lips, kissing it gently.

Then he looked at Louis with a bright smile.

Louis smiled back, knowing what his husband’s smile was for.

“Hey,” Harry greeted again.

“Hi, Haz,” Louis replied smiling, “I would kiss you but Bruce’s tail has been in your mouth,”

Harry rolled his eyes and stood up, stretching his limbs, “I’ll wash my teeth.” He picked up Drew, “C’mon, bud, you need to go to the bathroom,”

“Daddy, Simba,” Drew called when his toy was left behind.

Louis grabbed it and gave it to him.

“What are the words, baby?” Harry asked when Drew took it.

“Thank you, papa,” Drew smiled.

“You’re welcomed, baby,” Louis smiled.

“Nice boy!” Harry made Drew bounce on his hips, making him laugh “Now, to the real business,” he said walking towards the bathroom.

Louis sighed happily, and stood up to begin a very exciting day.
“Do you want an apple?” Harry held a green apple in his right hand.

“No,” Drew chuckled, sitting on his baby chair by the table.

“Do you want an orange?” Harry took an orange from the fruit bowl with his left hand.

“No,” Drew tapped happily the small table of his chair.

“Okay, how about... A pear?” He took it without letting the others go.

“No,” Drew laughed in anticipation.

“What am I going to do with all these fruits?” Harry dramatically asked.

“Fly!” Drew yelled.

“You want them to fly?” Harry asked, equally amused.

“Fly, daddy, fly!”

“Okay... Here we go,” Harry laughed before juggling the three fruits, doing a very good job at it.

Drew was laughing and clapping his hands, watching Harry catch each piece and throwing in the air the next one.

“Look at that,” Louis chuckled walking into the kitchen with his hair still a bit damp from the shower.

Harry stopped juggling, earning a complain noise from Drew.

“You smell nice,” Harry complimented him after Louis gave him a quick kiss on his lips.

Louis hummed, “Thanks, babe,” he smiled before getting to the chore of making them tea.

“Now, Drew, you have to eat some fruit. So what’s it going to be?” Harry placed the fruit back in the bowl.

“A nana,” he decided.

Harry chuckled at his son’s pronunciation, “A banana, good choice,” he said grabbing one and peeling it for Drew.

“So... everything’s ready?” Harry asked Louis as he handed him a cup of tea.

“Everything’s ready,” Louis nodded.

“Do we have enough baby-wipes?” Harry asked after giving the tea a sip

“We’re good on the baby-wipes,” Louis nodded again.

“Is the car-seat ready?” Harry tilted his eyes.

“You checked it yesterday, darling. It’s good,” Louis laughed.

“I feel like I’m missing something,”

“You’re nervous,” Louis stated.
“Well yeah, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, but we’ve done this already.” Louis got closer to him, “Everything’s gonna be fine,” he said and connected their lips. “I just don’t want to get my hopes too high. There’s a great chance we come back home empty-handed,” Louis sighed, feeling a big mixture of nervousness and insecurity together with excitement and eagerness.

Harry brushed his thumb along Louis’ cheek, “I know, babe. But everything happens for a reason. We’ll just stay strong, alright? No matter what happens,”

Louis leaned into his husband’s touch, soaking up his words of comfort.

Harry connected their lips once again.

When they broke their kiss they turned to look at their son, who was eating his banana, unaware of the whole world.

“Maybe you should remind him,” Harry squeezed Louis’ hand.

“And you make breakfast?” Louis tried to deal.

Harry laughed, “And I make breakfast,”

All of the week-days, Clearance House was busy with butlers and maids. But Harry and Louis decided they wanted the weekends for themselves, so most of the staff had those days off, only two or three of them remained, just in case.

They were happy they could enjoy the weekends together like a normal family, or at least as normal as they could be.

Harry started making scrambled eggs and toast as Louis took a seat right in front of Drew’s high chair.

“Hey, bud,”

Drew didn’t answer, but he paid attention to his father.

“We’re gonna go out today,” Louis started.

“Out?” Drew spoke.

Louis didn’t answer his question, instead he asked, “Remember we told you you were going to be a big brother?”

“Sister?” Drew asked back. And Louis smiled because, maybe if his son didn’t actually grasp the idea, at least he remembered he was going to have a sister.

“We’re going to get your baby sister today,”

“Where’s sister?” Drew repeated.

“She is in the hospital. That’s where all the tiny babes arrive, so the doctors make sure they’re okay,” Louis replied as he always did when Drew asked where his sister was. Which was whenever he saw his fathers buying new baby things; pink baby stuff, to be exact.

“So we have to hurry up because she will be waiting for us, alright?” Louis took away the banana
peel and stood up to dispose it.

“Okay, papa,” Drew nodded.

Harry arrived with a zippy-cup of milk and a few crackers, giving them to Drew to eat by himself.

Drew had some milk and Louis cleaned the drops that remained on the corner of Drew’s lips.

Then Harry arrived with their two plates.


Adopting Andrew was a very long process. At first even Louis’ parents thought it was a better idea to just be thankful that they had let Louis and Harry marry, and not push things further by wanting to have kids.

But Louis didn’t give in. He wanted a family, and so did Harry.

So the palace’s requests were that it had to be a baby boy, no more than six months of age, and whose parents were British, as well as himself.

A year passed when they found baby Andrew, who fulfilled every demand from the palace.

He was their little bundle of joy. And, just as Louis and Harry felt they were meant to be together, they felt that Drew was meant to be their son.

But two years later, even though they were very happy with their little family, they felt the need of a baby girl.

This time was different. They went to a different adoption agency, this one wasn’t one full of kids ready for adoption; it dealt with pregnant women that decided to give their baby for adoption once it was born.

So Harry and Louis had known the mother of their future baby for a while now: Rachel, a pregnant eighteen years-old girl whose priority was to go to university, not to raise a child.

Her C-section was done the day before. So, in a few hours, Harry and Louis were going to have a baby girl in their house. That if things didn’t go wrong, which meant Rachel retracting from the adoption once she had the baby in her arms.

But, trying to get rid of every pessimistic thought, Harry and Louis, as well as Drew, got in the car to get the new member of their family.

“Why are you humming hakuna-matata?” Harry whispered while they were sitting in a waiting room in the hospital.

“It’s stuck in my head,” Louis replied and then added, “Stop being nervous,”

“I am not, it’s just...“

Harry was interrupted by Lindsay walking in. She was from the adoption centre.

They stood up instantly, Louis taking Drew on his arms.

“Hello, Louis, Harry,” she greeted.
They greeted back.

“Well, hello,” she cooed addressing Drew.

“Say hello, baby,” Louis bounced him a little.

“Hi,” he simply replied, waving his tiny hand.

“What’s your name, sweetie?”

Drew looked at Louis who encouraged him with a nod, “I An-drew,” he stuttered

“And how old are you?” She asked.

Drew looked at his hand and raised two fingers.

Lindsay gasped, “You are so big! Two already?”

And Harry added with a proud smile, “And a half,”

Louis chuckled.

“I think I have something for you,” she spoke as she took a lolly from her purse.

“Thank you,” Drew beamed when she gave it to him.

When Drew was busy with the candy, she sighed and spoke with a disappointed expression, “I just saw Rachel,”

Louis felt nervousness flooding his belly.

“And?” Harry urged.

“She’s going through a hard time right now. And she doesn’t wish to see anybody,” she said.

“Okay, yeah. We understand if she doesn’t want to see us,” Louis nodded.

Then a smile appeared on Lindsay's lips, “She just told me to tell you to take good care of Emma”

Louis’ world brightened, and he heard his husband ask breathlessly, “Emma?”

“She would appreciate very much if you keep her name. It’s after her grandmother,”

Louis let out a relieved chuckled and said, “Of course,”

“That’s what middle-names are for, right?” Harry’s smile was bigger as ever.

“William,” Drew intervened pointing to himself.

“That’s right, you're Andrew William,” Harry laughed and leaned to kiss his cheek.

“So all we have to do now is very little paper work,” Lindsay resumed.

“Okay,” both of them answered, giddy and full of excitement.

They named her Emma Victoria Styles Sussex, because, just like Drew, they needed a name that made a connection with the royal family -even if it wasn’t the prettiest combination.
After the legal stuff was finished, they walked into the nursery. Their eyes fell on a little pink wrap with a tiny, white baby beanie.

They knew it was her, since the blanket she was covered with was the first one they bought for her. The nice little hat had been a gift from Jay. And everything the baby was going to need in the hospital, like the blanket and some clothes, Louis and Harry had given it to Rachel a week before.

Harry held Louis’ hand tighter, and Louis swallowed with difficulty as they got closer to the cute button nose that belonged to them.

Lindsay stood by the door talking to a nurse.

Neither of them spoke as they hovered over the crib.

“Sister?” Drew asked.

“Yeah, bud. That’s your sister Emma,” Louis crooked adjusting him on his hip as Drew tried to hover closer.

“Small Emma,” Drew stated.

His parents chuckled.

“She’s so tiny, and pretty, and perfect,” Harry said, aching to hold her.

“And ours,” Louis finished.

“Okay, so let’s get you all ready to go,” the nurse spoke as she walked towards them. “Do you have a baby carrier?” She smiled.

Louis and Harry looked at each other in disbelief.

“I’ll go get it,” Harry said before walking out in long strides.

“It’s in the car,” Louis explained, “Don’t think we’re bad parents. We’re just a little nervous,” he said hoping the nurse wouldn't judge them.

But she didn’t. She just kept her smile, “I’ll get the bag ready in the meantime,”

“Emma sleep,” Drew pointed out when the nurse walked towards a smaller room in the nursery.

“Yeah, because babies sleep lots. You like to sleep, right?”

“Cuddle!” Drew chirped holding tight Louis’ neck.

“I love you so much,” Louis kissed the his son’s temple.

“Here,” Harry arrived with the carrier and his breath a little hitched.

But the nurse wasn’t back, so Louis said, “Hold her, Harry,”

Harry bit his lip, unsure. But at the same time stretched his arms, digging one hand between Emma's body and the small mattress, and the other supporting her head.
Being careful, he lifted her and brought her close. She was so small she could fit on his right forearm.

With his left hand, he lowered a bit the blanket, revealing better her cheeks and mouth.

And Harry was mesmerised by his daughter, while Louis was by the sight of his husband holding their daughter.

“Hi, Em,” Harry whispered, “I’m your dad,” he leaned to kiss her forehead and rocked her a bit before he whispered, “Go meet your papa,”

Louis put Drew down and took Emma. Harry picked up Drew who was attentive at everything that was happening.

Louis let out a breath, caressing Emma’s cheek. And as he had done it with Drew, he swore that he would do everything in his power to keep her safe and loved.

“Oh, so let’s get her secured in the baby carrier and that would be all,” the nurse said as he returned with the bag, which Harry took.

And after thanking Lindsay for everything and sending Rachel their love, they went home with their new baby.

“Babe,” Louis called, crouched down over Emma’s car-seat, “Harry, Haz, babe,”

“What’s wrong?” Harry walked by his side with Drew walking beside him, holding his tiny hand.

“It’s stuck,” Louis said fumbling with Emma’s car-seat.

“Just push the red button and it’ll pop,” Harry instructed

“I am pushing it but it won’t let the strap go,” Louis replied already tired of being in that position.

“Let me,” Harry spoke as he gently put a hand over Louis’ back.

Louis stepped back, allowing Harry in

“See?” Harry chuckled as he pushed the red button and the whole carrier was released.

“You know I can’t handle those,” Louis rolled his eyes.

“C’mon let’s get inside,” Harry beamed when he had Emma out of the car.

Louis smiled a placed a small kiss on the lips of his husband.

A butler let them know that Jay, as well as Liam, had called to see how things went.

They went to one of the living rooms, the one they used more informally. It had a medium-size flat screen and some of Drew’s toys were usually scattered around.

Harry took Emma out of the baby carrier and sat down next to Louis, who was dialling his mother’s number. Drew was laying on the carpet playing with a couple of action figures.

“That was quick,” Harry said when Louis hung up.

Louis chuckled, “She just wanted to know how she was and to let me know she’s coming over
“Your grandma is coming to see you,” Harry spoke in a high-pitch voice to the baby, who was still sleeping in his arms.

“I guess Liam too,”

Drew’s attention was caught hearing his uncle’s name, “And- and Eddie?” he asked excited about seeing his cousin.

“Yes, baby, Eddie’s coming,” Harry nodded.

“Let me call him,” Louis dialled his number.

“Lou, hi! How’s the baby?” was the first thing Liam said.

“Hi, Liam. She’s great, we’re so happy,” Louis replied.

“Ugh, we wanna meet her so much! Edmund doesn’t quite know what’s happening but I’m sure he’ll love his new cousin. How’s Drew?”

“Good, I think. He’s a good kid,” Louis smiled at his child who was now offering his sister one of his toys.

Harry grabbed it and carefully placed it near her, thanking Drew for sharing.

“So you never told me what name you chose. You’re on speaker, by the way. Sophia is listening,” Liam said.

“Hi Sophie,” Louis greeted and heard a distant replied, “Rachel wanted her to have her grandma’s name, Emma. And we already had Victoria as a middle-name option. So she’s Emma Victoria,”

“That’s so nice of you, guys. Emma is a beautiful name,” now Sophia spoke.

“So she’s Lady Emma Victoria Styles of Sussex?” Liam added.

“That is such a long thing and she’s so tiny. I think we’ll stick with Em,” Louis laughed, even though he knew that was indeed her official name and title.

She was only going to be granted the title of Lady, since Drew already had inherited his father’s second highest rank, which was Earl.

Earl Andrew William Styles of Sussex was his full title.

“We actually would like to have you over dinner tomorrow. To meet Emma before, y’know, the big official thing,”

“We’d love to, Lou. Thanks,” Liam replied.

“Alright, then I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Sure thing. Say hi to Harry for us,” Liam asked.

“And you give Eddie a kiss from me,”

“Will do, Lou. Bye! We love you!”
“Goodbye, Liam, love you too.” Louis smiled before hanging up.

“So,” Harry spoke as he passed Emma to Louis’ arms.

Louis readjusted himself to hold her better, and then Harry passed an arm around Louis’ shoulder, so Louis leaned into his husband’s touch.

“We’re having them over tomorrow.” Louis sighed, content, “You should talk to your mom. Everyone’s coming, right?”

“Yeah,” Harry nodded, “My mom, Gems and Ashton arrive on Thursday. But I think Zayn and Niall until Friday morning,”

“I’ll talk to Carol and ask her if everything’s ready,” Louis said, almost sure that everything was already organized for the presentation party.

“Did I tell you Niall texted me yesterday?”

“He did?” Louis asked.

“He wanted to know if they’d let him carry a giant teddy bear on the plane,” Harry chuckled.

Louis chuckled with him, and Harry leaned down and gave Louis a long, open-mouth kiss. And Louis might have wanted to tug some of Harry’s curls when Harry licked his bottom lip, but he had a baby in his arms.

When they parted, they saw how their son walked to the corner and put one of his power rangers there. He returned but climbed to the single sofa.

“Powe wange time-out.” He informed.

Harry laughed, “Your power ranger is in time-out?”

Drew nodded. “Lion king?” he asked pointing to the telly.

“I’ll get it,” Louis said standing up, “She should lay down anyway,” Louis put Emma back in the carrier on the carpet just beside them so they could rock her from time to time.

Then Louis put on the movie.

“You don’t want to play anymore?” Harry asked Drew, who usually kept playing while a movie was on.

Drew just shook his head, already paying attention to the television.

Louis went back next to Harry, and this time he could wrap his arms around his waist, “How about you and I play, Daddy,” Louis almost purred on Harry’s ear.

Harry’s eyes widened and hissed, “You know can’t call me that in that tone outside the bedroom,”

Louis kissed Harry under his ear, “So I’ve been a bad boy?” he whispered, “You’re going to spank me tonight?”

Harry laughed, “Louis,” he scolded, “There are kids in the room.”

Louis groaned, smirking “I know. But I can help it when you glow like that holding our baby
daughter and looking at her like that. I just love you so much,”

“I love you more,” Harry smiled kissing Louis quickly.

Louis whined at the small interaction.

“Besides, we should get all the sleep we can. There’s a new born in the house so we’re back to not sleeping the whole night,” Harry said.

And as if on cue, Emma stirred and started whimpering.

Louis picked her up and smelt her. “I think she’s just hungry,” he said as Emma started fully crying.

Harry stood, more like jumped, up and made his way to the kitchen.

Louis stood up as well and bounced the baby in his arms.

Bruce walked into the room, curious of the new sounds. He sat by Louis, looking up to him trying to figure out where the noise came from.

“Sad Emma,” Drew spoke.

“She is,” Louis smiled, “Because she’s hungry. Babies cry when they’re hungry,”

“I hunwy,” Drew chuckled.

“You’re hungry, bud?” Louis smirked, bouncing Emma a bit stronger since her cries were getting louder. But he didn’t stress, there was nothing he could do and food was on its way.

Drew nodded and got off the sofa.

“Okay, alright, watch your step bud,” Louis said, in perfect timing with his son falling and landing on his hands and knees. “Oh! You all right there, baby?”

“’m okay,” Drew spoke as he mindlessly shook off his knees.

Bruce then went to his petit master’s side, sniffing at his knees as if he wanted to make sure he was okay.

“Kitchen,” he let Louis know about the way he was going.

Louis, and Bruce, followed him and, okay, maybe he was starting to get a little anxious of his baby girl crying.

But they arrived to the kitchen just in time. Harry had the bottle ready.

“Is that milk on your cheek?” Louis chuckled.

“What? No,” Harry answered cleaning the wrong one.

“Here,” Louis gave him Emma and Harry started feeding her.

They felt relief when the cries were muted.

Louis cleaned Harry’s cheek with a napkin and then placed a kiss there.
“And this monster’s also hungry,” Louis said setting Drew on his high chair.

“Want cookies,” Drew clapped his hands.

“How about this? I’ll give you cookies after you’ve eaten some pear?” Louis dealt.

“Okay,” Drew agreed.

Louis sliced some pear for him.

“Look, Lou, she’s so awake,” Harry cooed.

Louis smiled and went to stand next to him, watching their baby drink from the bottle.

“Her eyes are grey,” Harry spoke.

“They say green eyes are grey at first. You should ask your mom,” Louis said, hoping it was true.

Having a girl with green eyes like Harry would be amazing.

Harry smiled, “I will,”

After feeding their kids, they decided it would be a good idea for them to have a nap.

They didn’t have trouble with Emma at all, but Drew did request a short tale.

“I’ve always found that tale creepy,” Harry said once they were curled up on the couch of their room. A random show playing on the telly, two cups of tea on the small table, and the baby monitor on which pair was placed in Emma’s room.

“I like that at the end the king learnt his lesson after wishing for something greedy,” Louis replied.

Harry snorted, “He starved to death! Because even the food he touched became of gold,”

“You’re weird when it comes to literature,” Louis simply replied, nuzzling closer to Harry’s body.

They fell silent for a couple of minutes, and then Harry spoke.

“But you know, I think I’m over *A Farewell to Arms,*”

Louis smiled, he hadn’t thought of that book in years, “Yeah? How so?”

“I do believe the soldier could have had a happy ending afterwards. Because, of all the endings I wrote in my head for ourselves, this is by far better than anything I imagined,” Harry kissed the top of Louis’ head.

Louis was running his fingertips over one of the tattooed bird, which was visible since Harry had changed to a v-neck tee. “I think that it wouldn’t matter in what time, place, or circumstance; I’d anyways end up with you and that’s enough happiness to last for a life-time, for me,”

~Six Years Before~

Louis was humming the song that was being played, while Harry pressed their bodies as close as possible and swayed them at a slow tempo, even though the song’s rhythm was faster.
They were far from drunk, their heads only felt slightly lighter from the couple of champagne flutes they’d had. Maybe it was the sheer thrill of the day that intensified the buzz in their heads.

Harry pushed Louis away only to spin him and bring him back against his chest.

“Two hearts, a horizon, and a forever,” Louis sang as he let Harry guide the dance.

And Harry was enjoying so much these few minutes they were having.

The wedding reception was still going on under the big, white tent. But they wanted some time alone for themselves, so Harry had led Louis away from the party.

They were near the lake, which mirrored the fairy-lights that were hanging all around the garden, over the trees, and along the paths.

It reminded Harry of the day Louis had proposed to him, barely a year earlier. All the fairy-lights reminded him of every candle that was set on the terrace where Louis had planned to ask for his hand. Of all the candles that melted way before they fell asleep. They were too involved in themselves to care about anything else.

“What are you thinking about?” Louis spoke.

“About how much I love you. About how I adore your hand with a ring on it, not that I don’t adore it without it, it just makes it more real. About how I can’t wait to start our married life. And about how beautiful you look right now,” Harry replied in his low, deep voice.

Louis smiled, biting his lower lip and not believing how incredibly lucky he was finding this man, “I love you more.” And then added with a smirk, “And I love how you looked with the cake smeared on your face,”

Harry chuckled, because why did anyone trust Louis to feed Harry what was supposed to be a normal chunk of cake like normal newlyweds did.

Instead, he ended up with frosting on his cheeks from the big slice of cake Louis never planned on getting into Harry’s mouth.

And then, of course, Louis stole half of Harry’s own cake.

“And I find incredibly cute how emotional you got on your own wedding,” Louis spoke again, more fondly, “And I love how you’ve been by my side all along, and how you are willing to remain that way.”

Harry kissed Louis temple.

“You know what the only shitty thing is?” Louis said still in Harry’s arms.

And Harry didn’t answer because he was sure this was the perfect wedding. There was nothing shitty about it.

“That I don’t get to have your last name, nor do you get mine,” Louis sighed.

“Well, we already agreed I can’t be the duchess of Sussex. And there can’t be two dukes. So…” Harry shrugged.

“Okay, listen to this:” Louis said before pronouncing each word slowly, “Earl. Harry. Styles. Of Snowdon.”
“Uh-huh,” Harry nodded, not used at all to the title he had been granted after the wedding ceremony. Louis had been named duke of Sussex and earl of Strathearn; while Harry was given the title of earl of Snowdon.

“That is not, in any way, similar to my name,” Louis complained.

“I know, babe. But I also remember that we stated that names and titles don’t define who we are,” Harry soothed.

“You think you’re very clever, don’t you?” Louis sighed once more.

Harry chuckled.

“Can’t you just be Harry Tomlinson?” Louis asked.

This time Harry laughed, “What?”

“You’ll be Harry Tomlinson, and I’ll be Louis Tomlinson. How about that?” Louis rested his head on Harry’s shoulder.

Harry kissed Louis head, “Okay, babe. I’ll be Harry Tomlinson,”

Louis let out a happy sigh.

“We should go back. People will start looking for us,” Harry said.

“Or we could sneak out,” Louis said with a cheeky tone.

“And miss the sky-lanterns?” Harry asked, knowing they were something Louis had requested and had been looking forward to, getting the idea from nowhere else but Tangled.

“Okay, yeah, we should probably go back,” Louis agreed. “But can we sneak out after?”

“Why are you so keen on sneaking out?” Harry laughed, not really finding unappealing the idea of being alone with Louis.

“Because I just want to be with you. Forever.” Louis held Harry tight.

“And you will,” Harry reassured, “You’re my happily ever after,”

Louis chuckled and then gave his husband a tender kiss on the lips, he loved Harry’s cheesy side as much as he loved every other side of him, “And you’re mine.”
This is the trailer that the amazing Kosmicgirl did for the story. We hope you like it

https://youtu.be/C8TJRHKJGJ4

Works inspired by this one
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!