I Knew You’d Say That

by larrieunsolved

Summary

“So, what’s my future? Mr. Psychic.” Harry was the most embarrassed he has ever been in his life but with a small nod and smile he straightens his shirt and took Louis’ hand. He took his time turning his hand over, lifting it to pretend to inspect it until Louis spoke up from curiosity.

“What do you see?” He asked with a small smile, looking down at his own hand.

“Nothing.” Harry said simply, dropping his hand. “That doesn’t really work,” he added with a laugh, getting a shove in return that could’ve knocked him over again. With a shake of his head, Harry rubbed his hands together and looked up into Loui’s eyes. A gesture he perfected due to his line of work although this time it felt different; it felt stronger. Harry had seen many lives play in front of his eyes but nothing would prepare him for what he was seeing unfold, he had witnessed Louis’ birth, his first love, first heartbreak. He was seeing every first and every last until he saw it; Louis’ first and last wedding vows and for a moment he couldn’t believe his eyes.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

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Work was different for nineteen years old psychic, Harry Styles, every thirty minutes brought in a new face with the same questions. Harry has seen miracles in most of his customer’s fates, but Harry’s brain haunts him with disturbing futures of others. As he laid in bed he would get visions of deaths, diseases, or broken hearts, until Harry would fall into a dreamless slumber.
Today was unlike any other day, Harry rose from the bed and the stars fell out of line. That morning alone he burnt his toast, his tea machine busted, he couldn’t find his other shoe and the one outfit he owned that matched his sneakers was his old theatrical psychic costume he would wear when he read palms on the boardwalk to tourists, and to top it off his car battery decided to drain. The universe begged the boy to stay home but Harry had promised a list of clients that he would give them their readings this morning; so, with a small sigh, he began to make his way towards the train station in hopes to make the train in time. He didn’t.

After two missed trains and dozens of looks from other passengers, Harry stepped on the train heading towards his shop although with his luck (or lack of) Harry had to stand; his hand gripped on the ceiling bar so hard his knuckles had turned white. As they were nearing his stop, Harry felt a shove that dropped him and his attacker on the floor.

Louis’ day hadn’t started the best either, his air conditioning stopped working in the middle of the night and his apartment was so humid and hot, his alarm clock shorted and he was running an hour late for his shift. After failing to hail a cab and sharing a few curse words Louis sprinted to the train station in time to catch his train, pushing through the crowd to find all the seats taken. As he shared a few curse words in his head Louis searched for his spot, changing his position every few minutes after he grew uncomfortable. A few minutes passed and Louis was moving to different space when he stumbled and fell.

Louis stood up slowly to ensure his stability. He looked down at the boy he tackled and held back a small chuckle. Beneath him on the dirty floor laid a young boy dressed in a cliché psychic outfit. As he helped the stranger up from the floor he couldn’t help the smug remark from slipping through his lips.

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“Nothing,” Harry said simply, dropping his hand. “That doesn’t really work,” he added with a laugh, getting a shove in return that could’ve knocked him over again. With a shake of his head, Harry rubbed his hands together and looked up into Loui’s eyes. A gesture he perfected due to his line of work although this time it felt different; it felt stronger. Harry had seen many lives play in front of his eyes but nothing would prepare him for what he was seeing unfold, he had witnessed Louis’ birth, his first love, first heartbreak. He was seeing every first and every last until he saw it; Louis’ first and last wedding vows and for a moment he couldn’t believe his eyes.

“Is there a reason you’re peering into my soul?” Louis asked in a small timid voice, he felt goosebumps consume his body and the world seemed to begin spinning much faster than it was.

“You’re future, it’s filled with so much love and happiness. I think that you are going to live a long life.” Harry explained without giving much detail so he wouldn’t interfere with fate’s plan.

Louis scoffed, rolling his eyes. “That sounds like a load of bullshit. Tell me do you always say the same scripted crap to your costumers?” He asked as the train came to its first stop

Harry gave the boy another shrug as he moved towards the door.

“If I say too much it can cause unimaginable consequences.” He teased, pushing with the crowd.

“Yeah well, I want my money back,” Louis spoke with a playful attitude, arms crossed over his chest.
“Yeah well, you didn’t pay me. See you around.” Harry spoke as he stepped off the cart before the doors slid closed.

“I didn’t pay you,” Louis repeated to himself watching the boy disappear into the large crowd, panicking when the train began to move and he realized this was his stop. But Louis felt excitement knowing that he would be seeing the cute psychic again that he didn’t mind being two hours late.

A week later the stars relined to bring the pair together again.

Harry stood in line waiting to order, he had been running a bit late again so he decided to stop by the coffee shop that neighbored his shop on the way in. Though he hadn’t realized how busy it would be, Harry went from being five minutes late to fifteen.

As he stepped up to order, a familiar voice caught his attention. “I’m so sorry I was late, I swear this is the last-” Louis’ didn’t finish his sentence. He hadn’t noticed how slippery the floor was when he raced into the shop which caused him to topple over. Harry found on the floor again with his mystery man on him.

“Now, I think you have an issue with me,” Harry said with a playful tone, standing up when Louis had gotten off him.

“Yeah, or an issue with walking,” Louis mumbled as he finished wrapping his apron around his waist. “Sorry.” He apologized.

“Oh no, it’s strange really I woke up this morning and thought to myself ’I really want Louis to slam into the floor again’, ” Harry joked

“Well, I didn’t recognize you without your lovely work uniform wait- how did you know my name?” Louis interrupted himself giving Harry the strangest look until realization flashed over his face. “You can see the future, I forgot.” He teased.

“Actually, I can just read pretty well.” Harry pointed out, signaling at the metal name tag pinned to Louis’ chest. “Also, I don’t dress like that it was laundry day.” He explains, turning to order.

"Oh! I’ll get that." Louis shoved next to Harry smiling at his annoyed co-worker. "My friend." He looked over his shoulder at a smiled at Harry.

"Harry," Harry responded.

"Harry, that’s nice, will have a-" He looked back at Harry who chuckled

"English breakfast tea." Harry continued as he pulled out his wallet.

"No, it's on the house." Louis offered, turning to look at him.

"Can you do that?" Harry asked in a whisper.

"Not really, but I just did," Louis spoke with a shrug. "But in return, I need you to tell me what my future is."

Harry let out a small sigh and shook his head no, "I already told you, Louis."

"No, you didn't. You fed me some generic bullshit. Look me in my eyes and tell me what you see." Louis argues, gripping Harry's shoulder to stare into his eyes.
Harry decided to entertain the idea and he did what he has refused to do before, he gave Louis a second reading. He stared into Louis’ eyes trying to hold back a laugh from how awkward this situation was. Louis’ life replayed in Harry’s mind, though this time he was seeing a separate set of events. He saw the first time Louis laughed and the last time he cried, he saw his first day of school and his graduation. Harry hadn’t noticed that he was leaning in until Louis let out, “Harry?” in a small whisper causing Harry to break from his trance and lean back. “Would you like to go on a date with- okay, why are you laughing?” Louis stopped mid-sentence to glare at Harry who covered his mouth.

“It’s just, well, I knew you’d say that,” Harry admitted with a small blush. “But, yes. I get out a nine so I’ll meet you here. Bye Louis.” He reached over to grab his Styrofoam cup and with a final smile he made his way out.

The hours dragged on for both boys. When the time to close came, Harry packed his materials and closed shop before making the small walk from his store to the coffee shop. Louis had convinced the manager to close a few minutes early so he could stand outside and wait for Harry. The pair stood less than ten feet part watching each other, waiting for the other to speak up.

“I was thinking, maybe a movie?” Louis asked afraid that it didn’t sound appealing to Harry. Harry nodded eagerly giving Louis a smile, motioning towards the direction they’d both walk in. As they to boys walked towards the train station they shared stories about their childhood, Louis asked the most questions pertaining to Harry’s gift. “It was a bitch to try and date, every time I’d look into a boy’s eyes I would see the exact day they would cheat or break my heart. I used to go on dates with a blindfold on.” Harry explained to Louis as they sat together on the rocking cart.

“How does it work?” Louis had been firing questions at Harry the moment he got comfortable asking.

“I can’t see everything, yeah, just what the universe needs me to see now. It doesn’t work all the time only when it needs to, and I can see the past, present and the future. All it takes is one look in the eyes.” Harry explained, standing with Louis as the train stopped. The two boys made their way towards the cinema switching between asking and answering questions.

Once the movie had ended and they caught the train back, Louis decided it was only courteous of him to walk Harry home. As they reached the top of the stairway that leads to the entrance of the building the awkwardness from before made a return.

“I had fun tonight, thanks,” Harry spoke out, rubbing his hands together.

“Who knew you could have fun on a date without a blindfold huh?” Louis teased, giving Harry a light push.

“It was the first date, who knows maybe next time I might wear one.” Harry joked with a half shrug.

“Next time?” Louis asked with a small smile receiving a brighter smile back from Harry. “Hey, is it...I mean...can I kiss- “Louis was cut off with the soft feeling of Harry’s lips. The two boys stood in the entrance for a few seconds longer kissing softly, their hands finding parts of the other’s body to hold.

“I knew you’d say that,” Harry whispered between them once they pulled back.

On their fifth date, Harry got to choose where to go. He dragged Louis off the train that stationed in a fancy town upstate and brought him to a small restaurant, but Harry didn’t take them inside. Instead, they stopped outside the window giving them the perfect view.
“Harry, what are we doing here?” Louis asked his date who was more interested in his watch at the time being.

“Okay so a year ago, this single mother came into the shop and begged me for answers on whether she should give up on love or not.” Harry began his story without answering Louis. “I gave her a reading and told her to go to the nearest jewelry shop and purchase an open-heart necklace, so she can be reminded that if you live with an open-heart love will always find a way in.” Harry finished his story, looking down at his watch.

“That’s great but what does that have to do with why I am standing out here watching people eat?” Louis asked looking over at Harry waiting for his answer.

Harry looked up from his watch and smiled at Louis, “You’ll see in three…two…” Harry motioned into the restaurant, “one.” Just as the word left Harry’s mouth Louis noticed a middle-aged man stood from his table and kneeled beside his unsuspecting date. Louis watched as the woman covered her mouth and began to tear up, he recognized the three words mouthed by the man and cheered when the woman nodded. It wasn’t until she stood to hug her new fiancé that Louis noticed the open-heart charm dangling from her neck.

“You saw this when you looked in her eyes?” He asked mesmerized by the beautiful moment that passed.

“Yeah, after I saw her now fiancé sell her the necklace,” Harry spoke softly, turning to Louis. Louis wiped his own tear from his eye and looked over at Harry before stepping forward to kiss the younger boy. The couple kissed lazily for a few minutes before eventually pulling away.

“Be my boyfriend,” Louis whispered.

“I knew you’d say that,” Harry responded, reaching forward to kiss Louis once again.

Louis melted into the kiss for a small second before pulling away with a smile. “Was that a yes?” he was answered with another kiss.

It wasn’t until their tenth date, two months after they began dating, that Harry had decided to tell Louis his fate. The two boys sat together on Louis’ couch, Harry tucked under his arm with a mug of warm tea nestled in his hands.

“Do you really want to know what I saw when I looked in your eyes that day?” Harry asked abruptly, sitting up on the couch to see Louis clearly.

Louis had come to terms with the fact that he may never know but hearing the words from Harry’s mouth sparked his interest again. “I’ve only been begging you for months now.” He said with a roll of his eyes.

“I saw, me,” Harry whispered simply, looking down at the rim of his mug. His focus shifted when he felt a soft hand tilt his chin up until Harry was looking into Louis’ eyes, and yes; Harry could see himself clear as day behind the iridescent blue of Louis’ eyes.

“I knew you’d say that,” Louis whispered leaning in to kiss Harry and for a split second before their eyes closed Harry could’ve sworn he saw the twinkle of a diamond.

End Notes
This is my first fic written please be patient as I continue to revise this!
for Aleena

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