Crib Cage

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Summary

In the hot summer of 1988, Louis Tomlinson was more than excited to go to footie summer camp; it was a great way to get away from his annoying family, his boring life in Doncaster and to top it all off, he gets to spend all summer doing what he wanted: playing football.

Harry Styles has been a camp counselor/medical assistant for a few years, but he didn't apply to help kids play football, go swimming or teach campfire songs. No. He was looking for a boy to take and be his baby forever. He was about to give up until he met a boy with bright blue eyes.

Notes

This fic will be one of my more darker fics. As much fun as it is to write fluffy age play fics (such as My Little Lou & Songbird Returns) I also find it thrilling and somewhat of a challenge to write kidnapping fics.

I understand there are consequences and risks to writing a dark fic so I would like a moment of your time to read this important note/warning.

I (obviously) do NOT condone any of the actions taken place in this fic in real life. I do NOT condone kidnapping, forced infantilism or manipulation to be a part of every day life; people who do that shit deserve to be locked in a cell with the key thrown away.
So before you waste your time writing a nasty comment about how fucked in the head I am for writing this fic, I would like to also say a lot of my fan fiction inspiration comes from binge watching C.S.I and Criminal Minds. (And a few ideas from the dark side of Tumblr). Also, hate comments will not be taken lightly here (or my other fics for that matter) and if I see one comment I dislike it will be deleted. With that being said, if you feel this fic will not be your cup of tea, then don't read.

All tags and warnings above will not be visible for every chapter, I will give you guys warnings in the notes on which tags to be aware of.

Thank you and have fun reading.

Tags for this chapter include: Kidnapping, Attempted Kidnapping, Stalking, Slight Harassment and Creepiness.

See the end of the work for more notes.

what a kick ass way to start of 2018

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Summer, England, 1988

"Please form a single file line for registration at the front." A tall man spoke into a microphone to the crowd of parents and their children. It was officially the first day of summer camp for the excited children attending WaterBrooke Camp, and for one boy in particular, Louis Tomlinson couldn't stop bouncing on his heels. He had begged his Mother and Stepfather since September the year before to enroll him to Water Brooke. Don't let the name fool you, Water Brooke all boys camp was known for its shimmering and beautiful lake to swim in, but Louis was more elated on the Football activities they offered. He had signed up to play every game available, much to his mother's concern.

"Are you sure that's all you want to do, Lou-Bear?" She asked. "Why didn't you sign up to do swimming or nature hikes?"

Louis groaned, "I don't want to do anything else, mum!"

"Well, I just don't want you to be bored of playing footie all summer." Who was she kidding? She knew all about her son's (slightly unhealthy) obsession with the game. If Louis had his way, he'd do nothing but play footie every chance he got. Well, this was his chance and he took it. Louis sighed, wondering when his pestering mother and annoying sisters would leave. He hoped it would be soon.
Granted he wasn't the only one in the big crowd with little siblings, but he didn't say anything for fear of looking immature. Louis, having turned fifteen last December, didn't want to come off as childish. He was a "man" now. Men don't need their mothers to hold their hands, or question why they wanted to play footie all summer.

"Least I'm not in Doncaster where if I'm not playing footie I'm inside eating junk food." Louis muttered.

"Hey-watch the tone young man," Walking towards their group carrying little Daisy was Mark, Louis' Stepdad. Although Mark was his Stepfather, Louis considered Mark to be his real father of his biological one. "Your mother and I only want to make sure you don't bite off more than you can chew, Lou. And I don't want a phone call in two weeks of you complaining how bored you are of football."


Johannah sighed. "If that's what you want, dear-"

"It is, Mum." Louis spoke when it was their family's turn at the registration booth. Sitting there was a man with a bright smile and a quiff. Louis was intimidated by him at first because the man's muscles stuck out like a sore thumb. Louis' jaw dropped at how ripped this man was. Then he noticed he was wearing a security lanyard; Louis bet no one would wanna mess with big muscles in front of him.

The man greeted himself. "Hello. My name is Counselor Payne, but call me Liam. Name please?"

"Tomlinson, Louis." Johannah spoke before Louis got the chance to. Liam began lifting papers to find Louis' name before highlighting it.

"Got a bit of a Football obsession, eh?" Liam joked. Louis wanted to roll his eyes. Was everyone going to bother him about that? Came Water Brooke was not the first camp Louis wanted to attend. He wanted to first go to Adidas Sport; but his mother and stepfather didn't have 6,000 pounds to pull out their asses. Mark joked that he'd have to dip into Louis' UNI fund for that cash. Plus, Johannah firmly said they wouldn't spend a single pound of that money towards years of schooling just for Louis to blow it in one summer.

To answer Liam's question, Louis nodded. "I like footie."
"Don't worry. You're not the only one here. And," Liam said to Mark and Johannah, "We'll make sure Louis does other activities while at Water Brooke. All our campers are required to pass a swimming class and to take walks in our nature trails and take some art classes."

Louis wouldn't mind any of that as long as he still got to do a majority of the things he signed up for.

"Oooh, an art class? Louis, maybe you could-

"No." Louis abruptly spoke, not even letting her finish her sentence or caring about what she had to ask. Johannah frowned, but her attention was drawn away when Phoebe whined to be picked up. Louis narrowed his eyes when he spotted Lottie and Felicite talking to some unknown boy, trying to flirt with him as much as twelve year olds could do. Louis certainly wouldn't miss that crap at home. He smiled to himself thinking of all the quiet time he'd get away from hearing one of the twins crying, or his sisters fighting or arguing with his parents. Louis loved his family but these two months away from them will be the escape he desperately needed.

"Alright." Liam smiled, "Hold out your hand, please."

To that, Liam stamped him with a red circle. Louis looked confused at first. "That means you're on the Red Team."

"Red team?" Louis asked.

"Yeah, it's something our camp does. We have different color teams, which are Red, Yellow, Blue and Green. At the end of the summer there's an apache relay testing your skills you learned at camp and the winners get a trophy, a pizza dinner and-" Liam paused for special effect, "the opportunity to camp out in the woods. It's a whole lot of fun." Louis was highly interested in this. He already knew he'd be sleeping in a cabin with other boys his age, but he had never gone camping in the woods. He grinned, thanking Counselor Payne as the man handed him his own Red lanyard with his name while his parents signed waivers and payment information. When Louis was registered, Mark helped Louis load his bags onto a bus.

Johannah was fighting back tears when the same man (Louis assumed was a Camp Counselor too) announced it was time to load the busses.

"Goodbye, baby," his mother smiled. "Write to us often and if you want t come home-"
"No!" Louis cracked a grin, jokingly. "Don't make me!"

Mark cocked his eyebrow and Louis shut his trap for Johnnah to continue. "Just call us and we'll pick you up."

"Sure Mum." Louis gave her a big hug and then one to Mark. He kissed the twins on the forehead, promising Daisy to bring her back a rock (she had a weird rock collection started. Louis didn't question her motives). He warned his mother to keep Lottie and Fizzy out of his room and promised to write after the first week. Waving goodbye, Louis ran towards a Red Bus (he assumed that's where he had to be) and waved out the bus window to his family along with everyone else. Soon, the busses were filled with children and being driven off towards the campsite ten miles down the road.

Louis had a feeling he'd be having the best summer ever.

Camp Water Brooke lived up to it's standards of beauty and color. When Louis got off the bus, his first sight was the large, crystal lake shimmering in the distance. They were on top of a hill, so they could see cabins below them, along with large trees and a sandy race track. Louis' eyes traveled to a football field and he wanted to squeal. This one looked nice with paint marks and proper netting. Unlike the old and worn ones at his school.

"Everyone please grab your bags!" a Counselor from the Blue bus called everyone's attention. Bags and names were being called out and Louis had to squirm and fish for his bag. It was a black backpack with an Adidas logo. However, once he pulled out the bag, he frowned seeing it had crisps crumbs all over the front. Someone's bag on top of his had food falling out. Groaning, Louis wiped away the mess. He was pissed, he spent his allowance on that bag.

"Oops, sorry 'bout that!" a voice called behind him. Turning, Louis saw a boy with bleach blonde hair, bright blue eyes and a guitar case around his back. "My Ma's packed me a lunch and my zipper's broken" He explained, "I'm Niall. Niall Horan." He held out his hand for Louis to shake. Louis figured he could forgive the boy, it was an accident after all. Besides, Niall looked like a fun and cool person to hang out with.

"I'm Louis Tomlinson." He shook Niall's hand.

"So where ya' from, Lewis ?" Niall chuckled. Louis rolled his eyes. "I'm from Doncaster, Neil."

Niall blurted in laughter before answering, "Awesome. I'm from Mullingar, Ireland. I think my Ma's only sent me here so her food bill wouldn't be so high."

The hyper Irish lad, Niall, Louis found out, was an absolute ball to hang out with. He was so energetic and his personality naturally drew people in. Louis and Niall had followed their fellow Red Team members to their cabins to unpack.

Passing a large camp billboard, Louis stopped when something caught his eye. Among the flyers of
camp signups and activities was a huge MISSING sign.

Freddie Clark
Age: 12
Height: 5'5

Missing since 1977
Any info or sightings of this young boy should be informed by police immediately

Louis blinked. *Missing since then?*

"Oi, Lou! Hurry!" Niall called to him. Louis ditched the poster to follow his friend.

Their sleeping quarters were one room cabins with four bunk beds on each side of the room and a spare bedroom for their counselors attached at the end. Their cabins were clean with Water brooke pride triangle flags and a few british flags hanging from the walls along with black and white photos of past members and teammates. Louis secretly wondered if Liam was in any of the photos.

"Top bunk!" Niall shouted, tossing his crumb infested bag above a bed. Louis personally didn't care where he slept, but he was glad to sleep next to a window. Louis was starting to unpack when a knock at the door startled him.

"Red Team Campers!" a man with semi-curly hair and brown eyes entered the cabin. "May I have your attention, please? My name is Nicholas Grimshaw, but you can call me Counselor Nick. I will be in charge of this cabin for the next eight weeks. I would like everyone to unpack their clothes and belongings- *nicely and neatly*- before we go over ground rules and expectations. You all have fifteen minutes."

Nick, in Louis' opinion, sounded a bit too professional and demanding and he hoped Nick wasn't the stuck up, rule abiding freak.

"Hey, Louis, look." Niall snickered. Louis cocked his eyebrow before climbing up Niall's bunk bed and he gasped, covering his mouth. Niall had found a hole in the wall behind a camp poster where someone had left a pack of cigarettes and a nudie magazine. The boys held a finger to their lips, promising to keep their "treasure" a secret until they could investigate further. Louis and Niall agreed to share the bunk's dresser, using their snacks as a barrier for their clothes. Louis also promised to make sure nothing happened to Niall's guitar as he slid the case under his bed.

After a while, Nick returned from packing his own things and gathered everyone around. "Now, as standard procedure, I must inform you guys of the rules in this cabin that I uphold. First rule is. . ."

Everyone was quiet.

"....there are no rules." Nick cracked a grin. All the boys in Louis' bunk cheered with joy. However,
Nick shot them down with the campground rules. He pulled out a piece of paper from his jean pockets.

"I know you guys like hearing you don't have to do much in this cabin, but I do have to inform you all that you must keep your bunks tidy and neat. Bullying will not be tolerated under this roof, if you have problems with someone come to me and we can solve them. Also, if at anytime you do not feel well or you have an injury it must be reported so either I or someone else in charge can assist you to our medical professional we have on camp."

Nick continued. "Camp curfew is nine and lights out at ten; if you're not in your bunks by that time and I have to find you, you can bet you won't swim for the entire stay. Mealtimes are at Eight, Noon and then dinner at Six, any food allergies must be reported to me and our staff-which reminds me, who has asthma or breathing problems?"

Niall and two other boys raised their hands.

"Okay and do you guys take medication?"

Louis tuned out Mr. Grimshaw. He respected the man, but he was too full of energy to sit and have someone tell him rules. He wanted to yank out his football and start kicking in the goals. Louis drifted from listening to Mr. Grimshaw and staring at his shoelaces. "-follow the tail directly South and you won't get lost in the woods." Nick smiled. "Now, let's head outside for the welcoming bonfire."

Louis' ears perked up at the word bonfire and he happily followed his Teammates out the door. He'd regret not listening to Nick, especially on that last part.

"Pass it, Tomlinson!" a boy called out to Louis who swiftly kicked it in his teammate's direction, doing so allowed them to score another goal. The Red Team cheered while the Yellow Team sighed in agony. With Louis Tomlinson, the Red team dominated in football. They hadn't lost a game during the two weeks of camp so far. Nick was far beyond impressed. He was almost doubting if Louis was human on the football field. Not that Louis would brag openly about it, but he was terrific. The boy had come to learn that Niall hadn't signed up for football, opting for kayaking and other water sports, but Louis didn't mind. He'd see Niall at lunch later today.

Louis had his eye focused on the ball, however, when he went to kick another team member collided with him and caused both of them to fall abruptly to the ground.

Nick blew he whistle and raced over to the two boys. "Louis, Trevor, are you okay?" He asked.

"Y-yeah." Trevor said, turning to Louis he apologized. "Sorry Mate, was goin too fast."

Louis kept his annoyance at minimum. "That's okay." When he stood up, Nick winced glancing at Louis' knees and shins. During the fall, Louis managed to scrape himself and muddy his camp shorts. Trevor had been lucky since he landed on top of Louis. Nick pulled out a white note pad and began writing something.

"Louis, I'm pulling you out to go to the infirmary."

The teen's jaw dropped. Upset, he argued, "But its only a scrape and it doesn't even hurt!" Nick frowned and shook his head. "Sorry Louis, but you're bleeding and I can't let that go unfortunately. Besides, there's only twenty minutes of sports left before lunch, I'm sure you can sit this one game out."

Taking the note, Louis grumbled as he hurried towards the clinic. He had hoped that if the nurse was
quick enough, he could go back to playing football.

Louis had never been inside the camp clinic. He had never the need to. Niall had been here once when he had an asthma attack in the middle of the night. The clinic smelled like clean sheets and there was a large amount of sunlight beaming in from the open windows. The door was wide open, allowing even more fresh air inside. Inside the clinic were shelves stocked with medical bandages, boxes housing band aids and tubes and bottles of prescribed medication as well as bunk bed a few feet away from a desk where a curly haired man sat typing away on a type writer.

When the man glanced up, he had to use every ounce in his body to contain himself.

"Um....uh..." Louis grew nervous. He always had a dislike for hospitals or clinics; regardless if his mother worked in one as a nurse. They made the boy uneasy. Seeing the tiny traces of blood dripping from the boy's knees, the man immediately stood up. Louis had to hold his breath. The man was so tall, towering over him like a giant.

"Did you have a little stumble?" The man's voice was deep, but caring. Louis nodded. "It's okay, come inside. I'll tend to you right away."

The tan boy was led to one of the bunks to sit at while curly began rummaging through the shelves. "And what's your name, darling?"

Louis cringed at the name. Darling? What grown man calls another boy that?

"L-Louis Tomlinson."

"Fine name indeed....how did you fall, Louis?" Curly pestered, reaching for the top shelf but Louis spotted a packet of needles and instantly whimpered. He was glad none of his camp friends had been here to witness him blubber like a baby. Louis hated needles. The man cooed at him. "Don't be afraid. That's just insulin for another boy. Don't be frightened."

There was something oddly calming about the way this man spoke to Louis. The tone of his voice was soothing, like a calm, deep ocean. Louis let out a breath of relief when he was told he wouldn't be getting a shot. Though he wouldn't know why, he only scraped his knees.

"Now. Louis, I'm going to put some peroxide on your scrapes, can you be a big boy and grit your teeth for me?" The man asked, offering Louis a kind smile. Once again, Louis was taken back by the choice of words the man gave him. What did he mean by be a big boy? He was fifteen for fuck's sake! Still, Louis did almost cry by glancing at needles. He also figured maybe some of the boys this man (who he had yet to know the name of) had to deal with a bunch of cry babies.

"Not a cry baby." Louis spoke.

"Never said you were. Now, grip the sheets and hold your breath." The man dabbed gently at Louis' scrapes. The medicine didn't hurt at all. Louis was pleased. While bandaging Louis up, the smaller boy grew the courage to ask, "what's your name, sir?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, where are my manners? My name is Harry Styles. But you can call me Mr. Styles." For now.

The doctor smiled. "Louis, might I ask how you got this injury?" Harry suddenly grew serious, like a worried parent and it made Louis gulp his anxiety. He feared if he told Mr. Styles the truth the man would take him out of footie. He didn't know if it was possible, it was only a scrape; though most prominent on Mr. Styles' face was a frown identical to one his stepfather gave him many times when he was upset or about to take away privileges.
"Oh, someone fell on me." It was a lame excuse, but it wasn't a lie. Harry didn't seem convinced but told Louis to be more aware of his surroundings. "Well, they're not deep scrapes, but I would recommend you be more careful. Understand?" With an arched brow directed at him, Louis promised he would. When Harry was done patching Louis up, Louis thanked him and quickly ran out of the clinic. Harry sort of freaked him out. Harry leaned against the doorway of his clinic cabin with a broad smile on his face.

Louis rushed to the mess hall, not caring about playing football anymore. That Harry Styles dude creeped him out. What was with the pet names? And why did he look at him so fondly? Louis had to get a second opinion to make sure he wasn't crazy. Spotting Niall, he tapped the boy on the shoulder. Niall turned, a sandwich still in his mouth while his eyes widened looking at Louis' bandaged knees.

"Wha aappn oo ou?" He asked with a mouth full of food.

"I fell. Hey, Niall, did that guy-Harry Styles, did he make you feel weird too?" Louis hesitantly asked. Niall had been to the clinic more than he had, so he probably interacted with Mr. Styles and knew how quirky and weird he was. Plus, Niall never lied. He was a terrible liar, in fact. Louis sat down next to Niall at the lunch table and waited for an answer.

Niall gulped his food and shook his head. "No. I mean.....I thought he was a bit weird, but he never made me feel uncomfortable. Why do you ask?" Niall grew concerned. The other blue eyed boy gazed at the ground. If Niall was telling the truth, then he felt wrong for accusing Mr. Styles of possibly being a creep. Maybe Mr. Styles was just a weird person by nature.

"It's nothing....nevermind."

Mr. Styles' weird antics never left Louis' mind. Ever since his trip to the clinic, he had been spotting the man randomly around camp more recently. Just the other day, Louis was leaving the nature trail with a few of his other Red Teammates when he spotted Mr. Styles coming down a nature trail hill waving at him before walking past him. The next time, he saw the man strode past him in the mess hall with a bowl of salad. Louis knew Mr. Styles was a staff member at Camp Water Brooke, but he found it odd that for the first two weeks he hadn't seen the man at all and all of a sudden, after his first trip to the clinic, he's everywhere.

Maybe he was in my view but I didn't know it was him. Louis lied to himself. Currently, he was tossing and turning in his bunk. It was currently lights out and going on eleven thirty, but Louis couldn't fall asleep. Normally Niall's soft snoring could lull him, but not tonight. As of today, there was only three weeks left of his precious summer vacation here at camp and he was dreading going home back to his loud, annoying sisters, his pestering mother and stern step-father. Mr. Styles' strange occurrences aside, he was having so much fun here. Also, the Apache relay is next week and he couldn't wait to be in it. Mr. Grimshaw had put him on the football team, knowing they'd win this year as they had won every match since camp started. That, and Louis really wanted a trophy and to go camping in the woods.

"Hey, Nick."

Louis' eyes widened.

"Oh, hey, Harry." Nick answered softly, as to not wake the campers. Nick didn't usually fall asleep till eleven thirty; Louis was sure it was to make sure no one snuck out of the cabin. "What's up?"

"A boy named Michael fell out of a tree earlier this morning and sprained his ankle falling down. Other than that, it's been a quiet summer for me. Excited for the Relay?"
Nick chuckled. "You know it. Got a Teammate, Louis Tomlinson, kid's an absolute star at football. Haven't seen a kid play like that here in years, Hazza."

Louis whimpered when Nick mentioned his name. Though, he was sure Harry already knew he was on the Red Team, he didn't have to know his bunk was here. A click of the tongue snapped in the night and Harry answered, "Oh? Tomlinson. . .that's right. He came into my office with some scraped knees. I've been worried about him. Poor dear looked like he was mauled by a bear with those scrapes. Fragile little boy, he is."

Their voices soon became more hushed as Nick closed the front door to the cabin as to not disrupt any of the boys sleeping. However, Louis was sure he was in a nightmare.

*Why was Mr. Styles here?* he asked himself. Did he know this was his cabin? A chill had gone down Louis' spine and his gut was telling him not to trust Mr. Styles. For reasons unknown. All he knew was he felt eyes watching him all night and he hid under his blanket until Niall climbed down from his bunk telling him breakfast was ready.

The day flew by for Louis. Thankfully, ever since the night Harry went to visit Nick outside his cabin, he had not heard, nor seen from Mr. Styles. For that, he was relieved. He had hoped maybe Mr. Styles was busy with other kids. Still, today was pretty somber, as it was the last day of Free Swim in the blue lake before the campers participating in the swimming section of the Apache Relay would take it over for practice. Louis was a bit sad to hear that. As the pool back in Doncaster was small and often over crowded; Louis enjoyed swimming here where he could flop in the water and toss a beach ball, it was the next best thing to do besides football.

The sun beamed down on Liam's sweaty forehead. Blowing a bright red whistle, he rounded up a section of the Red Team. "Alright, everyone listen up! This is your last day for free swim. I don't wanna see any horseplay or fighting!" Liam glanced directly at two boys he had to haul out of the lake last week over a fight between an inflatable beach ball. "So, let's make this last swim a fun one, yeah? Tomlinson, Horan, go fetch the pool toys from the storage unit, please. Bring back some pool noodles and a few beach balls."

The boys nodded before racing down the hill away from the lake where the storage unit was. The unit itself was locked, but there was normally a crate full of beach toys to be used. Puzzled, they noticed a lock on the crate. Normally it wasn't locked during swimming hours. Returning empty handed, Liam gave them a confused look.

"Mr. Payne!" Niall called. "The crate is locked."

Liam cursed. "Uh. . .I think the lifeguard has the key. Louis, can you go ask him for it?" Louis looked towards the white life guard tower. He approached slowly and his eyes widened in fear seeing who sat atop the tower wearing short yellow swim trucks and a pair of sunglasses over their eyes. Fate seemed to not be on Louis' side as the teenager stared up at none other than Harry Styles. The man was shirtless, revealing bird tattoos on his chest and a butterfly on his stomach and loads more on his arms and shoulders Louis couldn't make out. Louis' breathing quickened. He wanted to be as far away from Mr. Styles as possible, but he couldn't tell Liam that he didn't have the key because "he was afraid of Mr. Styles" that would make him look like a baby. Clearing his throat to grab Mr. Style's attention, the man looked down, removing his black sunglasses and smiled brightly.

"Louis, it's you! Hello."

"Hi. . ." Louis' monotone response was as bland as white bread. "Uh, I need the key to the pool toys."
Harry chuckled, climbing down from the tower. Louis held out his hand to be given the key, but Harry volunteered to walk him to the storage unit. Louis scoffed. Either Mr. Styles didn't believe his request, or he wanted to be alone with him. Louis was not going to allow the man to have the latter, so he held back a smirk before shouting, "Niall! Mr. Styles is gonna' help us!" To Louis' dismay, Harry hadn't seemed bothered at all that Niall had come to help. He was sure the man would be livid, as he came off to be a total creep.

"How are your scrapes feeling?" Harry asked out of the blue as they carried the toys back to the lake. Louis glanced down at his legs. His scrapes had healed up and you couldn't even tell they were there.

"Uh, fine." Louis muttered. "Hey-Nialler, catch!" Louis tossed a beach ball in time to hit Niall in the face before scampering off into the water with Niall chasing him, laughing. Louis, Niall, and a few other boys began forming a circle to toss around the yellow and red inflatable ball. Louis kept glancing over at the lifeguard tower. He felt Harry's eyes constantly on his back and it was bugging him. Salvation came his way when Niall begged Liam to join in on their fun. Louis felt safer next to Coach Payne; an adult he respected far more than Harry. However, Louis' fun was short lived as he accidentally tripped over a rock at the bottom of the muddy lake and fell backwards a faint whistle blow could be heard even under water. Thankfully, it was just shallow water and he hadn't fallen that deep.

The teenager took in a deep breath when a strong pair of arms pulled him out of the water and all eyes were (embarrassingly) on Louis. "Louis, are you alright?" Liam asked surprised, but calm.


Pfftttt! The red whistle blew again, halting all play once more. Louis groaned, turning to look over his shoulder at Mr. Styles now on the sandy ground, waving him over. He stood with his arms crossed and resembled all too much like a stern parent. Liam nudged Louis on the arm. "You better go, bud. I think he wants to speak to you." 

No. No this can't be happening. "But I feel fine!" Louis insisted.

"Maybe, but he doesn't know that. Go on, we'll wait for you."

Louis grumbled something under his breath and watched, sadly, as his friends and Mr. Payne tossed a ball around in the water under the warm summer sun. If it weren't for the hot sand, Louis would be stomping. He had enough of Mr. Style's pestering and it was annoying and creeping him out to no end. His chest huffed and just as he was about to cop an attitude, Harry had surprised him and knelt down to his height, running a hand over his forehead.

"Are you okay, Louis? Do you feel dizzy or woozy? You fell backwards."

The teen's mouth dropped. "uh....no. I feel fine." His courage left and was replaced by an uncomfortableness he couldn't shake off. He had hoped none of the boys behind him saw what Mr. Styles had done, this was embarrassing enough. "Can I go now? They're waiting for me-"

"Louis, where did you learn how to swim?" Harry stood up straight, crossing his arms again, but pushing the sunglasses out of his eyes to rest on top of his curly hair.

Make up a lie. "Uh-last summer. I passed all the courses."

"Hm. . . " Harry seemed to be debating and it made Louis felt afraid. The way Harry's intense green eyes were starring directly at him, was as if the man was looking into his soul and reading all of his
deep, dark secrets. "Either you forgot or you weren't taught very well. Since it is the last day for swimming, I think we have time for me to teach your how to properly swim."

The teen's jaw dropped. "What? No! I don't want you to!" He shouted, not caring if anyone could hear. "I can swim just fine. And the water isn't that deep-

"Mr. Tomlinson." Harry scolded, making Louis flinch. The man hadn't even shouted but his voice was full of dominance that Louis shivered. Not even his mother and step father could bark such a command without screaming. Gulping, the smaller boy closed his mouth. Harry knelt down once again onto the sand, not caring if his knee was burning. He was at Louis' height and he placed one of his large hands on the boy's small, tan shoulder.

"I understand you want to go and play with the others, but it's my duty as the fill in life guard to make sure everyone is safe while in the water. I can't do that knowing you can't swim properly. I will tell Coach Payne I am taking you over there-" he pointed to an area not far from the others, but still secluded-"to teach you how to swim. You will comply with me, or I'll speak to Nick about pulling you from the Apache Relay. Am I understood?"

Being taken out of the Apache Relay was the last thing Louis wanted to have happened to him. He had been looking forward for this for almost a month now. Though, he had his suspensions about Harry having the power to even pull him from the sport and if he was wrong, he'd be damned if some lifeguard/camp nurse would take it away from him because he had an "attitude".

"You can't do that!" He cried.

Cocking his eyebrow, Harry narrowed his eyes, challenging Louis to continue speaking.

Huffing, Louis groaned. "Fine."

Harry smiled, whispering, "good boy." that sent a shiver down Louis' spine. "Now. You wait here while I talk to Coach Payne. Don't move." With that, Harry trotted over to Liam. Louis saw them speaking for a moment and Louis' hopes were crushed when Harry handed him the red whistle and made his way back with a smile. "Alright, Louis. I'll make sure you can swim. Wish you'd of said something earlier, though."

Louis just wanted this "lesson" to be over and done with quickly so he could get back to playing with the rest of the lads.

"Let's hurry up, I wanna go back to me mates." Louis crossed his arms, not caring at all how impatient he sounded. Harry walked in front of him a bit further into the water where it reached his waist. He deemed it deep enough before holding out his arms.

"Alright, Lou-" Louis ringed at the nickname. No one called him that- "-I want you to try and walk towards me. Walk the same way I did so you don't step on any rocks." Harry smiled, opening his arms. The teenager groaned, doing just as Mr. Styles said. Soon, he was right in front of the man who still had his arms held out. Harry was a lot taller than Louis by a good few feet. Louis' head came right up to Harry's chest. "Great! You did wonderful, now, we're going to go a little bit farther but I'll be right there with you so don't get scared."

The boy went to roll his eyes but was taken back when Mr. Styles took a hold of his arms and placed them around his neck. "Do not let go, Louis." Mr. Styles firmly spoke as he began walking backwards. The blush on Louis' face started to deepen and he dared to glance back at the other children, praying to god none of them could see what was going on. Harry on the other hand, was pleased. And as soon as they were in a part of the water that reached his belly button, he reached
around to grab Louis' feet in a kicking motion. Louis panicked, what in the hell was Mr. Styles doing? It seemed that on top of being a creep, Harry also was a mind reader and gently explained that he was teaching Louis how to kick in the water.

Furious, Louis barked. "I already know how to kick!"

"That's great, sweetie. Can you show me?" Harry let go and Louis began kicking on his own.

"There you see? Happy? Can I go now?" The teenager wanted to say he'd be glad to show off his swimming skills and prove it by swimming as far and fast away from Mr. Styles as possible.

The lifeguard chuckled. "Not just yet, Lou, I want to run some drills."

"Don't call me that!" Louis shouted. He immediately regretted doing that, as he watched Harry's face transform from a happy face with a grin and glistening eyes to that of a stern frown. Once again, the boy was reminded all too well of that look. A look a parent gave their child if they were naughty or misbehaving. Mr. Styles cleared his throat.

"If you're going to be defiant, than I know a naughty step stool where defiant boys can sit for ten minutes and think about what they did and why what they did was wrong." That was no light threat. Louis assumed he knew exactly what step stool Harry was referring to, the ted step the lifeguards used to climb down the towers. He'd be damned if he sat there while Harry sat above him, watching him.

"You may not be happy with what I am doing for you, Louis, but I'm doing it because I care. If I didn't, I'd let you drown and that's not who I am."

Wanting to protest more that he did in fact swim perfectly fine, Louis kept his mouth shut. He was tired of arguing with Harry and prayed this ordeal would be over. Because the second he the chance, he was calling is parents.

Harry, completely oblivious to Louis' discomfort chuckle softly. "Having fun, yet, sweets? Don't be afraid, I won't let you drown."

Louis was blushing mad while following every command Mr. Styles told him, be it moving his arms or kicking his legs. "You're doing great, Louis. Now, how about we work on floating?"

"Mr. Styles." Louis whined. "I don't want to do this anymore, can I please go back with my friends?" If he had to beg, he would. He wanted out of this humiliating ordeal. Harry didn't seem impressed but sighed. It was obvious Louis wasn't going to comply anymore and Mr. Styles got what he wanted anyway.

"Very well, but, I will escort you to shore."

Louis hid the smile on his face as he followed Mr. Styles to the beach, but as he turned to run back and be with his friends, his stomach dropped seeing everyone coming back to the shore with Coach Payne announcing it was time to wash off the lake water and sand and head back to the cabins.

Scowling, Louis turned to glare up at Mr. Styles, who was once again sitting on the life guard post with his sunglasses. Mr. Styles took notice of Louis and gave a smile and a wave.

The boy bolted away, asking Mr. Payne to use the phone in the counselor's office.

This Nurse Styles guy was a creep and Louis knew he had to tell an adult. Phoning his parents, he bit his lip and toyed with the cord until his Dad picked up.
"Hello?"

"Dad? It's Louis."

"Oh, hey Lou. How's camp going? In your last letter you said something about a relay?" Mark sounded happy on the other end, but right now Louis couldn't give two shits about the relay.

"Dad, you need to come get me!" Louis begged. When Mark questioned him, he continued. "Because there's this guy, his name is Harry Styles, and he's pissing me off!"]

Mark sounded concerned. "Is he bullying you, Louis? Have you spoken to an adult?"

"He is an adult, Dad! He's the nurse here. And today I was swimming with some friends and he pulled me away just because he thought I wasn't doing it right and-"

Louis' rant was interrupted by Mark. "Hang on. He pulled you away from swimming? I thought you said he was bullying you?"

"Well, he's sorta doing that. He said some bullshit about me drowning, Dad, but I was fine!"

"Louis....listen. If he thought you needed a break or something, then he was probably right. He's the adult and incharge of you while your Mum and I are here." Mark spoke. "And you need to listen to adults, Louis. You're fifteen, why am I telling you this?"

The teenager frantically shook his head. "No, Dad. It's not what you think, I wanted to go swimming. Its the only chance I had to and he-

"And who's fault was that? Your Mum and I told you to sign up for other activities, Louis, and you didn't listen," Mark chastised. "And now you have to suffer the consequences of your actions."

Louis wanted to cry. His Dad wasn't listening to him.

"Now, go on and have fun. You've only got a week left and then you can come home, okay? And maybe try to learn from your mistakes, son."

Louis frowned, slamming the phone down. No adult at home would help him, then one might listen to him here. Surly Harry's odd behavior was noticed by other students or counselors. Then he recalled Mr. Grimshaw and Harry's conversation, the man seemed close to Harry, maybe he could talk to him and tell him what was happening.

Glancing around, Louis spotted Nick with some other kids laughing when he approached him.

"Mr. Grimshaw, I need to talk to you!" Louis begged.

"Sure, Louis. What's wrong?" Nick asked, becoming worried at the desperate plea of his student.

"Uh, family emergency and I need to talk to you-uh, alone, please." Nick nodded and excused himself from the other boys. He followed Louis back to the cabin and asked him what was wrong. Feeling guilty about having said a lie, Louis first confessed. "Sorry to have pulled you away like that, Mr. Grimshaw, but its not a family emergency, but still urgent."

Nick grew confused but let Louis continue talking.

"It's about Nurse Styles. I think he's.....I don't think he's right." Louis confessed. He told Nick about everything, from meeting Harry and the odd vibe he gave off and about this afternoon at the Lake.
"And then, he pulled me over to teach me how to swim, but I already do and-"

Nick held up a hand. "I've heard enough." Louis shrank back, the man didn't sound pleased.

"Louis, what you are doing isn't funny. Lying to me about having an emergency and then you want to blame it on Mr. Styles? I'll have you know that I am a very good friend of Harry's and while he may be odd, he is certainly the last person to do anything awful."

"He freaks me out! He makes me uncomfortable." Louis cried.

"What are you insinuating?" Nick gravely asked. His tone dark and furious. "Are you trying to say he's some sort of child molester?"

Louis couldn't believe it. No one was believing him. Not his parents, not his friends, now other adults. Louis opened his mouth to speak again when Mr. Grinshaw pointed to the cabins. "You are dismissed for the evening Louis. This is a serious accusation and I will not tolerate it."

The teenager felt his bottom lip tremble. "But-but he-"

"Now!"

Embarrassed and upset, Louis did as he was told and went to the cabin, Nick following insuit.

"What you are saying is false, Louis. And I will not allow you to disrespect Mr. Styles like that. I'll bring you dinner, but you're not to join your bunkmates for the campfire tonight, and if you do something like this again, I'll pull you out of the relay. Do I make myself clear?"

Sitting on his bunk, Louis didn't reply. Nick left and there Louis shed his tears.

He thought things couldn't get any worse.

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During the next two weeks, Louis heeded Mr. Grimshaw's advice and didn't say a word to or about Harry Styles. In fact, he was starting to run into the man less frequently than before (which was good for him). Louis made sure to never stray too far from his friends, especially Niall. Speaking of which, the blonde grew concerned for his friend.

"You okay, Louis? You've been quiet for a few days."
Louis hadn't been his loud, happy self. He was....distant. Louis was running out of excuses and went with the old "I feel homesick". And he was. He did miss his family, but was more annoyed by the fact that his summer was ruined by Mr. Styles. He hopes he never sees the creepy man ever again.

"Just miss me sisters is all."

Niall nodded, "Well, cheer up. Its the relay today. You're gonna win the matches for sure." Niall wrapped an arm around his friend's shoulder. "I wanna play, but my bad knee is fuckin killin me."

Louis smirked. "Don't worry, Nialler. You could always start a cheerleading team."

"Haha, sure, lemmie go get my mini skirt."

When they arrived, everyone else from camp and some parents were in the field where the relay would take place. Louis felt a bit sad his family couldn't make it, Mark was called into work and his mother wasn't sure the twins would be able to handle the drive like last time, so they had to cancel the trip. But they promised his choice of fast food on the way back and Louis knew he'd have a ten piece chicken meal to himself, so he was content.
For now, he sat with Niall and his family. Maura was a kind woman and Bobby was funny. Greg was sorta of stuck up as Niall had described, but his wife was lovely and even had a baby, Theo, Niall's nephew, he gushed about.

"Oh, Theo-Mio, got yer nosie!" Niall cooed, poking the toddler's face, making the child giggle and snicker. Louis grinned. He missed the twins and when he got home, he would try to play with them a lot more. They'd be going into Daycare soon and he wanted to spend a lot of time before he had to head off to his last year.

First off was the welcome for the parents and introduction, after that would be the track and field unit before the water sports. Louis wasn't set to play till the very end. It would be a whole two hours, but he was excited to see everyone else compete.

Before halftime, Louis excused himself to use the loo. The bathrooms weren't too far to hear the megaphone announcer, but you couldn't see the games. Louis tried listening as best he could while weeing.

He washed his hands and went to leave but bumped into the back of an adult.

"Whoops, sorry-"
He paled.

"No harm done, Louis," Harry beamed. "And good for you using the bathroom when needed. It would be terrible if you had an accident out there in the hot sun, good way to get a rash."

The teenager scowled. "Don't know what you're talking about, mate. Haven't had an accident since I was two. I am toilet trained."

Louis pushed his way out, waking away when he heard Harry spoke once more.

"I hope you win the match, Louis. I hear the prize campout in the woods is fun." Harry smirked before entering the restroom. Louis frowned before gasping. Somehow, he knew Harry was implying that he too would be attending the campout. Louis had to get out of the game. For as fun as playing footie was, he would rather loose the game, or drop out and let his teammate fail then have to spend the night anywhere neer Mr. Styles. Rushing back to the game, he knew Mr. Grimshaw wasn't happy with him as of late so he tried to look for Coach Payne.

He spotted the man neer the water setting up for the swimmers. Rushing to the man, he said, "Coach Payne. I don't feel good."
Liam frowned. "Do you need the nurse, Louis?"

"Uh, no, it's something I ate. Me stomach is churnin' ya know?"

Liam winced and bit his lip. "Well, has going made you feel any better?" Louis shook his head 'No' and Liam sighed. "I tell you what, your match starts in an hour, in forty minutes come find me and keep me updates, if you still don't feel well enough to play then I'll pull you from the match. It's such a pity too. You're our best player."

*There's nothing more I want to do then play too, Mr. Payne. I'm so sorry.*

The creep Harry had officially ruined his summer.

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While the rest of the crowd cheered, Louis watched in horror as his team ended up winning. Apparently his team decided now to use teamwork and show off how much their practice payed off. It was as if they didn't even need Louis to win.
Niall screamed with delight and patted Louis on the back. "We won mate, we won! We can go on that prize campout in the woods!" While Niall chatted with his family, overjoyed at the win, Louis sat still, faking a smile. Dread filled his stomach.

A night in the woods meant a night sleeping with Harry. He'd much rather sleep in a cabin with a locked door than in a tent where the man would easily unzip his tent and grab him.

No. He told himself. *Mr. Styles wouldn't do that while others were around.*

He would be safe.

Then why didn't he feel that way?
"Alright everyone, five minutes till we head out!" Nick called to the bunk. Everyone was packing an overnight back and was responsible for carrying a camp pop-up tent. Louis was ready to go, but he didn't want to attend. He sulked on his bunk as his friends chatted to themselves. Niall was more than concerned for Louis. His friend had changed since he met him on the first day of camp and he didn't know how to help him.

"Louis, you've been acting strange for a while, are you sure nothing is wrong?"

"I'm fine, Niall. I just have an upset stomach." He lied.

"Lou, don't give me that shit, somethings wrong. Is there something happening at home?" Niall feared the worst when Louis didn't reply.

"Okay, let's head out!" Nick called, interrupting their conversation. Everyone picked up their bags and tents. Now, it was the journey ahead into the wilderness.

The hike itself, while a bit intense, was equally beautiful. Niall was snapping pic after pic with his camera while Louis took in the breath taking wilderness. They even stopped to see a family of deer grazing on wild berries and a few campers found other animals like bunnies and foxes. One boy shrieked what a milk snake slithered across his toes but other than that it was pretty uneventful.
Louis glanced behind him. Mr. Styles smiled warmly, waving at him from the rear of the line.

Camp leaders, Coach Payne, Nick Grimshaw and nurse Harry Styles would all be supervising the trip. Louis kept as far away from Harry as possible, but when it came time to stop at the campground area and start pitching tents, Nick put everyone in three groups and Louis was in Harry's. Lol

Harry, to Louis' surprise, didn't bother him once. While Niall and Louis and another boy named Luke set up their tents, Harry only observed quietly before walking away to help another group of lads.

*It's the last day. I can last one day.*

"Let's put the rain cover on." Louis said.

"I thought it wasn't going to rain. That's what Mr. Payne said."

Louis didn't want Harry watching him while he slept. (He seemed like the creep to do that.) So he tried making up any excuse he could. "Well, I don't want birds shittin' on me while I'm sleepin." Louis yabked the rain cover away from Luke before setting it up. Niall frowned.
"Let's get something to eat. Coach Payne has sausages roasting."

Even though he wasn't hungry, Louis participated in roasting the food as to not raise suspension. When the smores broke out, Coach Payne decided now was the perfect time for a ghost story. All the boys (Louis included) listened carefully.

"It happened actually before any of the current staff worked here. I've only been here two years, personally. Oi, Nick, how long you been here?"

Nick smiled. "Going on 6 years."

"Harry?" Liam called.

Harry smiled. "Imactually went to this camp as a young boy. I started volunteering as a Counselor but went into the medical field. This will be my tenth year."

Louis blinked. How old was this guy? Liam continued with his story, " but all of us are told on our
first day about it," Liam sent a wink to Nick who snickered. "Do you guys know why us adults have to travel into the woods with you all?"

One boy raised his hand "so another kid doesn't cry because he saw a snake?"

"Shut up, Bill!"

Liam shook his head. "Nope. It's to scare off The Wanderer."

"Who's that?" Niall asked.

"No one knows who He, She, or what It is, all we know is around ten years ago when the camp was built, the first relay race was won by a team and back then, the reward was the same: a night out in these woods." Liam folded his arms, leaning in closer to the fire before he spoke again, "alone."

Luke snorted, "So what? We're only sleeping in tents and we only walked ten miles from camp."
"Ten miles seems farther in the dark, lad. Especially when you have no idea where you're headed. Now let me finish. The first team set up camp and got ready to sleep when one boy, his name was Freddie Clark, went missing."

*Freddie.* That name sounded familiar to Louis. Seeing out of the corner of his eye, the blue eyed boy spotted Harry cleaning up not far from the camp. He hummed while picking up paper napkins and other trash that fell out of a garbag can that tipped over.

"Now, Freddie had a knack of wandering off sometimes to explore or look for treasure, I don't know, the kid walked everywhere."

The rest of the kids snickered.

Liam continued, "So all the team members went out to look for him. They thought maybe he had forgotten something and went back to camp so they left the woods to alert and adult. A search party was called and the camp out was called off."

Niall shivered when the wind blew.
"The next morning all the boys woke up thinking Freddie would be in his bunk and they'd be taking the piss with him later, but no. He still wasn't there."

"Where did he go?" Niall asked.

Harry tied the garbage bag and turned to walk to his tent, a few tents away from Luke, Niall and Louis'. Louis kept his eyes on the nurse.

Liam smirked. "No one knows, Niall. That's why they call him The Wanderer. However, claims of seeing a little boy in these woods haven't been heard of. But what was funny was all of Freddie's belongings were with them. Everything but...."

"But what?" Louis asked.

"His shoes." Liam shrugged. "But basically that's why we are here."

A few kids claimed the story wasn't scary at all and were upset of being told to head to bed, as they would have to wake early to head back to camp. Louis shivered, but not from the cold.
Around the middle of the night, Louis couldn't sleep. No matter how much he tossed and turned, he couldn't fall back to sleep. Knowing he lay only a few feet away from the creep himself, was enough to keep him awake. He didn't care about his reputation, he had half a mind to crawl into Coach Payne's tent and ask to sleep with him.

The sound of a branch snapping not far from his tent startled him.

*Just an animal.* He lied to himself.

Another snap a minute later had him crawling deeper into his sleeping back and closing his eyes tightly. *Go away, go away, go away!*

The noises stopped and the world was deathly quiet. His body betrayed him and as a minutes dragged on, his bladder became heavier and soon he couldn't take it. He had to go. Coach Payne was three tents down, he would go wake him up and say he needed help; perhaps give a weak lie that his flashlight batteries didn't work. Yeah, that's it.
As quietly as he could, he unzipped the tent door, crawled out and grabbed his flashlight and a toilet paper roll. Coach Payne was right, the woods did look bigger, scarier and overall different. He dared to glance back at Harry's tent next to his. No light or noise came from the inside. *He must be a light sleeper.* Louis assumed. He didn't want to believe the voice in his back of his head warning him that Harry wasn't in the tent.

He was out there. In the dark. Watching. Waiting.

Shivering, Louis jerked the zipper on Coach Payne's tent down and whispered. "Coach.....Coach Payne?"

Mumbling nonsense before going back to sleep, Louis knew the man wouldn't wake and snagged his flashlight. The longer he waited, the more desperate he became. He had to go bad and it was either find a tree or wet his pants. Louis was NOT going to be the kid who wet his pants at 15, he'd be damned if that happened.

He roamed around, pointing his flashlight down in search of poison ivy or spiders, or even worse, snakes (though he had yet to see one).

He made sure to not stray too far from camp and found a tree far enough for privacy, but still close enough to where he could see the tents. Pulling his trousers and pants down just for a brief moment to whip out his willy, he relieved himself. It was a good while before he stopped too (he blamed the three cans of soda Niall dared him to chugg) and just as he went to pull up his pants, a strong hand and wet cloth smacked at his face and nose. Louis' muffled screams were not helping, neither was his
struggling.

Soon, everything around him went silent and still and he passed out in Harry's waiting arms.

End Notes

I have been working on this for WEEKS and I'm amazed this is over 10K words (not including both notes). I have no idea how long the updates will be for this fic, but don't expect a weekly update. I hope everyone liked this first chapter as I thought it was different from all the other ageplay fics and I hadn't read one quite like it.

Thank you for reading, leave a comment if you liked

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!