Paris Changed Us

by DirtyLarryStylinson

Summary

Harry Styles has it all: his egotistical friends, a hot girlfriend, and ton of money equipped with an incredible fashion sense; he's the sort of 18-year-old others dream of being.

And then there was Louis Tomlinson: shy, socially awkward and under-appreciated, from a family not so economically stable; the kind of 18-year-old others would hate to be. His gawky nature makes him a bullying target of Harry's group, the moment he joins their school.

But when the school organises a trip to Paris, and Harry is placed in a hotel room with Louis, what will happen when a friendship blossoms, maybe turning into something more? How will Harry hide his secret liking towards Louis from his friends, and more specifically, from his girlfriend of over two years?

Notes
So, this was a plot suggested to me by Lia, who commented it on another of my works - thank you to Lia!

Prompt: "It's basically jock harry and nerd louis, -so cliche I know. louis is very poor and his family is struggling, and harry is suuper rich and has a girlfriend named kendalllllll. they go to paris, and harry and lou are roommates etc. harry and his friends has basically never liked louis, neither has kendall, but in paris, louis and harry get to know each other and suddenly they're friends. harry's friends start mocking him bc they notice how close they've gotten and kendall gets suspicious etc. and harry tries proving them wrong by doing shitty things towards louis."

Just a quick disclaimer: Louis has depression in this, which will likely progress throughout the story into something more severe. If you are affected by this, apologies, this may not be for you. Although I will always leave a warning note at the beginning of any chapter containing any sensitive stuff!

Harry is quite caring in this story, but often cares a lot about what his friends think of him. He and his friends are from very rich families, whereas Louis is from the opposite. Louis becomes friends with Niall, who is quite alike to him.

Anyway, enough blabbering on, I hope you enjoy. I know it's a short chapter, sort of testing it out. Thank you!
Harry had never liked getting involved whenever his group of friends chose to pick on anybody from their school. On the football field during P.E, when Zayn took a fully inflated football (which was almost as inflated as his distended ego) and launched it at Niall Horan's head "for fun". Or when Harry's girlfriend, Kendall, shouted degrading remarks at the quiet girls who sat at the front of their classes. When Zayn's girlfriend, Gigi, had stuck her foot out in front of an oncoming student as they left the classroom, sending them flying to the ground. The time Liam and his girlfriend, Cheryl, hatched the nasty plan to pass discriminating notes around about somebody in the room, for all to see. Harry deeply hated it. In fact, he wanted with all his heart to apologise personally to all the people affected, but he knew it would make his friends judge him, ridiculously.

He was in, what was classed as, the 'cool' group in Holmes Chapel Comprehensive. Everybody looked up to the six of them, however nice or horrible they acted towards people, because they had it all. They were three picture-perfect couples, massively handsome and beautiful, who were an ultimate goal to just about anybody who laid eyes on them. They had the looks, the money, the expensive clothes, the aura about them that purely screamed: we're better than you. Harry was very happy with how he looked, equally so with his mates, hot girlfriend, and all the money in his bank account, but he did often resent the people who didn't have to create a constant impression, a façade.

It was Monday morning, early January, the first day back after a lengthy Christmas break, which hadn't done wonders for Harry's kidneys, considering the sheer amount of alcohol he had consumed within the space of two weeks at Zayn's big, spontaneous parties. He was still groggy-eyed as he sat with his friends at their canteen table, reflecting his exhaustion with his lack of input in their conversation.

"Literally, I had Cheryl screaming last night," Liam cockily boasted, so a light tinge of pink heated up her cheeks in embarrassment. "Didn't I, babe?"

There was a flurry of laughter over everybody else, aside from a humiliated Cheryl and mentally drained Harry. Zayn quickly caught on to how quiet he was being, giving him a hard nudge.

"What're you sulking about, Styles?" He pushed, with a hint of amusement behind his tone, breaking Harry from his daze.

"Huh? Oh, nothing, I'm just a little tired." Harry reassured, fixing his fringe and sweeping it properly across his forehead. He caught eyes with Kendall, who gave him a bright smile.

"Has he been fucking you too much, Kendall, that you wore him out?" Gigi giggled, wiggling her eyebrows at her friend. Another thing Harry hated about his friends was their constant urge to want to discuss their sex lives. Sure, one comment every now and again didn't hurt, but it had become more of a daily occurrence by now.

"No, he hasn't fucked me in too long." Kendall pouted out her lower lip at Harry, a mischievous glint in her eye.

Harry defensively shook his head, "I fucked you, like, five days ago!"

"Five days?" Zayn taunted. "That's long, man."
"I apologise, I'll try harder next time." Harry sassed, rolling his eyes. He could see Kendall jumping to her feet in the corner of his eye, playfully running round the table to stand behind him.

She lowered her mouth to his ear from behind, hot breath lingering momentarily before she whispered. "Will you fuck me again tonight?"

"Sure," Harry complied, turning his face suddenly to catch her lips against his. "Promise."

"Love you." She made a kissing gesture before hopping back over to her previous seat. Harry was surprised not to hear any wooing from the other four, but when he glanced at them, he knew why.

Their eyes were fixed on Niall Horan, a quiet boy from their classes, who had just entered the cafeteria with a shorter boy whom none of them recognised. Newbie. He was probably around 5 foot 7, hair a feathery and ruffled brown, swept across his forehead, dressed in a baggy hoodie and skinny jeans. Harry could tell, even from such a distance, plus never having spoken to the guy, that he was shy, based purely on the way he kept his gaze trained mostly on the floor.

"New guy," Liam sang, an ominous expression present, "And he's hanging out with Niall Horan, so he'll definitely be one to mess with."

Harry's mouth pouted to the side as his stomach flooded with guilt. This boy, who was clearly here on his first ever day at HCC, was so timid and sweet-looking that Harry felt hugely bad for allowing his friends to pick fun at him. It didn't feel right at all.

"Leave the guy alone, he looks way too sensitive." He quietly defended, though it was heard by all five individuals of his group.

"Sensitive?" Cheryl huffed out a sharp laugh, "That's exactly what we want him to be."

"Yeah, since when have you had a soft side, Haz?" Gigi asked, raising an eyebrow at him.

Harry had always had a soft side, one he liked to think shone through more than the bad one, but clearly his friends never picked up on his attempted benevolence.

"I dunno, just ignore me." He sighed, eyeing the shy, new boy again, who was across the canteen being introduced to some of Niall Horan's 'uncool' group of friends. Harry sadly smiled to himself, before ducking his head to hide it. Something about the boy stirred worry within him, a deep want for him to be safe from people's meanness.

Once their lunch hour had finished, Harry had been forced to deal with Kendall playfully jumping on his back and demanding a piggyback ride to their art class. He loved her, of course he did, and she had for over two years, but her clingy nature could often be overwhelming whenever Harry would rather be alone for a moment.

The six of them took their seats in the back row, the back row of all their classes practically reserved for their likenesses, as the room began to fill with students. Harry spotted Niall Horan and the new kid walk in amongst the crowd, noting some crystalline blue eyes on him at a closer distance. He definitely looked very nice and approachable. Harry ripped his eyes away before he started feeling guilty again.

Their art teacher, Mr Pembrook, staggered in a few minutes late, carrying about a thousand sheets of paper and a cup of coffee, setting everything onto his desk before rushing out an apology for his lateness. He didn't even have to bother anymore, he had never been on time. Mr Pembrook's eyes scanned the class, clearly stopping when they landed on the newbie. A smile lit up his face.
"I see a new face," He cheerfully pointed out, "Why don't you stand up and introduce yourself, young man?"

Harry could sense the way the boy tensed, for some reason, like standing up and speaking his name to his new class was absolute hell on earth. He felt for him, he really did. The boy shakily stood up, evidently extremely nervous, idly scratching his forearm over his hoodie sleeve as he turned to face his new classmates.

"Umm, I... I'm Louis, Tomlinson." He stuttered out. "I'm from Doncaster."

He linked eyes with Harry at that moment, and Harry immediately smiled, a welcoming smile that told him it was okay to be scared on his first day. Louis returned it, very subtly, before diverting his gaze to look down.

Harry heard Zayn breathe out a laugh, and just knew a comment was coming next. "And I'm guessing you're gay?"

The only real laughter came from the back row, minus Harry, whose eyebrows actually furrowed in annoyance due to what his mate had meanly divulged. He tried to shoot a sorry look Louis' way, but he had already defeatedly sat back down as the laughter gradually died down.

"That's not the sort of respectful conduct I like in my classroom, Mr Malik, is it?" Mr Pembrook raised an eyebrow in heavy disapproval. "Another comment like that, and I'll be sending you straight to the headteacher's office."

"How scary." Zayn sarcastically muttered under his breath, away from the earshot of their art teacher, to his luck. Gigi, Kendall, Liam and Cheryl were still quietly chuckling away, evidently having found the whole prejudicial situation funny, whereas Harry tried to concentrate on scribbling down the title from the whiteboard into his notepad.

Something about Louis, his innocence and perceived friendliness, made Harry want to protect him. But he knew he couldn't. His friends were always too relentless in their bullying, taking any chance they could to get a laugh from everybody else. It was quite sickening, though Harry felt he had no power over it. The bullying towards Louis had only just begun, he could feel that.

At the end of the day, when they were dismissed from their art class to head home, Liam violently shoved past Louis as everybody left the classroom. Harry wanted to complain, wanted to stroke Louis' arm in comfort where Liam had struck past him, but all he could do was attempt the sorry look once again, which Louis saw this time but ignored.

Man, was this painful already.
It was bad enough having to drive both himself and Kendall to school every day through the 7:30 morning rush hour, so when she demanded they stop at Starbucks for a hot chocolate, Harry very nearly snapped.

"Baaabe, I'm dying for a peppermint hot chocolate," She whined, tugging at the sleeve of his favourite Saint Laurent jacket. "Just turn left here, there's a Starbucks down there."

"No, Kenny, we'll be late." Harry opposed, trying to keep his tone level and missing the turning entirely, continuing down the busy road. He immediately heard a loud huff in protest, spotting in the corner of his eye that Kendall had moodily propped her chin up on her palm.

"It's 'cause you don't love me." She muttered under her breath, so quietly that she thought Harry wouldn't hear, but he did and was encouraged to roll his eyes.

"Of course I love you, babe, that's not determined by whether I buy you a peppermint hot chocolate or not." Harry stated, an undertone of annoyance that he didn't let surface. She flailed an arm out in protest.

"I don't know, it just seems as though we're drifting apart a little. Sometimes." She admitted, picking absentmindedly at her nail to avoid looking Harry's way. "You know."

"How are we drifting apart? I thought things were going great between us at the moment." Harry mumbled, turning into the school car park with just enough time to head into the school building.

Harry expertly veered his gleaming, grey Audi R8 into his usual parking space, in the corner beneath the oak tree, before switching the engine off.

"Well, it's just..." Kendall heavily sighed, as they both unclipped their seatbelts and jumped out of the car. "...I don't know."

"Last night meant nothing to you? I'd call that pretty close, if you ask me." Harry reminded, holding the keys out behind him and pressing the button to lock his car, so its beeping noise chimed out. He placed an arm loosely around Kendall's shoulder as they walked, pulling her in closer to his side so that she rested her head on his shoulder.

"You just seemed a bit off last night, for some reason. Listen, just forget I even said anything." She dismissed, as they entered the main building, out of the cold. Harry did just that, though throughout their reflective silence to follow, he was contemplating what had been so 'off' about him last night; personally he thought he had done a fantastic job with getting her off.

As they rounded the corner towards their registration classroom, somebody turning it towards them collided harshly with Kendall, sending the other person's two folders flying to the floor.
It was Louis Tomlinson. Newbie.

"What the fuck!" Kendall loudly objected, hands spread in repugnance. "Be careful, for fuck's sake!"

Louis, who was dressed in the same scruffy hoodie as yesterday, plus some blue jeans, looked panicked, flushing slightly red with wide eyes.

"I'm sorry!" He exclaimed, his tone backing this up. "I'm so sorry!" He hurriedly repeated, hands holding his head either side in stress.

Harry found himself quickly kneeling to pick up Louis' two dropped folders, slipping some loose sheets back inside of one before handing them over with a smile.

"It's okay, don't worry about it." He answered Louis' apologies for Kendall, as Louis shyly took the folders back and tucked them awkwardly under his arm.

"Thanks." He mumbled with a smile, though he didn't hold the eye contact for long before looking down at his feet once again. Kendall had her arms moodily folded, glaring at him like he was a piece of dirt.

"Just watch it next time." She snarled. "And you're going the wrong way, anyway. Registration is the way you were coming from, you..." She looked him up and down in disgust, "...weirdo."

The look on Louis' face broke Harry's heart: it was an expression where he was clearly trying to hide his hurt with a smile, but it showed clearly in those eyes. He wandered back off in the direction he had come from, without a further word or look.

"Honestly," Kendall breathed in annoyance, rolling her eyes, "Did you see how he's dressed? I swear he had that hoodie on yesterday."

"Maybe he doesn't have enough clothes, Kendall." Harry maturely defended, keeping the volume of his voice low even though Louis was long gone.

"Not my problem. And you shouldn't have helped him with picking up all that shit he dropped, it's his problem." She gritted, as though being kind was outrageous.

"I was just being nice. You should always treat people with kindness." Harry reasoned. He tried to ignore the fact that Kendall scoffed in response, clearly in a bad enough mood already. Harry figured it was premenstrual syndrome.

Harry could tell that Louis was unsure about whether to trust him. Harry tried to smile at him during their registration period, but Louis had just diverted his gaze to the tabletop. It was hardly surprising, seeing as during this time, Harry was sat with the people who had thrown a scrunched up paper ball with the word *fag* scrawled on it at him. The guy seemed lovely too, which made it even worse. Harry spotted him smiling and chatting to those around him, staying positive despite that obvious stain on the lower left side of his hoodie.

The first lesson of the day was English. Harry hated having this subject first, as it took a lot of effort so early in the morning, what with the excessive reading, listening and writing required. He and his friends, as usual, sat in the back row of the class, where they could observe the rest of the room.

Their teacher was droning on about Parisian writers, something Harry had absolutely no care for.
His attention was on Liam and Cheryl, who were seductively whispering into each other's ears from where they sat, and he knew they would probably have a little 'time out' at lunch in a discreet location (they had in fact been caught fucking before in public, yet it never stopped them.)

Harry suddenly heard an uproar of excitement erupt around the room, jumping slightly and eyes darting around to spot many smiling faces. Clearly he had been so zoned out that he had completely missed what was so exciting. Even Zayn was celebrating, excitedly patting Gigi on the thigh.

"Can you believe it, Haz? This is going to be so romantic!" Kendall cooed, tilting her head to rest on his shoulder with a dreamy look in her eye. Harry was still very addled.

"What will be?"

"You're always zoning out, you!" She giggled, her sudden cheerfulness a contrast from the earlier distant act. "Paris, Harry!"

"Paris? What do you mean?"

"A school trip to Paris!" She expanded, pointing at the whiteboard, where their teacher was scribbling down notes on the upcoming trip.

**PARIS TRIP**

*January 15th - January 19th*

*Focus will be on French writers, with influences of the Parisian lifestyle to aid our investigations.*

"Oh!" Harry exclaimed in realisation. "Cool! That's only, like, two weeks away."

"Thirteen days, actually." Kendall smirked. "This is so exciting, I hope I can get a room with you!"

And as if on cue, their teacher crushed those dreams with his next announcement.

"So, the situation with who you'll be sharing rooms with, let me explain that now." He began, immediately gaining everyone's attention. "You may not want to hear this, but *I* will be choosing who you share a room with, based on who I pair you with for the projects. You will all be staying in pairs."

Groans of displeasure were emitted around the room, immediately erasing the previous exuberance, and Kendall sighed particularly loud. It wasn't surprising, considering both the factors that it was a school trip and they would never be allowed to room with the opposite gender anyway.

"Who are we going to be with?" Gigi impatiently asked, a question Harry had been wondering since it was aired that they'd be partnered up.

"I will disclose that closer to the leaving date, as I need confirmation of who can go and who cannot. The trip is going to cost £150 each, so some may not be able to afford that, we need to see."

Zayn exaggerated a cough, before loudly saying: "Louis."

Laughter hummed out around the room. Harry felt awful again. Obviously Louis' unruly hair and slightly stained hoodie had been another opportunity to Zayn to pick on him again, calling him poor. He had no idea what Louis' life was like at home, yet he chose to judge. Louis had responded by trying to make light of it, faking a laugh along. It evidently hurt him though, that was clear as day.
As they were leaving the classroom at the end, Harry sort of eavesdropped on Louis' quiet conversation with Niall, only because he was curious and was walking past anyway.

"I don't know if my mum can afford to pay for me," Louis mumbled, scratching the back of his neck, "She's already got so much more to pay for with the money we have."

"Aww, man, I can lend you some for a while, if you like?" Niall offered, which made Harry want to smile. That was all he heard, before he had followed his friends out of the classroom completely.

So Louis wasn't from a well-off family, that was confirmed. The boy seemed to have a lot on his plate, and it made Harry sad.

He added Louis on Facebook that evening, after browsing for a while and coming across his profile as a suggested friend.

His profile picture was of himself and a younger girl, who looked to be a sister.

The rest of his profile was pretty much private, no cover photo, no status updates, no personal information (except a birthday, Christmas eve - harsh.) An hour later, and Harry still had no 'Louis Tomlinson accepted your request' notification. He started thinking maybe Louis wouldn't accept requests from those he wasn't close to, or he suspected weren't nice. As Harry was always sat with his mates when they picked on Louis, it was clear why he'd think Harry was in on it.

Harry had honestly been tempted all day to send Louis a message, saying he would happily pay the £150 for him to go to Paris, as that money was practically nothing to Harry, but obviously it would be perceived as a massive gesture and Louis may not think it as being genuine. So he didn't.

Chapter End Notes

Chapters will definitely be getting longer and more interesting soon!
Louis still hadn't accepted Harry's Facebook friend request by morning, so he assumed it was because he was never going to. It wasn't surprising whatsoever, especially seeing as whenever Harry tried to smile apologetically at Louis after one of his mates made a degrading comment towards him, Louis would pout his mouth to the side in disinterest and look the other way. He envisioned Harry as being one of the tormentors, not the kind one on the side who wanted the bullying to cease.

Harry tried not to make eye contact with Louis, as he strolled into their English class with Kendall ten minutes late (because she had finally won him over on their Starbucks battle.) He did notice how generally tired Louis looked though, dark circles under his eyes and a hazy focus on the whiteboard. Today, instead of following his girlfriend (who was sipping obnoxiously loud from her drink) to the back row, he leant in to quickly mutter something to her.

"I'm gonna sit further forward today, on my own, concentrate a bit more."

"Since when do you care about concentrating?" She whispered, eyebrows urged to raise. Harry rolled his eyes in response, waving his hand to dismiss her to the back row. He sat on the empty desk right behind where Louis sat with Niall, hoping this wouldn't start looking a bit creepy from Louis' side of the spectrum.

They had been set an independent task to answer some questions in the textbook, so the room was filled with discussions of people working together with those around them. Harry pulled out his earphones, unravelling them from around his phone and plugging them in. But he didn't put any music on, just wanted it to seem like he did.

He wanted to hear Louis and Niall talking again, without obviously eavesdropping. And he looked totally innocent, sat there with his textbook open, looking as though he were reading but really keeping an ear out.

"I'm really sorry about Paris, man," Niall sighed, sparking up the conversation with Louis right in front of Harry's eyes. "It's really shit of me to offer to pay and then-"

"Mate, it's fine! It isn't your fault you don't have enough to lend me too, it was never your job to in the first place. I'll just have to wait for another trip, one I can afford when I find a better job." Louis reassured, his voice somehow remaining bright. Harry bet he didn't feel so bright on the inside, but he masked it. It was heartbreaking, really.

"It's not fair, how there are rich as fuck people who can afford this easily, like Kendall, Zayn, Harr-" Niall cut himself off when he recalled Harry had sat right behind them, discreetly twisting in his seat to look at Harry (who was still looking at the textbook, pretending to be working) before turning back to Louis again, "Like Kendall, Harry, all their group. He can't hear me, don't worry, he's got earphones in."

Harry wanted to smirk and laugh at that, but he continued to listen.

"Oh, that one's called Harry, the one behind us?"

"Yeah, curly hair. Thinks he's the hottest guy on earth."
Harry wanted to scoff. But maybe what Niall had said was a little bit true.

"Well, I know nothing about them, but I can tell by their style and attitudes that they're all rich." Louis quietly admitted. Harry's ears pricked up in interest. "You know what I mean? I'm not calling them snobby, buuut..." He trailed off.

"You're not calling them snobby, but they are." Niall humoured him, before they both chuckled.

"Well, I don't know them personally, can't fully judge. But I don't like it when they all pick on me."

The way Louis had phrased that final sentence, made Harry forget about how he had just been called snobby. The way Louis said "they all pick on me", as though their group were all one person who were responsible for one another's bad actions.

"Yeah, they're always like that." Niall groaned, and Harry could sense an eye roll.

He loved how he was listening in on this without their knowledge, getting an insight into what Louis really thought of him and his friends. He was massively tempted to tap one of them on the shoulder and mention how he wasn't really listening to music, but he was too sidetracked by feeling awful for Louis still, how he couldn't go on the Paris trip. It must have been so crushing, feeling like you're being cast aside due to not being financially 'good enough'.

The two of them fell silent for quite some time, getting some work done, so Harry decided to actually put on some music and concentrate himself. Luckily, Zayn and the others weren't harassing Louis today, which was typical as if they were, it would be proven that Harry wasn't involved in it as he was sat away from them.

When everybody packed up for the end of the lesson, and Harry rejoined his mates (who taunted him for being a 'nerd'), Liam stuck out his foot in front of Louis, who thankfully didn't fall completely to the ground but did stumble rather ungracefully into Niall's back. Harry honestly wanted to slap Liam on the arm for doing it, especially as Louis couldn't have been in a great mood as it was.

Harry lingered slightly by the doorway, so Kendall tugged at his arm impatiently.

"Come on, hurry up! What are you hanging around for?" She hastened. "We've got to get to maths."

"I've just got to ask Mr Grant about something." Harry improvised. "I'll catch up, don't wait around for me."

"I'm sure those giraffe-like legs of yours will catch you up!" Gigi yelled from in the hallway, urging Harry to lightly shake his head with a laugh. They left the classroom, and so did other students, until the door clicked shut and Harry was left with Mr Grant, their English teacher. He was neatly bunching together a stack of paper, glancing up with raised eyebrows to find that Harry was still present.

"Harry! What can I do for you?"

Harry was kind of wondering what in the world he was doing, but there was no turning back now. He awkwardly scratched the back of his neck, leaning on one hip.

"Umm... it's about the Paris trip."
"Right. Did you want to pay for it? The payments are coming in fast, you'd be surprised!" Mr Grant grinned, leaning on his desk with his hands casually clasped over his knees.

"Actually," Harry released a sharp breath, "I'd like to pay for myself and someone else."

"Oh? Kendall?" Mr Grant guessed, a soft smile.

"Well, I don't doubt she'd like me to pay for her, but it's someone else." Harry informed him. "Uh, it's Louis Tomlinson."

Mr Grant looked puzzled, bottom lip quirking up into the top one, forehead crinkling. "Louis Tomlinson? I don't exactly form the impression that you and your friends like Louis."

"I never said that. I haven't ever been involved in any of their bullying towards him. But anyway, that's besides the point. I overheard Louis and Niall Horan talking about how Louis would never be able to afford the trip, how his mum needs that money to support their family, and... well, I thought I could help."

"Harry, that's awfully kind of you!" Mr Grant beamed. "Are you sure? That would be £300 you'd be paying, £450 if you pay for Kendall too."

"That's fine, honestly." Harry waved a hand, having to admit that he could be immodest at times surrounding his wealth. "I don't mind. Look, I'll pay for Louis now, and for Kendall and I another time."

Harry reached into his back pocket, pulling out his black leather wallet. He pulled out six 20s and three 10s, counting aloud as he gathered it all up, stacking the notes together and handing them over with a smile.

"Louis Tomlinson's money for the Paris trip." He concluded, handing over the money.

"This is a very lovely gesture, Harry. I'm sure he'll be very grateful when I let him know."

Harry raised a hand quickly. "Umm, just tell him an anonymous person paid it for him. I don't want him feeling as though he has to feel bad and keep thanking me, you know."

"Okay, Harry. You're a very nice young man. You get to your next lesson now, won't you?" Mr Grant dismissed him, slotting the money into an envelope and sealing it, scrawling Louis' full name onto it.

"Yeah, I'll see you tomorrow, sir." Harry gave a little wave before leaving the classroom, unable to stop a smile from radiating off his face.

The next morning, Harry still didn't have a friend request confirmation from Louis. Yeeeah, he should just give up on checking for that, it wasn't going to happen. When he and his friends entered their English class later that morning, he immediately came across Louis and Mr Grant having a chat at the front of the room. And he managed to catch the moment Louis must have been informed of his paid ticket, as his eyes widened slightly, eyebrows raising, eyes surveying the room. Harry looked down just in time so as not to make eye contact, heading over to his friends while trying to suppress his smile.

"What're you grinning about?" Cheryl nudged him. "Thinking about fucking Kendall?"

He wanted to roll his eyes.
"Yeah, obviously." He sarcastically remarked, with a downgraded version of an eye roll, nothing too over the top. "Nah, I guess I'm just in an alright mood today."

He was ecstatic. He felt so emotionally accomplished for helping Louis, it made him feel good about himself.

Kendall skipped over to him happily, and he realised she was fluttering her eyelashes a bit more than usual.

"Hazzaaa?" She sang.

"What?"

"Mr Grant mentioned we have to get the trip money in by the end of this week, it's Wednesday now so only a couple of days left. Could you pay mine too?"

Yeah, he was definitely expecting that. Kendall was certainly well-off financially, her parents both working in the high-up law sector, yet she still made Harry pay for most things. She usually claimed that it was his way of showing he really loved her.

"Yeah, sure." He sighed. "I'll pay it tomorrow."

"Thanks, baby." She purred, kissing his cheek.

When everybody got seated, Harry witnessed how happy Louis was when telling Niall about what had happened. His eyes were so bright, replacing the usual lifelessness, a big smile on his face. It was like a new Louis had stepped out, despite him still wearing the very dull, probably equally as cheap, clothes. It warmed Harry's heart so much that he had to hold back a smile for the rest of the lesson. God damn his emotions.

Harry was feeling rather risky on Thursday night, after a long shower during which he debated his next move on the Facebook situation. For some peculiar reason, he felt very disheartened that Louis hadn't accepted his friend request, even though maybe Louis didn't even use Facebook or something, and he couldn't take it.

So he began typing out a message to him, knowing that this could make or break what Louis thought of him in their lessons. He was well aware this could equal a whole lot of awkwardness, especially if Louis read it and didn't reply, but he couldn't help himself anymore. He was cool and popular enough not to be belittled if Louis didn't reply to him.

**Harry Styles:** *Hi, it's Harry from class. Just wondering why you don't wanna accept my request...?*

He chewed nervously on his bottom lip, finger hovering challengingly over the enter button on his keyboard. The message wasn't too confrontational, nor did it seem too needy, so what bad was there in it? Maybe it would be a message Louis wouldn't see for years, when he'd finally remember he had an account and log in.

So Harry hit send. Then he slammed his laptop lid shut, as though that could help the situation in any way. Why did he care so much about what Louis thought of him? Sure, he was new and everything, but he didn't have to have a positive opinion on Harry or anything. He just liked Louis, thought he seemed like a nice guy.

He slowly opened the laptop lid about ten minutes later, feeling like he could only peek, typing in
the password to unlock his laptop. And there was a new message waiting. From Louis, of course, and Harry never wanted to read it. In fact, he wanted to prolong it for so long that he'd rather somebody read it aloud at his funeral than have to look now. He decided to stop being a wimp.

**Louis Tomlinson:** Hi? Uh, I didn't accept it because I don't really know you that well?!

Well. If only he knew Harry had paid for his damn ticket to Paris, maybe he'd damn well know him then.

**Harry Styles:** Well we're in the same class, does that not suffice?

This was stupid. He may have been coming across as a bit arrogant, he didn't know how Louis was taking this.

**Louis Tomlinson:** Well I don't know. Are you and your friends wanting to ask me a load of intrusive questions to take the piss out of me even more?

Damn, he really did believe Harry was a part of the bullying. Now that he had put it that way, it did seem like Harry and his friends would be crowded around one screen, sniggering and talking over each other with suggestions on what to send him. But it was quite the opposite, just Harry, who didn't have nasty intentions.

**Harry Styles:** I just wanted to be friends. Sorry man if it came across another way, it's just me here, promise.

**Louis Tomlinson:** Why would you want to be friends with me?

Harry frowned. It felt like his heart had been crushed a little, practically able to hear the disbelief in Louis' voice: Why would you even want to be friends with me? It was truly heart-rending.

**Harry Styles:** Because you seem nice and I'm friends on here with everyone in our class. Sorry if I upset you, have a nice evening Louis, sorry for the bother.

Louis didn't reply again, just read the message.

But a few minutes later, Harry got a notification to say that Louis accepted his friend request.

Chapter End Notes

Again, these are still the initial chapters helping to get into the story. Things will get very interesting very soon, promise. :)


Harry, Kendall, Zayn, Gigi, Liam and Cheryl were lazily lounging around in Gigi's bedroom on Saturday afternoon, after a Friday at school where Louis didn't turn up. It had been the first thing Harry had noticed upon walking into their registration lesson: no Louis sat at the table with Niall and the other two members of the "unpopular" group. And he hadn't been the only person who had realised, judging on Liam's outburst of: "Maybe one of his mates fucked him so hard he can't walk, so he's had to have the day off." It earned some laughter, and apparently that made getting a lunchtime detention worth it.

Gigi and the girls were raking through her wardrobe, as she introduced them to her brand new collection gifted to her by her father. The conversations within their group consisted primarily of clothes, money, bullying, and sex: nothing more of less. Pretty sad, really.

"Oi, Louis faggot Tomlinson has a Facebook account!" Zayn called out from where he sat at Gigi's Mac computer, looking back over his shoulder with a humored look. Great.

"Really?" Kendall abandoned the wardrobe for this conversation, meaning it was obviously more important and interesting to her. Harry rolled his eyes when nobody was looking, because this was just getting tiring now, the constant mistreatment towards Louis. Everybody but Harry crowded around the computer as Zayn opened the profile. Immediately, snickers of laughter.

"Harry, why are you friends with him on here?" Cheryl cackled. Oh great, of course they could see Louis' mutual friends with Zayn, Harry being one.

"Because I have everyone who's in our class." Harry truthfully told, with a simple shrug. "Why does it matter?"

"Why does it matter?" Zayn scoffed, gawking at Harry. "Because one, he's friends with Niall Horan. And two, he's a fucking faggot."

"So you're assuming he's gay? How do you know he's gay?" Why was Harry defending Louis now? It wasn't exactly going to make his friends favour him.

"It's obvious he's gay, Haz. Stop backing him up." Kendall rolled her eyes. "Like when you picked his folders up the other morning. There's no need for it."

Actually, there was no need for their mean nature towards him. But he knew what was coming next, could sense the scheme that was being concocted.

"Harry, log into your account." Zayn commanded, logging out of his and rolling back on the swivel chair to clear some space. "Come on, chop chop."

"Why?" Harry whined.

"Just do it!"

Harry rolled his eyes, trudging over to them and clicking each box to type in his email and password before hitting enter, having no idea why he was even allowing them to do this.
"We're just going to send Louis a quick message from your account." Zayn smirked.

*Oh no. They were going to see that Harry had already spoken to Louis, just Thursday night.*

"Don't!" Harry protested, stealing the computer mouse back from Zayn's scheming grasp. "There's no point, I don't want to be a part of it."

"Don't be such a killjoy." Liam dead-panned, yanking the mouse back and handing it to Zayn again. Harry ran a hand nervously through his hair, stepping back as he found it'd be no use trying to regain the mouse. Zayn clicked onto the message button on Louis' profile eyebrows raising in interest when he saw a past conversation from just two nights ago.

He immediately burst out laughing.

"Harry, what the fuck! Why have you spoken to him?" Kendall erupted, both humoured and vexed. "Asking why he won't accept your friend request!"

"Guys, just close it now." Harry protested, back on his feet to fight for the mouse again. Zayn pulled it back again, laughter far from dying down.

"No! Not until we message this faggot. Again." He stifled a laugh, clicking on the box to start typing. Harry suddenly felt an urgency of panic come over him.

"Zayn, no! Don't!"

"Why the fuck not? Why are you so bothered? It's about time you mess with him a little, you've been holding back way too much." Zayn finally won the argument. He typed out a message, then immediately hit send before Harry could read it.

**Harry Styles:** *Hey Louis, if I pay you like 5 quid would you suck me off??*

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Harry raged. "Zayn, that's not a joke! How is that making fun of him? That's making me look like shit too!"

Zayn and the others were too busy laughing, though Kendall tried to hide it and placed a hand on Harry's arm in comfort.

"Your dick is worth more than a fiver anyway, babe, don't let him get to you." She cooed. Harry scoffed and rolled his eyes.

"Can you say that it wasn't me, at least? This is stupid." He gritted.

"Why do you care so much?" Zayn asked, before the sound of a message coming through filled the air. Fucking fantastic, he had replied.

**Louis Tomlinson:** *Excuse me...?*

He sounded absolutely repulsed. Great.

"*Excuse me?" Liam mocked Louis' voice the best he could. "He's such a loser.*"

Harry felt awful. He wanted to apologise to Louis a million times over. He managed to steal the mouse with just enough time to log out of his account, leaving Zayn unable to hack into it without knowing the password.

"You killed our fun! Way to go, Harry." Gigi whined. Harry decided he wouldn't even bother to
verbally respond, hurriedly logging into his account on his phone instead to speedily reply to Louis.

**Harry Styles:** *Louis I am so sorry, Zayn put that. Apologies, I'd never be so rude.*

**Louis Tomlinson:** *Wow, aren't you a gentleman.*

That response was absolutely soaked in sarcasm. God, he really did have some sass on him, quite the contrast from how shy and withdrawn he seemed in person. Clearly he was fine with being hidden behind screens.

**Harry Styles:** *Look I know this scenario is shit, just take the apology. I didn't write it, Zayn did, and maybe I am a "gentleman" for knowing I'd never put that.*

He should have been expecting Louis to just read it and not reply, but it still gave him a rather sinking feeling in his stomach. For some reason, he wanted a reply, even if it was another sarcastic dig.

---

It was Monday the 8th of January: just a week before the Paris trip. Excitement levels had increased in class, with everybody discussing which things they had purchased for the trip, or what they expected Paris would be like. Harry wasn't very excited, to be frank. Sure, it was going to be a nice trip away, obviously, but it wasn't something that made him unable to wait for it to come around. He knew he would have Kendall clinging to him throughout for the maximum romance to be obtained in the 'city of Love', and he couldn't really be bothered with that right now.

He wasn't looking forward to arriving at the school at five o'clock in the morning on the 15th, so that their class could all board a coach to the airport together, because it meant he wouldn't be sleeping during that time. And if he tried to catch up on sleep during either the coach ride or plane journey itself, his friends would find some way to mess with him; whether it be a sharpie pen to the face, or maybe even turning the volume of his music right up in his earphones. Something stupid.

Seeing Louis at school again, just two days after the Facebook incident, was awkward to say the least - well, at least from Harry's point of view. Their brief eye contact had Harry cringing with embarrassment on the inside, how he had seemingly degraded Louis over message when really it had been Zayn. Louis didn't seem too bothered by it, perhaps used to the bullying and comments by now. It was sad.

By the time it got round to their English lesson, Louis, Niall and their friends had already been verbally harassed beyond belief by Harry's mates. They seemed to filter it out though, ignoring little comments here and there by pretending not to notice them whatsoever.

About halfway through the lesson, Mr Grant cleared his throat to make an announcement.

"Right, so I'm happy to say I've received every single payment for the trip now, and everyone can go." He smiled. "So I'm going to start sorting out who's going to be roomed with who."

"I'd like to go with Harry, please!" Kendall beamed. Harry felt sorry for her for not being intelligible enough to remember that boys and girls couldn't share rooms on school trips.

"I'm afraid the room arrangements will be strictly one gender per room, Kendall. But we will all be together during the day, these pairings will be just for sharing the hotel rooms and working on the poetry project I'm going to set." Mr Grant explained.
Wow, Harry really could not be arsed with a poetry project. It was bad enough knowing he would have to keep peppering Kendall with affection throughout the duration of the trip, so a project on top of that was too much effort for him.

"What if we really can't stand who we're paired with?" Liam questioned. That was something Harry wanted to know - if he was put with the weird kid, Christopher, he'd probably just completely give up on his education.

"Then you'll have to learn to tolerate each other. You're all eighteen years old, not eight." Mr Grant maturely disclosed. That was a pretty predictable answer, coming from someone like him. And if he allowed anybody to request a room change, nobody would settle for who they were paired with unless it was their friends, that was pretty inevitable.

Harry was looking forward to this trip even less now. He was just going to try to view it as a cheap holiday, nothing more or less.

By Friday, Harry had all the essentials packed. He wasn't making too much of an extravagant effort with his luggage, just necessities: clothes, general hygiene products, his camera, school English books, stationery.

Even though Louis had been rather bitter and blunt with him through their exchange of past messages, he still didn't regret having paid for his ticket. It was a friendly gesture, whether or not it was anonymous, and it was aiding Louis' education too.

By Sunday night, Harry was so drained. He had been helping his mother host a dinner party all day long, despite the fact he had an early start the next morning, and was still up at eleven that evening making sure he had all his luggage ready to go. He would be picking Kendall up from her house at quarter past four, knowing full well she probably wouldn't be dolled up and ready to be at school by five if he wasn't there to speed things up a little.

He was feeling nervous about the pairing situation, even though he was never the type to become apprehensive. He just didn't like the thought of an awkward four nights, Monday through to Friday, sharing a hotel room with somebody in his class.

When his alarm clock came blaring into his bedroom at 03:45 early on Monday morning, he wanted to haul his phone out the window. He smacked a hand lazily down all over the screen until the horrible noise ceased, then groggily sat up before he could drift off again. He could barely keep his eyes open, but managed to get ready to leave anyway. He had a quick shower, pretty cold, to wake himself up properly, got dry and dressed, brushed his teeth, made sure he had his passport and everything else important in his rucksack.

He loaded his suitcase into the boot of his car, after moving carefully through the house so as not to wake his sleeping parents and sister, then locked up the house and drove to Kendall's house while downing an energy drink with his free hand.

Surprisingly, she was pretty ready by the time he got there, around twenty past four. She looked nowhere near as tired as Harry did, probably because she was so elated about going on this stupid trip. They got to school by ten minutes to five, to find everybody else already gathered around with their suitcases, by the side of a hefty coach.

Harry spotted Louis amongst the crowd, his brain inadvertently having wanted to scope him out within the dense crowd. He looked very sleepy, hair messily ruffled into place, dressed in a baggy hoodie and some jeans, smiling and laughing sleepily at whatever Niall was blabbering on about.
Why was Harry staring at him? He was probably still on edge about the Facebook ordeal, how awful he had felt about it.

"Right, please form an orderly line, so we can store your cases in the luggage compartment and then I can tick you off the register as you step onto the vehicle," Mr Grant called out, hands caved around his mouth for maximum volume. "Quick as possible, please. We have a half hour journey to Manchester airport, then our flight departs at eight this morning."

One-by-one, students passed their suitcases to the coach driver, who loaded them into the compartment, before boarding the coach. Harry sat with Kendall, Liam and Cheryl behind them, Zayn and Gigi over the aisle on their left. Even though the journey to Manchester airport was only half an hour, Harry managed to sleep during that time, his head on Kendall's shoulder, and soon enough they were all checking into the airport.

They now had to hang about in the airport for two hours. This was going to be a long flight, even if it was just an hour and a half. At least it could be an excuse for another sleep. And not think about Louis again, hopefully.

Chapter End Notes

They'll find out roommates very soon.
Harry awoke with one loud, sharp snore as Kendall shook him awake, urging him to pull off his headphones in a startled manner, to hear laughter from the classmates sat nearby on the landed plane due to his outburst.

"W-Wha-

"We're here, honey! Don't act so confused!" Kendall giggled, soothingly stroking his forearm. "We're in Paris. We landed a couple of minutes ago."

Harry whined out a long groan of exhaustion, wanting nothing more than to sink back into the semi-comfortable airplane chair and get lost in sleep again. Passengers practically fought their way into the central aisle with their travel hand luggage, filing off the plane, and Harry felt as though his legs could give way beneath him. It looked as though Louis had been sleeping again too, which was very sweet. But Harry looked away quickly once he remembered how awkward things were, with the Facebook messages and so on.

Mr Grant, as well as a small crusade of other English teachers who had come along, waited for their class to gather with their travel bags.

"Okay, so once we've all picked up our suitcases, we will be travelling via the famous Metro to our hotel." Mr Grant excitedly announced, over the hum of conversation from the students. He took a quick register call, making sure everybody was present, before they moved on. "Please follow me, stay together, please."

The process of waiting for their suitcases to roll around on the conveyor belt was a long one. Celebrations from students once theirs came around, gradually filtering away to stand with those who had retrieved theirs, until just Harry and a couple of girls stood waiting. Harry's seemed to be taking forever, with all his friends already stood aside with theirs, and he could hear them laughing at him from where he was leaning impatiently on one hip, eyes trained on the little, black curtain that the suitcases came through. The two girls stood with him were struck lucky when their bags came around, shyly smiling at Harry as they scooped up their suitcases and walked to join the others (with a scathing glare from Kendall, who seemed to think no other girls could even look at Harry.)

After another minute, Harry turned to his classmates and dramatically shrugged with a lopsided smile, gaining a wave of laughter.

"Maybe they dropped my suitcase off the plane mid-flight." He called to them, and he saw Louis laugh. He saw it, yet Louis tried to mask it by bowing his head slightly. Harry wanted to smirk at that but he concentrated on looking for his bag, which took another couple of minutes to come
around, earning a cheer from his classmates.

It was a shame - he had sort of liked the attention on him for a while.

The ride on the Metro was a gruelling, dragged out fifty-minute period of sweaty bodies cramped together, occasionally close to toppling over whenever the train stopped abruptly. Harry, for some odd reason, had tried and failed to get somewhere close to Louis during the journey, and instead ended up with Kendall pressed rather intimately against his front half. He wasn't complaining still.

They all piled off the train when they reached the 'Palais Royal Musee du Louvre' station, once again grouping together in the busy station without getting in anybody's way. Harry was still dying to know who he'd be sharing a room with, and at which hotel. And according to the nearby conversations of other students, so were they.

"Now." Mr Grant began, gaining everybody's attention. "We are going to be staying at the beautiful Grand Hôtel du Palais Royal hotel. Quite the mouthful, but it is incredibly five stars and we managed to pull some strings and get a week here for everybody!"

There was an aura of awe over them. Harry himself had stayed in countless five star hotels in his time, but obviously his classmates hadn't. He glanced Louis' way to spot him with raised eyebrows and slightly wide eyes. Adorable.

"When we arrive, I will let you all know who you will be rooming with, don't you worry."

Oh thank God - finally. Harry had his fingers crossed for Zayn.

They took the short walk to the hotel they'd be staying at, which was grand in both height and appearance. It was situated in a cobble-stoned plaza, a large building in a cream shade, with a black set of doors and golden letters spelling out the hotel's prestigious name. Harry was in love with a building.

The entrance hall had marble flooring, sofas and tables outlining it, a few expensive statues positioned around the space. Harry felt like they had to be very careful, especially while lugging their bulky suitcases through; Kendall, Gigi and Cheryl could probably knock a statue's head right off with the extent of luggage they had brought along.

Once Mr Grant had checked them in, and had a velvet bag full of many room keys, he turned to them all with a smile and retrieved a folded piece of paper from his pocket. The moment had arrived, Harry was dreading it. He began reading names, cancelling people out. Harry found himself biting on his lower lip in anticipation.

"Kendall Jenner and Gigi Hadid."

Well, that gave Harry hope, seeing as they'd been paired off together. Liam and Zayn hadn't been roomed yet, but there were three of them, meaning one would sadly have to room with somebody else. The crowd of those waiting to find out was decreasing fast, people standing aside with their roommates, some happy and some clearly not. Cheryl had been paired with a quiet girl from their class (who Harry felt rather bad for, as Cheryl didn't look impressed.)

Louis was still stood among the group of those waiting, but Harry highly doubted they'd be roomed together, he just had a feeling they wouldn't.

"Liam Payne and Zayn Malik."

"What!" Harry exclaimed immediately, tutting in disappointment. Zayn and Liam seemed to find it
amusing, high fiving one another comically before joining everybody else. Today just wasn't Harry's day, clearly.

"Harry Styles," Harry's ears perked up suddenly, glancing up at Mr Grant in anticipation, "And Louis Tomlinson."

Harry felt his heart thud faster in his chest. Did he hear that right? Clearly he did, because his friends were gasping out laughs of shock and amusement, while Louis, mouth slightly agape, linked eyes with Harry briefly to display a look of utter bewilderment. Oh God, Harry really hadn't expected this outcome.

"Come and collect your key, boys. You'll be room number 128."

Harry strutted forward and grabbed the key, twisting it in his hand as he retrieved his suitcase and stood with everybody else. Louis followed suit, a frown present on his face. Harry could already feel the tension, and they weren't even in the room alone yet.

Once it was time to head to their rooms and get settled, and Harry had been inflicted with ridiculing from his friends over his pairing, he just wanted to disappear. Everybody piled into the two elevators, which stopped on a few floors to let people off with their suitcases, and Harry was pretty sure Louis had even gotten in the other lift to avoid him for as long as possible. He knew deep down that this was all down to the Facebook messages and wished he could take them back.

He left the elevator on the right floor before Louis reached it, which gave him a head start to power strut down the corridor to room 128, which was four doors from Kendall and Gigi's room. He stuck the key in the lock, twisting it and opening the room. Immediately awe struck him as the door swung open completely, revealing a large, bright, spacious room. Mr Grant had to have known someone in the hotel branch to get these rooms, especially as they'd only paid £150 each (£450 in Harry's case.)

Two single beds with pearly grey sheets were against the wall on the right, a sofa the same shade as the sheets facing a large flat screen television on the other side of the room, and what seemed to be an ensuite bathroom branched off to the left. The room looked like a boutique, something straight out of a movie, and what topped it all off was a balcony dead ahead, past some white netted curtains that floated lightly in the breeze. Harry couldn't believe they'd be staying here for a week, and almost completely forgot who he had been roomed with for a moment, until Louis stumbled into the room moments later with his heavy suitcase.

He and Harry made eye contact for a good two seconds, before Louis spoke the first words.

"Which bed do you want?" His voice was small and shy, refusing to make any further eye contact as he spoke.

"Either." Harry shrugged, voice more loud and confident in the gorgeous room. "You choose."

"I really don't mind. You choose." Louis clarified. Harry realised that this was the first time he had actually spoken to Louis in person - strange. He decided to be a bit playful with his response, a smirk growing on his face.

"...You choose."

"Come on," Louis huffed out a forced laugh. "Just choose."

"Fine, I'll take this one." Harry pointed to the one further into the room, closer to the balcony, hauling his suitcase up in one clean movement to rest on the made bed. He unzipped his suitcase,
beginning to transport clothes from it to his half of the large wardrobe, hanging some up and folding some into the drawers below.

He wondered what Louis was busy doing, turning to see that he was sat on his bed with crossed legs, doing nothing whatsoever but stare down at his hands, having not even opened his suitcase yet.

"What's up?" Harry casually directed, leaning nonchalantly against the wall. "You gonna unpack or what?"

"I don't know." Louis mumbled, with a childish shrug, again refusing the meet Harry's gaze.

"What don't you know?" Harry asked, baffled. "Do you need help unpacking?"

"No, no, I just... I guess I just feel a little sick, that's all." Louis muttered, glancing up just briefly at Harry before moving his eyelike to the balcony.

"I didn't think I was bad enough to make someone feel sick." Harry kidded, smirk back as he continued unpacking his belongings. Louis sniffed out a forced laugh. "Really though?"

It seemed Louis had only become 'sick' when he was told he was set to share a room with Harry. So was it the awkwardness? Did he just hate Harry that much internally that he wanted an excuse to get away already? Was he homesick?

"It'll pass, I just sometimes feel a little dizzy, that's all." Louis briefly explained, rubbing his hands down his face before getting slowly to his feet and placing his suitcase down on the floor so he could zip it open and get unpacking.

Dizzy. Interesting. Maybe he really wasn't lying about feeling sick.

"So..." Harry began, trying to initiate casual chat. "Umm... I don't know what to say."

"Then don't say anything." Louis suggested. Well, that would be rather awkward, saying absolutely nothing as they stayed in the room together.

"How long do we have to unpack?" Harry asked, having not been properly listening when Mr Grant informed them.

"Well, sir said we're meeting back in the foyer at midday, and so we have an hour to relax." Louis explained, strolling over to the wardrobe to put some clothes into his half.

Why did Harry find himself glancing down at Louis' bum as he was faced away? It just looked so perky in his black jeans, so Harry decided that he looked to appreciate it rather than in a sexual way. Yes. Luckily he wasn't caught appreciating Louis' arse.

"So, umm... how's life treating you?" Harry casually questioned, falling back onto his bed and kicking off his Chelsea boots. He stretched his body out, well aware that one of his hips had been exposed as the fabric of his t-shirt rode up. Louis turned to face him, eyes immediately raking down his body before he seemed to become flustered and look away fast.

"It's okay, I guess." He shrugged, trying to preoccupy himself by raking through his travel bag, sat on the edge of his own bed. "I don't even have to ask you."

"Why do you say that?" Harry asked, sitting up slightly in interest.
"I think you know why."

"Because I'm hella hot?" Harry joked. Louis shot him a slightly scolding look.

"And vain?"

"I was joking!" Harry exclaimed. "I'd never speak that highly of myself!"

But he did think it, to be very honest.

"Right," Louis nodded, "I was talking more about what I've heard about you." He looked like he instantly regretted changing to this topic, quickly shaking his head. "Don't worry."

"No, tell me," Harry coaxed, eyebrows furrowed slightly. "What have you heard?"

"Maybe I'll tell you later." Louis shrugged. "Just... I don't know, rumours."

"Rumours," Harry crowed, lightly shaking his head, "I do get quite a few of those about me."

Louis didn't say anything more after that, which made things feel even more awkward. God knows how they were supposed to get through the rest of the week.

Harry wanted to say something to address the Facebook conversation, but he didn't. It would probably only make matters worse, so he stopped himself. But he couldn't help but think Louis majorly disliked him, thinking he was an arrogant bully like his friends were. That was probably why he was so tense; he was waiting for Harry's tormenting to begin, even though it never would. Harry would never bully Louis, it just didn't feel right.

The rest of their time was spent in a remaining silence. Harry was making the most of the WiFi to browse through his Facebook page as a distraction, while Louis was reading a book he had brought along. Harry could bet this was how they would spend most of their time, completely antisocial, refusing to converse. Harry wanted to talk to him, but he couldn't say anything without coming across as being a complete dick, it seemed. It was in his nature to be a little playful in his dialogue and mannerisms, but clearly Louis only saw it as arrogance and chose to ignore it.
During the remaining time of their "chill out" hour, Harry had stuck in his earphones to drown out the unbearably awkward silence between he and Louis. Louis was quietly reading, completely enthralled in the book, and it was too cute, and Harry was trying desperately not to be that weirdo who watches people read. By the time he saw Louis slotting a bookmark between the pages and setting the novel down onto his bedside table, Harry checked the time to see that it was five minutes to twelve that afternoon. He was enjoying relaxing on his luxuriously comfortable bed, with his music blasting into his ears, and Louis sat not too far away on his own bed. Sure, it was hugely awkward if you took note of the tense silence, but calming all the same.

Harry pulled his earphones out and wrapped them around his phone, tucking it away into the pocket of his jeans as he stood up.

"Time really flies, huh?" He chuckled

He glanced over at Louis, where he was rearranging the things on his bedside table. He didn't even acknowledge that Harry spoken at all, nor did he look at him, and Harry knew that he had heard but he had obviously chosen to ignore it. Perhaps he thought Harry was mocking him, as he apparently always did with his friends.

"We better head down," Harry continued on anyway, even if he was talking to himself, "Everyone will be going down there now."

This time, Louis hummed in agreement, a dull, lifeless hum that seemed forced out of politeness. Harry headed to the door first, while Louis scooped up their room key from where Harry had chucked it down onto their desk. Harry opened up the door and lingered outside, knowing he wanted to wait for Louis, and Louis gave him a strange look as he shut the automatically locking door.

"What?" Harry queried, the look confusing him.

"Just wondering why you're waiting for me." Louis mused with a raise of his eyebrows, sticking the key into his front pocket as they began a slow stroll along the corridor.

"Because it's polite to." Harry informed him with a smile. "We are roommates, after all."

The door to Gigi and Kendall's room flew open as Harry and Louis walked past it, and Harry could sense how much Louis tensed and immediately sped up, away from Harry. It upset Harry really, how Louis felt he couldn't even be seen with Harry because he'd be an embarrassment to him.

Kendall immediately caught on, cackling out a laugh. "Were you walking with Louis, babe?"

"Yeah. So?" Harry defended, looking over at where Louis was stepping into the lift with a few
more students, the doors swiftly shutting.

"Why?" Gigi laughed, as she, Harry and Kendall approached the lift in the distance of the corridor.

"Because... he's my roommate." Harry slowly stated, confused as to why it was such a big deal.

"Whatever, I just don't want him turning you weird or anything." Kendall snorted, hooking her arm around Harry's and gripping onto his muscular bicep. "Don't let his weirdness corrupt you, Haz."

Harry bit his tongue, knowing that if he didn't he would blurt out how Louis wasn't weird at all, just misunderstood. Just because he was shy, it didn't make him weird.

While they were in the lift, heading down to the ground floor, the thought hit Harry that he would also be working in a pair with Louis for their poetry project; it didn't just stop at roommates. He kind of liked it, even though Louis acted so indifferent towards him, and Harry's friends hated the guy. It just seemed a lot like Louis was a closed book, someone who you had to get to know before really judging them by the way they come across.

He found himself fixing his hair in the mirror within the elevator, not wanting to look scruffy, and saw Kendall's smirking reflection watching him.

"Making sure you look good for Louis?" She teased, poking him in the back. He tutted and rolled his eyes, though he couldn't help but smirk. She herself was kidding, but for some reason Harry really did want to look good for Louis (which was pointless, considering Louis was going to be seeing him at his worst: in the morning.)

"Shut up," Harry muttered, nudging her in protest, "I'm looking good for you, of course."

"You don't even need to try." She purred, wrapping her arms around the back of his neck and bringing her nose right up against his.

"C'mon, guys, I'm right here." Gigi complained, hands up. "I'll get you back with Zayn. The PDA is way too much right now."

Funny she was saying that, when all she seemed to do most of the time was talk about her sex life with Zayn.

The lift opened into the foyer, to find that everybody but the three of them were already there, waiting. Harry spotted Louis stood with Niall and Co., and it seemed as though they were probably comforting him for his treacherous time spent alone with Harry Styles. For crying out loud. They joined the others quickly, not wanting to stall any longer.

"Right, now that everybody is here and a bit more settled, we're going to head into the city for the first stage of your projects," Mr Grant excitedly announced, rubbing his hands together as his eyes observed them. "And I'd like you all to walk with whoever you're paired with while we're out and about, no straying away."

Harry felt a little disheartened when he spotted Louis roll his eyes and heavily sigh. That wasn't a nice feeling, seeing him react that way to being told that. It kind of hurt. He still walked over to Louis though, ignoring his friends' mocking comments, not saying a single word. They all left the hotel in their bunch, Harry with his hands stuffed in his pockets and head bowed.

The streets were buzzing with life at this time, cars and bikes speeding along the roads, so Mr Grant had to speak a little louder over the general hum of Paris life.
"Okay, so we're going to head over to the famous Louvre museum first, about a three minute walk from here," He called out, gesturing with his thumb over his shoulder. He grinned, as he was concocting a joke to tell. "Please feel free to hold your partner's hand if you want to feel safe crossing the road."

There was a series of laughter, but clearly Harry and Louis both chose not to participate in it. They began the short walk, Harry distracting himself by taking in the sights and sounds around him, a stupid smile on his face. Paris was absolutely beautiful, just how he had imagined it to be.

"Nice, huh?" He asked Louis, deciding he'd make another attempt to chat to him, even though Louis was so reluctant to even walk by his side.

"Yeah," Louis dreamily mused, clearly so infatuated by the city that he didn't mind speaking to Harry, "It's incredible here."

"Ever been before now?" Harry questioned, and it was a ridiculous one at that - he knew Louis hadn't.

"No, never left England," Louis said, with a short shrug, "So... this is different."

Harry smiled to himself when he remembered that he was responsible for Louis being there, having paid for him. He was the reason Louis was smiling and chatty.

The inside of the Louvre was grand and golden, and Louis was very awestruck by it. Harry wasn't too bothered really, it was just a building to him, but he enjoyed watching Louis' eyes light up while taking in his surroundings. They had to take notes of what they could see around them (Louis doing most of the jotting down, barely letting Harry even attempt to contribute), and analyse a poem that had been written about the Louvre. Harry couldn't have been more bored with the topic, but he didn't mind that Louis had completely taken control of the pen and paper, writing down everything he could think.

Once they had completed that first task, and had all grabbed a bite to eat at a cute café on the street (during which time they were luckily allowed to rejoin with their actual friends), it was coming up to three o'clock in the afternoon. They were then all allowed to split up into their friends groups for the rest of the day, to explore and get dinner later on, so Harry and his friends headed to the Carrousel du Louvre shopping centre, which wasn't too far. They had been instructed to be back at the hotel by eight o'clock, giving them a good five hours to chill.

"How is it working with the faggot?" Liam asked Harry, roughly ruffling his hair as the six of them strolled through the shopping centre. Harry decided to stop himself from defending Louis again, knowing that all it did was provoke even more teasing.

"It's fine. He just does all the work." Harry shrugged, rolling his eyes as the three girls headed into a women's clothing shop, meaning they had no choice but to follow suit.

"Sounds good. Good luck sharing a room with him for four nights."

"I'm sure it'll be fine." Harry mumbled, spotting a group of French girls checking him out from the other side of the shop. He felt a bit cheeky, dropping them a swift wink behind Kendall's back, and they all squealed and swooned before hurrying away.

"You fucking flirt," Liam chuckled in Harry's ear, "I'm surprised Kendall never catches you."

"It's not like I'd ever cheat on her, would I?" Harry stressed, once Kendall and the others were far away enough not to hear. "It doesn't hurt to flirt a little, but I'd never actually jump into bed with
another girl behind her back."

"I know, man! Never said you would." Liam raised his hands in defence. "Just watch out, is all I'm saying. You know how possessive over you that girl gets."

That was true. Harry liked the thrill of making people flustered, shooting someone a wink or a sultry stare that went no further. But he would never cheat on his girlfriend, he loved her too much.

---

After hours of shopping, and eating at a very swanky, expensive French restaurant for dinner and spending many, many euros, they headed back to the hotel at around ten to eight. It was dark out, but they knew the general direction they had to take to get back. They were all coupled up, the boys with their arms protectively and warmly around their girlfriends, and it didn't take too long to reach the hotel again.

"Well, I guess it's goodbye again." Harry shrugged, when they were stood in the lift, turning Kendall by her shoulders to face him and kissing her softly on the lips. "I'll see you tomorrow, sweetie. Sleep well."

"Text me."

"Okay."

They kissed again, their friends going through the same rituals with their partners, before Liam, Zayn and Cheryl got off on one floor, Harry, Kendall and Gigi on the next. Harry waved one last goodbye before strutting down to his room, knowing he would have to knock as Louis had their one and only room key.

He knocked clearly, four times, before stuffing his hands in his pockets and waiting. The door opened a moment later, Louis with an attempt of a smile.

"Hi." He greeted, letting Harry walk in behind him.

"Hey, you alright?" Harry casually asked, kicking the door shut with his foot behind him, strolling in and throwing his wallet and phone down onto his bed from his pocket.

"Doing alright, yeah. I've been here quite a while, decided to just come back here and relax."
Louis blandly said, while sitting back on his bed with his book in hand now.

"Fair enough." Harry sighed, kicking off his trainers and placing them by his bedside table, before pulling off his socks and launching them into the laundry basket provided by their desk.

He groaned low in his throat as he stretched his arms out above him, noticing that Louis' fingers clenched tighter around his book upon hearing the noise. Well, he had always been told he sounded hot when he groaned like that - by Kendall, obviously. But why was Louis reacting to it? Either he found it hot, or Harry was being over-critical. But either way, Harry kinda liked it.

"I'm so tired but I'm going to have a quick shower." Harry informed, probably meant more for himself than Louis.

"There's no lock on the bathroom door, by the way. Shower's nice and hot, though." Louis said without looking up from his book, and Harry took into thought more the second part of that sentence, as his mind was flooded with thoughts of Louis in the shower. For fuck's sake, he was pretty sure his mind was playing tricks on him, mocking himself.
"Well don't come bursting in then." Harry smirked, loving how flustered that made Louis. Man, did he love making people blush a little. He grabbed a fresh pair of underwear, his shampoo and shower gel, before heading into the bathroom, which was bright and gleaming new. He shut the door behind him and stripped down, hopping into the shower and staying in there for a good fifteen minutes merely reflecting on their time in Paris so far.

Once he was done, he ruffled his hair with one of the fluffy complimentary towels, before wrapping it around his waist and using the bathroom's hairdryer to properly dry his hair. He slipped into the underwear and hung the towel to dry before confidently strolling out into the room.

Louis definitely struggled with where to keep his eyes, Harry saw him glance down ever-so-subtly at his toned abs before distracting himself with his book again. Interesting. Well, Harry did have a great body if he could say so himself, and he deserved it with the amount of working out he did.

Maybe Louis was looking so flustered because he was jealous - that was Harry's theory.
After seeing Harry half-naked following his confident, underwear-clad exit from the shower, Louis seemed to have become more awkward and fidgety, almost as though he was trying too hard to act casual about it. He had placed down his book and started rummaging in his bag by his bedside, and Harry was trying so hard not to smirk at the effect he often had on people.

"You gonna start getting ready to sleep?" Harry questioned, lounging back on his own bed, his half-bare body stretched across it with no shame.

"Yes." Louis piped up, without glancing up from where he retrieved his toothbrush and toothpaste from his bag. Without a further word, and with no look at all, Louis wandered off into the bathroom.

Harry listened with an amused smile to the sound of Louis brushing his teeth a moment later, knowing full well that he and his half-naked body was the reason Louis had distracted himself quickly. He didn't leave it there, retrieving his own toothbrush and toothpaste before inviting himself into the bathroom to join Louis.

Louis, halfway through brushing his teeth, glanced up in the mirror at Harry walking in, blatantly rolling his eyes and spitting excess toothpaste foam into the sink.

"You kind of just burst in... which is what you told me not to do." He stated, deadpan, looking away from Harry's reflected self once again and concentrating on brushing his teeth.

"You're only brushing your teeth, it's not like you're naked in here." Harry teased, applying toothpaste to his toothbrush and starting to brush his teeth too.

A silence of words commenced, just the sound of teeth-brushing, and he witnessed Louis using the mirror, so briefly, to catch a glimpse at Harry's bare torso. It was so clearly deliberate that Harry couldn't hold back a comment. He spat toothpaste into the sink before speaking.

"Do you wanna know my workout routine or something?"

"Excuse me?" Louis snapped, shooting Harry a bewildered look before rinsing the head of his toothbrush under the tap.

"Don't worry, ignore what I said." Harry apologised instantly, once he had realised how defensive Louis had gotten. He didn't want to start an argument now (or ever) with Louis, especially when they had to share a hotel room.

"Okay." Louis turned timid once again, his sassy, defensive nature having simmered to a stop,
before he exited the bathroom and left Harry alone.

For some odd reason, Harry had felt bad the moment Louis had gotten too oversensitive about it, when usually he had no trouble making people feel a little flustered. Obviously he felt different about Louis, never wanting to particularly pick on him or negatively put him on the spot.

Louis had quickly changed into his pyjamas while Harry was finishing up brushing his teeth, and was sat in his bed with his covers pulled up to his chest. Yes, he looked rather snug and adorable, with a long-sleeved pyjama top tucked over his hands at the cuffs, but Harry concentrated on switching out the main light so that just Louis' bedside lamp lit the space, before slipping into the cool sheets of his bed. He shivered as they came into contact with his bare skin, and he leant over to put his phone onto charge, making sure a 7am alarm was set, before lying down completely.

Louis was still sat up, hands folded on top of his bedsheets, staring into space.

"Are you going to sleep or what?" Harry asked, shaking Louis from his little daze.

"Oh, yeah, yeah." Louis mumbled, rather nervously slipping properly into his bed until he was lying down.

Harry turned to face Louis' bed, looking squarely at him, while the latter looked very under pressure by the stare. It may or may not have been Harry's incentive to get Louis to switch out his lamp.

"I'm gonna turn this off now, yeah?" Louis offered, gesturing to the lamp.

"Go ahead." Harry softly smiled.

Louis leant over and clicked the lamp off, leaving the room in absolute darkness. Harry could hear Louis properly settling down now, more comfortable now that he wasn't visible to Harry's scrutiny, and a short silence followed. It was one of those awkward periods of silence where it was unsure whether a formal "goodnight" was necessary. Harry wasn't ready to sleep yet, his eyes wide open, so he decided to speak into the tense quiet.

"So... How's your home life?"

There was a little pause from Louis before he responded, voice thick with confusion.

"Why do you want to know about my home life?"

"Just curious." Harry innocently stated. "How is it?"

"Let me guess, your friends put you up to this? Creating a little laugh for tomorrow?"

"No, no!" Harry exclaimed quickly, feeling upset that Louis would think that. "Of course they didn't! I just want to know, just me. Harry."

"Sorry for accusing you of that, I just have a hard time trusting people sometimes." Louis admitted. Maybe he had been hurt before.

"Okay, well I'm just letting you know that I'm honest. Whatever you tell me, no matter what, it stays between us."

There was a longer silence this time, and it was so extensive that Harry began to think Louis had dismissed the conversation completely and gone to sleep, until he actually spoke.
"My home life is fine. Goodnight, Harry."

Well, that was sudden. Obviously that was his way of saying "no further questions, please." Harry hadn't intended to make him so uncomfortable, he had simply been curious as to what Louis' background was like. Now he felt kind of awful.

"Okay. Night, Louis."

Even though they said their goodnights, Harry stayed wide awake for what felt like hours. He was tossing and turning, switching sides of his pillow, throwing his duvet cover off himself then on again as his body continuously changed temperature. He was usually like this the first night sleeping somewhere new, but it was still as frustrating as hell.

Just as he was finally settling down, body starting to feel more and more weightless as he drifted off, he was sharply awoken by an abrupt sound. It was a breathy sob, one that was so sudden it was probably suppressed at first, and Harry felt his stomach turn in upset. Louis.

The crying only seemed to be getting heavier, each breathy outburst as muffled as could be, perhaps into a pillow, and Harry wanted to say something but bit his tongue, knowing Louis wouldn't want him being awake to witness it.

The sobs gradually died down after a while, becoming less prominent in the silence. Louis was crying himself to sleep.

Harry's phone alarm came blaring into their room at 7am sharp the next morning, earning irritated groans from the both of them. Harry slapped his hand onto his phone screen several times, attempting to swipe the alarm off, but eventually had to sit up completely, groggily, to shut it up. He immediately flopped back down into a lying position, with an exhausted groan, surprised to see that Louis was already up and out of bed.

Harry remembered last night, how Louis had been quietly crying to himself, and it made him feel even more down about the day. He knew he couldn't say anything, he kept quiet.

"Why are you getting up already?" Harry groaned, his voice thick and raspy in his throat with sleep. "We've got an hour, we don't have to be in the lobby until eight."

"I just like to be ready." Louis piped up, voice just as full of enervation as Harry's. He was picking through his suitcase, retrieving clothing items for the day.

Harry rolled back onto his side, digging his face into his duvet cover in relaxation, and he suddenly heard a gasp from Louis. He immediately whipped his head up, eyes slightly wide, to see what was wrong.

"What?" He panicked, seeing Louis with a hand over his mouth.

"Harry, did you set your phone to the timezone in Paris?" He asked, eyebrows raised slightly.

Harry made a thinking face slightly, though he knew he hadn't, and didn't know the difference between the timezones of England and Paris.

"...no."

"Then we're an hour behind!" Louis exclaimed. "Harry, we're meant to be in the lobby now!"
"Shit!" Harry yelled, ripping the cover off of himself and frantically unzipping his suitcase. "You take the bathroom, I'll change in here!"

Louis nodded, panic struck on his face, and jogged into the bathroom with his armful of clothes. Harry speedily changed from the underwear he had slept in, dressing as fast as he could into a plain white t-shirt and black skinny jeans. His arms hurt from the effort of it, desperately ruffling his hair into a tolerable state in the mirror, before he unplugged his phone and shot a text to Liam.

Harry: **Liam! Accidentally forgot to set my phone's time to Paris, we are running so late omg tell Mr Grant we are coming down asap!**

Louis practically fell out the bathroom a moment later, throwing his discarded pyjamas into his open suitcase and slipping into his trainers by the door.

"What's the time?" He breathlessly asked Harry, who unlocked his phone again to check.

"Seven minutes past."

"Not too late." Louis muttered, shrugging on his fur-lined denim jacket. "Come on. You got the key?"

"Yeah, I got it." Harry stated, scooping up his backpack and stepping into his converse, squeezing his feet into them without untying the laces. "Let's go."

They left their room, which automatically locked behind them, and half-walked half-jogged down the hallway towards the lift. Once Harry had impatiently pressed the button several times, they stepped inside and he dug in his bag.

"Gum? We didn't have time to brush our teeth." He offered to Louis, holding out the packet.

"Thank you, Harry." Louis appreciatively took a piece, popping it into his mouth before turning to inspect himself in the mirror. Harry placed the chewing gum packet back into his bag before watching Louis.

"My hair looks so bad." Louis said aloud, in no more than a whisper, more an outspoken thought than something intended to be shared.

"It looks good, Louis. Ruffled hair is sexy, am I right?" Harry smirked, wiggling his eyebrows. Louis instantly flushed slightly red in his cheeks, looking down at his feet with a breathy laugh.

"Not on me." He mumbled, even quieter than his first statement.

"Stop doubting yourself." Was Harry's response, knowing that he shouldn't go as far as blatantly calling Louis sexy.

The ding of the elevator ceased their conversation any further, the doors parting to reveal their entire class crowded in the lobby, waiting. Harry and Louis were met with comical, sarcastic applause from everybody, which had Harry smugly grinning at the attention with a bow, while Louis shyly smiled and headed towards his friends.

"Nice of you to join us, boys. Wrong timezone, Mr Payne informed me?" Mr Grant taunted, a playful smile on his face.

"I'd call it fashionably late." Harry chuckled, before encasing Kendall in a quick hug and kissing her on her forehead. "Morning, sweetheart."
"I missed you so much last night," Kendall whispered, tracing her fingers down his back. "More than you'll ever know."

"I missed you more." Harry whispered back, as the group began following Mr Grant's lead out of the hotel. He wrapped his arm around her and pulled her in closer, as the early morning winds whipped past them all. Harry glanced over to look for Louis, just to see where he was, and was surprised to see that Louis was already watching he and Kendall in their embrace.

"The fuck's he looking at?" Kendall tutted, looking disapprovingly in Louis' direction.

"He's not even looking." Harry lied for Louis. "Look how beautiful that building is!" He tried to distract her, pointing up at a towering marble building across the busy road.

"Keep your eyes to yourself, Louis Tomlinson!" Kendall shouted out anyway, earning attention from many other classmates, and Harry removed his arm from around her shoulder and sighed.

"Kenny, stop! He wasn't looking, just leave him alone!" He exclaimed, shocking himself, Kendall and most other people listening. Zayn made a bewildered 'what-the-fuck' face to Kendall following Harry's mild freak out, but it then got left behind and nobody mentioned it again.

But Harry did see Louis give him the smallest hint of a smile.

---

It was reasonably quiet between Harry and Louis later that day, as they simply voiced ideas surrounding the history of the Arc de Triomph. Harry could tell how worn down Louis was, especially after earlier, Kendall's snide comment towards him, even if it had been extinguished by Harry.

"How are you feeling?" Harry decided to ask, knowing he and Louis were sat far enough from Kendall and Co. to have a private conversation.

"I'm absolutely fine." Louis said, putting on a bright smile. "Why would I not be?"

Harry believed it was true from Louis' dazzling smile, but not from his eyes. His eyes were sad, screaming the truth: he wasn't happy at all. Harry could tell.
As much as Harry was really loving the whole Parisian vibe, the day ended up dragging on far longer than he would have hoped. The dinner he and his friends had gone for wasn't great, Liam and Cheryl had broken into an argument about how Liam had apparently been checking out a group of French girls, and Harry was just *tired*.

During the walk back to the hotel, approaching eight o'clock, he wondered where Louis had gone for dinner, seeing as he had a very limited budget. He didn't want to burst into their hotel room and start questioning him on it, but he did wonder. Luckily, Louis was already back at their room (seeing as he had the key at that point in time) and let Harry in when he came knocking.

"Sorry you have to keep getting up to let me in, we need another key." Harry blabbered on, breathlessly from his quick trip down the hallway towards their room, shutting the door behind himself and kicking off his Chelsea boots.

"They probably don't trust us with more than one." Louis lightly laughed, a nice but quite ungenuine sound, before he returned to his spot on his bed to resume reading his book.

Harry hummed in thought, moving to his half of the room, where his clothes were still strewn carelessly about from their chaotic attempt that morning to get ready on time. He started folding everything up again and placing the items neatly back into his suitcase. He decided he would leave showering until the morning, too worn out by then to bother, and remembered to change his phone's time to the Paris timezone before he forgot again.

He then fell back onto his bed, tugging off his socks and throwing them into his open case before staring up at the ceiling with his hands folded over his stomach.

"So..." He mused into the silence, a tendency of his, hearing Louis draw in and release a steady breath.

"I'm just reading this, Harry."

"Put it down and talk to me." Harry challenged, a smirk present. "Come on."

"Why would you want to talk to me?" Louis scoffed, replacing the bookmark anyway before setting the book down on his bedside table.

"You're my roommate," Harry practically sang, lively and upbeat, "And I want to talk to you because you're nice."

"Right. I've already brushed my teeth and stuff so the bathroom is yours." Louis seemed to be hinting that Harry should do so now, highlighting that he wasn't really in a mood for chitchat.

"Coolio." Harry cooed, immediately cringing himself out and wishing he hadn't said that. He headed with his toiletries in the bathroom, finding himself fixing his hair in the mirror while he brushed his teeth. Why did he even care? He was just going to bed soon anyway.

He washed his toothbrush clean, gave his face a quick wash, then returned to the main room to pack his things away again. Now it was time to lounge around on his bed and try to look...
He decided he would try to spark up a conversation again, seeing as Louis was currently sat staring into space, and it made the situation so much more tense without any words.

"What are your hobbies?"

Louis looked over at him, an amused smile on his face.

"You're trying hard here, aren't you?" He teased.

Harry reciprocated the smirk. "Just trying to rid of the awkwardness, is all."

"I like reading, photography..."

"Me too! Photography, that is," Harry exclaimed excitedly, leaning over the side of his bed to scoop up his camera case. "Brought this baby along especially."

"Nice, I've got the exact same camera." Louis noted, nodding his head towards his, which sat on his bedside table.

"Good camera, right? Proper HD quality," Harry commented, removing his camera from its case and switching it on, so its screen glowed to life. He pointed it straight at Louis, zooming in with an amused grin.

"Nooo, Harry!" Louis protested, shielding his face away with his hands, though Harry did spot a little smile on his face.

"Smile, Louis!" Harry mocked, before clicking a completely pointless photo of Louis hiding himself from the camera. He then decided to put on a ridiculous French accent before continuing, "You, Louis Tomlinson, are impossible to work with!"

Louis burst out into bright laughter, hands falling to his sides, so Harry took his opportunity to snap a quick photo before Louis could even protest again.

"Harryyy!" Louis whined, though his eyes were still sparkling with delight. "Delete it now."

Harry was clicking onto his camera's gallery, and onto the photo he had just snapped, feeling like his heart could explode due to how adorable Louis looked in that photo. His eyes were so bright, his entire face glowing with happiness for just that brief moment, and Harry managed to capture it.

"Take a look at it. Promise you won't delete it?" Harry asked, looking Louis squarely in the eye for confirmation.

"Promise. Show me." Louis muttered, taking the camera from Harry and peering down at the screen. His face immediately contorted in disgust, shaking his head.

"I look horrible when I laugh, please delete it!" He begged, handing back the camera and refusing to look at the photograph again. Harry was almost in utter shock; Louis looked rather handsome in the photo.

"You don't, I promise!" Harry reassured. "But I will delete it if you really want me to."

"Please do." Louis sighed, getting properly into his bed and rolling over, so he was turned away from Harry.
Okay?

"I'm deleting it." Harry said.

But he was lying: he kept the photo saved. It was too priceless to delete, and he could look at it whenever he wanted to see Louis when he was genuinely happy.

Louis had drifted to sleep not too long after he had turned over to face away from Harry, most likely worn out from the long day. Harry had stripped down to his boxers and settled into his bed himself, but couldn't even come close to sleeping. All he could think about was why Louis was so repulsed by an image of himself, how he refused to even look at it for too long, then completely withdrawing himself from the topic. He was severely insecure, that was evident, but Harry had a difficulty understanding why: he was an attractive guy, no fault to that.

It was only half past nine, suggesting why Harry couldn't sleep yet. He began to wonder whether Louis was really asleep at all, or whether those rhythmic breaths he was projecting were false so Harry would believe he was.

He was yet to tell Louis that it was in fact him who had paid for his trip for him, but was wondering whether he really had to at all. It was nice to see that Louis was enjoying his time, it made it so much more worth it.

Harry got the urge to want to speak to Louis all of a sudden. He wanted to say what was on his mind, before he quite literally exploded.

"Louis." He whispered into the darkness, testing to see whether he got a response. He was met with even more silence.

"Louis." He increased the volume slightly, a sharper whisper, but it was once again left unanswered. Louis was asleep.

"I know this might be weird," Harry breathed a pathetic laugh to himself, "but I just wanted to say that I want to understand you. I can tell you're not happy."

He left another silence, pointlessly, as though he really believed Louis would respond. He obviously didn't.

"So... yeah. I'm sorry for trying to delve too deep into your private life, or whatever. I just want to know you better. Good night." Harry finished, properly settling down and cradling his pillow by his face, the insanity then kicking in that he had just ranted practically to himself. Maybe he really was going crazy.

Harry managed to wake up before the alarm the next morning, at 6:37am, meaning he had enough time to jump in the shower, brush his teeth and get dressed for the day before the clock even struck 7am. He perched himself on the edge of his bed and allowed himself to look at Louis, who was facing him, sound asleep. He looked truly adorable, younger while he was asleep, and it was quite the spectacle.

And of course, with his awful streak of bad luck, Louis' eyes managed to flutter open while Harry was staring.

Immediately, Louis jumped into an upright position in utter shock from seeing a pair of eyes on
him, one hand on his heart and the other speedily fixing his unruly hair.

"Jesus, Harry!" He exclaimed, eyebrows furrowed. "You scared the life out of me!"

"I wasn't watching you sleep, I swear!" Harry was only making it worse for himself by acting so defensive, but he didn't realise it. "Your eyes opened just as I looked at you!"

"Right, okay." Louis muttered, rubbing violently at his tired eyes before getting to his feet. He and Harry didn't make any further eye contact, and the shorter boy strolled off into the bathroom with his stuff.

That couldn't have been more awkward, for fuck's sake. Louis effectively thought Harry was a creep now - great! It was just good he had been asleep last night and hadn't heard Harry's little heart-to-heart, as that would have made things even worse...

...or maybe he had been awake, but was pretending to be asleep.

Whatever, Harry wasn't going to consider that now.

---

Today's task in their pairings was to continue the work they had done on the Arc de Triomph. Harry really couldn't be bothered, not when it was chillingly cold out, and Kendall was clearly talking about him with Gigi. Probably about how he had almost completely ignored all of his friends in the lobby that morning, having not been in the mood to greet them.

"This is so boring." Harry breathed to Louis, keeping the volume of his voice low so that nearby teachers didn't catch onto the complaint.

Louis hummed in agreement, making no effort to verbally respond.

"Why are you so shy?" Harry pushed, in a friendly way, so that Louis finally put down his pen and stopped writing.

"Because I've always been shy, it's my personality." He piped up, sliding the sheet of paper over to Harry so that he could take over writing.

"There's really no need to be around me, you should be comfortable by now." Harry soothed, picking up where Louis had left off with the note-taking. "I'm not like my friends, you know?"

"Well, there are a few similarities." Louis muttered. "But let's not get into that now."

"Similarities in what way?" Harry snapped, not raising the volume of his voice too much. "I defended you yesterday, in case you forgot."

"From your own girlfriend." Louis practically whispered. "Let's forget this now."

"Okay. I'm sorry."

"Me too." Louis sighed.

A silence came over them. Harry hated how they had snapped at each other, as minor as it was, and knew that it was all because of how Harry's friends were treating Louis.

Maybe he wouldn't really open up to Harry until he had his full, undeniable trust.
Even when Harry wasn't with Louis, when he was out eating dinner with his friends or shopping in their free time, he was definitely thinking about him. He was worried about him mainly, about how he was really feeling on the inside, and wanted desperately to be able to read his thoughts like a diary. It hurt how little he really knew about Louis.

Back in their room again that evening, Louis was trying to politely sort out the TV's antennae above the screen, after Harry had complained about it glitching constantly. And for the love of God, Harry couldn't keep his eyes away from Louis' bum. It looked so perky and nice in his jeans as he was stretching up to fiddle with the signal, and Harry felt so bad for indecently checking him out behind his back, but couldn't help it. He didn't consider himself into guys, just a lover of a nice backside. Was it weird? Probably.

"Do you work out?" The question slipped out of Harry's mouth before he could stop it, as Louis had finished with the antennae and turned to face him again, having not quite heard the question properly due to having been so concentrated.

"Huh?"

"I asked if you work out. Do you?"

"Uh... no, not really," Louis nervously scratched the back of his neck, a shy smile playing on his face as he sat back down on his bed, cross-legged. "Why?"

"You've just got a really gorgeous arse." And for crying out loud, Harry hadn't intended for the word 'gorgeous' to be in that sentence -- how creepy did that sound now!

Louis' eyes had clearly widened slightly, a baffled look on his face. "Umm... gorgeous?"

"I meant well-defined." Harry corrected, using his hand to gesture a curved shape in the air. "You know." 

"I don't know why you were looking," Louis smirked - he actually smirked, was attempting to be a bit playful - and Harry always liked a bit of a challenge. It was true though, why had he mentioned it if he knew he'd just be admitting to staring at it?

"Maybe it's too good not to look at." Harry winked. Why did he have to wink? He was such a mess. Louis instantly flushed red, shaking his head with a light laugh: his default move whenever he showcased how timid he was.

"Oh my God," He breathed to himself, humorously, "Let's clear this up. No, I don't work out. I was just... blessed, I guess." He giggled.

"Clearly." Harry smiled, a devious smile, linking eyes with Louis in powerful eye contact.

And for once, Louis allowed the eye contact to be held for a good six seconds before growing shy and diverting his gaze elsewhere once again.

Chapter End Notes

GO ON LOUIS SON
It had felt like a whole new layer of tension had fallen over them after Harry's comment on Louis' bum. Harry had no clue why, but he absolutely loved how metaphorically thick the air felt now, how just six seconds of intense eye contact had Louis completely flustered again.

Harry figured it was his love for making people go shy coming to surface again, it didn't mean he wanted any advances to be made due to the tension - no, definitely not, he was straight and he loved Kendall very much.

Harry managed to get some time in the bathroom before Louis today, having a shower and brushing his teeth, all the necessities, and chose this time to actually wear the pyjamas he had packed (because otherwise the tension would rise through the roof, and he didn't want Louis getting too overwrought by it.)

"Wow, fully clothed today?" Louis noted, looking up from his book after he had heard Harry leaving the bathroom.

"Thought I'd leave it to the imagination today," Harry chuckled, placing all of his toiletries into his suitcase again, "I guess you could say I'm just cold."

"Right. Well, you could try getting into bed, that usually warms people up." Louis offered, but Harry's mind didn't take reference to the thought of bedsheets and their ability to warm somebody up, but instead to what people tend to do in bed.

"Oh, is that so?" He smirked, and Louis' brain was quick to calculate what he had said, seeing it from Harry's perspective. He tutted in response, rolling his eyes with an amused smile before disappearing with his washbag into the bathroom.

Harry still had to get a comment in there, it couldn't be helped.

He watched a few YouTube videos while Louis showered, lounging back lazily on his bed and knowing that he'd regret having let his wet hair touch the sheets once he actually went to bed. He heard the shower stop after a few minutes, finding himself sitting up against the headboard and fixing his partially-dry fringe. Louis left after another few minutes, after brushing his teeth, dressed in his long-sleeved pyjama top and bottoms. He looked adorable again.

"How was the shower?" Harry asked, keeping his eyes glued to his phone screen.

"Decent," Louis shrugged, "How good can a shower really be?"

"Depends who's in there with you." Harry smirked to himself, still not diverting his attention upward, but he could sense Louis' displeased yet amused eye roll.

"Are there any bottles of water left in the fridge?" Louis asked, referencing to their mini fridge in the corner of the room, and its contents which they had unanimously stocked at the start of the week.

"Yeah, there are a few. Throw us one, will you?" Harry asked, making a grabbing gesture as Louis knelt by the fridge and retrieved two fresh bottles. He threw one Harry's way, which was successfully caught in his large hand. "Cheers, Tomlinson."

"No problem, Styles." Louis smiled to himself as he took a seat on his own bed, rummaging
through his washbag again. Harry heard the sound of him popping open a bottle of pills, tipping a couple out before clasping it shut again.

"Over there popping pills, are we?" He teased, a smug smirk lighting up his face. Louis lifelessly laughed, placing them into his mouth before washing them down with the soothingly cold water.

"Whatever."

Harry was going to ask what they were for, but he knew that would be way too intrusive, taking it too far. He kept his big mouth shut, deciding to have a swig of his own water and continue watching a video.

"Oh, by the way," Louis interrupted, "Sorry to interrupt, I was overhearing Mr Grant talking today about extending the trip."

"What, really?" Harry exclaimed, forgetting about his video altogether and locking his phone. "Well, it's hardly surprising, it's already Thursday tomorrow and we're nowhere near done on the projects."

"Yeah, he was telling Mrs Bradley that he was negotiating with the hotel manager, that he's managing to get some extra time here for a low cost again. Don't know how he does it." Louis explained. Harry then realised just how chatty Louis was being, how he had said such a long sentence with general confidence.

"Hey," Harry softly said, urging Louis to glance up at him, "You're getting more comfortable with me."

Louis shrugged instantly, tilting his head to the side with a smile. "I guess so."

"I'm not such a monster, huh?" Harry mocked, raising an eyebrow.

"I still don't know what you say about me to your friends, so I still can't clarify." Louis admitted, pouting his mouth to the side. "Or maybe that's my paranoia speaking for me again."

"It is, Louis." Harry dead-panned, moving to tuck his feet beneath his blankets and wriggle his way into bed. "Let's sleep soon?"

"Yeah, there's an idea." Louis sighed, slipping into bed himself. "It would be nice to stay in Paris longer."

"So you can spend more time with me?" Harry smirked, stretching an arm above himself in relaxation as he lay back.

"No," Louis rolled his eyes, "Just because Paris is so beautiful."

"It is," Harry mused, with a growing smile, "Very, very beautiful."

"Turning the lamp off now, that alright?" Louis asked, his hand already clasped around the switch.

"Go ahead."

Louis clicked it off, leaving the room in darkness. There was a brief silence, but Harry opted to fill it. He didn't want them to go to sleep just yet, he wanted some chitchat.

"So... are you dating anyone?"
He wished he could have seen Louis' reaction, because simply hearing the sudden intake of breath was satisfying enough. There was some hesitation at first.

"No."

"You hesitated. Is there somebody you like?"

"Harry, quit it!" Louis whined, his tone coming across as playful rather than genuinely irritated.

"Is it a girl in our class?" Harry pushed, a smirk on his face in the pitch black.

"Stop."

"What's the first letter of her name?"

"I don't like any girls in our class." Louis giggled. Harry smiled at the sound.

"If you say so."

"How long have you been with Kendall?" Louis questioned, diverting the topic onto Harry now.

"Over two years now, nearly three." Harry informed him, smiling at the thought of Kendall probably asleep as they spoke. "Yeah."

"Who asked who out?"

"I asked her." Harry admitted, recalling it, the moment: Kendall had been hinting at liking him for months before, clearing not willing to crack and initiate a relationship herself, so Harry made that move.

"Nice." Louis muttered, no emotion really present in his voice.

"Tell me about your last relationship then." Harry continued on, wanting to learn more about Louis.

Louis breathed out a laugh, almost one which ridiculed himself.

"I haven't had one."

Harry was silent for a moment, considering what to say before he spoke.

"Well that's okay!" Harry assured. "We're still young, you'll find a lovely lady who loves you for who you are."

"God dammit, Harry, I'm gay!" Louis blurted out all of a sudden, silencing Harry altogether. Harry felt like his pulse had thickened suddenly, eyes widening slightly in the dark. He left the silence for too long, so long that Louis felt ashamed. "That's why I can't find anyone. God, please don't tell your friends..."

"Of course I won't." Harry whispered, unsure why his voice had come out at this volume. The moment just felt too tender, and Louis was so vulnerable, that he didn't want to shatter it. "It's okay, Louis, this doesn't change the way I see you."

"Okay." Louis piped up. "I'm sorry for saying it so angrily, it just gets frustrating when--"

"When people just assume you're straight, I understand." Harry finished the sentence for him,
wanting to reach over and pat his arm in sympathy.

"I'm going to sleep now."

"Okay, Louis. Sweet dreams."

Louis didn't respond again, and Harry was left in the dark in lingering disbelief that Louis had said that. *Man* did that change everything, from Louis' flustered nature, to the way he had to try so hard not to look at Harry's body after he left the shower. He had probably felt so trapped, Harry felt awful for always putting Louis on the spot now.

Louis was gay. Wow.

Something woke Harry up in the middle of the night, more a feeling than a sound disturbance. His eyes fluttered open, the space still pitch dark around him, and as his eyes and brain adjusted to reality, it clicked: *he had a fucking erection.*

He breathed out a long, steady breath of annoyance, wiping his hands down his face in frustration. This did sometimes happen to him, but right now was probably the worst of times.

"Louis?" He whispered, wanting to test whether he was awake. He was met with the soft, rhythmic sound of Louis breathing in his sleep. Good.

As quickly as he could, Harry slid his hand into his pyjamas bottoms, wrapping his hand around his rock-hard dick with a sharp intake of breath. He really should have headed off to the bathroom to do this, but his bed was too comfortable and he didn't want to move. All he wanted was to text Kendall and arrange a meet-up with her mouth, but his hand would have to suffice for now.

He began slowly working his hand over himself, bucking his hips up into the touch with each movement, using his other hand to cup his balls. Without the intention, he released a sharp moan, it coming out loud in the air, when it hadn't remained as a breath as he had hoped. He immediately bit hard onto his lower lip, literally holding his breath as he pumped faster over his cock, flicking his wrist in the perfect motion to have his head resting back against the headboard in bliss. He hadn't gotten himself off in way too long.

"Oh fuck." He breathed out, voice coming out deep and scratchy in the room, louder than he would have liked. He couldn't help it, it just felt so unusually good.

It didn't take long until he was close, maneuvering one of his pillows from beneath his head to bite into as his hand moved so fast on his dick that his arm began to strain. As he came, it streaking out all over his stomach, he tried but failed to conceal a long, loud groan of pleasure, and it filled the air a bit too much. It was then followed by his frantic breathing as he came down, chest heaving, stomach tensing, toes curling.

The room was eerily silent again, making him realise just how audible all of that had been. Shit, he really should have gone to the bathroom, seeing as he had to move in there anyway to grab some tissue and clean up the cum which was up his stomach.

He pulled his pyjama bottoms back up and stumbled through the pitch black towards the bathroom, switching on the light and shutting himself in there, speedily cleaning everything up with tissue and then flushed it away in the toilet. It felt like such a relief having had an orgasm, making him feel more light, like he could easily fall back to sleep.

And as soon as he was in his bed again, he did.
Harry's alarm going off the next morning made him want to smash the damn phone up. He and Louis made immediate eye contact as they lifted their heads from their pillows, and awkwardness ensued. To Louis, probably caused by the fact that he had blurted out his sexuality last night, yet Harry was just worried Louis had heard him getting himself off in the dead of night -- Harry was really wondering now why he had decided on doing that.

"Morning." Harry broke the ice, before getting up. He sat up and stretched his arms above himself, before getting to his feet.

"Morning." Louis bumbled out, his voice not even able to form proper sounds yet as he was still that enthralled by sleep. His eyes were barely open, it was incredibly sweet.

"Tired." Harry mumbled, rubbing cutely at his eyes as he stood aimlessly in the middle of the room.

"Did you not get enough sleep?"

Was that a hint that he had heard last night's events, or was Harry just being paranoid?

"No, couldn't sleep." Harry clarified anyway, smugly smiling at the memory. Strangely, something within him loved the fact that he had made himself cum while sleeping so close to Louis, as fucking creepy as that sounded. It was probably the fact that it was bound to have made Louis flustered beyond belief, if he had heard it.

"Right. Better luck on that tonight," Louis wished, a small smile of his own present. "Oh, and again, could you not mention what I told you last night to your friends?"

"Of course I won't, it wouldn't even cross my mind to!" Harry reassured, with a cool and calm smile.

"Kendall's really lucky." Louis said all of a sudden, urging Harry's eyebrows to raise and for his heart to start beating a little faster.

"Huh?"

"Kendall's lucky to have found somebody so kind, I mean. Someone who doesn't blurt out other people's secrets."

Oh. Harry had taken that the wrong way.

"Thanks for saying that, Louis. Maybe you'll find somebody like me some day." Harry shot him a wink. "I'm not saying that in, like, a cocky way."

"I know you're not." Louis chuckled. "But I hope I do too."

Harry wanted the very best for Louis. He always had.
Sorry it's been over a week!
And sorry for any errors, if there are any. Hope this is decent enough.

Includes some very mild/sexual Hendall talk. Thought I'd warn ya ;)

Harry was in a very pensive state of mind for the duration of the day. When twelve o'clock that afternoon came around, they all split up for lunch, and Harry's group ended up sat in Buttes-Chaumont Park, lounging on the fields, about a half hour trip on the Metro. Louis and his friends seemed to have the same idea, and were visible not too far away in the near distance, crowded around a bench by the pretty water fountain.

Harry listened to every little thing Kendall said to him during lunch, observed the way she acted, and wondered whether she really was lucky to have him. Was she grateful? Sometimes it didn't seem it, what with the way she often bossed him around and convicted him of not loving her. She liked to make him believe she was too good for him.

And he also watched Louis interacting with his friends, the way he threw a hand over his mouth whenever he giggled, and kept that bright smile on his face even though he clearly wasn't very happy on the inside. It broke Harry's heart to think about.

"Can we relocate? We're waaay too close to Niall Horan and the faggot brigade." Gigi snorted, scooping up her Kate Spade handbag from where it sat by her on he grass.

"They're not doing anything wrong." Harry defended with a shrug, picking at the grass (which he knew it was wrong to, considering how well-maintained it was.)

"Yeah, just ignore them." Zayn waved a hand, finally somebody taking Harry's side, so Gigi took his word for it and dropped her expensive bag back down onto the freshly cut grass and rested back on her palms again.

Harry wanted to smile in celebration. He glanced Louis' way in the distance again, and this time they linked eyes, something Harry could sense even from so far away. He smiled, but Louis looked away immediately and concentrated on his own friends again. Harry knew why it was; Louis was worried about what he had confessed last night, worried that Harry had slipped up and told his mates what he had uncovered. The fact that Louis was gay hadn't changed what Harry thought of him, but had instead just made some other things clear.

When Harry thought back to last night again, what he had gotten up to while Louis was lying nearby, it made him want to do it again. It was so bad, especially as he was imagining doing this again while sat so close to his girlfriend, and he wasn't quite sure why he had found it so hot. Maybe it was the fact that Louis had possibly heard. Despite that being a bit awkward. He actually found himself feeling slightly excited about going to sleep that coming night, which was awful really. He had to tend to his urges, right? Right. He was doing what any teenage boy had to do.
"Hazzaaa, stop daydreaming!" Kendall whined, clicking her fingers sharply in front of his face and urging him to shake from his trance. Oops, of course he hadn't been lost in his thoughts while reminiscing over last night's masturbation session, unbeknownst to a nearby Louis.

"Sorry! Just feeling a little tired." Harry chuckled. "What were you guys talking about?"

"Anal," Liam openly interjected, "You and Kendall ever done it?"

"Liam!" Kendall exclaimed in disgust, harshly slapping his arm to have him winching yet humoured. The others erupted into laughter, while Harry was still a little confused by what was going on.

"What?! That's what we were talking about!" Liam defended, still rubbing over his reddening arm.

"Yeah, well not about me and Harry, thank you very much." Kendall moodily snapped, folding her arms over her chest.

"Because I bet you haven't done it." Zayn snorted, continuing on anyway. "Have you, Harry? You're being very quiet."

"Leave it out if Kendall doesn't want to discuss it." Harry rolled his eyes, entertained by the whole thing.

"It can feel alright, Kenny, if you use enough lube." Cheryl cut in, giggling as she nudged Kendall, who groaned aloud in distaste.

"Come on, guys! When did this turn into making me embarrassed? Plus, Harry's dick is way too big, it'd hurt too much."

"Exactly," Harry smugly defended, wiggling his eyebrows, "She wouldn't be able to handle this."

Liam leant in to whisper in Harry's ear suddenly, smugness within his tone. "Damn it's tight."

Harry chuckled once again, before pushing Liam away when he realised this was only going to spark up an argument with Kendall. It was true though, he had hinted before that he would like to try anal with Kendall but she had swiftly turned it down. It was completely reasonable, considering girls would reap no pleasure from it.

Kendall got her phone out suddenly, looking at Harry before looking down at the phone again, and a moment later he got a text from her.

Kenny❤️: Sorry for not wanting to do that with you...Xx

Harry shot her a look as though to say she shouldn't be apologising.

Harry: Why are you sorry?! It's fine! We do what keeps you comfortable babe. I love you .xx
Kendall made a kissy face at him before looking down at her phone to type again.

**Kenny❤: Come here you Xx**

Harry chuckled as he slid his phone away, before hurriedly crawling over to Kendall on the grass and pushing her back softly. Their friends wooed as the two of them started making out, Kendall gliding her hands beneath Harry's shirt to caress his soft back. Harry got tongue involved quickly, slowly grinding down against her.

"Alright, guys, let's keep it PG!" Gigi giggled, urging Harry to smirk into the kiss and bite on Kendall's lower lip as he pulled away. Kendall shot him a wink as he climbed away, and Harry found himself looking Louis' way immediately after to find that he was already looking. Louis, flustered and panicked, diverted his gaze away and pretended to be laughing at something a mate of his was saying, but it was plain as day that he had just been watching Harry and Kendall's little make-out session.

When Harry and Louis reunited after lunch to continue the project, things were very awkwardly quiet. Harry knew that it was because Louis had witnessed the kiss earlier and had been caught doing so, so he decided to change the topic completely to something that might lighten the situation a bit.

"I haven't told them, by the way... you know." He informed him, while Louis was typing up notes on his laptop that they could add into their project.

"Good." He absent-mindedly drawled out, not bothering to lift his eyes from the screen. *Yeah*, he was clearly embarrassed about getting caught watching the kiss, but Harry didn't know why. He would look himself if two people were making out on a field.

He decided that another thing hanging dense in the air was the fact that Louis could have possibly heard what he was doing last night. He couldn't take it anymore, not knowing whether or not Louis had, so he went ahead and continued on with an enquiry about it.

"Did you hear me last night?"

The question was immediately heavy in the air, and it urged Louis to look up suddenly and stop typing. He looked quite confused, which was a good start.

"*Hear* you? No. Why, did you get up? Everything alright?" Louis guessed, going back to typing. Okay, good. Harry was definitely going to play it off as that - Louis had been asleep, there was no tension there (though it would have been pretty hot if he had heard.)

"Yeah, I got up to go to the bathroom and tripped over my stupid suitcase, was worried I had woken you up." He lied, nervously scratching his neck.

Louis giggled, the sweetest of sounds, at Harry's negligence. "Silly you. Well no, you didn't wake me."

Harry fondly smiled at his hands and shook his head. Man, he kind of felt a little bad about what he had really done now... but it definitely wasn't going to stop him from doing it again, *fuck* no.

Harry had gotten an extra key for he and Louis' hotel room from the front desk, meaning he no longer had to feel bad about knocking and making Louis get up to let him in. He had been so distracted with his friends, hanging around in several local bars and having a laugh, that they hadn't
realised it had gone 10pm, over two hours past curfew.

They had all hurriedly left in a semi-drunken state, to giggle their way through the city back to their hotel, praying that Mr Grant and the other teachers had already turned in for the night and wouldn't notice their lateness. Luckily, this wish was granted, and they managed to pass unnoticed through the lobby and into the lift, before parting ways once they reached their floors.

Harry strolled with Kendall and Gigi until they reached the girls' room, kissing Kendall goodnight before continuing on to his own room. He twisted the key in his hand as he approached the door, slotting it as quietly as possible into the lock in case Louis was sleeping, before opening the door. Louis' bed was unoccupied, but the lamp beside it was on and dimly lit the room.

"Louis?" Harry casually called out, knocking on the bathroom door as he passed it, curious to know what he was up to, where he was.

"Oh, I'm out on the balcony." Louis' voice came from where he had said, just past the sheer net curtains on the other side of the room. Harry realised he himself hadn't even been on the balcony yet, inviting himself to step past the curtain, into the area lit by an outside wall light.

He was immediately dazzled by the sight, the Eiffel Tower in view, its monstrous structure outlined against the dark sky. And hundreds of lights from nearby buildings were glimmering like stars, turning the entire scene into a picturesque, painting-like masterpiece. Louis was sat on one of the white steel chairs, beside another chair and a small, matching table which held a flower in a glass.

Louis didn't turn to acknowledge him completely, legs crossed with his hands locked around his raised knee, staring out into the beautiful horizon.

"Wow." Harry sighed, finally voicing his awe over the view. "This is really something.

"Yeah." Louis breathed out a laugh, tilting his head aside with a small smile, as Harry slipped into the other chair. "I've been sat here for about half an hour already." 

"Well, don't deprive yourself of sleep, will you? It's gone ten o'clock now." Harry informed him, after checking his phone to see that it was 22:27.

"I just don't want to sleep, because that means I'll wake up again tomorrow and it'll be one less day here." Louis chuckled. "Even if Mr Grant has extended the trip, it's going to end at some point."

"True, but that's not to say you won't come back here in the future if you love it so much." Harry reminded. He saw Louis pout his mouth to the side, thinking momentarily before responding.

"I'd never be able to afford it." He let out a stark laugh, still avoiding any eye contact. "I couldn't even afford this trip, somebody actually anonymously paid for me."

He looked over at Harry at that instant, and they held the eye contact for a good five seconds, neither saying a word, and Harry decided to give the slightest quirk upwards of his eyebrows. Louis understood, his eyes flashing with realisation, mouth dropping agape.

"Noo, He whispered in disbelief, unable to stop a smile spreading on his face, "Y-You?"

"Me." Harry shrugged, his own smile prominent, and Louis immediately sprang up from his seat and threw himself into Harry's arms in a tight embrace. It shocked Harry, how sudden it was from somebody as timid as Louis, but he immediately locked his arms around Louis and held him close. Louis was so warm and he smelt so sweet, evidently having showered not too long ago, and it was
a very pleasant experience overall.

Louis awkwardly broke the hug a moment later, actually wiping away a tear as he returned to his seat.

"Don't cry!" Harry exclaimed, rubbing Louis' shoulder in comfort. "Please don't cry!"

"I'm just really thankful. Thank you." Louis breathily sobbed, wiping away another tear with his long sleeve. "I will repay you for it, that's so much money, Harry, I--"

"Ah, ah," Harry cut him off, raising a hand with an amused smirk. "Nope, you don't need to pay me back, it's my little gift to you. It's enough that you're so grateful for it."

Louis was still in disbelief, holding either side of his head. "Just... why? Why did you pay for me?"

"Because I heard you telling Niall how you couldn't afford it. I wanted to help out." Harry softly smiled. "So... I did."

"You're such a wonderful person, Harry, oh my goodness." Louis ran his hands down his face while shaking his head, muffling another shocked laugh behind them. Harry was glad to finally hear Louis realising that he was different to his friends.

"I know." He smirked. "Now, I don't want you to feel like you keep having to thank me, that's why I kept it anonymous before. So let's leave it here, yeah? I was kind, you're thankful. You're here now, you're in this moment, enjoy what's been brought to you."

"Yeah, thank you." Louis reciprocated the smile. "Should we get to bed now? It feels like I've been sat out here forever, these lights are starting to make me a bit dizzy."

"Yes, we probably should, it's getting late." Harry stood up and stretched his arms overhead, before leading them off the balcony and back into the warm room. Louis slid shut the balcony door and latched it locked, before pulling the thick cream curtain across.

Harry headed into the bathroom to get ready for bed, changing into his pyjamas before deciding he would shower in the morning, throwing his worn clothes into his suitcase carelessly. He slid into his bed, Louis already snug in his own, and put his phone on charge.

"I'm really trying not to thank you again." Louis chuckled. Harry was urged to grin.

"You better not. Watch yourself, Tomlinson."

Louis giggled, that fucking giggle, before switching off the lamp and leaving the room in pitch-black darkness once again.

"Night." Harry yawned, not having to bother to politely cover his mouth with his hand.

"Goodnight." Louis responded, before the room fell silent.

Harry lay there for what felt like hours, listening as Louis' breathing gradually became steadier and more rhythmic, fiddling with his fingers in the darkness. Yeah, he was getting that urge again, the awful idea to masturbate, which he couldn't suppress even if he tried. When he checked his phone, he was surprised to see that he had already been lying there motionless for almost fifty minutes, just reflecting on life and listening to Louis falling asleep.

He began loosely palming himself over the material of his pyjama bottoms, figuring if he really
wanted this right now then he'd get hard, finding himself rolling his hips up into his touch. It was probably bad that he was doing this again, but it felt safe to as Louis sounded to be completely out of it.

Harry sucked in a harsh breath through gritted teeth as he felt the first throb in his dick, the first pique of arousal that had him shivering. He sped up the movements, gave himself more friction, and soon found that he was using both the action of his hand and his hips to pick up a momentum that had him completely hard before long.

He had done well with suppressing any major sounds, mere little whimpers which came from his throat sounding, or sharp breaths through his nose, altogether leaving the room pretty quiet. It was when he actually took his cock into his hand and started pumping when he couldn't help but breathily moan aloud as his head fell back.

"Ohhh." He drawled out, thumbing at the slit and spreading the clear pre-cum down his length. "Shit."

A sheen of sweat was beginning to coat his forehead, one he had to wipe away occasionally with the back of his free hand, biting his bottom lip red as he flicked his wrist perfectly on his dick. It was so perfect, felt so good, and had him close before long at all.

He wanted to think of Kendall while he came, about how her lips felt and tasted earlier, or her body beneath his. He sped up the movements after a couple more minutes, figuring he should get to the finale so he could sleep, wanking himself off faster while using his other hand to stroke tentatively up his abs.

"Oh fuck," He lowly whispered as that hot ball of pleasure built up in the pit of his stomach, spiralling his head into a frenzy. His toes curled, abdomen clenching, and he was coming.

And as he came, his stupid stupid mouth blurted out a loud, unmistakable whimper of "Louis", followed by a long, high moan.

He immediately slapped a hand over his mouth, body still shuddering through his orgasm with a series of sharp breaths along with his jolting body, eyes wide and shocked as to what the fuck he had just said. He felt dizzy, unable to control his thoughts, trying to figure out whether he had really just fucking blurted that out during his climax.

What the fuck? Why not 'Kendall'? Why the fuck had his foolish fucking mind conjured up 'Louis' as being an appropriate fucking thing to quite literally moan out?

The worrying thing was that there no longer that loud, rhythmic breathing coming from Louis. Unless Harry was being paranoid again.
Harry remained stock-still in the same position, eyes still wildly large due to what the fuck had just happened. There was an awful burning dread in his mind that Louis was awake, that he had heard everything, and this was highlighted by the fact that his breathing had suddenly stopped, almost like it had caught in his throat in shock.

The room was so silent that it felt more like an eerie scream was penetrating it. Harry was confused and covered in cum and too scared to move a single centimetre, terrified of breaking through the quiet. Louis didn't say a word, if he was awake, although his breathing into the room now sounded ever-so-slightly more shaky, like he was trying to steady it - if it wasn't Harry's paranoia kicking in once again.

Harry was desperate to say a single word, maybe even clear his throat, but he was too afraid so he remained quiet. In the silence, he moved the hand that wasn't streaked with cum to scoop up a random piece of his clothing from the floor beside his bed, using it to wipe the hand that was. It was a pretty gross move, something he wouldn't usually do, but getting up to run off to the bathroom just seemed too drastic at a time like this.

He had moaned Louis' name out into the silent room. It wasn't even like it could have been mistaken for something else; it was a clear, unrestrained whimper of the name of the boy lying in the bed beside his own. What an absolute mess he had created, in the midst of his orgasm.

Once he had tossed down the dirtied t-shirt into where in the dark he guessed his suitcase was, he squeezed his eyes shut and once again internally scolded himself, both for doing it in the first place plus leaving it completely unsaid. The final word which had been uttered sensually into that room that night had been: 'Louis.' Nothing more followed.

Harry had never awoken so abruptly to his alarm in his whole life, shooting into an upright position the moment its chiming sound invaded his sleep. The dread in the pit of his stomach was absolutely unbearable when he recovered from his memory what had happened last night, after distinguishing that it wasn't a dream, and found himself glancing over at Louis' bed. The sheets were tousled but unoccupied, an empty bed that looked to have been disturbed not too long ago. Harry wanted to drift back into slumber and never wake up, anything so he didn't have to see Louis and meet his eye.

This was ruined when Louis pulled back the balcony curtain, stepping in with a whoosh of cool air and the sound of Paris life from outside, shutting the door firmly behind him. Harry was looking down at his hands, unsure what to do with himself, then opted on keeping up the confident front he had on. He lifted his head and met eyes with Louis, who was already looking at him.

"I-I got up early." Louis filled the silence, stating the obvious with a stutter. "Thought I'd sit out on the balcony for a while, wake myself up properly." He wasn't looking Harry in the eye anymore, he was gazing somewhere at the wall.

No mentions of last night, though - smooth; although addressing the very evident elephant in the room didn't seem appropriate now, if they weren't going to be overwrought with any intense awkwardness.
"Fair enough." Harry casually remarked, ruffling his hair a bit to tame it.

Louis moved into the room and grabbed his favourite book from his nightstand before once again heading towards the balcony. He had probably realised just how tense things were, the gawky cloud hanging over them, and decided to retreat once again. God, Harry felt like a perverted weirdo for last night. He decided to grab his toiletries and clothes for the day and shower all the stress away.

He stayed in there for a good twenty-five minutes, wondering how much of the damn water it would take to drown himself, before switching off the water and jumping out to dry himself. He dressed speedily, stepping into some black skinny jeans and tugging on a plain black t-shirt. Very colourful. Reflected his mood.

When he left the bathroom, cradling an armful of all his belongings, Louis had returned to the room and was idly scrolling through his phone on his bed. He seemed to have gotten the dressing and showering part of his routine over with long before Harry had even woken up. He didn't look up at all, and from what Harry guessed, he looked rather tense. Unless it was Harry's paranoia. Again.

It was Friday today, which would have been their last day there if Mr Grant hadn't extended their stay. Harry didn't know whether he was ready to leave, considering how awkward things currently were, but knew they'd still be staying there for a while longer to get their projects done. He didn't speak to Louis again, not a single word, they just made the unanimous and completely non-verbal decision to head down to the lobby when the time reached 07:55.

This was so bad. Harry completely regretted having a little wank session last night, figuring his ridiculous and unprecedented decision to blurt out Louis' name may have been his karma for being such a creep. He and Louis parted ways in the lobby with no words, Kendall embracing Harry dramatically as he approached his group of friends.

"Baaabe!" She exclaimed in delight, after flinging her arms around him and pulling him in close, as though they hadn't seen each other in months. "How's my handsome boy today? Did you sleep well?"

No.

"Great thanks, Kenny. Did you?" Harry brightly lied, pressing a kiss to her forehead as they broke the hug.

"Always badly without you there," She childishly pouted, "I miss having you with me."

"Am I not good enough company?" Gigi scoffed, playfully slapping Kendall on the arm. "I've already told you I wouldn't mind snuggling with you when you're missing Haz. I miss Zayn too."

"Adorable." Harry chuckled, stroking Kendall's hair briefly before joining their other classmates to head out of the hotel lobby, led by Mr Grant.

It was almost as though a miracle had been granted for Harry, as while everybody was walking, Mr Grant mentioned that they were all allowed to sit with their friends for this first section of the project instead of being confined to just their partners. That meant Harry could postpone the awkwardness even more with Louis, until later on. Their destination today was an expanse of grass close to the Eiffel Tower, where they all sat in their groups and were given the task to write their own creative extract about their trip so far. Harry was pretty much fucked on that front, being an awful writer.
Louis, on the other hand, was usually a brilliant writer. But today he was too zoned out to even begin, staring somewhere in the distance. One of his friends, Christopher, who had short, curly blonde hair and glasses, waved a hand in front of his face.

"Earth to Louis!" He yelled, shaking Louis from his daze immediately.

"Oh," Louis chuckled, lacking enthusiasm, "Sorry, were you talking to me?"

"Yes, he was, are you alright?" Charlie cut in, the sweetest of Louis' friends. He had a mop of dark brown hair and hazel eyes, and he was the one Louis could confide in most. More than Niall, their blonde, Irish friend who probably had no filter (though he was insanely shy.)

"I'm fine!" Louis exclaimed, putting on a smile and scooping up his pencil from where it rested on his pad of paper, trying to start brainstorming ideas. He easily failed to do so.

"Well, you don't seem fine. You've been looking in the general direction of Harry Styles for the last five minutes." Charlie raised an eyebrow. "Everything okay? Did he do something?"

Louis huffed out an emotionless laugh, but then shook his head swiftly, deciding he would leave his thoughts unsaid. "No, no, he didn't."

"He totally did, Lou, we're not stupid. You're not usually this quiet, even if something completely awful has happened!" Niall nudged him, trying to coax it out of him. "Please say, if something has happened!"

Louis tensed, nervously scratching his arm. He glanced over at Harry, who was sat with his friends around fifty feet from his own group, resting back casually on his hands with a bright smile at whatever his friends had said. He looked completely in his own world, in a world where only his friends existed.

"Nothing's happened." He shrugged, training his gaze on his paper once again and scribbling down a title for his work.

"Oh, come on! You can't look over at him like that and expect us to believe nothing is up!" Christopher vociferated, going out of his way to pry Louis' pencil from his fingers so he couldn't distract himself.

"Hey! I'm trying to get an education here!" Louis giggled, trying to reach over Christopher to grab the pencil in his extended arm.

"No! Not until you tell us why you're being so distant today."

Louis gave up trying to retrieve his pen and slapped his hands down onto his crossed legs in defeat. He loudly sighed, shutting his eyes and shaking his head.

"It's... I don't know, it's something that's confusing me. You know when something happens, and it feels like it could be some strange dream and you have no idea what's really happened?" He explained, confusing himself. And judging by the perplexion on his three friends' faces, they felt exactly the same.

"What do you mean, a dream?" Charlie furrowed his eyebrows. "What happened exactly?"

Louis felt his stomach tingle slightly at the memory but chose to concentrate, keep his mind straight. He awkwardly laughed before continuing.
"Last night, must have been pretty late, I woke up and... Harry was, like..." He trailed off, not knowing how to finish the sentence, but Niall had caught on and was thunderously laughing. So loudly that the sound reached everybody, including Harry and his mates, so Zayn Malik chose to mockingly laugh back in a stupid tone. Louis didn't even dare to look their way, because 1) Zayn Malik terrified him, and 2) Harry was over there. He didn't want to meet eyes with him.

"Prick," Niall muttered, before forgetting Zayn and chuckling away more quietly now at Louis, "I get you though, man. He was giving himself some love, yeah?"

Louis loudly groaned in distaste and rolled his eyes, while Christopher and Charlie cackled out laughs.

"Yes, Niall, he was giving himself some love." Louis laughed, feeling that his cheeks had heated up from the subject.

"No way! While you were lying in your bed next to his?!!" Charlie gaped, having not even heard the worst of it yet but being completely shocked nonetheless.

"Yeah," Louis scratched the back of his neck, "But that wasn't the part that made me feel like I was dreaming."

"Did you see him doing it?" Christopher gasped, eyebrows raised.

"No! God no!" Louis blurted out, "It was pitch black."

"So... it was pitch black... did you hear him doing it?" Niall guessed, pointing an interrogative finger at him. Louis hated this, hated being the centre of attention of his practically freshly new friends.

"Yeah." Louis quickly piped out, before snatching his pen off of Christopher and starting to write again.

"Hold on a sec!" Charlie whooped, grabbing Louis' wrist to stop him from scribbling down nonsense. "You can't stop the story there! You heard it, what did you hear? Did he, like, moan?"

Louis put his hands over his face and groaned, feeling extremely embarrassed at this point.

"Yes, and--"

"And?" Niall excitedly asked, "And what?!"

"While he... I think while he came, he..."

"What did he do, moan out your name or something?" Christopher joked. Or so he thought he had. The three of them laughed, but Louis stayed completely silent, lowering his hands from his face with a half-flustered and half-stern gesture. They all stopped immediately, individually catching on, adding up what Christopher had said to how Louis had reacted.

"You're fucking kidding!" Niall whispered, too shocked to speak any louder, eyes wide as saucers. "No way! He did not!"

"Wait, are you serious?!!" Charlie asked, bewildered, "Harry Styles doing that?!"

"Keep your voice down, will you!" Louis demanded, panicked as he glanced over at Harry, glad to see he was just far away enough not to have heard his name being almost shouted. "But yes, I am
serious. That's if I wasn't completely imagining it."

"I doubt you'd imagine that," Christopher theorised, face full of thought as he picked at blades of the immaculate grass beneath them. "But I'll bet it was a dare. Did you go to the bathroom or something not long before it happened, so he knew you were awake?"

"This was the dead of night, I was breathing in a way that would make him think I was asleep! I felt awkward him knowing I was awake, but I couldn't go back to sleep!" Louis explained, running his hands down his face in stress.

"Holy shit, that's even worse! He thought you were asleep? I was going to suggest his friends could have dared him!" Christopher shook his head in disbelief. "Then I'm sorry to say, Louis, but I don't think you were dreaming that."

Louis didn't really know what to think anymore. It had felt like last night was a complete haze, like it wasn't humanly possibly for it to have happened, but here he was now in this stupid dilemma. His heart was hammering in his chest just from discussing it with his close mates.

"Damn." Niall laughed. "I can't believe it!"

"Neither can I." Louis shrugged.

"He has a girlfriend too! Imagine if I went over there now and told Kendall. Priceless." Charlie wiggled his eyebrows. "Not that I would."

"She would probably snap your neck." Louis chuckled. "She seems feisty. I feel bad for Harry sometimes, the way she acts."

"Maybe he needed an escape last night, huh?" Niall winked at Louis. "And chose you."

"God." Louis pretended to heave. But he didn't know why he did.

The topic was gradually dropped, as the four of them concentrated on getting their writing started before Mr Grant told them off, and after around fifteen minutes, Louis saw in the corner of his eye that Mr Grant was chatting to Harry and his friends. Then after that, Harry nodded to whatever he had said and stood up, before walking over to another group of students on the grass. Then he moved on to another group. Clearly he was passing on a message from Mr Grant. And dear God that meant he would be approaching Louis and his mates to relay on said message!

"Guys, don't take the piss." Louis barely even whispered, as Harry began strolling their way. Niall stifled a loud laugh, but bit his bottom lip and tried to simmer down his reddening face of humour as Harry reached them.

"Mr Grant told me to tell everyone that we will be moving locations in about five minutes." He explained, in that deep, husky voice. Niall let out the smallest little laugh but disguised it as a cough, before thanking Harry.

Louis hadn't looked up once the entire time, his face feeling hotter than the general sun from how much it had heated up. Once Harry was gone, Louis was pestered once again.

"He wouldn't even look at you, Louis!" Charlie chuckled, "Do you think he feels guilty?"

"I don't know." Louis shrugged, trying to keep a smile from playing on his lips.

"He was literally making out with Kendall a few minutes ago, this is all so strange." Christopher
shrugged. "Good luck partnering up with him again later."

*Gosh, Louis would rather jump into the Seine at this point.*

---

Luckily, Harry managed to steer clear of Louis all day, because Mr Grant let them stay with their friends for the remainder of the day. The closest call he had was having to go and individually relay a message to each group of friends from Mr Grant, but that wasn't so bad because he managed not to look at Louis at all.

He had a nice dinner with his friends, cuddling up to Kendall, and they had a couple of drinks at a nearby bar before they all headed back to the hotel. He said good night to the girls as they went into their room, before making his way down to his, unlocking the door and quietly stepping inside.

The main lights were still on, and Harry kicked his boots off and glanced up to see Louis scrolling through his phone, sat casually on his bed. He didn't look up to acknowledge him, nor did he say a single word.

"Hello to you too." Harry chuckled, realising that it came out sounding more nervous than intended. "What are you doing?"

Louis shrugged, not speaking a single word.

"Well okay then..."

"I'm not being moody, I was just reading something." Louis said, monotone, still not lifting his eyes as Harry walked over to his own empty bed, slinging his backpack down.

"If you say so." He muttered. He felt Louis' eyes on him suddenly, looking his way to find his verdict was right. "What?"

"Nothing, forget it. I'm just shy, we've been over this." Louis shrugged. But no, that wasn't it. The tension between them was unbearable right now, so thick.

"This just feels very awkward." Harry shook his head, putting his phone on charge and sitting back on his bed. He and Louis linked eyes at that point, and it was so clear that they both had the same thing on their minds: Harry's actions last night.

"I'm sorry." Harry stated, after a few moments of silence.

"It's okay." Louis assured, before looking away once again. No more questions asked, no judgements, just 'it's okay.'

"Do you want to come and sit out on the balcony with me for a while?" Harry suggested, pointing a thumb out there. He wanted to resolve any awkwardness now, rather than being cooped up in that room completely ignoring each other for the rest of the night.

Louis had massive doubts, but he agreed anyway.

"Sure, why not."

Harry smiled, scooping up his camera. "I'm going to take some shots of the lights from the balcony, we could put them in the project."

"That's a good idea," Louis complimented, as he slid a thick coat on over his already thick hoodie,
before picking up his own camera and following Harry out onto the balcony.

The cool air hit them as Harry slid the balcony door open, and they stepped out to embrace the night. The lights were as gleaming as ever, and there was the subtle buzz of running cars from somewhere far below. Harry powered up his camera while Louis took a seat, standing right up against the black metal-bar fencing around their balcony and squinting into the camera as he took an artsy shot of the glaring lights.

Louis still felt tense, even more so now that it was freezing outside, but tried to mask it and clear his mind.

"How did the photo come out?"

"Pretty good." Harry grinned, taking another look at it in his photo gallery. He then took a seat in the other empty seat, crossing one of his long legs over the other as he examined the photo in detail. He then went off it and back onto the camera itself, turning and shooting it Louis' way.

"Nope!" Louis exclaimed, shielding his face away with his hands. "Not again, come on."

"Just one, we can put it in the project!" Harry assured, a tempting smile. Louis loudly sighed, dropping his hands to his sides in surrender.

"One."

"Smile!"

Louis did, with not too much enthusiasm, and the flash on Harry's camera unexpectedly came on with it, causing Louis to squint and look away immediately.

"Just blind me, why don't you!" He giggled, rubbing his eyes with the heels of his hands. "Jesus!"

"Sorry! I don't know why that came on! But it does look mega HD now." Harry informed as he examined the photo, trying to hold back a fond smile. Louis just looked so lovely, the flash having picked up the brilliant blue in his eyes, and his glowing tan.

"God, sounds dreadful." Louis chuckled, resting his head back against the wall.

"It's great!" Harry exclaimed, "It's going in the project."

"Whatever you say." Louis smugly smiled, lightly shaking his head.

It felt like the tension had lifted as they were just too busy having a joke around, which Harry very much appreciated. He couldn't stand it any longer, feeling Louis was berating him.

Louis glanced down at his watch, before slipping into the room again. Harry clearly heard him taking some pills, the rattle of the bottle evident, before he downed some water and made his way back out again. Harry didn't ask. He didn't have his coat on anymore either, and it was probably because the pressure of the situation had naturally heated up his body enough to withstand the night air on the balcony.

"Beautiful out here, right?"

"Yeah," Louis mused, settling back down into his seat. "Very."

A silence ensued, Louis softly smiling to himself as his eyes surveyed the panorama of Parisian beauty before them. Harry turned to look at Louis, unsure really of his reasoning why, maybe to
remain confident and resolve any remaining tension. Louis slowly turned to look back at him once he had caught on, his smile merging into an amused and confused expression when he saw Harry looking. Louis' hair was slightly disheveled due to the light breeze, the eyelashes of his left eye dusting his cheeks as he squinted against the wind, little nose wrinkled slightly with the effort, and a small smile of perplexion playing on his face.

"What?" He giggled, shoulders bobbing slightly when he did.

Harry opened his mouth to speak, then shut it, cutting himself off with a breathy laugh. Something strange was happening inside him, like he was being intoxicated by the bliss of the beautiful, airy night, and he lightly shook his head while still holding the eye contact. It was stupid, the feeling he was getting, like he wasn't really in reality and this all felt too dreamy and joyful to be real.

"I just..."

"What is it?" Louis whined, louder, with an equally loud laugh, shaking his head to match Harry.

After a silence, before Harry could even hold back, which seemed to be a tendency of his at the moment, he answered Louis' question. "I think I might be falling in love with you, and that scares me."

His brain screamed at him, red sirens blaring in his head, what the fuck are you doing?! Why did you say that?!

Louis' face had fallen incredibly fast, mouth agape and eyes wide, heart thudding harder than ever before, before he jumped to his feet and hurried inside.

"What the fuck have I just done?" Harry whispered under his breath, still staring at the empty space which Louis previously filled.

Chapter End Notes

Right. So i really don't want to be moving the story along too fast, if it seems that way? And i hope this is still up to the standards of the prompt i was given, as im not sure they were supposed to be this close idk.

Anyway, Harry is so confused and maybe Louis is a bit too sensitive for Harry to be acting too careless?
The moment Louis took off frantically back into their room, Harry too sprang up to quickly trail him.

"Louis." He called out in an attempt to stop him, as Louis headed straight for the bathroom with his head in his hands.

"No." Louis illogically wailed out, in no real way responding to what Harry had said, not daring to look back over his shoulder as he stepped into the bathroom and slammed the door straight in Harry's face.

"Damn." Harry breathed to himself, his heart stammering in his chest and head spinning.

He placed a hand pointlessly against the wood of the door, as if some sort of power would cause Louis to open it. The door had no lock, Louis had no real security, but Harry wanted to give him some space for a moment as they both worked out what the fuck had just happened. If anything, the shakiness of his hand against the wood was probably almost enough to send the door flying open; it was unusual for him to be shaking so much over anything, this being brought on by the general terror of what he had divulged.

There was nothing he felt he could really say, considering he himself had no utter clue where his spontaneously wild confession had surfaced from, probably somewhere in the deep depths of his unconscious thoughts. He had to remember to breathe after ten seconds of not doing so.

Harry knew no matter how much he pleaded, whatever he said, Louis wouldn't happily open up the door, so he knew he would have to go ahead and do it himself. He pressed his hand down onto the cold, metal handle and pushed it down, very slowly peeling the door open until the fluorescent lighting in there lit up the bedroom space.

Louis was sat on the floor with his back against the bath, his head hanging to hide his face and his thumb rubbing idly over his closed left eye.

"Louis."

He murmured in response, an immature noise, and refused to look up.

"I'm sorry."

Louis muttered something under his breath, something Harry didn't hear as it was merely a mumble.

"What?"

"You didn't mean it. Go to bed."
"You need to go to bed, Louis." Harry defended, perching on the closed toilet seat and locking his hands over his knees. He was well aware he had swerved Louis' first statement, very well aware. "Come on, get up. You can't hide in here all night."

"Watch me."

Harry deeply sighed, running his hands down his face in stress.

"I..." He trailed off with another sigh, trying to work out what to say here. He was confused and conflicted and drunken from the lights out on the balcony. "I don't know what I'm doing, Louis, or what I'm thinking. Please go to bed, we're both tired here."

To Harry's surprise, Louis stumbled to his feet, still lacking the eye contact, and walked straight past him and out of the bathroom. Harry followed once again, switching off the bathroom light behind him, watching as Louis started collecting together his toiletries to get ready for bed. The sudden shift baffled Harry, who wanted nothing more than to take back what he had said. He was so confused.

He realised how stern Louis looked, a neutral expression that told him nothing, though he had a tinge of pink in his cheeks of most likely embarrassment or fluster.

"Are you angry at me?" Harry stupidly asked, playing with his watch as a distraction as Louis and his armful of pyjamas and toiletries headed the bathroom's way once again.

"Of course not!" Louis' voice was soaked in sarcasm. It was understandable why, considering Harry had effectively just told Louis he was falling in love with him and then taken it back by saying he 'didn't know what he was thinking or doing.'

"Look, I'm sorry, okay? I'm sorry, Louis."

"About what?" Louis erupted, shocking Harry when he angrily dropped everything he was holding to the floor and flailing his arms out. "About taking something like that so lightly?"

Harry was shell-shocked, only able to blink at what Louis was saying. God, he felt awful, hated the side of his mind that added up his falling for Louis. He still had to work on that part.

"I don't know what's wrong with me, I'm sorry."

"Yeah, there would be a lot wrong with you if you were falling in love with me."

And just like that, Louis returned to the bathroom in a distraught huff, leaving all of his things discarded on the floor.

Harry, mouth slightly agape and body flooding with guilt, knew not to follow again. But he did make the effort to pick up Louis' things for him and place them neatly back into his suitcase, knowing it was the least he could do for causing this. He then returned to the balcony and grabbed both their cameras, putting them safely back on their bedside tables before falling back onto his bed with a heavy exhale.

He hated himself. So much. How could he do something so heartless? To tell somebody like Louis, who seemed insecure enough as it is, that he's falling in love with him, to then take it back and blame his jumbled-up thinking. It wasn't human.

He spent the next five minutes looking over the photos he had taken of Louis again on his camera - the one of him in the act of laughing, eyes bright; or out on he balcony just ten minutes ago with a
real smile. He was dazzling. And Harry was scared.

Harry must have fallen asleep soon after, because before he knew it, his automatic alarm was blaring into the room and shaking him awake. He groggily shut it off. He was still fully dressed, his camera laying out of battery by his open hand on the bed, and the dread of last night hit him as soon as reality had simmered into his head again.

Louis' bed was still as it had been last night, untouched, and the strip of light radiating from beneath the bathroom door highlighted that he was in there and probably had been all night. Harry achingly got to his feet, cursing that he hadn't brushed his teeth, showered or even bothered to undress before drifting off.

He used his index finger to push open the bathroom door, which was already slightly ajar on its hinges, and it quietly creaked open to reveal that Louis was curled up fast asleep on the cold bathroom floor, just as fully dressed as Harry. Harry sadly smiled, cocking his head to the side, feeling bad that his stupid actions had caused Louis to sleep like that as he had been too afraid to reenter their room.

Harry entered the room properly and knelt down, shaking Louis awake very lightly. He knew he had no other choice and had to face this like a man, instead of running off and pretending it wasn't happening.

Louis groaned, a deep groan that probably consisted of pain acknowledgment and body stiffness, and his eyes fluttered open. As soon as he spotted Harry, they flew open completely, and he shrugged away from his touch.

"Morning." Harry greeted.

"No." Louis grunted, yet another illogical response. He pushed himself to his feet and childishly budged past Harry, going into their room. Harry followed back out the bathroom.

He had never seen somebody move so fast, as Louis grabbed fresh clothes before going into the bathroom again to get ready for the day. Harry found it best to leave him be.

Before Harry left the hotel room, as he had dressed into fresh clothes before Louis even left the bathroom, he ripped a sheet of paper from his notepad and scribbled down a note.

Louis, you are wonderful. never think there would be something wrong with somebody to fall in love with you. xx

He left it on Louis' bed, before exiting the room before he could change his mind.

Kendall literally ran into Harry's arms when she spotted him in the lobby. Louis saw, Harry knew he did. He saw the way Harry kissed Kendall on the cheek and then twice on the lips. Harry couldn't help that, he was in a relationship with her and Louis happened to witness their interaction. And what made it worse was that he and Louis even made eye contact just after he had kissed Kendall, like it was on purpose, like he was trying to rub it in Louis' face that this was all he wanted.

Something inside of Harry last night must have been screaming at him the truth, that he in fact was
falling in love with Louis Tomlinson, but it was the side of his conscience that he was still trying to work out. He had no clue what his mind was doing, quite honestly, but looking at Louis shouldn't have impacted him the way it did.

"What's up today, Harry?" Kendall asked, as their entire group was making their way out of the hotel building. "Why are you being so quiet?"

"Tired."

"Tired," Kendall crowed with a sigh, "You're always tired lately. Not surprised when you're having to deal with Louis faggot Tomlinson every night, must be a fucking nightmare."

Harry clenched his fists but kept them by his sides, hidden. It was a reaction he hadn't even done with his knowledge, his hands had done it instinctively the moment Kendall's insult had been aired. Interesting. Confusing.

"It's not Louis, it's just me. I'm not getting to sleep early enough, I just lie there and stare at the ceiling." Harry shrugged, snaking his hand down into hers and revelling their fingers together.

"I bet it's because you miss me." Kendall giggled. "And you can't stop thinking about it."

It was really quite the opposite.

"Yeah, babe, it must be." Harry lied, lifting her hand in his to kiss over the soft skin. "I miss you whenever we're not together."

Louis pretended not to have seen Harry and Kendall's reaction this time, looking away hastily amongst the crowd so as not to be seen, but Harry had caught him. He couldn't keep his eyes away, which was understandable considering what Harry had said last night. Louis probably wanted to storm over there and ruin their relationship simply by telling Kendall what Harry had said. It would be so easy, although Kendall would never believe that her boyfriend had said something that wasn't straight.

Harry, for the one hundredth time, was confused. He was so conflicted that he found himself looking between Kendall and Louis throughout the day, trying to distinguish whether the feelings were the same. He wanted to locate where in his brain his feelings for Louis had surfaced, because for now he couldn't. He was still in the dark. He still felt awful.

He couldn't even look at Louis again, scared that if they met eyes, that subconscious part of his mind would fall even deeper.
Chapter Notes

I have been so terribly skeptical of writing this and also so busy, saw Harry on the 12th an i guess seeing his sexy ass self in person made me want to continue this, along with all the lovely comments. Thank you xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"What did he do this time?" Charlie sighed, the moment they were all sat in the park during lunchtime, and he had gotten a proper look at his friend's distressed expression.

"He didn't do anything," Louis muttered, putting on a smile in an instant, "I'm just in one of those moods where I sit here and stare into space, I dunno."

"Right," Charlie said, unconvinced, patting Louis' forearm, "It's really unfair that you've been forced to room with him, why did Mr Grant think that would be a reasonable thing to do?"

"Don't know." Louis bluntly remarked.

Charlie leant closer, knowing full well that Niall and Christopher were listening in while doing their work (even during their lunch hour) wasn't exactly helping the situation. He whispered to Louis, keeping it between them.

"You can tell me if anything at all has happened, you know that, right?"

"Yeah, yeah I know." Louis quickly extinguished, shrugging away from Charlie. "I'm fine, nothing's happened."

"I'm never going to believe that." Charlie frowned, deciding to continue with his own work, which he too had to catch up on. Louis couldn't be bothered doing his, especially considering Harry was doing nothing to contribute to it. He didn't deserve to have it all done for him.

Louis felt sick and generally just tired. He never thought he'd want to go home so badly, definitely not back to his home, but right now it was all he wanted. He didn't even want to look in Harry's direction, already able to sense that he was lounging around with his friends enjoying their lunchtime at the other side of the park, a massive smile most likely on his smug face. What was that stupid boy doing, being so cheerful when he had left Louis hanging completely on edge?

In reality, from Harry's point of view, he wasn't having such a great time as it seemed. He was laughing along with his friends and resting his head on Kendall's shoulder, but all he could think about was how horrible he had been towards Louis. It was eating him alive. His head was still a swirling whirlwind of confused emotions that he couldn't quite comprehend. He couldn't bear to look at Louis, he felt too awful to. And he knew that looking at him would make it worse, especially while his head was resting on his girlfriend's shoulder. None of his friends noticed he was acting distant, which was hardly surprising considering all their time was spent chatting about the lack of sex since they had gotten to Paris. Lunch seemed to be dragging on for absolutely forever, though when it was over it meant Harry would have to reunite with Louis; that was bound to be tragic.
"I'm boooored!" Cheryl wailed, flopping back against the low wall they were resting against. "This is boring!"

Harry wanted to roll his eyes. He restrained it.

"I know, babe," Liam agreed, sighing. "Paris during lunch is actually boring now, we've done everything, seen most places in the distance we're allowed to go."

"Then let's think of something fun to do!" Gigi concocted, a glint in her eye. "I can't be the only one who's noticed Niall and the faggot brigade have decided to come to the same park as us again."

Oh God. Oh no.

"Why don't we walk up to that little temple place on top of the hill?" He desperately improvised, beginning to scoop up his bag and jacket.

"But we did that, like, two days ago!" Kendall protested. "There's nothing to do up there."

"The view's pretty stunning up there." Harry shrugged, giving up and dropping his stuff onto the grass again. He knew his friends would never agree, especially as two of them were already obdurate on staying put where they were.

"Let's play a prank on Niall and them lot," Gigi whispered, keeping her voice at a low despite the distance between two groups of friends. "It'll be hilarious. Let's make one of them cry."

"Yes!" Zayn exclaimed in excitement.

"Guys," Harry sighed, eyebrows furrowing, "Let's not. We will probably get into trouble."

"How scary," Liam sarcastically objected, "Who cares, man! I'm in."

Harry wanted to dig his face into his jacket and scream. He hated his friends, he hated them.

"So what's the plan?" Zayn whispered, and they formed a little huddle like a generic group of secondary school bullies. Harry stayed out of it, instead deciding to pay attention to his phone screen. He was desperate to message Louis on Facebook in warning, but 1) Louis never had WiFi, he had mentioned that, and 2) he would be angry at Harry for not stopping it in the first place. He didn't feel there was anything he could do at that point.

"Well, the scrunched up paper stuff always seems to work," Kendall snickered, "Tomlinson seems the touchiest, let's get him."

"Don't, guys." Harry muttered.

"Come on, Harry! You should be all for this, seeing as you're the one having to room with him!" She remarked. "We're doing it."

Liam had already torn a sheet of paper from his sketchbook, and was clicking his pen into action. "What am I putting?"

"Nothing." Harry grumbled, reaching over to try and pull the paper away, but Liam held it away from him with an amused smirk.

"Let me write it," Gigi requested, holding out her hands. Liam handed her the pen and paper, and she leant against her scrapbook and scribbled something down, showing the others yet shielding it from Harry's view before he could catch a glimpse.
"Don't be a bitch." Harry grunted.

"Don't call my girlfriend a bitch, you bitch." Zayn backfired, punching Harry on the arm. "Scrub it up and throw it, babe, go on."

"Let me *read* it!"

"Throw it, Gi!"

She did just that, managing to land it right by Louis' foot. Harry wanted to disintegrate; he didn't know what the hell was written on that sheet, nor did he know how severe it was. He wanted to sprint over there and grab it back before Louis opened it, but he seemed to be paralysed with fear and stayed still, eyes wide and heart thudding.

Louis, with his friends watching in dismay, scooped up the piece of paper before looking in the direction of Harry and his friends. Harry violently shook his head at him, mouthing *"don't open it!"* over and over again, but it seemed to make Louis want to *more*. He unscrunched the sheet, his friends trying to look over his shoulder, and he read the paper. First, he looked straight at Harry again, in horror, then almost in an instant, he scrunched it back up, threw it to the ground, grabbed his bag and stormed off away from everybody.

"What the fuck did that say?!!" Harry exploded, shoving away his laughing friends and grabbing his stuff. "You fucking idiots!"

He knew not to follow Louis immediately, knew he would be seething with anger and probably crying, and his own three friends had run after him anyway. So he headed straight for the sheet of paper, kneeling down and frantically unfolding it once again.

*Harry told us ur a faggot*

"No!" Harry breathed in shock. "Fuck!" He tore the paper in two, letting it drop into the grass, before heading in the direction where Louis and his friends had gone: back to the hotel. He didn't even look at his friends, not wanting to see their eyes glinting in humour.

Little did they know, it was one of the worst things they could have said; Harry hadn't said a thing to them about Louis' sexuality, but Louis thought he had. He thought Harry had betrayed his trust.

When Harry reached the floor in the hotel of he and Louis' room, he immediately came across Niall, Charlie and Christopher crowded around the closed door, knocking on it and calling through it. The moment they saw Harry coming, their eyes widened and they backed away from the door.

"He won't open it." Charlie stated. Harry said nothing, retrieving his key from his pocket and opening up the door swiftly, pushing it open.

"You guys better go in first." He maturely advised, knowing he wouldn't be the first person Louis would want to see. The three of them nodded abruptly and moved into the room, while Harry stayed in the hallway with a fast beating heart and intricately-listening ears.

The door slammed shut, and he couldn't hear anything on the other side of the door, just the slightest murmur of conversation on the other side. He felt absolutely awful, heartbroken that Louis thought something that hadn't even happened, and he was practically holding his breath until after a few minutes the door finally opened.
It was Christopher. "I don't think he wants to see you." He said, rather timidly, as though he was expecting Harry to throw a fit of rage or something. Harry just sighed instead, running a hand through his hair.

"I know he doesn't, but I need to see him." Harry insisted.

"Why did you tell your friends that about him?" Niall was suddenly cutting in, popping his head out from behind Christopher with an irritated expression. "You may think you're all big and rich and popular but it doesn't mean you should--"

"I didn't say a thing!" Harry interrupted, hands raised in defence. "I wouldn't, they made it up!"

"Why would they specifically make up that you told them? Seems like a lie to me," Niall grumbled, "You've always been a bully, you and your friends."

Harry had to take a step back and a deep breath to stop himself from getting too angry. He couldn't even stress the fact that he hadn't ever bullied, because he had, on those stupid one-off occasions where he had had a particularly bad day and wanted to join his friends in tormenting Niall.

"Look, I didn't say a word, that's my true word. If you don't believe me, fine, but you can't keep me barricaded out of my own fucking room. I suggest you let me in." Okay, Harry may have been mildly threatening them, because he knew how easily scared they usually were, and he was quickly running out of patience. He didn't want to leave Louis upset and alone for too long. "And you should leave too. I will sort it."

It seemed to work, as the three boys blocking the door seemed to back away slightly from their previously vigilant position, allowing Harry to slip into the room straight past them. He glared at them until he saw them leave completely. He had honestly wanted to punch one of them while he passed, his frustrations towards them having almost surfaced and gotten the better of him, but he suppressed it and got to what really mattered: Louis.

He was sat out on the balcony when Harry entered the room, the net curtains floating tenderly in the breeze into the room. He wasn't facing Harry's way, instead having pulled one of the balcony chairs right up to the barrier, sitting on it and resting his chin on his palms on the balcony's barrier fence. Harry could feel how fast his heart was thudding in his chest, gulping down his nerves and stopping at the threshold between hotel room and balcony.

"Hey." He softly called out, noticing Louis' body jolting in shock upon hearing Harry's voice, instead of one of his friends'. He didn't move any more than that though, nor did he say a word, causing Harry to deeply exhale. "Louis, I didn't tell them."

"Right." Louis sternly said, a slight shakiness to his voice from crying. But he didn't turn around, just ducked his head even more so that his face was sunken into his folded arms. Harry's heart sank just as much.

"I'm not lying, Louis, I didn't say a word." Harry promised, taking a couple of steps out onto the balcony, rather warily.

"Well they're going to know now anyway, seeing as I stormed off." Louis mumbled against his sleeves, voice cracking towards the end. "We're done talking, can I have some time alone. Please?" Louis had struggled to speak the final word, trailing off as oncoming tears came again, followed by a loud sniff and a gaspy, suppressed sob. Harry didn't hesitate to rush forwards, wrapping his arms around Louis from behind, but was immediately pushed away. "No."
"Okay, I'm sorry." Harry apologised, hands raised in defence. "I just don't want you crying out here on your own, it's not good. Can you at least come inside?"

He looked at Louis, at his rosy cheeks and eyes glossy with tears, which only made him shield his face in embarrassment.

"Don't look at me."

"You're only crying, Louis, it's human." Harry took a seat in the other chair, a good distance from Louis, crossing his legs to show he wasn't going to be leaving anytime soon. Louis had his sleeves wrapped around his hands, covering most of his face with them, refusing to look anywhere but straight ahead at the city ahead. "I want you to know that I'm not going to take what they did lightly."

Louis hummed in disinterest, not even blinking as his crying had reduced down to an occasional gaspy breath.

"I'm being serious, it was absolutely hideous what they did," Harry continued, looking at Louis with intent, "In fact, I don't think I'm going to be hanging out with any of them anytime soon."

"Harry, I don't want you to feel bad for me." Louis sighed, finally wiping his eyes with his sleeve-wrapped hands.

"What?"

"Don't feel bad for me."

"Why would you say that?" Harry queried, his full attention on Louis, eyebrows furrowed.

Louis heavily shrugged as though his shoulders weighed three times what they did. "Because you're not like me. You're popular."

"I don't think our popularity ranking has anything to do with how we treat one another," Harry dictated, "I'm not going to treat you like rubbish, I don't see you as being any different than I am."

"I think you should go back and join the others."

"No one for me to join." Harry shrugged. "I'm not going straight back to my shitty friends."

"Well, then you're popular enough to find somebody else." Louis mumbled, pulling at a stray thread on the cuff of his hoodie. Then he muttered a further sentence under his breath, one Harry didn't quite pick up on.

"What was that?"

"Nothing."

"Louis," Harry interjected, an eyebrow raised, "Can you just tell me?"

"I said at least then you won't be here messing with my head." Louis muttered again, only slightly louder than last time, and Harry only nodded in understanding. He had to understand what Louis had to say and take it into mind, and it was obviously a reference towards Harry's spontaneous love confession.

"I don't mean to do that."
"Well." Louis bluntly said, finishing the entire sentence there, shrugging before getting to his feet. Harry followed closely behind, watching the shorter boy heading straight for the exit to their room.

"Louis, wait! I want to stay with you for the rest of lunch." Harry offered, running forwards to catch the door as Louis dropped it behind him. Louis span around in the hallway, eyes still tinged pink from crying.

"Well I don't want you to." And then he continued off down the corridor towards the lift, leaving a sighing Harry with his hands stuffed in his pockets. He couldn't exactly blame Louis, considering what had just happened - a public humiliation in front of everybody - and he no doubt just wanted to return to his friends.

The only problem now was that Harry knew he would have to return to his friends too, as he didn't want to spend lunch on his own, nor did he want to join another random group, as he often intimidated people without intending to. He decided he would just give them all the silent treatment for the rest of the day, and maybe stick in his headphones to drown them out. He felt agonisingly bad for Louis, still.

Louis seemed alright for the rest of the time Harry saw him. He just refused to look the way of Harry and his irritating friends (who had knowingly been getting the silent treatment for the past couple of hours) and kept to himself. As usual, really. Harry's friends continuously called him a spoiler of their fun, whenever he refused to answer their questions or rolled his eyes when one of them stared at him, but he didn't give a shit. It was their fault for disrespecting Louis for their own selfish gain.

Come dinnertime, Harry finally decided to split up from his friends, needing some space. He had instead opted on a walk around the park, chatting to his sister for a while on the phone about a gathering she was going to at her boyfriend's to pass some time, then sitting out on a bench and just taking in the city around him. It was a nice time to reflect, seeing as he rarely spent much time completely on his own. It was quite strange.

By the time it had reached curfew, and Harry had wasted a good hour or so walking around a cute set-up market not too far from the hotel, he headed back. He didn't feel too much dread over the thought of being alone with Louis again, despite the fact he had literally been rejected when he had tried to spend time with Louis at lunch.

As usual, he found Louis lounging on his bed when he got back to the room, reading his book. He looked up at Harry momentarily before continuing scanning along the words in the novel.

"Evening." Harry greeted, kicking off his trainers.

"Hi." Louis piped up, placing his book face-down on his bedside table.

"I, umm..." Harry cut himself off with a pathetic laugh, and he dug in his pocket to retrieve a cute metal ornament of the Eiffel Tower that he had picked up at the market, with Louis in mind. "I got this for you from this little marketplace I found, as a sorry for being a dick earlier."

Louis looked very surprised, as Harry placed the ornament down beside his book on the bedside table.

"Harry, you didn't have to," Louis reasoned, "honestly."

"I wanted to." Harry shrugged, smiling softly at him. "I didn't spend dinner with my mates, decided
"Actually, I was going to mention something to you," Louis informed him, after inspecting the little ornament with an appreciative smile. "Kendall came up to me earlier, while you were gone."

"Oh no, what did she say?" Harry whined, eyebrows furrowed with worry, casually leaning himself against the wall by Louis’ bed.

"Nothing bad." Louis said, surprisingly. "She actually apologised on behalf of all of your friends and told me you had nothing to do with it. She said you were trying to talk them out if it earlier and that what they wrote was a lie."

"Wait... really?" Harry asked in disbelief. "She did that? Well, that is the truth, I'm just surprised she actually approached you to say."

"I was just as surprised, believe me. But... I want to say sorry, Harry. I'm the one who didn't believe you, it wasn't fair of me to do that." He held out the ornament towards Harry, as a way of telling him to take it back.

"No, you keep it." Harry smiled. "It can be a souvenir for you, something to remember the trip from. The damn thing was twelve euros, just appreciate its beauty."

Louis withdrew his hand again, smiling as he ran his finger over the little ridges of the miniature statue.

"That means a lot to me, Harry. Thank you." He set it back down gently on his bedside table, and Harry was just glad he had accepted the gift without trying to continually hand it back over. He loved the thought that Louis could look at the ornament and smile whenever he was feeling down back in England.

Harry walked round to his own bed, huffing out a deep breath as he sat down on the edge of it and unclasped his expensive watch, placing it down before sitting back against his headboard, getting his phone out for the first time since he had put it away after his phone call with Gemma, to see a text from Kendall.

**Kenny❤️:** Babe I said sorry to Louis from all of us and told him u were not involved. I know it upset you because it was a lie and might have made things awkward between u and Louis. It was agonising not having you with us over dinner. plz forgive us all soon, I love you xxx

Well, at least they had apologised. It still wasn't one bit okay that they had done it in the first place, especially considering they picked on Louis enough. But seeing as he had accepted their apology, being the kind boy he was, Harry decided he would too. For now.

**Harry:** Ok Kenny, thanks for apologising. Please just stop targeting sensitive people, or anybody at all really, we are too old for that shit now. I'll see you soon. Love you too. H.xx

He locked his phone and put it on to charge, before turning to Louis, who was staring into space.

"What are you looking at?" Harry chuckled, snapping Louis from his daze.

"Oh," Louis laughed, "Just daydreaming."

"How about you get some sleep and dream for real?" Harry smirked, and Louis turned to him with an amused expression. As usual, he couldn't hold the eye contact for long before looking down. "Or you can just act all shy again. Why are you so shy, Louis?"
"You've already asked me that." Louis giggled, distracting himself by tracing patterns on his duvet cover with his finger. "And I told you I've always been shy."

"Then it needs to change." Harry got to his feet, and Louis' eyes widened as he headed quickly straight over to his bed and sat beside him on it. "Welcome to Harry's confidence classes."

"Oh." Louis chuckled, once again bowing his head timidly. Harry could sense how tense the poor boy had become, just from being sat on a damn bed with him.

"Now, Louis Tomlinson, stage one is all in the way you talk," Harry explained, in a humorously professional voice that had Louis restraining another giggle, "You've got to speak with more confidence."

"I can't do that if I'm not confident as it is," Louis shrugged, "I've never been."

Harry noticed that Louis had shifted away slightly on the bed, clearly a bit flustered having Harry sat there with him, which Harry found a little sweet (and maybe felt a bit cocky about too, making someone that flustered.)

"The more you put on an act of being confident, the easier it'll get," Harry pacted, "That's a promise. Worked a bit for me, I haven't always been confident."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Oh." Louis mumbled, still refusing to look at Harry properly.

"Second thing, Louis, is eye contact. I've realised that's something you can't ever deal with." Harry pointed out. Louis shook his head with a laugh, eyes still cast down to his (maybe slightly trembling) hands in his lap.

"Yeah, I can't. No matter how hard I try, I dunno why."

Harry reached forward and gently gripped beneath Louis' chin, angling his face upwards until they met eyes. Louis had a nervous smile on his face, eyes darting around and unable to land anywhere.

"Eyes on mine, Louis. You've got to look at people when they talk to you if you want to boost your confidence," Harry reminded, hand still beneath Louis' (very soft) chin.

"I just can't."

Louis giggled, nibbling on his lower lip as his eyes found the left wall a lot more interesting. "Physically."

"Look at me. I'll count you in, alright? And we will have a conversation with eye contact, not constant staring eye contact, but normal. What humans do. Okay?"

"Okay." Louis breathed, mint tinged in his breath, "I'll try my hardest, no promises I'll succeed."

"That's better than nothing." Harry gently let go of Louis' chin, looking him in the eye. "Alright?"

"Yeah." Louis breathed out, eyes meeting Harry's for about two seconds before flitting away again. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay, it's okay, baby steps." Harry laughed. "Try again."

Louis glanced at Harry again, keeping his gaze trained there for longer this time, before this time
letting his head drop completely.

"I don't think so, Tomlinson," Harry smirked, once again grasping his chin. "Eyes on me."

Something seemed to change then, as their eyes met. Their seemingly innocent eye contact suddenly didn't feel so normal, it felt more like the blues in Louis' eyes were drinking Harry in, like a magnetic pull. And Louis didn't look away, at that moment he had been hit with a surge of confidence and was staring just as deeply into Harry's eyes.

"Good." Harry barely whispered, letting his eyes glance between each of Louis', not breaking the eye contact.

But then he broke it - because his eyeline flicked down to instead look at Louis' lips. And he didn't know why, it was like he wasn't even controlling where he was looking, and he noted that Louis' eyes had significantly widened and he had sucked in a sharp breath once he realised where Harry was looking.

And then Harry stupidly, stupidly started leaning in, so quickly he couldn't control himself, while Louis gasped even louder and started backing away on the bed.

"Harry..."

Harry immediately stopped, realising what he was about to do, completely backing off and getting to his feet.

"Oh my God, Louis, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to..." He trailed off, running a hand through his hair, heart thumping. "I'm sorry."

He hurried over to his bed, slipping into it fully-clothed, using the lightswitch between their beds to flick off the main light. He had definitely panicked, stupidly rushing to get into the next day as if the fact he had just come close to leaning in and kissing Louis could be forgotten.

But one thing was for sure: he could see how Louis thought he was messing with his mind.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if this is majorly frustrating but I wanna show how Louis isn't ready at all for ANYTHING, but it won't be long until things progress. ;)
Any little things you'd like to see happen, feel free to comment xx
RIGHT LISTEN UP.
This chapter, it isn't nice. It isn't the worse it may become, but for Louis, not nice. Again, I don't have anything against any of the "bullies", it's all fiction. And I know, it's heartbreaking how Louis is in this, but it's all part of the narrative.

Love.

"I wasn't going to kiss you last night, just so you know." Was Harry's first sentence the next morning, once his alarm had stirred them both from their sleep.

Louis stretched his arms out overhead, a strained groan as he took in what Harry had said.

"I don't blame you, I wouldn't either if I were you." He blandly said, the lack of any humour in his expression showing that it was the truth rather than an attempted joke. "I don't know what's going on with you, Harry, whether or not you'd even want to kiss me, but just stay with Kendall. You'd be better off."

Louis, with his head bowed low, got up out of bed and collected his clothes for the day, heading into the bathroom.

Oh.

_God_ was Louis dangerously insecure. It wasn't even like a mild detest towards himself that most people occupied in their lives at some stage, it was more of an _incurable_ hatred, to the extent that he didn't even want to be in his own body, it seemed. It was agonisingly sad, especially considering he was lovely, inside and out.

Once Louis left the bathroom, brushing his feathery fringe properly across his forehead, it was question time.

"Louis, are you happy with being you?"

"Harry, stop." Louis insisted, putting his things away with a huff.

"Just answer the question."

"I don't want to answer the question."

Harry sighed himself, placing his head back on the headboard of his bed, knowing he would have to drag himself out of bed soon. He couldn't when he felt such overwhelming guilt in his stomach over Louis hating himself so much.

"Okay, I'm sorry."

"What's it like being you?" Louis asked all of a sudden, falling back onto his bed so his head hit his headboard. Harry turned to him, cocking an eyebrow.
"Being me?" He slowly asked.

"Mhmm." Louis hummed, while keeping his eyes trained up to the ceiling. "Being you, Harry."

"I..." Harry had to think for a moment, mouth pouting in thought. "It's just like any other life, isn't it?"

He heard Louis sniff out a laugh. "No, it isn't. When you get home from school, what do you like to do?"

"Why are you asking me th-"

"Just answer it."

"Well," Harry shrugged, mind racing, "Usually I'll just go for a swim."

"You got a pool?"

"Yeah." Harry confirmed, thinking of his glorious 25-metre swimming pool in his back garden. He often went swimming after school, found that it helped to unwind his tight, day-worn body and aid his relaxation.

"I can't remember the last time I went swimming." Louis laughed, smiling to himself as though he was recalling some distant memories involving swimming.

"What do you do?" Harry turned the tables, interested to know. He watched Louis' expression change slightly, transforming into that of deep, deep thought, and his eyebrows furrowed slightly.

"After school, I... I just like to imagine I'm going home to something like a swimming pool in my garden." He shrugged, then he put on a smile. "Come on, get up, you're running late now."

Harry wanted the whole picture, but he obviously wasn't going to get it. Every little insight he got from Louis' life, he built up, using each moment to craft the full picture. It was just hard to when Louis was such a closed book. All he really knew about him was that he had at least one sister (from his Facebook profile picture), he was insanely insecure and shy, and that he envisioned a swimming pool waiting for him after school. Harry knew he would coax it all out of him at some point, it'd just take some time. And trust.

Harry's friends didn't seem to spare Louis any scathing glances that morning, as they usually did, and it was evidently because of how touchy Harry had gotten about it. And he noticed that they picked on Niall instead, shouting insults after him for everybody to hear. He didn't seem to care much, obviously numb to it by now.

All Louis could think about, stuck in a daydream, was whether Harry had really been leaning in to kiss him last night. It was all in the way his face had changed, the softness in his eyes, the leisurely flick of his eyeline to Louis' lips. But why in the word would someone like him want to kiss Louis? It was insanity, Louis thought. He didn't see it possible in any way.

All of Louis' anxieties kicked in when he let his mind race too much. What if this was all some sick joke on Harry's part; an experiment? What if his friends had dared him to test how far he could terrorise Louis into thinking he liked him? Because it was all too much. Harry couldn't love him, even if he had declared that (and taken it back). Louis felt so sick. He never believed anyone would ever want him.
"I feel sick." He whispered, voice drained of any emotion, as he and his friends chiled out in the park over lunch.

"What, Lou?"

"I feel sick." He repeated, louder and with slight aggression, so that Charlie raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Woah, sorry for making you angry," Charlie apologied, hands flailed in defence, "You feel sick in what way?"

"I don't want to be here anymore."

"Lou, we don't have too long left here, you'll be home then." Niall chipped in.

"I don't want to be here anymore." Louis repeated, more breathlessly. His three friends exchanged bewildered expressions.

"You alright, yeah?" Christopher slowly asked, gently placing his hand on Louis' shoulder.

Louis' breathing was only getting heavier, and all he could think about was Harry, and the way he had led him on so far. He felt so sick.

"No," He panted out in response to Christopher, suddenly struck with the horror that he was in the early stages of a panic attack, sat in the middle of the park with his classmates all around. "I-I can't breathe."

"Shit!" Charlie panicked. "Panic attack, oh God, uh..." He didn't know what do to do, and neither did Christopher or Niall, and all they could do was sit in fear as Louis gasped for breaths and tears began falling.

Louis could only hear a blur. A dull echo of his friends calling their nearby teachers over, of other students acknowledging what was going on, and he wanted to disappear. His throat was constricted, and each attempt of a single inhale multiplied to two or three, limited exhales, like he was drowning.

One of their female English teachers appeared in front of him, kneeling down with concern all across her face, but he could barely hear her over the shrill ring that seemed to be rattling in his brain.

From Harry's point of view, Liam was the one who spotted first that something was happening with Louis Tomlinson.

"What the fuck is he doing?" Liam spat. "Louis Tomlinson, look at him."

The instant Harry heard the name, he span around to find what the hell was going on. And his heart started racing as soon as he saw Louis, distressed and hyperventilating, with Mrs Bradley desperately trying but failing to calm him down.

"Oh my God." Harry breathed, immediately hurrying over there. He knelt down right beside Mrs Bradley, in front of Louis.

"Louis," He gently said, reaching out to hold his wrist, "It's okay, can you just listen to me? I know you're scared. I want you to stop breathing through your mouth and focus on your nose, Louis, can you try that?"
Harry hadn't even realised that his hand had slid to Louis' hand instead of his wrist, holding it soothingly.

Louis, who was still breathing frantically, tried to do what Harry was telling him, chest heaving, and by now their entire class had their attention on the situation, crowded round to watch, and it was only making everything worse. Harry picked up on this.

"Can you all take a fucking step back? He's panicking here!" Harry stressfully yelled, a lot of people complying already, and Mr Grant stepped in to help with that.

"Yes, everybody please go back to where you were sat before, and we will sort the situation out, thank you."

"In through the nose, Louis, slowly," Harry softly instructed, noticing that Louis was a little bit calmer than a few moments before, "Good."

Louis continued deep breaths in through the nose and out through the mouth, as Harry was telling him, and soon enough his breathing had stilled and only gaspy little breaths were happening now.

"Do you have any water?"

"I-In my bag," Louis breathed. Harry took the invitation to grab Louis' bag, unzipping it and retrieving the half-finished bottle of water.

"Okay, little sips, we don't want you choking, baby." Harry cooed, wanting to kick himself once he realised he had called Louis such a name, especially in front of teachers. "Sorry, been spending way too much time with Kendall, I mean Louis."

Louis was clearly a bit taken aback by the accidental name, while the teachers with them seemed to chuckle and see it as a plausible thing to happen.

"Little sips, that's it." Harry whispered, as Louis did just that. "Okay, that's good."

"Harry, you're definitely the hero of the day." Mr Grant congratulated, patting him appreciatively on the back. "Well done! Are you okay now, Louis?"

He'd never be.

"Yeah," He panted, "Thank you, Harry." He put on a smile, before putting his bottle away. "I'm okay now... you can let go of my hand."

"Oh-!" Harry chuckled, dropping Louis' hand, actually feeling his cheeks tingling red. "I'm glad I could help, Louis. I'll talk to you later."

And just like that, Harry returned to his friends, who looked as though they had just witnessed a murder.

"Umm... Harry, why did you do that? You held his fucking hand, you better go and sanitise." Zayn spat. Yep - the hatred for Louis was back already, evidently.

"Don't be so rude, he was having a panic attack!" Harry defended. "No one was helping him, so I stepped in. My sister's had them a lot, I knew what to do."

"He's probably going to masturbate over the thought of holding your hand tonight. That's probably as far as he'll ever go with anyone." Kendall snickered, nudging Harry.
Harry said nothing further, shaking his head in disgust before walking away from his friends. He didn't care that Kendall was shouting after him, apologising and trying to take it back, because he was so sick of this. They treated Louis as though he meant nothing to anyone, like he was a disgusting, worthless thing. He was far from it.

Harry spent the rest of his day alone.

---

**Kenny❤:** *Harry why did you storm off again? It's getting really tiring now, you can't take a joke. I love you, please text me back Xx*

He didn't.

---

Later that evening, when curfew came around, Louis and his friends were heading back to the hotel for the night. They had a reasonably good evening, despite the embarrassment occasionally stabbing Louis in the self-esteem whenever he remembered the awful panic attack, which everybody had witnessed. Dear God.

He still couldn't believe Harry had helped him, and held his hand, and... accidentally called him baby. But little did he know, he was *sort of* what had caused the panic attack, after Louis had let his brain bully him into believing Harry would never mean then things he had said. It had all become too much for him all of a sudden, everything from the past few weeks hitting him at once.

When they entered the hotel lobby, Louis immediately noticed Kendall sat on one of the leather sofas provided down there, scrolling on her phone. The moment she looked up and acknowledged their group, she quickly stood up and slipped her phone away, putting on a smile.

"Louis! Can I talk to you? It's nothing bad." She grinned like the Cheshire cat, and Louis was highly suspicious but intrigued all the same.

"Uh... sure?" He guessed, turning to his friends. "I'll see you guys tomorrow, yeah?"

"Alright, see you, man." Christopher called out, as he and Louis' two other friends headed for the elevators. Kendall waited for them to be gone completely before turning back to Louis.

"What's this about?" Louis worriedly asked.

"Let's sit." Kendall insisted, nudging her head towards the sofa she had just been on. "Yes?"

"Sure."

They took a seat, all while Louis' heart was thudding and he tried not to become envious inside when looking at Kendall's beauty.

"I know what you're doing." Kendall suddenly brought up, the topic of the moment, and Louis lowered his eyebrows slowly.

"...What? What *am* I doing?"

"You faked that stupid panic attack earlier, right?" She accused, eyebrows raising starkly.

"Are you being serious?" Louis exclaimed in disbelief. "I don't know what you're talking about, why would I do that?"

"To get close to somebody, maybe? Get someone's full attention?"
Louis couldn't believe his ears. He was shaking, he could feel that he was, and his heart felt like it was close to exploding in his chest.

"W-Why would I do that? That's crazy!"

"Look, let's get real here," Kendall slowly said, facial expression neutral and tone challenging. "Harry's hot as hell, you and I both know that. And it's obvious you like guys, don't even fucking deny it. I'm just putting two and two together here."

Louis wanted to run away to get away from this. He was trembling and his shaky breathing was coming back, not so intensely as earlier but still there, and he couldn't take Kendall's glaring.

"I don't like Harry like that," He insisted, voice wavering slightly, "I swear."

"Don't be like that, I can see right through you." Kendall spat. "Let me just sum this up for you real quick, yes? Stay the fuck away from my man. I don't want you to even look at him, do you understand me? Because he sure as hell won't want to look at you, do you fucking understand me?"

There was a lump in Louis' throat, a warning that tears were soon to follow, and he felt like if he even uttered something as simple as as 'yes', that they'd come rushing. All he could do was nod, praying his tears would hold back, and they did. But he was filled with such an intense hatred -- not only toward Kendall, but himself too. She was so stupidly right, why would Harry want to look at him? Hell, he'd probably prefer if Louis didn't even talk to him in their room.

"Good. Now do you want to know what Harry said about you to me, Louis? He told me that he'd rather sleep on the streets than in that room with you. Said you look hideous in the morning, even worse than right now, which it hurts me to even imagine."

"Just go away now." Louis barely whispered, terrified he would burst into tears, head now in his hands.

Kendall had gotten to her feet, her eyebrows straight in anger and chest heaving slightly from her outburst.

"Good. Now I'm going to text Harry and ask him to fuck me in your bathroom. Goodnight, bitch." She sauntered off, towards the elevator, and Louis finally let the tears out. It was like a waterfall, feeling so ridiculous that the staff member at the counter could see him, but he didn't know what to do. He was so stuck. He hated himself.

He wanted to be Kendall, so much that it ached.

Kenny❤️: Hey babe I'm in the mood ;) Can I come to your room???

Harry: No, you can most definitely not. Go to bed Kendall, hopefully one day you'll wake up a better person.

Harry didn't even have any idea of the horrifying things Kendall had just disclosed to Louis, and heaven forbid he ever found out.
Hey babe I'm in the mood ;) Can I come to your room???

No, you can most definitely not. Go to bed Kendall, hopefully one day you'll wake up a better person.

Yeah, he was pretty proud of that response. He could practically picture Kendall's reaction in his head: loudly gasping, so that she caught Gigi's attention, before ranting to her that her boyfriend was, quote: being a disrespectful little twat. He had been called that before by her. Maybe she even cried a little; who knew. All Harry did know was that he felt rather gratified afterwards.

Once he had turned off his phone, wanting to get away from the inevitable onslaught of argumentative messages back from Kendall, he entered reality again to realise that his watch's face read 10:08 P.M. And Louis still wasn't back in their room. Curfew was almost ten minutes ago, he highly doubted Louis would dare to surpass it.

He stood up, throwing his switched off phone back onto his bedsheets, and headed over to the door. He still had his shoes and jacket on, having been too tired to bother changing that fact, and he opened the door to their room and popped his head out.

Immediately, sparking his heart into worry, he saw somebody sat hunched over halfway down the hallway, carelessly sat out on the floor at such a time, and he knew in an instant that it was Louis.

"Louis!" He called out, more of a harsh whisper so as not to disturb anyone in the expensive rooms nearby, and Louis slowly looked up at him but didn't react other than that. "What are you doing? Come in!"

Louis stood up, which surprised Harry, as he thought he would have to convince him, and he headed over. He just looked drained, face pretty pale and eyes glassy, and he stopped once he reached their doorway.

"Are you on your own?" His voice came out small and almost afraid, not even looking up from the floor, so that Harry only just managed to hear what had been uttered.

"On my own? Yes. Why would anyone else be in here?" Harry asked, opening the door up wider, and Louis entered the room with his head still low.

But he didn't reply again, just carried on to his bed, dropping his rucksack down onto it. Harry let the door slam shut behind him, eyebrows slanted as he followed suit, perching on the edge of his
own bed.

"Louis, are you okay?"

Louis shrugged.

"Gosh, you're really unwell, aren't you? First the panic attack, what caused that? Do you know?"

You.

Louis shook his head, even though in his head he was screaming otherwise, and finally looked up to meet eyes with Harry. His looked so empty. No glint. He didn't say anything.

"I think you just need some sleep." Harry softly said.

Louis wished that would cure everything. But he just nodded, putting on the fakest smile Harry had ever witnessed before grabbing his stuff and heading into the bathroom. Little did Harry know why Louis was being like this.

He waited until Louis was done in the bathroom, then he got ready for bed before slipping into the sheets. Louis had already turned over to face the other way, his back to Harry.

"Good night." Harry gently said into the silence, hand clasping the switch on his lamp.

Louis didn't reply, so Harry just softly sighed before switching the room into pitch black darkness.

Louis was being more distant than usual, and Harry hated it. Sure, it wasn't uncommon of Louis, but when he was pretty much blanking everything Harry said as they got ready the next morning, plus refusing to reply, it was a bit too much.

"Louis, if there's anything you want to tell me..." Harry hinted, while tying up his shoelaces. Louis didn't respond again, not verbally, just an indistinct shake of the head and no eye contact. "What's happened? It may not be any of my business, but I'm worried."

Oh, it definitely was his business. He just didn't know that.

"It's time to go down." Was all Louis said, deadpan, scooping up his bag and opening the door.

"Okay." Harry softly said, catching the door behind Louis and following him out, hearing the door click shut behind them. "Let's go."

God did he want to step forwards and just hug the hell out of Louis. It'd obviously be weird to, though the thought did cross his mind, to embrace him and beg him to rant away what was making him so distracted.

"Everybody must already be down there, we're a couple of minutes late," Harry realised, as they reached the elevators, and Louis suddenly stopped still. "What?" Harry asked.

"You go down in the lift now, I'll... I'll catch up in a second, I've got to grab something." Louis stammered, turning away to head back towards their room. Okay? Weird.

"What, do you not want to be seen with me or something?" Harry tried to joke, with a chuckle, but little did he know it was pretty much the truth, after Kendall had almost banned Louis from being too close to Harry (despite them sharing a room together.)
Louis didn't laugh at the joke, so Harry proceeded to enter the elevator alone, pressing the down button. He admired himself in the mirror, instantly feeling deeply embarrassed that Louis had seen him with a rather blatant toothpaste mark on the side of his mouth, which he speedily wiped away whilst thinking 'thanks for telling me, Louis.' Kind of impossible for Louis to know if he never looked at him, but still.

Everybody was waiting in the lobby when the doors slid open, Kendall sporting a very stern expression indeed. Harry seemed to hold an intense eye contact with her momentarily, before Kendall seemed to do a 'come here' gesture with a movement of her head. Harry wasn't very happy to, remembering how stubborn she had been the day previously, but he headed her way. He mentioned to an impatient Mr Grant that Louis was just grabbing something on his way, before he reached Kendall. Their other mates, also stood in their little huddle, looked almost nervous to see the two of them together again.

"Morning, babe," Kendall smiled, softly, "Can we forget about yesterday?"

Harry moodily shrugged, not wanting to just give in and agree, knowing how hacked off she had been last night once he had turned her down.

"Don't be like that." Kendall sighed. Then the elevator doors slid open again, a flustered Louis there, hating the attention on him, moving timidly over to his own friends.

"I'm not being like anything." He shrugged. Kendall, behind Harry's back, made a nagging gesture to the others. Harry did see, but chose to ignore. She was being childish once again, clearly.

They had to board a Metro today in order to get to the 'Jardins des Tuileries', which was close to the shopping centre Harry and his friends had been frequently visiting, and Harry decided to split off with Zayn and Liam once they had all piled off the transport, instead of trudging along behind Kendall and the girls. He was finally able to speak his mind (even if he was sick and tired with each and every one of his 'friends."

"She's acting really weird," He voiced, pouting his mouth aside, "Like, extra happy."

"I can tell, yeah." Liam agreed, awkwardly scratching the back of his neck. Both Liam and Zayn seemed to be acting a little bit gawky, like there was something Harry hadn't worked out yet.

"Not you two as well," Harry whined, rolling his eyes, "What's up with everyone today?"

Zayn was quick to interject, "Look, just try to patch things up with Kendall."

"So you're on her side now?" Harry cocked an eyebrow, as their class had reached a nearby seating area and all began sitting around on benches or freshly cut grass. Kendall, Gigi and Cheryl sat on a bench, getting out the text they had been given to analyse.

"Not saying that, I just think it's causing a lot of tension in the group, you know?" Liam offered, getting his own text out of his backpack, "I don't know, go up behind her and hug her? Girls love that shit."

Harry didn't really want to hug Kendall. But nor did he want her being eerily happy, when inside she was seething and probably wanting to rip his hair out; quite a contrast.

"I don't know if I want to." He shrugged.

"C'mon, Haz! Even if you want to go on some stupid break with her, I don't know, at least it would be fixing the tension, yeah?" Zayn nudged him, obviously trying to get him to get up again from
the grass (where he was already very comfortable, thank you very much.)

"For fuck's sake, why can't I just approach her and patch things up?" He groaned, acting like a newly born giraffe taking its first steps as he pushed himself to his feet on his clumsily long legs. The girls were too concentrated on reading the text and discussing it to have noticed Harry getting to his feet.

"Because, Mr. Lover Boy, hugging her from behind will distract her from arguing again, right? If you just walk up to her and start a dispute, I doubt that'd end well."

Well, that was pretty true. Harry really didn't want to patch things up completely, but he wanted to be friends with Liam and Zayn, and that couldn't happen unless he and Kendall were at least talking normally again.

"Okay, okay, fine." Harry grunted, rolling his eyes as he walked around behind all the students, pretty much passing under everybody's radars (Louis included, who was cutely writing in his notepad.)

Harry stopped behind the girls' bench, able to hear them now, and waited a moment before he'd go in for the hug. He listened out, curious as to what they were discussing.

"How long were you sat there waiting?" Cheryl was asking, so Harry had no clue as to what they were on about. Liam and Zayn were trying to usher Harry on to the hugging, but Harry gave them a 'one moment' gesture, continuing to listen.

"Not long at all. He wouldn't be back after curfew, would he? He's a nerd." Kendall snorted. Harry felt his heart jump a little, his brain immediately putting 'he' and 'nerd' towards Louis. Paranoia? Perhaps.

"And you told him what?" Gigi laughed. Harry felt like he was fucking sweating.

"I told him that Harry thinks he looks hideous in the morning," Kendall explained, amusement laced in her tone, "And that he'd rather sleep on the streets than in that room with him."

The girls all began wildly laughing, and Harry's face had never been so overcome with shock. He couldn't believe it, that she had told Louis that, and he had been sleeping in that room with him without a single apology. He had no idea. He decided to break up their little laughing fit with one line: a complete bombshell.

"I want to break up."

The three girls, all equally shocked, turned on the bench with wide eyes. Kendall immediately looked a mixture of horrified and distraught, getting to her feet immediately and walking round the bench to him.

"Babe..."

"No!" Harry exclaimed, shaking his wrist from her grip. "Don't touch me!"

Their classmates seemed to have had their attention well and truly caught by the commotion, all turning to look, and the teachers had trusted them all to get on with the work while they all went to get a coffee so they weren't around to sort it out.

"I didn't mean it, I was joking!"
Louis, who was sat with his eyebrows slightly furrowed, confused as to what was happening but knowing deep down he was a part of it, turned to Christopher.

"Wait, what's happening?"

"Harry just broke up with Kendall!" He excitedly said, keeping his voice down, and Louis felt his eyes widen, heart stammering.

"You were not fucking joking! I saw how upset he was last night, you lying bitch!" Harry yelled, so that everybody whooped and called out excitedly at the curse, whereas Louis' heartrate went up even more now that it had been clarified it was about him.

"Oh God." He breathed, ignoring his friends once they started asking what was the matter.

"Babe, I don't know how much I can apologise," Kendall's voice had raised to a higher pitch, on the verge of tears, "Please don't break up with me, I'm begging you. Please."

Some classmates were discreetly laughing amongst themselves, finding the desperation in a bully like Kendall's voice laughable, whereas others were ogling the scene in shock. Louis was a part of the latter group.

"Already done, I'm afraid." Harry sassily interrupted her, Gigi and Cheryl arguing over him, trying to get him to listen, and Zayn and Liam had hurried over to witness the drama in closer range. Harry ignored them all and strolled back over to his bag, everybody's eyes on him but dipping away once he looked up again to begin storming completely away.

Before he did leave, however, he stopped by Louis' group, kneeling down and looking Louis straight in the eye, so the smaller boy almost felt his heart stop altogether.

"I'm so sorry," He whispered, eyes not leaving Louis' once. "What she told you was a bunch of lies, and I'm sorry."

Before Louis could even respond, Harry had jumped back up to his feet and sped off away, before the teachers could come back and catch him.

Louis actually considered following him, his head spinning and pulse thick, but he stayed instead. He stayed while everybody's eyes were on him, Kendall was loudly calling him a faggot to her friends, and his own friends were pestering him for answers.

Once he was away from everything, Harry wandered off to the park not too far from where his class were, just to sit down and calm down. He was still breathing heavily due to the altercation.

Holy shit, he had actually just broken up with Kendall. He hadn't really expected he would, it just happened so fast. But he was grateful.

He knew he would be in some trouble for leaving the group once the teachers returned and found out, but he couldn't care less at this point. As long as he got on with his work quietly, which he did manage to, though he still couldn't think straight and he felt so awful. For Louis.

The way he was looking back at him while he was apologising, his eyes confused and a bit dull, Harry felt horrible. Louis had really spend the duration of last night thinking about Harry calling him hideous. What a disgusting thing to betray someone into thinking.

During their little break, which was always at 9 o'clock that morning, Harry had headed back to
actually tell Mr Grant and the other teachers what had happened. They actually understood, somehow, after Harry had proven he had been doing the work after all. He tried to ignore Kendall's absolutely putrid glare his way from across the crowd, acting completely indifferent to it… which he was.

And the rest of the day went by so slowly. Selfishly, Liam and Zayn decided they'd rather go and sit with their own girlfriend's, leaving Harry on his own for the next part, all the way up until dinner time. Louis kept looking Harry's way, as though perhaps considering joining him, but he stopped himself every time. Harry didn't care, he just slipped in his earphones to drown out his guilt.

Once dinner time came around, Liam and Zayn were stupidly nudging Harry their way with their heads, as though there was any chance in hell he would be joining the five of them, and he shook his head at them. They didn't even bother to go with him, trailing off obediently behind the girls. Kendall was crying again as they all walked away, being comforted by Gigi and Cheryl. It was her own immature fault.

Harry turned back around to see Louis and his friends packing their things away, chatting amongst themselves, and Harry's spontaneity suddenly kicked in. It was a stupid surge of confidence, as he swiftly approached them, Louis' eyes visibly enlarging slightly.

"Louis, can I talk to you?"

"Uh... sure?" He slowly agreed, muttering to his friends for a moment before they nodded, and he walked aside with Harry. "Don't feel like you have to apologise again."

"You're far too nice, Louis." Harry mentioned, smiling at him. "I was going to apologise again, yes, but maybe in the form of a meal?"

Louis audibly sucked in a sharp exhale, having not been expecting that, furrowing his eyebrows in confusion. "Umm... really?"

"Really."

"I don't know, Harry..."

"Why not? It's just a thank you, Louis, it's not like it's a date." Harry jokingly smirked, so Louis' cheeks flushed red.

"I know, I know."

"Then yes?"

"Sure?"

"Okay." Harry breathed out a laugh.

Louis turned to his friends, waving at them suddenly as a way of telling them he was off somewhere else, and they looked baffled but waved back anyway before heading the opposite way.

"Let's go," Harry grinned, as he and Louis headed off towards the restaurant and terrace area, West of where they were. "There are some really lovely restaurants around here, and I feel it'd be appropriate to take you to the one called Loulou, wouldn't it?"

"You really don't have to do this, you know, even if Loulou is a very appropriate choice," Louis
chuckled, clutching the handle of his backpack tighter, "I accept the apology, it's not your fault."

"Then see it as a friendly gesture." Harry offered, as they crossed the semi-busy 7 P.M. road to the row of restaurants. Louis had the sleeves of his denim jacket tucked over his hands, shyly keeping his eyes trained on his feet as they walked and dodged their way through the busy streets.

"There it is," Harry smiled, watching Louis glance up in awe at the cream-bricked building, which stretched out along into many windows and doors.

"Wow, that's a big building." He commented, and Harry could tell by his facial expression that he was internally cursing himself for the stupidly blatant comment.

"Sure is." Harry grinned, as they approached its doors.

There was an outdoor seating area, but it was still a little chilly to sit out, so Harry made the decision to enter the building. Louis was still seeming very awkward, which was pretty understandable considering how spontaneous it all was.

They were met by a young French waiter at the door, who smiled welcomingly at them.

"Bonjour." He beamed.

Harry decided he would try out the minimal French he had learnt for the trip, desperate not to embarrass himself in front of Louis or the native French man in front of them.

"Avez-vous... une place pour... deux personnes?" He attempted, in such a ridiculous accent that Louis stifled a giggle to himself, and the man before them quirked his mouth into an entertained smirk.

"English?" He offered, accent thick, and Harry ridiculed himself with a shake of the head and a laugh.

"Yeah, I should have started with that." He shrugged, a timid smile.

"Table for two it is." The man chuckled. "I am Marc, I will be your waiter for this evening. Please follow me."

They followed him through the tables, which were draped with white tablecloths, with navy blue and white chairs and champagne glasses on top of the tables. He led them over to a two-seater table by the window, allowing them both to slip into the seats. Louis had barely even looked Harry in the eye yet, poor boy. Harry couldn't imagine being so shy.

"Your menus," Marc handed them a menu each, smiling particularly at Louis, "You are shy?"

Louis looked up with a hum of acknowledgment, before chuckling and shrugging.

"The answer to that is yes." Harry smiled. "He is incredibly shy."

"That is very cute. Okay, you have a look at the menus and I will be back in a moment to take the orders."

Harry felt a seething jealousy when he heard the word 'cute' mentioned in that sentence. He didn't know why, he just couldn't help it. And the way Marc smiled at Louis before walking away, so that Louis blushed a little and looked away.

"Harry, I don't know what to choose, I feel so grateful that you're doing this."
"The waiter seems to want you to choose him." Harry snidely commented, yet keeping his tone upbeat to hide it, glancing over to see the waiter chatting with a female waiter while looking briefly Louis' way.

"I can guarantee he's just being nice." Louis bet.

"What do you want then, Lou Lou?" Harry smirked, referencing to the restaurant's name to have Louis giggling.

"Whatever you're getting." He shrugged. "I'm not fussy."

"Don't be conscious about choosing something pricey, Louis, this is me apologising." Harry reminded. "No, wait, I mean it's my friendly gesture."

"Right." Louis smiled. "I guess I just feel bad whenever someone does favours for me, I don't know."

"Understandable," Harry shrugged, "Well, even though we're in Paris, I quite fancy just having a pizza." He admitted, pointing to it on the page.

"Pizza is good. I like margherita." Louis agreed, finally linking eyes with Harry momentarily.

"Then margherita pizzas we will get. What about drinks? Do you drink champagne or anything?" Harry asked. "Veuve Clicquot's only forty-five euros a bottle."

"Only," Louis whispered under his breath in disbelief, "Harry, I'll be honest, I've never even tried champagne before."

"Oh? Well, here's your chance then. You want to?"

"Yeah, I guess so, I'm always up for trying new things." Louis shrugged.

And Harry would be lying if he didn't hold eye contact with Louis for a good few seconds after that, but he doubted Louis' mind picked up on his final sentence as being a dirty-sounding one. Oh well.

Marc came sauntering back over after a few minutes, obviously turning to Louis first. "Are you ready to order... what is your name?"

Okay, why did he have to know his name? It didn't seem exactly professional, especially for a restaurant like this.

"Louis." He said anyway, and Marc grinned.

"Very French name," He commented, "Is your French any better than your friend's?"

"Ha-Ha," Harry rolled his eyes with a laugh, while Louis shook his head.

"Not at all, if I'm honest. Yeah, I think we're ready?" He asked while looking Harry's way, even though he knew they were. He probably wanted Harry to take over with the talking for now.

"Yeah, just two margherita pizzas and a bottle of Veuve Clicquot." Harry requested, and Marc scrawled the order down before dotting a full stop at the end, tucking the pad and paper into his apron pocket before collecting the menus.

"Thank you very much, it will be with you shortly." He winked at Louis. Winked. And Louis
immediately dipped his gaze down to his lap with a reddening face.

"Damn, he's into you!" Harry laughed. "Why don't you get his number?"

"Stop," Louis giggled, "I don't want to get his number."

"Don't be scared to explore dating, Louis, get yourself out there. He's cute, right?" Harry offered.

"Not my type."

"What is?"

"Your champagne." Marc cut them off, swiftly coming by with their bottle, the cork already popped off. He poured some into each of their flutes, three quarters full, before setting it down gently on the table. "Your food won't be long. Is there anything else you need?"

Harry rose an eyebrow at Louis jokingly, referencing to Marc's phone number, and Louis shot him a playful 'don't you dare' look. Harry chose to lay off.

"No, thanks." He smiled. Marc wandered off again, leaving Louis with a lingering glance.

"Any girls in here you like the look of? Seeing as you're newly single." Louis asked, immediately looking shocked at his own statement. "That wasn't a dig or anything, I'm so sorry, it's way too soon."

"The breakup wasn't soon enough, if I'm honest. I was getting tired of her always making me feel so small." Harry shrugged. "So don't feel bad for saying that. But no, no special girls catching my eye. Now try your champagne."

Louis ended up liking the champagne, which surprised Harry. He had expected Louis to be too 'innocent' for it, like he would try some and his face would cutely scrunch up, but instead he took tentative little sips throughout. Their pizza was delicious, Harry definitely needed it, and it was very lovely having Louis sat opposite him the entire time looking so happy.

They even ended up getting dessert, after Harry continuously told Louis not to feel bad about the price, and settled for some simple strawberries and cream as a light follow-up.

Louis had managed to get a splodge of cream on the side of his mouth, and Harry kept warning himself not to do what he wanted to, but his stupid spontaneity had him doing it.

"You've got some cream on your cheek." He informed him, leaning forward to swipe it up with his finger before leading it to Louis' mouth. He was even more surprised when Louis giggled before opening his mouth, actually allowing Harry to place the blob of cream inside. And Louis even sucked Harry's finger as he pulled it away, probably not intending it in any way to be sexual, but Harry couldn't think straight.

"Aaanyway," He sang, retracting his arm, while Louis had gone slightly red (probably now aware of how intimate that had actually been). "I'll ask for the bill."

He summoned Marc over, who wandered off to print the receipt, before returning with it laid on a silver platter. He left again to allow them to look over the bill, Harry not letting Louis see it.

105,30€

He wasn't too fazed by that, though Louis wanted to see.
"Come on, I feel bad, how much is it?" Louis asked, nervously biting his lower lip. When Harry didn't reply, busy getting his wallet from his back pocket, Louis got his own out and opened it. He pulled out the only note in it, ten euros, and placed it down.

"Louis, no!" Harry whined, "You're not paying a thing."

"Yes I am! I feel awful, please let me." He frowned.

"Is that the only money you have?" Harry asked, eyeing the empty wallet on the table.

"I don't mind, Harry." That was a yes.

"In that case," Harry pulled out twenty euros from his own wallet, placing it together with Louis' ten euros before handing it his way, "Have some more. And I'm paying the bill, don't even try to contribute."

"Harry, don't do that," Louis shyly chuckled, pushing the money back his way, "I don't mind, I want to help."

"Take the thirty, put it in your wallet, and let me pay." Harry humorously commanded, pointing to the wallet. "Now."

Louis reluctantly agreed, though it was clear he didn't want to, placing the two notes into his wallet before slipping it away again. "You're so kind."

"I'm legendary," Harry smirked, picking out 115.30 euros worth of money, not wanting to leave Marc too much of a tip after flirting with Louis. For some reason. "Ready to go?"

Louis still looked awestruck by Harry's benevolence, nodding and standing up with him. Marc thanked them on their way out, a rather sultry stare for Louis as they exited the building. It was even darker outside now, approaching 9 o'clock that evening, and a little chillier than before.

"Thank you so much, Harry," Louis thanked him, once again, as they began a slow stroll. "Honestly, you're so wonderfully nice."

"Don't mention it, Lou Lou, you deserve it." Harry smiled, patting him on the back.

"I'm going to keep thanking you." Louis chuckled. "It's just what I'm like."

Harry got an idea suddenly, his mind whirring as his eyes surveyed the city. "Do you know how you could give me the biggest thank you?"

"How?" Louis asked, curious.

"Let me take you up the Eiffel Tower."

Louis seemed even further taken aback. "Harry, no! As wonderful as that would be, I was looking online when we got here, it's twenty-five euros each!"

"And?"

"Harry."

"I don't mind. Let's do it, yeah? It's only a bus away." He nudged his head towards the bus stop.

"Which costs even more money."
"It's, like, two euros each, Louis, to bus. Come on." He placed a hand behind Louis' back to lead him over to the bus stop, where a number 42 was already approaching.

They jumped on, and Harry paid their single fares before they got a seat. There was a group of loud girls sat at the back, all of whom seemed to have acquired an immediate interest in Harry, one of them calling out something in French, another whistling at him.

"You've got yourself a little fan club back there." Louis breathily chuckled, looking at his lap.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked, completely oblivious.

"The girls at the back," Louis informed, "Did you not hear them?"

Harry shook his head, bottom lip jutted out slightly, and Louis raised his eyebrows.

"Must happen a lot then?"

"I guess so," Harry shrugged, "I just ignore it now."

"Must be nice, though, the attention?" Louis wondered, using his index finger to draw a pattern on the bus window's condensation.

"It gets quite tedious, actually. Not very classy, is it?"

"That's true." Louis laughed.

The bus journey took about fifteen minutes, and they jumped off when they were near enough, with the girls shouting French goodbyes to Harry and making kissy noises.

The tower looked humongous up close, as they hadn't been at the foot of it yet, and Louis was craning his neck up to glance in awe at it.

"That's tall."

"It is," Harry chuckled, "It's kind of renowned for that, actually."

"Shut up." Louis giggled. Harry bought them both an adult ticket each, so that they could use the lifts, and they joined the pretty short queue for a late evening.

It took them a good half an hour to get to the top, after queueing on the second floor for a while, and being so high up shot adrenaline through Harry's veins. He and Louis walked out to the edge, which was barricaded by metal caging bars, and he heard Louis suck in a breath of shock.

"Wow, we're so high up!" He breathed, gripping tighter onto the bars so that his fingers went slightly white. "Look, you can see everything!"

He pointed out at the sea of city lights ahead of them, which seemed to stretch out for miles and miles ahead, far more impressive than what they saw from their balcony.

"Isn't it beautiful? Wow." Harry softly said, smiling to himself. "I've always wanted to come up here. I knew I'd never have gotten Kendall up here, she's terrified of heights."

Louis chuckled. "So I'm the replacement, am I?"

"You're far more adventurous. Thanks for letting me bring you up here, Lou Lou." Harry smirked.
"I feel like that name is going to stick," Louis giggled, "You're welcome, Harry. Thank you, for the one millionth time, for bringing me up here. It's amazing."

They stood for a good ten minutes of silence, taking in the view and the light breeze of the night, before Harry inhaled steadily, filling their silence.

"I hope you've enjoyed it here, Louis. Paris in general, I mean. You really do deserve it."

"What I don't deserve is somebody as lovely as you paying for my ticket, and everything today." Louis dreamily mused, "I can't believe it."

Harry turned to him, looking squarely at him so that Louis had to hold the eye contact for once. "You deserve the world, Louis. And if I could, I'd buy you one of those stars out there."

Louis shyly giggled, breaking the eye contact to look out over the horizon again. Harry had that weird feeling stirring in his stomach again, the scarily spontaneous feeling.

He reached out and gripped Louis gently beneath the chin, turning his face towards his before leaning in and catching their lips together. It was such a fast move, and it caught Louis by surprise so much that he breathed in sharply through his nose, unable to fathom what was happening, before wising up and kissing Harry back.

The kiss wasn't too deep, three or four soft strokes of their lips together (with Louis tasting of strawberries and cream) and Harry's heart was racing so fast, so he couldn't even imagine what state Louis' was in. Harry pulled away after that, with a tender stroke to Louis' face as he withdrew his hand, before they both looked out over the horizon again, wide-eyed and flustered. Harry could hear Louis' breathing in the air, one heavy breath every second, and could even see his hands trembling as he brought them into his pockets.

No words were spoken for a solid minute, though Harry couldn't leave it any longer than that. "Well that wasn't planned."

Louis breathily laughed, though he was still in too much shock for it to sound completely genuine. "N-No."

"Was that... your first kiss?" Harry slowly asked, after it dawned on him that Louis had never even had a partner before.

"Yeah." He whispered.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be." Louis assured, voice shaky. "Why did you...?"

"I don't know. It just felt right to."

Louis didn't say anything else in response, just kept his eyes trained out on the horizon, his shoulders tensed up by his ears.

What was Harry even doing? He had just kissed Louis Tomlinson the same day he had broken up with Kendall. He had done it with so little warning that it had even shocked himself. Was it selfish to have done? Did he really deserve to be Louis' first kiss? Did he really want him?

His stupid brain needed to make up his mind, because right now he couldn't fight the swirling bliss in his stomach.
Chapter Notes

This chapter is kind of a mess, idk. Like it might be frustrating??? Just read it hahaha. Sorry, still no smut yet.
-May have typos.

Also, for future reference, please make sure you've read all the tags properly. Thank you :) .xx

Louis had completely zoned out from the moment Harry broke the kiss. He was glassy-eyed and vacant, staring off into the far distance once again. He had clearly flushed red, chest heaving a lot faster than a few moments before, while Harry felt completely relaxed. There were no regrets welling up inside of him, no fears, just a sense of calm.

"We should probably head back." Harry filled the quiet, which merely consisted of nearby visitors of the Eiffel Tower, who had been too in awe of the view to have even seen Harry making his move on Louis.

Louis tried to make a sound of agreement, a simple 'mhmm', though it came out as more of a squeak, which had Harry secretly smirking at his feet as he led Louis towards the doors to the lifts.

Throughout the journey back on the bus and the Metro, Louis kept up the front-facing staring. He didn't look up once to meet Harry's eyes, so Harry let him be and decided not to fill the agonising silence. They reached their room again at ten past ten, Harry chucking his wallet, watch and phone from his back pocket down onto his bed, before pulling off his t-shirt and launching it into the laundry basket so that it drooped off the side.

Poor flustered Louis again, too innocent to be casual about something as simple as Harry's bare abdomen, and obviously still shaken up about the kiss.

"Thanks for tonight. Again." He mumbled, so fast that it was almost inaudible. Harry pulled out his pyjama top from where it was scrunched up under his pillow, smiling over at Louis so that they finally had to meet eyes, before slipping the t-shirt on. His smile gradually became a smirk though, realising he shouldn't let what happened just go unspoken, back on the tower.

"For kissing you, mainly?"

Louis choked out a breathy laugh, perching himself on the edge of his bed. "Well... I'm kind of just wondering why you did that."

Harry unbuckled his belt to start removing his jeans, so that Louis distracted himself by getting his phone out and scrolling aimlessly through it. He was so painfully awkward, bless him.

"I did it because I wanted to." Harry told the truth, kicking his skinny jeans off his legs, deciding to just slip his pyjama bottoms over his underwear and change them in the morning, so as not to literally be performing a full-frontal striptease for Louis.
"You wanted to kiss me?" Louis slowly asked, putting his phone down and looking over at Harry with so much self-consciousness that it was painful to see. He looked in absolute disbelief that anybody, especially somebody like Harry, would want to kiss him.

"Yes," Harry clarified, looking him dead in the eye, "I did."

Louis couldn't help but smile, just a flash of one that he couldn't restrain, before ducking his head to hide it. Harry was urged to smile too.

"Thank you. I think I needed to hear that."

Harry's phone notification went off, but he ignored it. It was too tender of a moment to cut it off by rudely getting his phone out.

"How was your first kiss then?" He wiggled his eyebrows, and Louis giggled and threw his head back just a little, so adorably.

"It was wonderful, Harry." His eyes were sparkling, evidently.

"Feel free to leave me a review," Harry joked, smugly grinning to himself, "I've only gotten five stars so far, one hundred percent of my clients would do it again."

"For goodness sake," Louis chuckled to himself at the joke, "I'm sure you've had your fair share of kisses, though, right?"

Harry made a brief thinking face. "Not too many, actually. Maybe four people? Five?"

"That's a lot to me." Louis shrugged, his eyeline falling to his folded hands. There was a brief silence before Harry responded.

"So shy." He breathed, smiling to himself.

"We've gone over this sooo many times," Louis humorously wailed out, still refusing to look up, "Yes, I'm extremely shy, and no, I can't help it."

"Come and kiss me again." Harry blurted out, sat back against his headboard, arms flailing out in spontaneity. "Let's get that confidence soaring."

"I definitely cannot do that." Louis whispered to himself, putting his hands cutely over his eyes as he shook his head. "Oh God."

"Am I that repulsive?" Harry smirked, and he cockily stretched his lean body out along his bed, arms casually laid above his head, knowing full well that he was far from repulsive. Louis could barely look; it appeared as though he needed a bucket of cold water poured over his head, from how red his cheeks had heated up.

"You're not repulsive."

"Oh?" Harry playfully asked. "Then why don't you want to come and kiss me again, Lou Lou? Bet you'd kiss that waiter."

"Shut up about that waiter," Louis giggled, "I didn't like him one bit."

"And so you shouldn't, he's not the one who wined and dined you, then took you up the Eiffel Tower," Harry smirked, "Now are you going to come and kiss me, or am I just going to have to come to you?"
"Are you being serious or are you joking?" Louis questioned, clearly not entirely sure what was currently going on. "I can't tell."

Harry swung his legs over the edge of his bed, pushing himself to his feet and stepping over to Louis' bed, on which Louis was half sitting and half lying against his headboard. He crawled up onto the bed, loving the progression of Louis' face erupting with surprise, moving until he was holding himself right above Louis, but in such a way that their bodies weren't in contact.

He could hear Louis' shaky breathing, his body trembling, as if the room had plummeted into the minus temperatures, and Harry brought down his mouth so that his lips grazed the shell of Louis' ear.

"I'm being serious." He barely whispered, his voice low and gravelly in Louis' ear. "I think you need to catch your breath back, Louis."

Louis audibly gulped, his head tilted aside slightly where Harry's mouth reached his ear. He could only briefly nod, internally panicking, it seemed.

"How's the confidence feeling now?" Harry breathed, his voice tingling to Louis' ear. "Any better?"

"I..." Louis stuttered out, before sighing and suddenly pushing at Harry's chest, so he had no choice but to climb back to his feet. "...Sorry."

"You don't want to kiss me again?" Harry sounded disheartened, eyebrows furrowed a little, awkwardly scratching at his elbow as he stood beside Louis' bed.

"I just don't want it to be for no reason," Louis mumbled, "If that... makes sense?"

"Oh..." Harry tried to add it up, face contorting in a pensive manner. "Okay. I get you... like..."

"I feel like you are being very casual about everything. Not to fault you, it might just be what you're like..." Louis trailed off with a blunt shrug. "And not that you should like me or anything, I'm just confused."

"So am I." Harry sighed. "Sorry for confusing you. But can I just say, I'm far from casual... I was with Kendall for almost three years, remember?"

"I know. Let's get ready to sleep."

"I want you to know that it meant something when I kissed you tonight," Harry specified, even though it was a hard thing for him to say; he was still working himself out, even if the truth was blatantly screaming at him. "And it wasn't for nothing."

"Get back to me when you work that out." Louis weakly smiled. Harry patted his duvet cover, trying to locate where his phone was amongst the blanket mound on his bed, then when he had found it he turned it off and set it on his bedside table before turning to head towards the bathroom. "Harry, wait."

"Hmm?" Harry turned back in interest, quirking an eyebrow up.

"Did you borrow my phone charger earlier?"

Oh. Well, Harry wasn't expecting something so boring.

"Yeah, it's plugged in by my bed, sorry." He chuckled, finally entering the bathroom.
Louis finally had time to reflect on his own. He could still feel his heartbeat pulsing in his head, body still hot all over from Harry's words in his ear, *God, it was rare for him to feel like this.* He took a much needed breath and decided to grab his charger, as his phone battery (much like his own energy) was almost completely drained.

He knelt on Harry's bed to reach over, but he immediately regretted it. Because he heard a *crunch.* His heart practically jumped into his throat once his racing mind ran over what could have been the source of that, and the crushing feeling once he realised Harry had thrown his *Rolex watch* down onto his bed washed over Louis.

He didn't want to dare to lift that cover up, wanting instead to sprint full-speed out of the room, and his breathing was already picking up. He had to look.

He lifted up the duvet cover and immediately threw his hands over his mouth in horror. The entire face of the watch, the blue, silver and gold *expensive ass* watch, was completely cracked. To the point where the markers on it were barely visible, and the hands were no longer moving.

"*Oh no!*" Louis muttered under his breath. "*Oh God, oh God...*

He was completely panicking, frantically looking around the room as if something could solve it, knowing his only options were to be truthful and tell Harry, or hide the evidence. Hell, he knew he couldn't just hide it. But the thought of having to tell Harry that his literal *baby* prized possession had been crushed... Louis couldn't think of anything worse, and all he could do at that moment was hold the watch in his hands and sink to the floor by Harry's bed in choked sobs.

"*Harry!*" He cried out between sobs, and sharp, breathy inhales.

Harry practically fell out of the bathroom the moment he had been beckoned, face glistening, evidently having been in the middle of washing it.

"*Louis, what's wrong?*" He stressed, unable to see the damage held in Louis' shaking hands. He knelt down by his side, facial expression soft. "*What's wrong, hey?*

"*I am so sorry,*" Louis barely managed in a breath, "*I-I crushed it.*

"*You what?*" Harry gently asked, rubbing Louis' forearm softly. "*What is it? You crushed something?*

"*I-It was on your bed, under the blankets, and I-I knelt over it to g-get my charger...*

"*Louis, take a deep breath... you knelt on something of mine?*" Harry slowly added it up.

"*I'm sorry.*" Louis whispered, as he opened his hands, allowing Harry's eyes to take in the sight of his splintered watch. They remained there for a good few seconds, while Louis was trembling and struggling to catch his breath.

"*My Rolex.*" Harry stated, gulping abruptly, trying to inform himself out loud what had happened, getting his head around it.

"*It's all my fault, I'm so sorry!*" Louis wailed, placing the watch down in Harry's open palm. "*Oh my God, it's so expensive!*"
but could tell Louis was more so.

"It's okay," He said, trying to keep his voice steady, "It's just a thing, Louis. Things can be
replaced." He put on a smile, patting Louis on the arm.

"Expensive things can't be as easily." Louis whispered, followed by a hiccup-like breath, wiping
his tears with the backs of his hands.

"I left it there under the duvet, it was careless of me to do that. You didn't realise." Harry reassured,
fighting past his sinking heart.

"B-But I only knelt on it, it wouldn't have broken if I wasn't so fat." Louis breathed out the last
word, before letting his face fall into his hands.

"Louis." Harry interjected. "What did you say?"

"Nothing. I'm just sorry." Louis stumbled to his feet, catching himself on the edge of Harry's bed.
"When I get a job back in England, I'll pay the repairs."

"Please don't tell me you think you're fat." Harry begged, putting the broken watch back down on
his bed, getting to his feet too. "Seriously, Louis."

"I don't really want to talk about it."

"Okay, but just know that you're not." Harry urged. "Truly, look at you!" He gestured to Louis' body.

"Please stop looking at me. I'm sorry about your watch, just don't look at my body."

"Louis, your body is absolutely fine..."

"I'm very insecure," Louis flailed out his arms, "Okay?"

"Okay, it's just... you shouldn't be." Harry assured him. "I'm not just saying that, Louis, I mean it.
You're the only one who's thinking that negative stuff."

"I can't help it."

"Well, I'm sure some day you'll be convinced otherwise, you'll find somebody who wants to
explore and enjoy every inch of you." Harry maybe added that final part to get a reaction. And a
reaction he got, when Louis (for the one millionth time that evening) flushed red and huffed out a
shocked laugh.

"Are you done in the bathroom?" He rushed, the bathroom seeming to be his escape route, and
Harry smirked to himself.

"Not yet, but go ahead. I'll just sit in here and mourn over my watch."

"Don't," Louis frowned, a pour the frown, "I feel so fucking bad." Louis threw a hand over his
mouth the moment he swore, so innocently that it sparked at Harry's heart.

"Louis Tomlinson, did you just swear?!" He gasped. "Wow, that is not like you."

"I didn't mean to." He giggled. "I take that back. But I'm still so sorry." He stumbled off into the
bathroom, so Harry decided he would go and get his things afterwards.
The moment Louis shut the door, Harry released a long breath, holding the sides of his head as he looked down at his watch. His heart had never been so glum.

"Fuck." He breathed, shutting his eyes. "My mum is going to kill me."

He scooped up the damaged watch and placed it gently on his bedside table, feeling so low that he could actually throw a stupid funeral for the thing. He wished he hadn't left it on his bed, for fuck's sake.

Harry woke up early the next morning and lay in bed in deep thought.

The most he could admit to himself as of now was that he liked making out with people... but not just anyone. So... he liked the thought of kissing Louis. Passionately. That's all his ego would let him admit for now, his dissolving straight side trying its best to cling on for dear life.

The memory of kissing Louis on the Eiffel Tower was very pleasant. He loved how shocked he had been, the poor boy, the gasp he had emitted and the inevitable widening of his eyes. And his lips had tasted so sweet and felt so soft. That was why Harry had wanted to kiss him again, back in their room, and he loved the way Louis' breath had caught in his throat when he was underneath him, almost touching but not quite.

Fuck. Harry loved Louis' innocence. Something about it was hot, he couldn't quite work that one out. It was probably how in the past, he had only been with experienced people, like Kendall, and a handful of other girls, but Louis was so pure and had to learn so much... that turned Harry on. He couldn't lie about that.

"Can I be honest with you?" Louis suddenly asked into the room, while Harry was deep in thought and fully convinced he was the only one awake. For some stupid, momentary fraction of time, he thought Louis had read his mind.

"Go ahead."

"I don't believe you." Louis simply said. Harry was puzzled.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't believe that you wanted to kiss me the first time, let alone again. I don't believe that it meant anything to you." Louis ranted, voice small. "This is all some big joke, isn't it? You've planned all of this with your friends, to make me believe somebody actually likes me."

"That's crazy, Louis."

"I'm not stupid, I was thinking about it. You may have tried it on kissing me again yesterday, whatever that was, but it probably means nothing to you to kiss someone. I struggle to believe it."

Harry gaped over at Louis, completely bewildered. But Louis looked completely stagnant and convinced of his own new theory.

"You think I did all that yesterday as a joke? You think I broke up with my fucking girlfriend as part of a big joke on you? Are you kidding me right now?" Harry scoffed. "I don't just kiss people, Louis. It's a big thing for me."

Louis childishly shrugged, and Harry ran his hands in stress down his face. "Louis."
"There's always that second part of my conscience that likes to berate me." Louis softly continued, voice even smaller and more insignificant than moments before. "You know? When things are going right, unbelievably right, that horrible part takes over and comes up with a different story. I'm sorry for saying those things."

Harry didn't know what to say. His mouth was slightly ajar, but he didn't know which words to string together suitably. He pushed himself up to his feet and moved over to sit on the edge of Louis' bed. Louis clearly tensed up once again, pulling his duvet cover further up to rest under his arms, his long sleeves pulled anxiously over his hands.

"I'm so sorry that your mind thinks that way," Harry sadly smiled, scooping up one of Louis' hands and stroking his thumb over the back. "But this isn't all some big joke, Louis. This is real. I broke up with Kendall, and I kissed you on the same day. That's got to mean something, hasn't it?"

Louis briefly looked Harry in the eye, smiling lightly before nodding, looking down then at his hand in Harry's.

"Yeah."

"Your hand is very soft." Harry smirked, so Louis started chuckling.

"Thank you." He brightly said. "Yours is very warm."

Harry smiled to himself, continuing to run his thumb over Louis' hand.

"You remember my first day at the school?" Louis questioned, a small smile on his face. "I was so scared. And when I was made to stand up and introduce myself, Gosh, you should have felt how fast my heart was racing. And I made eye contact with you, and you smiled at me..." Louis trailed off with a widening grin. "And my first thought was that I had never seen anybody so attractive in my whole life."

Harry raised his eyebrows, having not expected Louis to have been so open about that.

"Wow, thanks," He laughed, "That's nice of you to say."

"And I was immediately jealous of you, you know?" Louis quirked an eyebrow. "Wished I looked like you. Still wish, actually."

"You're perfect as you are."

"I have too many imperfections to count." Louis sighed.

"So do I," Harry stated, "Everybody does to themselves."

"There is just a lot wrong with me. My mind. Even if I looked like you, flawless, my mind would still tell me otherwise."

Flawless.

"I'm definitely not flawless. I've got four nipples, you know?" Harry decided to lighten the situation up a bit, watching Louis' face scrunch up in amusement.

"Four?"

"Well, the lower two are smaller." Harry grabbed his t-shirt from behind his neck and confidently pulled it off, throwing it back onto his own bed. Any excuse to remove his shirt was fine for him.
He may have been a show-off sometimes. Maybe. "Hold on."

He gripped onto Louis' hand, leading it up to one of the lower buds. "Feel."

Louis did so, though he was more tense than ever, his finger tracing around the bud of the small left nipple, located below the average-sized left one.

"Weird." Louis awed, while Harry practically held his breath, loving the feeling. Maybe he was using this to his advantage a little, as he knew how sensitive they always were, loved it when people touched them. "Uh... why am I doing this?"

"Because I have a fantastic body. Feel free to have a feel around while you're at it." Harry smirked, knowing how good and toned his body was.

"Funny. You know, being sarcastic doesn't rid of the vanity." Louis snickered, retracting his hand. He was refusing to even look at Harry's abs, probably trying to grip onto his self-control, as was Harry. Louis decided to get up, stretching lazily, leaving Harry stupidly sat there on the bed, topless and resting back on his palms.

Before Louis wandered into the bathroom, he actually allowed his eyes to deliberately look down Harry's abdomen, smiling ever-so-subtly.

Well.

Harry was smiling to himself while Louis was in the bathroom, up until he remembered about his watch. Fuck's sake.

Chapter End Notes

A heads up - i may rewrite this chapter. Idk if I'm happy with it??? Like I'm not sure why, I didn't want to post it but kind of made myself
Walking down to the hotel lobby the next morning had to be one of the most difficult things Harry had ever done. It was nice having Louis by his side, sure, but all of their classmates knew about his breakup with Kendall, and that was some tough shit to face.

Louis had reassured him in the lift on their way down that it was going to be fine, breakups happened all the time, but not a lot of people held grudges as powerfully as Kendall did. Simply the looks she gave, the way she would glower at him if ever he did anything wrong, were berating enough, so he wasn't looking forward to today's backlash.

Luckily, Harry and Louis got down there before Kendall and Gigi were anywhere in sight, which was relaxing, though Liam and Zayn gave Harry a side-glance that basically told him not to come too close yet. It was either a warning or a rejection - he couldn't work out which.

"Uh... I'm going to go and stand with my friends. You can join us if you really want to?" Louis offered with a tentative smile, nudging his head towards his group of friends, where Niall was childishly chasing Charlie and Christopher around the lobby's sofas (much to the distaste of the woman working behind the reception counter.)

Harry pouted his mouth to the side as he watched them, shaking his head lightly.

"Probably best I don't. I feel like they wouldn't be exactly happy with me joining you." Harry admitted. "Especially Niall."

"Why Niall especially?" Louis asked, looking between Harry and him. "Niall's lovely, he won't mind."

"I haven't always been lovely to him, though. You know, when my friends picked on him." Harry reluctantly told him, feeling guilt welling up in his stomach. Niall hadn't deserved any of what he and his friends had unleashed on him, not one bit.

"Oh." Louis bluntly said, and it was evident that there was some disappointment in his tone. "Okay. What are you going to do, then?"

"Stand on my own, I guess." Harry shrugged, though he decided to put on a smile. "I don't mind."

"It won't be very nice for you to stay on your own all day, especially if Kendall and the others are feeling a bit spiteful." Louis frowned. "Are you sure you don't want to see if Niall accepts you?"

"Honestly, Lou Lou, you go to your friends. I'm a tough guy, you know, I'll be fine." Harry smirked. "Go on."

"I'll stay with you?" Louis suggested.
"No, you'll just get targeted then. Go to your friends and I'll see you when we pair up for the project, okay?" Harry smiled. "It's fine, I'll be okay."

Louis slowly nodded, keeping the eye contact for a good few seconds before turning away to head towards his friends, who had finally received a glare from the hotel worker that was intense enough to stop their antics. Harry sighed as he fell back onto one of the leather sofas, which was too low for him and had him bending his legs a bit too much, but it was better than being stood up on his own when Kendall and Gigi came down.

He turned on his phone, for the first time since he had switched it off before going to the bathroom last night, to find a stream of texts from Kendall, all sent with a good length of time between them. Hardly surprising, but reading them hurt.

Kenny❤️: Not being funny but you have made the biggest mistake of your life.

Kenny❤️: I don't care anymore anyway.

Kenny❤️: Why are you not fucking reply to me omg, you have always been so childish.

Kenny❤️: Harry seriously


Kenny❤️: For fuck sake really!? You can't even type out one simple message back to me....so ridiculous

Kenny❤️: I only dated you because ur hot and you've got a big dick anyway. Don't ever look at me again

Harry rolled his eyes at that one. It was typical of Kendall to suddenly express that maybe she never even loved him anyway, and was just using him as some arm candy.

Kenny❤️: Who the fuck am I kidding Harry please can we get back together, you are the best thing that has happened to me :( 

Kenny❤️: I didn't mean what I said before, that I only dated you for those things babe I won't ever find anybody like you again

Kenny❤️: I'm sorry what I said to Louis, is that why you're mad at me?? It is isn't it. Why has that put an end to our relationship? Just a friendly reminder that we were together almost 3 years, it was hardly nothing.

Kenny❤️: Forget it, I'll easily replace you. EASILY.

Harry locked his phone with a sigh, slipping it into his pocket just as the elevator doors slid open, with Kendall and Gigi walking out amongst the group of students. Harry managed to divert his gaze towards his feet just in time, getting his phone out once again to distract himself, and he could practically feel her eyes on him.

"Look at him, sat on his own." Gigi snickered, and she had deliberately raised the volume of her voice for the sake of making sure Harry heard, but he didn't react in any way.

"He deserves it." Kendall retorted. "Anyway, I'm going to be flirting the fuck out of some French guys today. I'll easily find someone hotter than him."
Harry couldn't help but smirk to himself; yes - his smugness was telling himself that other guys were rarely hotter than himself. She was just saying that in an unsuccessful attempt to get to him.

"What are you smiling at, dipshit?" Cheryl yelled over at him, a level of fury behind her tone. Harry looked over at them, Kendall being the first one he made eye contact with, and he decided to keep that smug smile on his face as he slowly shrugged.

"Do you find it funny that you broke up with Kendall or something?" Gigi spat. Liam and Zayn seemed to be avoiding looking Harry's way, probably guilty yet obedient to the girls.

"I didn't say that." Harry called back, before once again peering at his phone again in indifference. He could see in the corner of his eye that Gigi was strolling his way, rather angrily, and she ripped his phone from his hands suddenly.

"Don't be such an ignorant prick. We are talking to you." She jeered.

"And I replied to you. Give me my fucking phone." Harry hissed, getting to his feet and trying to reach behind Gigi's back, where she held his device. They were aware that all of their classmates were watching now, the teachers just seeing it as stupid teenage drama, and Harry had never felt so pissed off and stressed out in his life.

"Well, I just want to let you know that Kendall was way too good for you anyway." Gigi snorted, before releasing her hand, sending Harry's phone crashing to the ground behind her before returning to the others. There was an awed hush from the other classmates, while Harry's jaw locked in an aggrieved manner as he looked down at his phone, which luckily had only fallen open so its battery was beside it.

"Fucking bitch." He snapped under his breath, and as he knelt down to start scooping up his phone, so did Louis, who had rushed over to help.

"That wasn't very nice." He quietly said, popping the battery back into Harry's phone and handing it to him.

"Thank you, Louis." Harry attempted a smile, though he did feel understandably disheartened. "No, it wasn't nice."

Kendall was laughing particularly loud among Harry's ex-friends, looking his way deliberately and dropping a sly wink that said: "that's right, baby, we're getting you back." Harry should have guessed really, that bullies would even turn on their friends if they became enemies. Typical.

"She's laughing to mask the pain." Louis mentioned, piquing Harry's interest.

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"She just lost somebody like you. She's laughing to hide how hurt she is." Louis voiced, with a reassuring smile. "Take it as a compliment, anybody would be heartbroken."

Harry was a little surprised by Louis' kind and reasonably confident words. As Louis strolled back over to his friends, he momentarily looked back at Harry over his shoulder with a smug grin. Wow, he was really becoming more open. Harry loved it.

The day didn't get any better as it progressed, though they did pair up with their partners not too far into it. Harry knew he was being exceptionally quiet as he sprawled down his notes.

"It's really unfair how they're treating you." Louis muttered, stopping his own note-taking and
putting his pen down. "It's hardly like it's your fault you guys had to break it off."

"I can just tell they're coming up with some big plan to embarrass me. They keep looking at me and whispering, it's what they always do when they're planning something to humiliate someone."

"Are you worried?" Louis softly questioned. It was clear how sincere he was being, how much he really cared.

"No." Harry said. "I don't really give a shit. But I'm wondering whether I should be wary."

"Try not to think about it too much, it'll just make you feel even worse. Just know you're the better person and move on." Louis smiled. Harry really wanted to hug him, but he instead opted for a simple pat to his arm as a thank you. Louis was such a godsend ray of sunshine at a time like this.

"Okay, everyone!" Mr Grant called out, getting everybody's attention. "As we've been here for quite a while now, we will be moving locations once we've finished in a minute."

"That'll be easy for Harry, he's used to finishing in a minute." Kendall riposted, earning immediate thunderous stifled laughter from their classmates at the underlying sexual reference. Harry shut his eyes and exhaled slowly. What a liar she was.

"At least I can go a few days without sex, they've got therapy for that, you know?" Harry hit back at her, and an even louder uproar sounded. Kendall looked horrified that she had been dissed so much.

"Alright, that's enough! I don't know what's happened between you two exactly, but I'm not going to have it distracting everybody else! No more, please." Mr Grant demanded. "We're moving now, everybody pack away your things."

"Good comeback." Louis whispered with a chuckle, as they packed away their stuff into their bags and got to their feet, brushing off strands of grass from their legs.

"My comeback was actually true," Harry rolled his eyes, "She's just a liar who wants attention."

They began walking amongst the crowd, Harry and Louis staying as far from Kendall and Co. as physically possible.

"Yeah, you seem like you'd be able to last longer than a minute." Louis mused, then immediately wanted to slap himself. "That was quite weird of me to say."


Probably the most provocative thing Louis had ever said, really. Again, Harry liked it.

"Do you know how I can tell, actually?" Louis decided he'd be a bit risky, liven things up a bit, and Harry was intrigued.

"What? How?"

Louis couldn't even look up, knowing he had dug himself too far into this one now.

"That night you moaned something that sounded a lot like my name. Seemed to go on longer than a minute to me."

Harry flushed red, which was a rare occasion for him. He wasn't expecting that topic to ever resurface, yet here it was, lingering in the air as they all headed to their next location.
"Uh..." He scratched the back of his neck idly, "I don't know what night you're talking about."

"Right," Louis smugly added, "But you've gone quite red."

"You're acting rather confident today. It's usually me making you blush." Harry smirked.

"I guess I'm still wondering about it too much, why it happened." Louis shrugged, a sheepish smile present on his face.

"Wish I knew. You must have been on my mind, huh?" Harry whispered lowly. Louis' cheeks were finally tinging pink again. "There's that blush I missed."

"Yeah, you win." Louis practically squeaked out, pretty shocked.

"Always." Harry chuckled. "But anyway, you got an honest answer. Happy?"

"Yes."

This time it was Cheryl's turn to call over to Harry, just before they all boarded the Metro, after they had all been observing Harry and Louis chatting from afar.

"Dating Louis now, Harry? Damn, what a downgrade." She shot at him, to the amusement of everybody but Harry and Louis. Kendall's eyes were sparkling due to how thankful she was that her friends were helping her get her own back.

"Actually, it would be a massive upgrade." Harry complacently smiled. It caused even more of an uproar, so that once again Mr Grant had to step in.

"Right, no more of this! You two, I don't want you anywhere near each other," He pointed between Harry and Kendall, "Unless you're going to fix whatever immature thing has happened between you both."

"Believe me, we're not going to be fixing anything." Harry expressed, with a satisfied grin. Kendall looked slightly heartbroken at that, an emotion she probably didn't want to show, and Harry couldn't care less. She deserved it at this point. She would never find anyone as good as him, while all Harry could do from there on was upgrade.

Harry was feeling even more generous today with his money, and decided to take Louis and his three friends to a nice diner for dinner. Niall was clearly reluctant yet thankful, agreeing once Harry flashed a friendly smile at him.

There was minimal talking throughout, mainly Louis and his friends amongst themselves, but Harry didn't mind; he quite enjoyed listening to them, it was intriguing. Especially the way Niall, Charlie and Christopher were clearly trying to converge to Harry's level of coolness, looking his way whenever they said something they deemed funny to see if he laughed. He did every time to please them.

On the way back to the hotel that evening, Harry was feeling rather chipper considering the constant battles between he and Kendall all day. The cool, calm air was aiding his good mood.

"I feel okay." He said aloud, to Louis, who was beside him while the other three walked slightly ahead along the lamp-lit streets.
"Good. Again, thanks for being so lovely and generous tonight. I know my friends think a lot more of you now." Louis giggled.

"Oh, I see how it is," Harry smirked, "As soon as the wallet comes out, it's all fondness and love."

"Shut up, I didn't mean that." Louis playfully slapped his arm. "Anyway, about this whole Kendall thing. Why don't you get with another girl in the class? Seeing as you're single and everything."

He seemed to like mentioning Harry getting with other people. Interesting. A test? Maybe.

"That'd hardly work for a few reasons. One, Kendall would bully said girl to death. Two, I don't like any girls in our class. And three, I'm pretty sure all the girls like me, but are intimidated by me."

"Wow, you think they're all in love with you?" Louis asked in amusement. "Even more modesty from Harry Styles."

"Oh come on, they all get so shy around me. Have you not seen it?" Harry quirked an eyebrow.

Louis hesitated. "Well, I guess so. So no girls in our class."

"Nope. No girls."

"What if you pulled a real surprise out the bag and got with Mr Grant?" Louis giggled. "That'd be sure to impact Kendall."

"Don't! I'm pretty sure Mr Grant is a bit of a creep with me sometimes, looking at my legs or touching my arm." Harry shuddered.

"Oh, so somebody else is in love with you now?" Louis interjected. "Seems like the whole world is."

"You're in the world." Harry cut in, so abruptly that it caught Louis off-guard and all he could do was let out a shocked laugh.

"I don't know," Louis softly smiled, "Maybe it's easy for you, having people literally falling to their knees for you."

"You want to fall to your knees for me now? That's quite fascinating imagery." Harry winked. That was enough to spiral Louis' head into a frenzy, heart thumping and hands lightly shaking simply from the implied sexual topic.

"Okay, that's enough now."

"Right." Harry smirked. "It'll all get too much otherwise." He let his hand fall down to Louis' bum, skimming it so faintly (yet wanting to touch it so much more) before retracting his hand once he gotten the hitch of breath from Louis he had been looking for. Perfect.

That night before once they had turned the lights out, Louis googled: 'Do I like him?'
louis is definitely getting more confident, but he's always going to be an innocent little buttercup at the end of the day ;}
Hi guys. Let me start by saying I'm not going to sugar-coat this: this chapter involves the suicide attempt that I've been trying to sort of stress in the tags of this story. I know it's a horrible thing, but it's just a step in the story that I have to pass through in order to reach the sunnier storylines to come.

IF you are not comfortable with reading it, and please be honest with yourselves (I know people who wouldn't be), then only read up to the part where Louis has read the letter he's given.

Sorry for this dramatic note, I just know that it's very important to warn people if anything touchy draws into the storyline. Thank you xx

If the quizzes Louis took until 1A.M. were anything to go by, he apparently liked Harry. One even told him to "make a move"; ha, as if he would ever be so poised.

Wait, did he like Harry? Sure, Harry was a mega attractive guy, but did it go further than that? He was also very kind... generous... sweet... thoughtful... funny... okay, maybe Louis liked him a teensy bit, but not enough to distinguish it as being a solid crush. Possibly.

After taking the ridiculous quizzes for so long, his mind was fuzzy, with his phone having been far too dazzlingly bright against the stark-black room, and he had to heavily blink a few times once his phone had been returned to his nightstand in order to rid of the unpleasant speckles dancing in his vision. His mind was whirring far too much to comprehend sleep, and he hated the thought that Harry's alarm would be going off in 6 hours. Resting seemed too out of reach at that point.

He couldn't stop thinking about the things Harry had said and done yesterday; the way he had ended up skimming his hand over his bum was an absolute deal breaker in terms of Louis keeping a level head - way too deliberate. And the thought that Harry may have possibly liked him too sent shivers through him. He wanted to stop telling himself such negative things, killing off any optimism he had managed before, but that wasn't going to happen anytime soon.

He ended up drifting to sleep around twenty past one, though he woke up several times during the night to toss and turn endlessly.

"Kendall, can you stop leaving your clothes all over the bathroom?" Gigi called out from said room. "We do have a laundry basket out there, you know?"

Kendall rolled her eyes from where she was sat, bare feet kicked up on the plush, posh tuffet in front of their sofa, browsing through the rather limited array of television channels.

"Give me a break, I'm emotionally unstable." She snapped back, finally giving up on finding a suitable channel and switching the TV off altogether before slamming the remote down. "How long until we have to go down?"
"Well, it's half seven, so half an hour. Have you even started getting ready yet?"

"What's the point?" Kendall huffed. "I'm not exactly dressing up for anyone anymore, am I?"

"Then dress up for me, baby girl. I'll be your secret lesbian lover." Gigi w inked at her as she sauntered out the bathroom, dropping her makeup bag down onto her bed.

"Mmm, now we're talking." Kendall giggled, standing up and wrapping Gigi in a tight hug. "Thanks for supporting me, Gi."

"It's what friends are for, babe."

Kendall broke the hug, deeply sighing as she stuffed her hands in the pockets of her pyjama bottoms.

"It's just," She huffed out a deep breath, "I want revenge on Harry, you know? I don't just want him to get away with this."

"Kenny, revenge only works right in movies. Just forgive and forget, okay? You'll find somebody else." Gigi maturely assured, folding up her discarded pyjamas and tucking them beneath her pillow.

"You know me, I'm not just going to forget about all this. I don't know if you've noticed, but Harry meant-- means a lot to me. Yeah, he still does. And it pisses me off that Louis faggot Tomlinson was practically the reason for our breakup, you know?"

"Maybe you shouldn't have lied to Louis' face about Harry, that didn't exactly help." Gigi reminded. "You're not completely innocent, are you?"

"You're supposed to be backing me up here!" Kendall exploded. "Come the fuck on, Gigi, we're best friends, for Christ's sake!"

"I am backing you up, by trying to convince you that revenge won't work well! It never does!" Gigi exclaimed.

"Then I'm going to have to do this on my own. Hell, maybe I'll even get Zayn and Liam to help," Kendall indifferently shrugged, "And if you're really my friend, maybe you'll help too."

Gigi slowly nodded, face straight. "I don't know, Kendall. Just let me think about it."

"Thank you." Kendall sighed, putting on her bra beneath her pyjama t-shirt. "I was thinking maybe involving Louis again. He's vulnerable. Plus, I can't exactly let him off scot-free, can I?"

"I'm not even going to try to fault you anymore," Gigi rolled her eyes, "Just do what you want, and know you might pay the consequences."

"Happily." She sneered.

---

Harry was set to hang out with Louis and his friends again today, seeing as he had exchanged a sit-down meal for their trust and hospitality. As he and Louis strolled out the lift, he noticed the three boys waiting nudging each other frantically to inform one another of the arrival.

"Hi, Harry!" Christopher brightly greeted. "And hi, Louis!"

Louis wanted to roll his eyes, Christopher wanted to act so cool for Harry but it came across more...
as a little bit... creepy?

"Hi, mate, you alright?" Harry casually greeted, hands in the front pockets of his black skinny jeans and backpack slung over one shoulder. It was quite the contrast to Christopher, who was wearing his large backpack over both shoulders, hands clutching the handles.

"Yeah, mate, you?" Christopher enthusiastically replied, eyes lighting up. God, it was sweet how he took Harry's nonchalant use of 'mate' almost as a friendship initiation, but Louis had never been so embarrassed about his friends in his entire life. It didn't sound right when Christopher used the 'mate' in return, it sounded very forced, nearly robotic.

"I'm doing good, thanks." Harry smiled. It was clear he was playing along for Christopher's sake, to make him happy.

When the elevator doors slid open moments later, Harry's entire ex-friend group strolled out as if they owned the place, looking as though a CGI explosion should have been superimposed behind them or something. Was that how they had always looked even when Harry was with them? Wow, he never wanted it to look that dramatic. They barely even spared Harry and his new little group a glance, strangely, moving to stand in another spot in the lobby. Okay, maybe they really had learnt to get over what had happened.

Once they all moved out, today only venturing out to a very nearby café plaza, Niall, Christopher and Charlie walked slightly ahead of Harry and Louis once again.

"Sorry about my embarrassing friends. Well, I say friends, I mean Christopher. He seems to idolise you." Louis groaned.

Harry chuckled, "It's fine, seriously. I can tell how different you are to them, I'll let him have his fun. I'm just more concerned about why Kendall and that lot are acting like I don't exist today."

"Remember what I mentioned yesterday: masking the pain. Not acknowledging you makes her feel like she's moving on and getting her own back." Louis theorised. "Now you can get on peacefully."

"Finally." Harry sighed.

Harry, Louis and the other three boys chose a table in a corner of the café their class chose to populate for the first section of today's work, Kendall and her posse of arrogance sitting the far side over, thankfully, and everybody got on with their work. Quite inevitably, it didn't take long until Christopher was the one filling the silence on their table.

"Harry, can I ask you something?"

Harry drew in a steady breath, finishing up scribbling down a title on his page in order to put his pen down and give Christopher his full attention.

"Go ahead."

Louis was practically holding his breath for him, don't say something stupid, you idiot.

"How many times did you, like," He childishly stifled a laugh, "have sex with Kendall?"

Louis loudly exhaled, letting his head fall forwards to slam onto his open notepad. He had had enough.

Harry was taken back yet amused, eyebrows crinkling in intrigue. "Umm... I never counted."
"Bit of a weird question, man." Niall chipped in, pretty much to Louis' rescue (and maybe Harry's too.)

"How is it? We're mates now, aren't we, Harry?"

"Of course." Harry lightly laughed. "I don't mind any level of questions."

"Did you ever sleep with any other girls in our class?" Christopher immediately fired at him, as though he had a big, long list of questions ready to ask.

Harry thought for a moment, while Louis couldn't help but feel a little jealous when anything concerned Harry's sex life was mentioned.

"Uh, I slept with Lily Greenwood at a house party... and hooked up with Caitlyn Brooker for a while. And that girl Marie, don't know her surname." Harry confessed, rather calmly.

Yeah, Louis hated this. His head remained on his folded arms throughout, silently grieving.

"Wow," Christopher mused, and to be honest, Niall and Charlie looked just as in awe, "So many hot girls."

Louis had never heard any of his friends refer to a girl as 'hot' before. They usually stuck to the innocent words, maybe 'cute' was the worst they could do usually.

"I guess so." Harry shrugged, a complacent smile on his face.

"Ever done anything with any guys?" Christopher snickered. Yeah, Louis kind of felt his stomach dip a little bit there, glad that his face was hidden in the safe little burrow his folded arms created. Why on earth was Christopher doing this?

"Is that a hookup invitation, Christopher?" Harry jokingly wiggled his eyebrows.

"Well, that's up to you, Harry."

"I was kidding." Harry chuckled.

"So was I." Christopher said, very quickly. Louis had to admit, that was kind of funny.

"Right." Harry laughed. "No, nothing with guys... actually, I think I kissed a guy once, though."

Louis' mouth curled up into a smile where his face was hidden from view, by now his friends probably sure he had fallen asleep like that or something, and he knew Harry was referencing to their Eiffel Tower kiss pretty blatantly. When Louis' friends exploded with frantic, excited questions as to who, Harry laughed and told them he was kidding.

Christopher removed his glasses and popped them on the tabletop. "Hey, Harry, do you think I'd be more likely to get with a hot girl like Caitlyn Brooker if I started wearing contact lenses? I reckon I look hotter without the glasses."

Oh God, Louis had finally lifted his head and regretted it once he noticed the way Christopher was trying to make a 'sexy' squint happen.

Harry snickered. "Keep them, man, girls dig guys with glasses as old-looking as yours. Kendall sometimes gave me a pair just like yours to put on while I fucked her."

"Really?"
"No."

"Oh." Christopher piped, putting the glasses back on. Louis wanted to cry with laughter when he linked eyes with Harry, who too looked close to bursting into tearful chuckles. Christopher was clearly fun to mess with.

Louis finally got the urge to look the way of Kendall and Co., to find that they were chatting rather suspiciously amongst themselves, giving Harry in particular little glances. Harry followed Louis’ gaze to the table, where Kendall raised her hand to wave in a ridiculously sickly sweet way that mocked him. Harry scowled in response.

"I just want to know what they're going to do." He stated, monotone, mainly to Louis but letting the three confused others in on it too.

"They're probably wanting you to worry, Harry, I doubt they'll do anything." Louis bet. "Anyway, you're too strong to get hurt by whatever they may have planned to say or do."

"Well, I'd hope so." Harry sighed.

Little did he know, maybe he wouldn't be their primary target. They wanted somebody more vulnerable.

"Christopher," Kendall harshly whispered, as Christopher passed by her on the field during the time everybody should have been working. "Come here."

He had innocently been trying to cross over to the toilets, and the moment Kendall had seen him getting to his feet to do so, she had gone in for 'the kill.'

"Why would I?" He shyly remarked, and he kept walking, blushing due to somebody like her actually acknowledging him in such close proximity without it being to bully. Kendall jogged to catch up with him, her burgundy Puma Suedes dampening in the rain-speckled grass, placing a steady hand on his shoulder.

"Wait, can you just listen to me for a second? I know we're from contrasting groups, yeah, but there's something important I really need to talk to you about." Kendall explained. Christopher didn't see through her act, an act that had been completely crafted by her and her spite, with the help of her friends, his caring side falling for the puppy eyes she was displaying.

"About what? I'm confused."

"It involves Louis and my ex, Harry," Kendall stated the names slowly, as if she was speaking to a four-year-old. "Can I tell you something?"

"I don't want to be a part of any drama." Christopher frantically shook his hands in denial. "Sorry."

"If you agree to listen to what I have to say and play a part in it, I'll make out with you." Kendall tempted. All part of the plan; she and the rest of the group had been observing the way Christopher gushed whenever girls were near him. They knew his weaknesses.

His eyes had widened considerably, mouth a little bit ajar.

"W-What, really?"

"You down?"
"Yes! Oh my goodness, of course! As long as Harry doesn't give me a funeral." Christopher worried, nervously looking Harry's way to see that he, Louis, Niall and Charlie were too busy crowded around a textbook to notice the suspicious event unfolding.

"I'm not with him anymore, am I? And anyway, he won't know a thing. How about we sneak off behind that toilet block, huh?" She suggested, pointing to the brick building not too far from them. Christopher nodded enthusiastically, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose.

"Yes! I am all for that!"

Christopher was far too excited to notice the sly wink Kendall dropped to Liam, Cheryl, Gigi and Zayn, as she walked with him towards the directed building. The moment they were behind it, and out of sight, Kendall shoved Christopher (a little bit roughly) against the wall.

"Ever made out with someone hot?" She smugly asked, a cocky smile stretched across her face.

"I've never made out with anyone." He sweetly admitted, gulping and wiping a layer of sweat away from his hairline. "I-"

Kendall cut him off by starting the conditional make out, and the poor guy was trying his hardest but failing to kiss back properly, making it a sickly messy kiss, but Kendall was doing what she had to do. She reached into her back pocket as the kiss continued, grabbing a scrunched up piece of paper and stuffing it into Christopher's palm as she broke the kiss (and tried not to heave, as a string of his spit was attached to her bottom lip.)

She wiped at her lip with the back of her hand. "You're not to look at what's on this piece of paper, but you're going to give it to Louis." She sternly instructed, though Christopher was still glassy-eyed and panting from his first make out with a hot girl.

"Yes, of course!" He nodded, stuffing it into his front pocket. "A-And I'm saying it's from you?"

"Of course you're not," She snickered, "You're saying it's from Harry. You see, Harry gave that to me a while ago and was always begging me to pass it on to Louis. I figured it would be best if one of his friends did, especially seeing as Harry and I are done now."

"Okay, I've got it! So I'm not allowed to read this, but I'm giving it to Louis and telling him it's from Harry," Christopher breathlessly reiterated, "Okay."

"Good boy. Don't give it to Louis in front of Harry, it won't be as special then. Don't tell Harry you're doing it just yet either, he will learn that, it's from him after all. Oh! And just tell him that Harry told you to, don't mention me at all." Kendall smiled very widely. "Thanks for the kiss, Chrissy. It was very good."

He gaped. "As good as Harry's were?"

"Hurry on back to your friends now, go on. Thank you." She interjected, ushering him away hastily.

"Got it!" He winked at her a little over-confidently, thinking he was really in for a shot right now, before jogging away.

Kendall shuddered and spat into the grass as soon as he left.

By dinner, Louis felt completely relaxed. He had been lounging on the field all day, despite it
being pretty damp with rain, and getting a lot of work done, and he felt a lot more comfortable with Harry now. Though not completely; never completely.

"You guys hungry at all?" Harry questioned the four of them. Christopher was nervously playing with the ball of paper in his pocket, waiting until he had Louis alone.


"Yeah, lunch was enough for me." Niall agreed. "How about we just head back to the hotel and sit at that bar just off the lobby?"

"Good idea, actually!" Harry pointed out. "I've been thinking of seeing what that's like. Everyone up for that?"

They all agreed and started making their way back towards the hotel. Louis was taking in the light breeze, shutting his eyes softly whenever there was a long, straight path in front of them to walk, listening to the sounds of Paris around them. Harry patted his shoulder with a smile.

They got to the hotel pretty quickly, having not been too far away today, to find the bar semi-busy, even with a (nice) group of their classmates in there who waved welcomingly at them. Though, as everyone seemed to be rather wary of him, they didn't quite direct it at Harry.

Harry got them all a soft drink and they sat on a high table on stools in the corner. Christopher was still fumbling with the paper ball, and had been for so long that the paper had softened, and couldn't wait much longer after just a few sips of Schweppes lemonade.

"Louis, can I chat with you in the bathroom really quickly? It's... something about my family." He blurted out, so Louis glanced up quickly with raised eyebrows.

"Yeah, uh... okay, come on." He jumped down from the stool and followed Christopher, the others a little suspicious but nothing too dramatic, and Christopher pushed open the door to the men's bathroom and led Louis inside.

"Listen, I have something for you. This is probably going to sound very confusing, but Harry wanted me to give this to you, it's from him. You can stand in here and read it, I'll let you have your privacy, but come back out when you're done, yes?" Christopher rushed. Louis' heart was thudding heavier than ever before, taking the balled up paper with shaking hands.

"O-Okay, why couldn't he give this to me?" He worried. "What does it say?"

"That's for you to know, it's your letter from him." Christopher shrugged, patting Louis on the shoulder before slipping out of the bathroom.

Louis could only hear his breathing in the room, and the faint tune of the 1950s French love song playing back in the lobby, as he unscrunched that piece of paper with explosive curiosity. He swallowed as he began reading the scrawled writing (which he had no idea really belonged to Zayn.)

"Louis. Hello. I know you are confused right now but please read this carefully. I wanted one of your friends to give you this because otherwise I would feel even worse than I already do. In simple words, I want you to know that I'm sick of you. I'm sick of the way you look at me, I'm sick of looking at you, I'm sick of pretending I'm not bothered by your blatant crush on me.....for fuck sake why am I being so nice here? Just stop being such a freak towards me. Maybe it would help if you
were more attractive, but sadly you are not. At all. Inside or out. All you are is a poor, ugly wannabe cool guy who knows he will be the lowest of the low at the end of the day. Don't fault me for finally putting into words what I've been wanting to say this entire time. I may have been nice to you, but know that these words are the truth.

Yours sincerely, Harry.

Louis couldn't breathe. He had dropped the piece of paper so that it fluttered to the tiled flooring, and he hadn't even noticed until now that tears were rolling down his face and he was shaking so much that he didn't even feel human. He sprinted from the bathroom, heading straight across the lobby and towards the lifts.

"Yeah, I get what you mean," Harry brightly replied to whatever Charlie had said, before spotting Louis in the corner of his eye, immediately hopping down from his stool. "Louis?"

Christopher was watching in shock, as were Niall and Charlie, as Louis violently hit the button for the lift to open, and he got in and shut it right before Harry could get to the closing doors.

"Shit, what's going on?" He yelled out, slamming his hands on the doors. The reception staff were calling over to him, their accents too thick for him to distinguish, and he began pressing the button just as frantically as Louis until the vacant lift by it opened.

Harry's chest heaved as the lift raised to their floor, holding the sides of his head in terror as he tried to conjure up what in fuck's name was going on. The moment the doors slid open, he skidded out of them and sprinted down the hallway, where the door to he and Louis' room had just slammed shut, and he fumbled in his pocket for his room key and slotted it angrily into the keyhole.

"Louis!" He shouted as he opened up the door, it slamming shut behind him, and he looked around desperately. The moment he felt his heart practically jump into his throat was the moment he saw Louis' silhouette out on the balcony. He was stood the other side of the balcony fencing, his back pressed against it and hands locked around the barrier behind him.

"Oh my God," Harry breathed in horror, heading for the balcony and putting out his hands slowly even though Louis' back was to him. "Louis..."

Louis was so shaken up, breathy sobs and trembling hands gripping not enough onto the fence behind him. One tiny slip or wrong footing, and he'd be gone. He didn't even look back at Harry.

"Go away!" He yelled out, voice broken. "Go!"

Harry tried to steady his breathing, knowing he would have to move very slowly and carefully at a time like this.

"Please, Louis," His voice cracked as tears broke through his attempted calmness, "Please, take my hand, step back over the barrier, you're scaring me."

"The letter," Louis managed, voice carrying in the wind, "Your letter Christopher gave to me."

"What letter?"

"YOUR FUCKING LETTER!" Louis screamed, "I READ IT! I'M FUCKING DONE, HARRY. DONE!"

"I didn't write a letter!" Harry assured. "Take my hand, Louis." He shook said hand a little, which he had extended out towards Louis.
"No..." Louis' voice had become small again, "No, no, no." He was frantically shaking his head, refusing to even look down at the city far below.

"I promise you, Louis, I don't know what's going on but you need to take my hand right now!" Harry commanded. "Come on back over here and we can talk." He extended his hand out even more, tentatively.

"I'm done talking. I'm done with everything." Louis breathed, only just loudly enough for Harry's ears to pick up on. "Let me jump."

"No!" Harry yelled out, voice croaky in the midst of his heavy sobbing. "You jump and I'll be right behind you, please don't."

Louis looked back over his shoulder then, at the sobbing mess behind him, Harry's cheeks angrily red and full-on ugly sobbing, body shaking.

"Louis." He wailed out, as they held eye contact. "Please don't. I didn't write it. I didn't write the letter."

"I've had enough."

"I know you might have," Harry assured, trying to catch his breath, "I want to help you. Take my hand."

"No."

"Louis, take my hand!"

"No!"

Louis turned back towards the city skyline in front of him, shaking even more, fingers whitening with the strain of holding himself up. Harry knew he had to take evasive action, things weren't going anywhere.

In one swift move, while he prayed to God in his head it would succeed, he rushed forwards and scooped Louis up, pulling him back over he barrier, and they both collapsed on the balcony floor in a sobbing heap. Immediately, Louis dug his face into Harry for safety, crying into his arm.

"I'm sorry." He brokenly whined. "I'm sorry."

"You're okay, you're safe." Harry soothed, kissing his head. "You're alive, Louis."

"I'm sorry." He shakily stated, once again.

They stayed like that for a long time, Louis unstably crying into Harry's arm, Harry stroking his back and whispering soothing things to him, and it was only once things had calmed down that it really hit him.

What fucking letter had Louis read?
Poor daffodil Louis. DON'T BE MAD AT ME OMG :( he is okay and soft Harry is looking after him.
It was 8 o'clock by the time the tears had finally dried, and Louis had reformed to gaspy little breaths every few seconds into the silence. Harry lifted his head to look at Louis, whose face was still dug into his bicep, and softly stroked his thumb over Louis' forearm, which was limply lying across his stomach.

"Should we head inside now?" Harry was surprised by how gentle his voice could be in such an uncompromising situation, and it came out as if he was talking to a newborn baby or a tiny puppy.

Louis sharply sniffed before nodding, finally lifting his face so that Harry saw it again for the first time since he had looked back over his shoulder out on the other side of that balcony. He had a red mark down one cheek, showing just how roughly he had had it pressed against Harry's arm for comfort, and his eyes were glossy with tears and bloodshot red. His eyeliner shot down again.

Harry shifted into a sitting position, jumping up to his feet and holding his hand out for Louis, who took it and stumbled to his feet, brushing off his jeans. Harry placed a hand on Louis' shoulder and led him inside, firmly sliding the balcony door shut behind them so they were securely in their warm room again.

"Let's sit," Harry sighed, "We need to talk a little, don't we?"

Louis nodded once again - which seemed to be all he could do now- with his facial expression neutral, and they sat on the sofa, Louis kicking off his trainers and drawing his feet up in front of him. There was a short silence while Harry carefully chose how to fill it next, and Louis wasn't even close to doing so.

Harry drew in a deep breath. "You mentioned a letter that Christopher gave to you."

As if on cue, there was a clear, distinctive knock on their door. Harry kept his eyes on Louis for a few seconds as he got to his feet.

"Stay sat right here, okay?"

Louis nodded, still staring off into the space in front of him. Harry strolled over to the door of their room, looking back twice over his shoulder at Louis on the way, before opening up the door. Stood there was Niall, Charlie at his side, and the instant Harry spotted Christopher awkwardly hanging further back down the hallway, he tried to angrily get to him, grunting in annoyance when Niall and Charlie held him back. Christopher took off in a sprint down the hallway towards the lifts, startled, before instead disappearing through the door that led to the staircase.

"Fucking prick! I'm going to beat the shit out of you!" Harry shouted after him, and Charlie harshly hushed him, hands splayed out to calm him down.
"Is Louis okay? What's happened?" He frantically asked Harry. "We found this on the bathroom floor in the lobby, Christopher gave it to him, didn't he?"

Charlie held up the disheveled letter, and Harry didn't verbally respond, he instead ripped it from Charlie's hands, looked back again to check on Louis (who was still sat in the same position) before hurriedly reading it.

His face gradually scrunched up in pure vexation the more words he took in, mouth dropping open in disbelief and fury, throwing the letter to the ground.

"That's Zayn's fucking handwriting." He seethed, holding the sides of his face and taking a deep breath. "Why did Christopher have this?"

"We don't know anything! Christopher wouldn't talk!" Niall exclaimed. "Louis is okay, yes?"

"He's recovering now." Harry lowered the volume of his voice majorly. "He tried to jump off the balcony after he ran up here."

"What?! We need to see him!" Charlie tried to fight past Harry, who was barricading them from entering the room, but Harry didn't allow it.

"I think he's better off with as little company as possible now, he's still very shaken up. Hasn't said a word yet since I got him down." Harry apprised, with an apologetic shrug. "Can you please keep that letter and don't throw it away?"

"Okay. We will check in later. Please take care of him." Niall nodded, kneeling down to scoop up the letter, and Harry hummed before gently shutting the door behind him.

He turned back to Louis and walked over, returning to his seat beside him, looking at the side of Louis' face as he continued to stare forwards.

"Zayn wrote that letter." He gently informed him. "They were probably all in on it. And I apologise from the bottom of my heart, Louis. They must have somehow convinced Christopher to give it to you."

Louis didn't react, just a few steady blinks, and Harry softly sighed.

"I know you're not going to want to say much right now, but if I ask you some simple questions, could you give me some simple answers?" Harry asked, keeping his tone very tender.

"Okay." Louis piped up, finally moving his gaze to look down at his folded hands.

"Did Christopher tell you who gave him that letter?"

"He just said you." Louis mumbled, voice small.

"Right. And he didn't say very much at all?"

"No. Said you wanted me to have it."

"Okay." Harry slowly nodded, trying to burn down the anger inside him towards everybody responsible for doing this to Louis. "I know that my old friends had a huge part to play in this. This is their revenge, what they've been planning."

Louis hazily nodded again.
"I'm going to give that letter to Mr Grant and explain to him everything that's happened." Harry explained. "But I won't tell him about what just happened out on the balcony, if you don't want me to."

"Don't."

"Okay." Harry nodded. "But I'll tell him how much it upset you."

There was yet another silence, with Louis picking at a thread on one of the plush cushions as a distraction.

"What would you like to do? I think you should probably get some rest, clear your head." Harry suggested, and Louis finally turned to him, linking eyes.

"I want to talk to you."

Harry quirked up his eyebrows in surprise, having expected Louis to get straight to bed and not say a word.

"You want to? What about?"

"About me."

"About you?" Harry gently expanded. "I hardly know anything about you."

"Exactly." Louis blandly said. "I think it'll take my mind off what just happened."

"Then chat away, and I'll sit here and listen for as long as it takes." Harry assured, with a smile. "I'd love to know more about you."

"I have four younger sisters, no brothers," Louis' voice was very broken and small as he began explaining, picking at the thread again as he spoke. "I have to look after them a lot because my mum's always working, sometimes six days a week... you've guessed this by now, we're pretty poor."

Harry made a sound of acknowledgment to show he was listening, and Louis continued.

"My dad died a year back, a bad accident at work, so that sort of slashed our income and we struggle a lot to get by now."

"I'm so sorry," Harry breathed.

"Don't be, it's okay." Louis smiled slightly, reassuringly, though he still lacked any brightness in his tone. "And my mum, me and my sisters moved from Doncaster, into a smaller home where we are now, more affordable, you know. We've never been a wealthy family anyway, even when my dad was with us."

"What was Doncaster like?" Harry mused, thankful that Louis was at least a little talkative again, and that opening up about his life was probably a way unleashing all that he had bottled up.

"Well, more of a city than Holmes Chapel, a lot louder. I prefer the quiet." He softly smiled.

"What about the school? What was that like?"

"I got insanely bullied," Louis shook his head and shut his eyes, "Every day, just by more people. Didn't really have any friends. I kind of thought a new school would change things. I was wrong."
He tugged his sleeves over his hands and balled them up.

Harry felt an even more intense want to scream in the faces of Kendall and the others until his throat went raw. But right now, all he could do was comfort Louis and listen to what he had to say.

"God," He whispered, "That's rough. I can't see why people would want to bully you and wouldn't want to be your friend, you're probably the loveliest person I've ever met."

Louis blushed a little and smiled to himself. "Thank you, Harry."

"I mean that, you know," Harry spontaneously scooped up one of Louis' hands, holding it in his, "What that letter said? Bullshit. I love looking at you, I love you looking at me," His mouth curled up into a grin, "And if you have got a blatant, little crush on me, I love that too."

Louis nervously bit on his lower lip.

"What?" Harry smirked.

"I don't know."

"Of course you know, what is it?" Harry chuckled.

"Am I dreaming?"

"What?"

"Am I?" Louis reiterated. "Am I alive?"

"Yes," Harry nodded, "Why are you asking that?"

"This doesn't feel real." Louis shrugged. "I feel too numb, I don't know."

Harry squeezed Louis' hand. "You feel that?"

"Mhmm."

"It's real."

Louis hesitated.

"I just usually wouldn't open up to anybody, I guess. Obviously I'm feeling particularly sensitive, you know? This feels like some weird dream." Louis sniffed, gently tugging his hand from Harry's grip. Harry had felt how much it had been sweating, he was nervous just from their hands being connected.

"It must feel so surreal, yeah. But I think you benefited from opening up a little, right?" Harry justified, smiling warmly at him. "It's good to know more about you, it was so agonising never knowing why you're so withdrawn."

Louis simply hummed in response, showcasing that exact withdrawal by staring blankly ahead of them both.

"Right, bedtime now." Harry commanded, like a parent of a schoolchild on a Sunday evening. "That's enough staring into space, you need to refuel."

"You're right." Louis uttered, getting to his feet rather shakily, probably still dwelling in his dream-
like state. "I haven't brushed my teeth."

"Oh well, one night without will be fine. I want to stay in the room with you, and you need to go to bed right now." Harry softly encouraged, blocking the bathroom door. "Come on."

Louis wailed a little in protest, but did as he was told, heading towards his bed, where the sheets were still tousled from that morning, as it wasn't a cleaning day for the hotel workers.

"I have to get changed, though."

"Get changed, then--" Harry decided he needed to correct himself mid-sentence, once it dawned on him how devastatingly insecure Louis was. "--Umm... I'll turn around, then, okay?"

"Mhmm."

Harry sat on his bed, facing the wall by its side so that Louis had his privacy, pulling out his phone to scroll through it so that he wasn't pointlessly sat there waiting.

"I'll tell you when I'm done."

"Okay, Louis."

Louis almost had a girlish frame of mind, the need for bodily privacy, as usually boys were so open about stripping down bare in front of each other, yet Harry didn't really mind. Louis was pretty fragile, he really needed a self-esteem boost.

Harry scrolled through his Instagram, the sounds of Louis pulling off clothing behind him and replacing the garments with his pyjamas, and for some reason Harry felt a hot flush in his chest. He had pushed all of his emotions way too far this evening, he needed to rest his head.

"Done."

Harry got to his feet again when he heard that word, after a minute or so, turning back to smile at Louis, who was back in the comfort of his pyjamas. He had his sleeves wrapped protectively around his hands, sitting cross-legged on the unmade bed.

"Bedtime, mister," Harry joked, a little smirk playing on his face, "Before I lose my patience."

Louis gave a half-hearted laugh, just a sharp exhale from the nose, which would have been more enthusiastic without the awful events from tonight, and he slid into the sheets properly.

"Nice and cosy?"

"A bit cold," Louis admitted, "Hope I warm up soon."

"Bet you want me in there with you, don't you?" Harry jokingly offered.

"What?" Louis asked, for some reason sounding a little bit offended, having not taken it so lightly, and Harry's heart started hammering.

"To warm you up, I mean... forget it." He defeatedly laughed, an awkward laugh that screamed 'I suck', and Louis nodded with a ridiculously fabricated smile before rolling over in his bed so that he faced the other way.

Oh God, Harry was always doing things like this, putting himself in these situations. Just when things got better, and brightened up a little, he burned it all down again. His stupid flirtatious
banter’, as people often labeled it.

Louis drifted off pretty quickly, having been too physically and emotionally worn out to stay awake any longer, and Harry knew he was in for a long night of pretty much keeping an eye on Louis. Even though it was a very low percentage chance (if Harry's knowledge from the school psychology classes was deemed correct) that Louis would want to attempt anything drastic again to put himself at risk, he wanted to be there, awake, in case Louis woke up scared and needed someone.

He spent most of his night lying on his bed, still fully clothed, angrily reminiscing about what people had actually done to Louis. It didn't feel real yet, as Louis had already expressed, and Harry had never felt such an extreme level of internal rage in his entire life. It was so bad that he even hated himself from having been involved with Kendall and her group in any way in the past. He wished desperately that he could detach from their association, untangle their conjoined relationship roots and pretend it was never real.

In the end, he must have received about two hours sleep, having been too exhausted around the 4AM mark to keep his eyes from drooping shut, but when he woke up just after six o'clock, before the alarm even had, Louis was still in the exact same sleeping position, sound asleep.

Harry took the last peaceful hour he had to take a power shower, which jolted his tired body awake, and he dressed into fresh clothes from their freshly laundered pile before it had even reached half past six. He didn't know how he was going to get through the day himself, but particularly how Louis was going to. It was no doubt he'd be in no sane position to be able to face seeing anybody today except for Harry. Though maybe Harry would even get too much for him, who knows? It was Harry's aim today to make Louis happy again, even if it was temporary for now, and get him talking again.

Once the alarm blared out, when Harry had passed the final sliver of time on YouTube in his headphones, Louis quite literally jumped from his sleep, shoulders jolting up stiffly. In confusion, he squinted to look back at Harry over his shoulder. The way his eyes managed to immediately lose their initial morning sparkle once the second of bliss had passed, when it dawned on him what happened yesterday, was heartbreaking. He immediately dropped his face back into his plush pillow, groaning deeply.

"Rise and shine." Harry decided he would be bright and perky, which would perhaps encourage Louis to do the same.

Louis murmured into the pillow in response, so Harry chuckled lightly.

"Right, so I was thinking I could send Niall a message this morning, asking him to let Mr Grant know you're not feeling well and that I'm staying with you today." Harry stated, deciding that would be best, instead of tackling Kendall and the others like he so wanted to. That could wait for now, Louis had to recover fully first.

"You don't have to stay with me, I'll just bring your mood down." Louis grunted, voice etched with exhaustion despite his very lengthy night's sleep.

"Actually, I'm staying with you to bring your mood up." Harry beamed, getting to his feet. "I'm not going to have you sleeping all day, it'll make you feel even shitter."

"But I like sleeping."

"So do I, it didn't seem to visit me last night, and here I am being Mr. Happy Positive, just for
you.” Harry grinned. "So the least you can do for me is get up and come watch TV with me or something?"

"Can you shut the curtains to the balcony?"

Harry immediately stood up to do so, tugging the net curtains shut before sliding onto the sofa.

"Up you get, sunshine. Go brush those teeth." Harry urged. "While I message Niall and then try to find a channel that isn't in French."

"Okay." Louis smiled, finally one which seemed more genuine than last night, grabbing his washbag and an armful of fresh clothes before wandering off sleepily into the bathroom.

Harry shot a quick Facebook message to Niall, who had been online luckily just two minutes ago: *Hi Niall, could you mention to Mr Grant that I'm staying with Louis today and that he's not feeling up for coming outside today?? He is feeling a little better this morning btw, let Charlie know too. See you soon, H .xx*

Was it a little weird that he signed it off with kisses? Probably. He was just feeling rather tender, he doubted Niall would care.

Harry saw that Kendall was also online, as he still had her as a Facebook friend, and he clenched his jaw a little. He was so close to typing out a painfully long message, full of swear words, insults and criticisms, but he stopped himself and decided to save it for now. It would be much better, for now, to simply show Kendall that he saw staying with Louis all day instead.

Louis left the bathroom not too long later wearing a scruffy-looking hoodie and blue skinny jeans, when Harry had put his phone away and found the channel playing Family Guy once again, and Louis sat the other side of the sofa, curling up against the armrest.

"They're going to tell Mr Grant that we're staying here today, it's all good." Harry informed him. "We could maybe do a bit of work here, Niall will probably send through what we have to do."

"Yeah, okay." Louis hazily agreed, resting his chin on his palm while his eyes stayed glued to the television screen.

"Should we talk or... just watch?"

"Why have the TV on if we're going to talk?" Louis countered, though the tiniest smile crossed his face to show that he wasn't trying to argue.

"I dunno, background noise? Fills awkward silences." Harry laughed. "I feel like there may be a few of those."

"There's nothing else to talk about, that's why."

"There are endless things," Harry disagreed, grabbing the remote to turn down the volume of the programme just slightly, then returning it to the coffee table. He scrambled through the options, opting for a pretty bleak one. "Who's your celebrity crush?"

"So out of these *endless* things, you choose that?" Louis giggled, a light sound, like icing sugar. Harry had missed that, he hoped his gawky self would cheer Louis up in no time.

"It's my opening question, come on!"
"I don't have one."

"Bullshit," Harry playfully interjected, "Everybody does."

"I don't really have crushes." Louis shrugged. That was a lie, if his online love quizzes were anything to prove that otherwise. He apparently had a crush on Harry, God dammit, and he wanted to blush so hard right now.

"So you've never seen somebody and thought 'fuck, I wanna see them naked?'" Harry nudged him, and Louis put his face in his hands.

"I don't think like that."

"Yes you dooo!" Harry contradicted. "Stop denying it!"

"Is this your way of cheering me up, by tormenting me?" Louis chuckled.

"Well, you are smiling." Harry pointed out. He knew this topic was working to take Louis' mind off of things, because he was always too flustered to think of anything else. "All I wanted to know was whether you think about fucking your celebrity crushes. Do you not have any libido, Lou Lou?"

"Define libido."

"Sex drive." Harry wiggled his eyebrows.

"Well... I don't know?" Louis trailed off, looking puzzled with himself.

"Everybody does, it's only human."

"Then is there any point in asking?" Louis raised an eyebrow, smugly. Well.

"I'm always curious to know whether really innocent people like you think about sex." Harry shrugged.

"Right, right, that's enough, you're corrupting me." Louis giggled. "I won't listen to your filth."

"Gosh, you really are innocent, aren't you?"

"I'd say modest, but whatever floats your boat." Louis shrugged, a sheepish smile on his face. "I wasn't raised like you, with your cool-boy lifestyle."

"You say that as if I was sleeping with girls in the womb," Harry chuckled, "I didn't lose my virginity until I was fifteen, I'll have you know."

"Because that is so old," Louis sarcastically exclaimed, "When I was fifteen, nobody even wanted to talk to me, let alone sleep with me. Still the same now, actually."

"How do you know that? You can't read people's minds," Harry playfully added, "Maybe half the people in our class think of you sexually."

"Ha! That's funny, Harry."

"What? I'm just saying, you never know." Harry shrugged with a smile, drumming his hands on his knees in an upbeat tune. "It's all fun, being young."
"Most I've ever done is kiss someone," Louis rose an eyebrow, "And I think you might know something about that."

"I feel honoured," He smirked, "It was basically equal to if I'd have given you your first real orgasm, anyway, I'm that good of a kisser."

Louis' eyes widened, that wonderful flustered look that came over him, and he always found something to distract himself with right away. This time, it was getting up to grab a bottle of water from the mini fridge. The simple fact that he practically always ran away expressed just how much of an impact Harry's words had on him.

"You feeling okay? Cooling off?" Harry smirked, as Louis chugged down almost half the bottle in a few mouthfuls.

"I'm fine," He breathed, after catching his breath back from the excessive drinking, "I was just thirsty."

"Okay."

They held eye contact for a few seconds, before Harry burst into laughter from the slightly jokingly disapproving look Louis was giving him, a look that said: 'Stop it, you know what you're doing to me, and I'm too socially awkward to know how to react.'

"You really like to make me blush." Louis broke the silence, doing just that while looking absent-mindedly at the water bottle in his hands. "But I guess that's my fault, I'm too awkward."

"And I'm too good at causing it, dear Louis." Harry smirked, getting to his feet all of a sudden.

He instinctively looked at his wrist to find the time, remembered his beloved Rolex was shattered and so his wrist was bare, then proceeded to calmly check the time on the television instead. It was five minutes to eight, and he knew their fellow classmates would all be making their way down to the lobby. He had a burning passion to storm down there and make a scene. It wouldn't die down, feeling like simply pushing it aside and letting Niall tell me Grant just wouldn't suffice. Louis must have noted Harry's calculating gesture.

"What?"

"Just thinking," Harry mumbled, staring into space as he did, "I want to go down there and confront everyone involved last night."

"I'm grateful that you're supporting me, Harry, I really am, but that would be a lot of people to take on. You know how harsh they all are, you were in their group. There's Kendall, Zayn, Liam, Gigi and Cheryl, could you really voice what you have to say to all of them?" Louis ranted, probably one of the longest statements he had ever made.

"That's true," Harry admitted, "Though I couldn't care less. I can handle them, they're nothing but a bunch of loud-mouthed pussies at the end of the day, believe me." He rolled his eyes.

"Then... what are you going to do? Really think about this." Louis had an edge of warning to his voice, like he was trying to say without actually saying what Harry should do.

"I want to do it. But I don't want you sat up here alone." Harry worked out, sitting back down.

"I'll be okay, Harry. How's this then - I'll call my mum while you're down there?" He offered. "If you're worried about me being alone."
'Yes! Please do.' Harry urged, watching as Louis pulled out his phone and scrolled through his very minimal list of contacts. While he was distracted doing so, Harry's over-thinking mind caused him to lock the balcony door with the little silver key in the dish on their desk. Louis didn't even notice.

"Okay, I'll be back very soon. And I'll pay any charge for oversea calls." He winked as he parted, as Louis smiled in a flustered manner while the phone was to his ear, the call going through.

Harry slipped from the room, the door clicking shut behind him, and immediately his stomach lurched in disgust. Kendall and Gigi had just left their own room, just down from Harry's, having not even acknowledged him yet. He had never felt such rage inside him, fists balled and jaw clenched.

"Kendall." His voice came out stern, scolding, and she jumped upon hearing it. She and Gigi span round dramatically to face him, their freshly styled hair flicking over their shoulders.

"Oh! Hey, babes!" Kendall mockingly greeted, equipped with a sickly flirtatious wave. "How are you feeling?"

"How about you drop the stupid fucking act and start explaining." Harry demanded, while heading their way angrily, and Kendall's expression clearly changed from comedic to concerned in a split second.

"Woah, calm down!" Gigi defended, coming to Kendall's rescue with raised hands. "There's no need to be so feisty, Tiger."

"Are you kidding me? That fucking letter; you want to tell me that's not something to be mad about?!" He raged, containing his full-frontal fury by keeping his arms by his sides.

"Oh, that stupid prank? You're seriously worked up about that?" Kendall rolled her eyes, her smile back and shining. "Then you've got some growing up to do, Harry."

"You never thought about how that could impact Louis, did you? How fucking selfish, oh my God." He breathed in outrage. "And to forge it from me and get Louis' own fucking friend to pass it on? What the fuck were you thinking?!"

"You sure seem to care about Louis." Gigi accused, though it was very true. "You always have, I can fucking tell. You never played along with our banter, it's like you've always had some creepy crush on him or something."

They both started shrieking with laughter, while Harry shut his eyes and exhaled slowly through his nose.

"What a fucking crime that is, not wanting to bully a boy who's done nothing wrong, and is very clearly sensitive." He rolled his eyes. "You two are pieces of shit, you know that? Kendall, I am so ashamed to have been associated with you in any way, I wish I could take back the last almost three years that I wasted with you. You should be fucking ashamed, both of you. Tell Zayn, Liam and Cheryl, whoever was involved, that they're all just as shitty as you, and that I hope you're all fucking happy with yourselves for upsetting me and Louis. Got what you wanted? See how I fucking care. Mr Grant will soon know when he sees the letter."

He took a deep breath once he was finished, noticing that he had said all the right things in his defence. Kendall looked very hurt, hopefully from the comment he had made about wanting to
take back the time he had wasted with her, while Gigi looked a little panicked.

"Don't give him that letter, you fucking snitch." She hissed.

"Oh no, you called me a snitch? My feelings are hurt." Harry sarcastically wailed, before once again rolling his eyes and scowling. "He's getting the letter. Now fuck off, both of you, I'm staying in my room all day with Louis."

Kendall looked pissed off at that, shaking her head furiously.

"Fine, I don't give a shit! Give Mr Grant that stupid letter, and stay with that faggot Louis all day!" She roared, looking ready to rip her (or maybe Harry's) hair out. "I'm the best you'll ever have, motherfucker, I hope that haunts you!"

"Whatever." Harry snorted, sporting a smirk. "Like it'll be hard to find someone nicer than you, all it would take is about thirty seconds."

As he strolled back over to his room, head held high, there was an array of shouts back at him from the two girls.

"Fuck you! She's better than anyone a lowlife piece of shit like you will ever get!"

"Those three years weren't a fucking waste, they're the best years you'll ever have!"

"You know what? You're not even hot! Look at you!"

"Yes I am." Harry muttered under his breath, a smug smile, as he unlocked the door again and slipped inside, it clicking shut behind him.

Louis was still on the phone, smiling up at Harry when he saw that he had returned.

"Okay, mum, that's great! Tell Daisy that her big brother is very proud of her," He beamed into the phone, humming along to her response a few times, before deciding to cut things short there.

"Anyway, mum, I better go. We have to go down to the lobby now... alright... okay, yeah, see you soon... I love you too, goodbye."

He pressed the button to end the call, placing his phone down onto the coffee table, and he and Harry spoke a sentence each at the same time. Louis asked, "How did things go?", while Harry asked, "Aww, you're proud of your little sister?"

Then it was the awkward exchange of 'you go's, and Harry managed to resolve it by quickly answering what Louis had asked.

"It went fine, proud of what I said. Kendall and Gigi were in the hallway so they met my wrath," He smirked, "Still want to kick Zayn and Liam's arses, probably Christopher's too, actually. Now, you go."

"Well I'm glad that went well," Louis praised, as Harry sat down again. "Yeah, I'm proud of her. She won her ballet competition, she's been practicing for so long."

"That's great! Daisy, did you say it was? How old is she?"

"She's six, so's my sister Phoebe, they're twins." He told him, a look of pride on his face, and utter love. "Then there's Lottie who's eleven and Felicite who's nine."

"Lovely," Harry smiled, "I bet they're wonderful. I wish I had a younger sister. Mine is twenty-two
soon."

"Wish mine were older," Louis giggled, "Although they're very sweet, of course, just a handful at times."

There was a bit of silence after Harry had simply hummed in consideration, as his mind was still poring over what he had said to Kendall and Gigi in the hallway, happy with it yet never any less angry at them. He felt Louis' hand caressing his forearm suddenly, a surprising thing, and looked down at where he was touching him tenderly.

"Thank you for supporting me." Louis softly credited, his fingers still ghosting softly up Harry forearm, leaving goosebumps in their wake. He was pretty shocked Louis would be confident enough to do anything more than simply talk.

"That's okay." He smiled, placing his hand over Louis' moving one. "Always will, Lou Lou."

"I'm so thankful I met you." Louis barely whispered.

Harry beamed at him, clasping Louis' hand in his instead of simply having it rested on top.

"I'm thankful I met you too, Louis."

And Harry would have kissed Louis again, if the shy boy hadn't withdrew completely and gotten up to go and take his pills. A couple more than usual.

Chapter End Notes

God I think we all need some smut to happen soon, I will make to happen @ some point I promise x
Chapter Summary

By the way, thought I would just mention how I envision Harry and Louis looking in the story. Sorry for the annoying sizes of the photos, I just gave up lol

Harry:
Louis:
Nice thought, huh. You're welcome.

Chapter Notes

Bit of a random update time but here ya go

Louis had become very engaged in an episode of Family Guy soon after, so when a message came through from Niall outlining what they had to do for their project today, Harry decided he would step in and do it himself.

He got his textbook, notepad and pencil case from his backpack and sat at the desk to the left of their balcony door, the chair heavy and expensive beneath him, difficult to pull in so he could get his lanky legs comfortably beneath the desk. He did get rather distracted with preening his hair in the mirror attached to the desk in front of him, realising that he cared a lot about how he looked in front of Louis, and got rather infuriated by a stray curl which had dried sticking up slightly after his shower.

"Your hair's fine, Harry." Louis commented, a slight smugness in his tone, and Harry made eye contact with him in the reflection of the mirror, seeing Louis still curled up on the sofa in the background of his vision.
"It's pissing me off," Harry rolled his eyes, giving up and letting the stupid thing spring back up, "Wish my hair was straight."

"I like your hair, it's different. Curly hair is nice." Was Louis complimenting him? That was rather confident of him to do.

"Thanks, Lou Lou." Harry smirked, finally getting to work. As he began, though, Louis was a bit of a distraction by getting up to wander across the room, heading to his own little suitcase near his bed. Harry couldn't help but watch in the mirror's reflection, as Louis was rummaging through it.

"What are you doing?" Harry asked, while scrawling out a title for today's section of the work.

"I feel gross in this hoodie," Louis muttered, "It's so old and tatty, have you seen my lighter blue jumper?"

"Look who's the hypocrite now, I thought it didn't matter what we looked like right now? You telling me to stop fussing with my hair," Harry smugly commented, continuing on with the work, "Put something of mine on if you want, I don't mind."

"I'm not going to steal your clothes," Louis chuckled, "I'll find something."

He had already made quite the mess by his suitcase, the contents strewn out around him as he searched for one specific garment. Harry playfully sighed, slamming down his pen and pushing back the chair, heading straight for his own suitcase. He unzipped it, opening up the lid and having a look at his own clothes.

"What do you like? I've got a red Ralph Lauren piece? That would look good on you." He offered, holding up the folded polo shirt. "And don't refuse, please, I want to help."

Louis defeatedly laughed, turning to face Harry, standing up from his previous kneeling position. "I appreciate it, Harry. Is it... long sleeved?"

Harry hesitated, as though his mind was configuring what had been said, so stirred up with possible thoughts about why Louis would want long sleeves, that he couldn't even remember for a moment what the style of a basic polo shirt is.

"Oh, no, it's short sleeved," He cleared his throat, abandoning the shirt immediately. "What about a Jack Wills jumper? It's grey." He offered next, opting for that instead.
"Are you sure you don't mind?" Louis reiterated, nervously holding his sleeve-wrapped hands up by his chin.

"Of course not!" Harry waved a hand, chucking the jumper his way. "Keep it, actually."

Louis looked taken aback, mouth forming an 'o' as if he was about to speak but didn't quite know what to say, as he held the soft, ribbed jumper in his hands.

"Keep it?" He piped up, eyebrows raised a little. "This is a Jack Wills jumper, Harry."

"I know, it never really suited me anyway, it'd look better on you." Harry shrugged. It had cost him just under seventy pounds, which wasn't much for a nice jumper to him, however to Louis it was a prized possession.

"I-- thank you so much, you're definitely sure?"

"Yes!" Harry chuckled. "It's yours! Go put it on."

Harry could tell Louis wanted to hug him but was just too shy, so he instead smiled gratefully before wandering off into the bathroom. The deep fulfilment Harry got whenever he did something for Louis was so lovely, that he knew he'd have to keep doing it. He was always so wonderfully grateful for whatever Harry offered him.

He left the bathroom a few moments later, absolutely cocooned in the jumper. It was clearly way too big, tailored more for Harry's taller, broader build, and its sleeves fell down past his hands slightly.

"It looks so adorable!" Harry cooed, unable to stop himself. "Oh my goodness, it's definitely more your type of thing!"
"I'm not three, Harry." Louis smirked, wrapping the sleeves round his hands, which seemed habitual for him. He could smell Harry's alluring scent on the jumper and he had never felt so at peace.

"You're as cute as a three-year-old!" Harry delightfully exclaimed, before realising he was most likely embarrassing Louis, plus stalling the continuance of their project work even further. He was struck with a plan suddenly. "Look, here's an idea: I'll do a bit more of our work, then I'll take you shopping and buy you more nice jumpers."

"Woah, woah..." Louis interjected, hands splayed out in defence. "One, I'll help with the project. And two, you're not spending any more money on me! You've been more than kind to me, Harry. I mean, this jumper is enough!"

"I want to buy you more. So I will." Harry smirked, adamant. "We will go at, like, eleven; in an hour. Hopefully no one from class will see us out then."

"Please, don't spend anything more on me. I really appreciate it, it's just--" Harry cut him off, "If you appreciate it, then I'll do it. I don't mind one bit, Louis, you deserve some nice, new clothes."

Louis shook his head in disbelief, with a dazed smile. "You're too nice."

"You're welcome," Harry sang, "Now sit down and watch TV, I've almost finished this anyway." He lied, returning to the desk. Louis, in a playful huff, sat back down on the sofa, wrapped up warmly in that jumper.

It was a hell of a lot of writing, but Harry managed to do the whole day's work for their project before the time hit eleven. He had that feeling of satisfaction again, from letting Louis lounge on the sofa and get away with not doing the work, and maybe he was a bit too nice.

They dressed in their coats, slipped into their shoes, and left the hotel room just after eleven. Louis had been very quiet, probably because he would whine about Harry being too nice if he opened his mouth again, and stayed pretty quiet throughout the journey, just listening to what Harry was saying and humming in agreement or acknowledgment occasionally.

They travelled to the Carrousel du Louvre shopping centre via a bus, arriving before half eleven that morning. It was swamped with customers at this time of day, so that Harry found himself protectively walking behind Louis, hands planted firmly on his shoulders to guide him through as they wound their way through the dense mob of shoppers. He could finally stand by Louis' side again once they'd found an opening of clear space.

"They've got a Tommy Hilfiger, look!" Harry pointed out. "Everything in there will suit you! I can already see things from here and we haven't even gone in."

"You're definitely not buying me everything in there," Louis giggled, "If you really feel the need to buy me something, one jumper will do."

"At least three," Harry contradicted, veering into Tommy Hilfiger so that Louis had no choice but to follow. "That one immediately catches my eye as something that would suit you."

Harry was pointing at the green and blue block hoodie hung up to the right of the entrance, heading over to it and raking through the sizes.
"Size small?" He smirked.

"More like size extra large." Louis rolled his eyes in self hatred.

"Louis."

Harry scooped up the size small, holding it up against Louis. "That'll be perfect for you."

"How much is it, Harry?"

Harry already had it slung over his forearm, the start of a collection, and hadn't even acknowledged the price. He picked inside for the price tag, peering at the label.

"A hundred and fourteen euros."

"Bloody hell," Louis breathed, "That's so much."

"Maybe, but you're worth that." Harry softly smiled. "Any others that catch your eye?"

"That one's enough."

"Nope." Harry sang, playfully popping the 'p', continuing on looking anyway.

Clearly one didn't turn out enough for Harry at all, because he ended up picking up two more jumpers for Louis on top of the first.
By the time they got to the till with the three jumpers hung over Harry's arm, the total came to 358€.
Louis gasped as the total was read out. "You are kidding me!" He whispered to Harry. "I'm putting two of them back."

"No!" Harry gently gripped his wrist, stopping him from doing so. "Honestly, let me do this, I want to buy them for you."

The woman at the till had a stupidly big smile on her face at the scene, passing Harry the card reader once he had held up his card, so that he could swipe it through. The three jumpers were neatly folded and slotted into a bag, which Harry let Louis hold so that he could flaunt it off as they walked around.

Harry was trying to drag Louis into Lacoste twenty minutes later, after wandering around for a while, but found it impossible when Louis literally dragged his heels before sitting on a bench, refusing to let Harry spend any more money on him. Bless him.

"Three is more than enough, Harry. I could never thank you enough, honestly." Louis mused, as they watched shoppers pass by their bench. "I'm speechless."

"Well you're not, because you're talking." Harry smirked.

"Shut up," Louis giggled, slapping Harry playfully on the arm. "You know what I mean. Thank you, Harry, from the bottom of my heart."

"You're very welcome, Lou Lou. They'll all look so good on you." Harry complimented. "Now, should we just grab some sandwiches from that little shop on the corner and head back to the room? We can't really risk being seen by anyone."

"Yeah, let's."

Later on, when it came to around one o'clock that afternoon, there was a knock on their door. Louis was still dressed in Harry's jumper, which he had slipped back into once he had tried on his new three, and looked back over his shoulder at the door once he had heard the knock.

"You go." He quickly mumbled to Harry, rather nervously.

Harry nodded before strolling over to the door. He swung it open to reveal Christopher. Anger sizzled in his veins, an instant want to knock Christopher out in one punch to the ground, but Christopher had held out his hands as a way of saying 'don't hurt me, don't hurt me, just listen.'

Harry was clenching his fists so hard by his sides that his fingernails were drawing a little bit of blood in his palms, and he had taken a few steps back and steadied his breathing.

"What?" He hissed in greeting, watching Christopher visibly gulp down his fear.

"I-I wanted to come and apologise. I heard what happened." His voice was squeakier than usual, highlighting his fear.

"Well, that's too bad." Harry growled, and began shutting the door when Christopher stopped it with his foot.

"Wait, wait, please!" He begged. "Louis is one of my best friends and I did something bad, let me apologise... please?"
"Oh, and what a brilliant best mate you are!" Harry sarcastically exclaimed, scoffing. "How did it not cross through your thick skull that what you did was shitty? I can't even understand that."

"Because... well... can I just come in and talk to you both?" He begged, eyes full of apologies.

"Let me just do this." Harry spat, before stepping forwards and punching Christopher as hard as he could in the stomach. He doubled over in pain, a loud cry leaving his mouth, eyes clenched shut and glasses almost sliding off his face.

"My Gosh, oww!" He loudly groaned in anguish, voice cracking in close tears, "Maybe I deserved that, you're v-very strong."

Harry smugly shook off the hand he had used to do the damage, before turning around to look at Louis, whose eyes were very wide from having witnessed that little bit of protective violence.

"Can he come in, Louis? Or should I just beat the shit out of him over here?" Harry breathed in rage, but Louis' wide and innocent eyes looked fast between the two of them, too nice of a person to choose the latter option.

"Let him come in." He piped up.

Harry turned back to Christopher, who was still clutching his stomach, upright now, terror lit up on his face as he stared back at Harry.

"In." Harry demanded, opening the door up wider, reluctantly allowing Christopher into the room before shutting the door behind him. Louis turned the desk chair to face the room and sat down in it, swallowing thick in his throat, hands in lap. Christopher awkwardly hovered in the middle of the room, and Harry perched his lean body against the back of the sofa, arms folded to maximise the visibility of his biceps to Christopher: a little warning.

"Louis," Christopher began, rubbing at his eye with the back of his hand as though he was fighting back tears from the pain in his stomach, "I'm sorry about what happened. I never would have wanted that to happen."

Louis lightly shook his head, shutting his eyes. "What had you even expected to happen? You're given a letter by people known to bully, told not to read it, and give it to me."

Harry hummed in agreement, idly picking at his nail.

"I-I don't know! It's... it's a weird story really, why I did it." He tripped over his words, eyes darting to look at Harry warily.

"Why did you?" Harry interrogated, eyebrows furrowed in annoyance.

"You'll punch me again." Christopher fretted, shuffling on his feet and wringing his hands together.

"I won't, Louis wants you to explain. Just talk." Harry stated, monotonous, eyes like daggers stabbing into Christopher's face.

"It was Kendall!" He explained hurriedly, Harry sighing and rolling his eyes as he took in the information. "She... she made out with me behind the-toilet block in the park, it was so good..." He stopped the hazy reminiscing once he registered the anger on Harry's face, going back on track again. "And she told me that you gave her that letter, Harry! Said you wanted Louis to have it but you were too scared to pass it on!"
"So... you didn't realise you were being tricked?" Louis grilled.

"No! I had no idea, I swear! And I am so sorry, Louis, it never crossed my mind that something bad would come out of it." He apologised again, looking at Harry for his approval, but he was too busy staring off into space, face contorted in lividity.

"Okay. Thanks for the explanation, you can go now." Louis dismissed, drawing his socked feet up in front of him and hugging his knees, and Christopher scrambled towards the door immediately once he received Harry's scathing glare.

"Sorry." He muttered once more, before softly shutting the door on his way out.

Harry groaned aloud in distaste, pushing himself properly to his feet. "Kendall made out with him to bribe him? Dunno who I feel more sorry for."

Louis giggled, his chin resting between his arched knees. "Me neither. Thank you for defending me again, Harry. With the punch... that had to hurt like hell."

"Any time, sugar." Harry winked, so that Louis playfully rolled his eyes with a giggle. "How are you feeling now?"

"I'm feeling good," Louis nodded, smiling lightly. "Thanks to you."

"I'm all about making people feel good." Harry smirked. For once, something changed behind Louis' eyes, a little glint filling them.

"Yeah?" He asked, a little smile on his face. "Wow, he was playing along with it, Harry had gone hot all over."

"Fuck yeah," He purred, loving the way Louis flushed red just a little, "I could make you feel amazing."

Louis was saved from the tension when his phone started ringing in his pocket, breaking their powerful eye contact as he got his phone out with shaking hands. He swiped to answer, face still red, refusing to even look at Harry.

"Hi, Mum."

Harry smirked to himself, knowing he had already done enough. His body was pulsing with arousal, he realised, as he got up to hurry to the bathroom while Louis continued his upbeat phone call with his mum.

Harry locked himself in there and had a quick wank, leant against the sink, and Louis didn't even know. Or hopefully he did hear the stifled groan Harry let out from in there as he came all over his hand. When Harry left the bathroom a couple of minutes later, after cleaning himself up, Louis had finished the phone call and was still sat in the same seat, one eyebrow quirked up as he looked at Harry.

"What?" Harry chuckled.

"I'm pretty sure my mum overheard you getting yourself off in there." Louis giggled, and it surprised Harry how forward he had been with that, so that he was taken aback a little by it.

"I don't know what you're talking about," He playfully shrugged, falling back onto his bed, hands folded over his stomach. "I wasn't doing such a thing."
"Right," Louis sang, unconvinced, smiling stupidly to himself, "Whatever you say."

Harry squinted over at him sexily, a smirk stretched across his face, and Louis stared back with not so much confidence. Man, Harry was getting a lot of feelings in his stomach.

Chapter End Notes

Right, question: SHOULD it build up to smut by end of next chapter?? After harry has had a bit of a "chat" with zayn and liam. because idk! next chapter or a later one for smut?
"You hungry?" Harry queried, looking up from his phone screen to Louis, who was busy reading his book.

Louis hesitated for a moment, his eyes scanning along a final sentence before slotting in the bookmark and glancing upwards.

"Hungry? No, not at all. What's the time?"

Again, Harry went to check his wrist, to then remember his watch wasn't there. He could have sworn he sensed Louis wince with guilt, and look away, being the cause of the dear watch's demise. Harry counted on the time on his phone screen to inform him instead.

"Just coming up to half past six."

"Wow, I wouldn't have guessed it was that late already! I must have been too distracted by reading for so long." Louis giggled, placing his book on his bedside table protectively. He seemed to love that book, it sure looked rather tatty around the edges.

"That book's a bit beaten up," He noted, smiling coyly, "God, how long is it taking you to read it?"

"This is my..." He made a thinking face, delving into his memory. "...fourth time reading it, I think."

Harry looked baffled. "Fourth?! I can't even read a book once without getting bored! That takes some endurance, surely."

Louis shrugged absent-mindedly. "Not really, I enjoy it more every time. Sometimes notice things I missed before."

"Anyway, Nerd," Harry changed the topic with a smirk, getting to his feet and heading the way of their door before slipping his feet into his trainers, "I'm not hungry either, but I do need to head out."

He unlocked his phone and shot Niall a quick message, too busy typing it out to acknowledge that Louis was questioning where he was heading off to.

Harry Styles: Hi Niall, you guys on dinner break now? Could you and Charlie (and Christopher if he really fucking needs to) head up here and keep Louis company for a while? .xx

"Harry, answer me. Where are you goooing?" Louis playfully whined.

"Oh, sorry, don't you worry about that." Harry waved a hand, his phone pinging in his hand meanwhile.

Niall Horan: Oh hi harry yh sure. We are walking back to hotel now anyway so will be a couple of minutes

Harry Styles: Cool cool thanks. You don't happen to know where Kendall and that lot went, do you? .xx

"Fine, don't tell me where then." Louis huffed, picking up his book again to continue reading,
rather than appearing too needy. He wanted a distraction.

"Okay, I won't," Harry laughed, "But your mates are coming up here now to keep you company in my absence."

**Niall Horan:** *Uhhhh why??? Thought u weren't involved with that lot now...?? But anyway i heard them talking about buying a load of alcohol and hanging out in the park :/

Yeah - that definitely sounded a lot like them.

**Harry Styles:** *Okay, thanks. And don't worry, I'm not involved with them, just want a little talk is all xx*

He slipped away his phone for the final time, getting his coat on and opening their door just in time for Niall, Charlie and (stupid) Christopher to be strolling down the hallway towards him. The way Harry made eye contact with Christopher was like a Western standoff, but he tried to relax once he remembered how apologetic Christopher had really been earlier. And he definitely wouldn't do anything more to upset Louis, not after the punch he had received just hours ago.

"I won't be gone long," Harry called to them in greeting, "Feel free to sit on my bed, Niall or Charlie. And no going through my stuff." He sent them a playful wink after that.

They all looked a little bit panicked, as if they believed Harry would really think of them as thieves, before they lightened up once they registered the sarcastic wink. Harry sauntered off coolly down the corridor, knowing the three of them were watching him as though they really did idolise him, and he got into the lift once he reached it and the doors slid shut behind him.

The only information he had about where Kendall and the others supposedly were was: "the park". If this was still even their plan, they'd be in the park closest to the hotel, most likely, so he headed that way. He was feeling self-assured enough to be doing this alone, knowing scaring Kendall and Gigi in the corridor and asking them to pass on the message to Liam and Zayn wasn't enough, knowing he had to do this face to face.

All he had to do once he had entered the park was listen out, because he could already hear the upbeat laughter and chatting of distinctively British voices. The alcohol part of their plan was aiding that, clearly making them more rowdy and excited already, despite it having only been ten minutes since the start of their free time. He could soon see their little group, which he would have once been a part of, and the five of them were sitting on two benches opposite each other in the terraced area of the park, to the right. There weren't many people about, a couple or small family passing by Harry occasionally as he made his way over.

Zayn was the first to notice him, setting his beer bottle down by the foot of the bench and getting to his feet with a smug smile.

"Look who's decided to join us!" He childishly called out, urging the others to follow his eyeline and land on Harry, who had his hands awkwardly stuck in his pockets, long legs crossed at the ankle as he stood there, once he was around fifteen feet away. Kendall had a stupid grin on her face while looking at him.

"Come crawling back already, huh?" Cheryl was already slurring her words. She had probably chugged an entire bottle; she had a tendency of doing that. "Knew you'd miss Kendall too much. Finally realise she's the best you'll ever have?"

"Actually," Harry put on a sickly sweet smile, "I came here to have a little chat." He lacked a bright
tone, so that they knew exactly what I meant.

"Ooh, look at you, being so brave! One against five." Gigi cackled. "I never thought you'd be the one to stray away, Harry. Thought you were one of the chillest, to be honest."

"I just want to know whose idea it was to write that letter," Harry demanded, "Because I know it was in your handwriting, Zayn."

"God, you're still banging on about that? It was my idea, babycakes," Kendall giggled, "What are you going to do about it?"

The others laughed, a mocking wave of it, as if they were trying to persuade Harry to do something even with Kendall being the opposite gender. They knew Harry far too well; he'd never hurt a girl.

"I'm not looking to do something about it, seems a lot like you're trying to start a fight," He rolled his eyes, "That always was a tendency of yours, wasn't it? Unnecessary fights."

The others stuttered out laughter again, clearly enjoying observing their little argument, and Kendall stubbornly crossed her arms. Gigi stepped in then, to her best friend's defence.

"It's in the past now, that stupid letter. Why has it gotten to you so much? You must really care what Louis thinks of you. We knew you would, that's why we wrote it." She snickered, scooping up Zayn's beer bottle and taking a long swig. "Now I'd say you leave right now."

"I'm not leaving." He adamantly shrugged. "Why should I leave?"

"Or Liam will knock you the fuck out," Cheryl chirped up, tugging on her boyfriend's sleeve. "Won't you, babe?"

Liam nodded obediently, linking eyes powerfully with Harry. All Harry could think about was how long he and Liam had been friends for; going to each other's houses when they were just five being his oldest memory. He felt so sick looking at him now, the way he was conforming to whatever Cheryl asked him to do.

"Will he now?" He finally responded, quirking an eyebrow up. "Interesting. Though it would make him pretty immature, seeing as I only came here to get a proper explanation, and tell you all to grow the fuck up. Kind of correlates now, how childish you all are."

"We're not the ones stropping about a poxy, little letter!" Kendall raged. "I think that makes you the immature one, darling."

"You can think that if you want, people tell themselves lies all the time." Harry widely smiled, maybe a bit too bitterly, and immediately had Gigi storming forwards and poking a finger accusingly into his chest.

"Listen, you piece of shit. I really do suggest you leave right now, or Zayn and Liam will take turns beating the living daylights out of your sorry arse." She hissed. Harry's smile remained, retaining the eye contact.

"Still fucking grinning to himself. Beat the shit out of him, guys, please." Cheryl rolled her eyes, nudging her head his way as if Liam and Zayn were trained to wait for her command, like dogs.

"Yeah, guys, come on!" Harry encouraged, holding his long arms out by his sides. "Come and beat the shit out of me, then! We've only been friends for, what... fourteen years?"
Zayn's jaw tensed, something changing in his eyes as he looked at Harry. Liam seemed to be reacting the same way, a sense of guilt coming over him, and they didn't even take another step towards Harry. They just looked down at their feet, refusing to do as they had been told.

"Seriously?" Kendall snapped. "And I thought Harry was a bad fucking boyfriend."

"I was never a bad boyfriend," He spat, "I did everything for you. I'd like to see you name one fucking thing I did wrong."

She seemed to not know how to respond hastily, having to think for a moment. Her mouth opened to reply, but then she hesitated and shut it again in defeat.

"Point made," Harry practically sang in victory, "I'm going to leave now. But may I just say, Liam, Zayn, learn to fucking stand up for yourselves. You're being controlled."

"How dare you accuse Gigi and Cheryl of that!" Kendall exploded, spiked with anger so easily at this point. She seemed to be going insane. She took it all too far when she grabbed an empty beer bottle from the ground, smashing it over the top of the bench so that its edges were jagged, before heading at a dangerous pace towards Harry whilst muttering under her breath. The other four had to jump in to pull her back, reality striking them that this was going way too far, Liam managing to knock the bottle from her hand so that it shattered completely to the cobblestones.

She began crying as a result, hands gripping the sides of her face, and she slowly looked up at Harry, makeup beginning to bleed down from her eyes.

"I miss you!" She sobbed, grabbing handfuls of her hair. "So much, Harry!"

Harry simply rolled his eyes and walked away from them all. He knew if was the best thing he could do, and he felt a huge sense of triumph from doing it - he left Kendall a sobbing mess, the others trying to console her, as he walked away with a big smile.

It was seven o'clock when Harry returned to his room. The sound of him inserting the key into the slot and opening the door so quickly must have jolted Louis' friends in fear, because they were hurriedly scrambling away from Harry's suitcase when he entered the room, and the sound of the shower running in the bathroom indicated why Louis wasn't in the room.

"What are you doing?" Harry inculpated, eyebrows slowly furrowing, while Charlie, Niall and Christopher had red faces.

"Niall wanted to see what clothes you have!" Charlie accused, jabbing a finger into Niall's shoulder.

"No, it was you!" Niall argued, and Harry put out his hands in a downward pushing motion to attempt to calm them down.

"Okay, okay, I don't mind you looking... as long as you didn't take anything."

"Course not!" Christopher defended. "We wouldn't! Pat us down if you want!"

"I believe you," Harry rolled his eyes, before nudging his head towards the bathroom, "How long's he been in there?"

"About five minutes." Charlie informed, perching himself on the edge of Louis' bed. "Should be out soon."
"Why's there a pack of condoms in your bag?" Niall snickered, clearly unable to leave it unanswered, and Harry chuckled to himself and waved a hand.

"Oh, because I packed them while Kendall and I were still dating, didn't I?" He dismissed it. "But thanks, I do appreciate the bag search."

"They're size large, as well." Christopher had to take it too far, a smug smile on his face, then he immediately got rid of it when he noticed Harry's glare. "Sorry, I'm kidding, I didn't look."

"Lucky guess then." Harry breathed to himself, slipping from his shoes and jacket, returning them to their homes. "You guys can go now, by the way."

They didn't hesitate at all to, considering how awkward things had gotten, saying their goodbyes and receiving Harry's thanks for staying with Louis, before slipping out of the room. Harry sighed to himself, kneeling by his suitcase and refolding all his clothes, which the three boys had had the audacity to actually unfold and have a nosy look at, slotting the box of condoms back into the side pocket. Louis really did have some weird friends.

A few minutes after the shower water had stopped running, Louis emerged from the bathroom, already in his pyjamas. His hair was towel-dried and ruffled, and when he saw that Harry was in the room now instead of his friends, he clearly hurried to fix the unruly strands.

"Oh, hi!" He greeted. "You're back!"

"I sure am. Returned to your mates rifling through my stuff."

"Oh my goodness, I'm so sorry! That's so embarrassing!" Louis apologised, hands over his mouth. "I had no idea they were doing that!"

"It's okay, don't apologise! It's not your fault they're so weird." Harry brightly laughed. Louis smiled in response, putting his shower stuff away in his own suitcase before sitting on the edge of his bed to check his phone, which was plugged in by it.

"Anti-social." Harry smirked. Louis looked up quickly, locking his phone.

"Sorry, I don't mean to be. I'm just trying to keep tabs on my family, my sister Lottie is on a bowling date with a boy from her class." He giggled.

"A date? Didn't you say she's eleven?" Harry asked, a grin stretching onto his face.

"Yeah, nice of you for remembering, Harry. She's getting into the dating game early, clearly." Louis smiled to himself. "My mum and the boy's mum are there too, and it'll be past 8PM now in England, so I doubt they'll be there much longer anyway."

Harry hummed to himself in thought, finding it very cute to imagine a little girl version of Louis on a bowling date. He realised he wanted to take Louis bowling. Wow.

"Anyway," Louis sighed, stretching his arms out above him and yawning, "What now?"

"Dunno."

Harry shrugged, looking down at Louis to see a piece of thread stuck to the hip of his pyjama top. He decided he'd reach down and grab it, to get it off, but Louis let out a startled laugh and shifted away a little.
"What?" Harry laughed, "I'm getting that piece of thread!"

"I'm just really ticklish, I thought you were trying to get me." Louis shook his head, as if he thought himself stupid for even thinking that. Harry, however, couldn't help but smirk.

"You definitely shouldn't have told me that."

"Oh no." Louis breathed, a playful glint in his eye, and then Harry pounced. He tickled at Louis' sides, the small boy on his back, squirming and giggling so adorably that Harry never wanted to stop, so he didn't. Louis' hips felt so soft as Harry tickled away, Louis trying to prise Harry's hands away while shrieking with laughter, and Harry brought his hands up to tickle Louis beneath the chin then, so that he was shaking his head frantically and trying to bat Harry's hands away.

"St-Stop!" He brightly laughed. "You monster!"

"I'll never stop!" Harry exclaimed, smile beaming. "Not until you tap out!"

"Okay!" Louis called out, tapping the mattress desperately. "Stop!"

Harry ceased the tickling, standing upright and lifting his hands above his head in victory. "I am victorious! I hold the title of champion tickler!" He called out. Louis clearly had a very amused glint in his eye, and looked as though he really wanted to continue this, which was very confident for him. He managed it anyway, suddenly springing to his feet, grabbing Harry by his slim waist and pulling him down onto the bed. Harry landed on his back and Louis began his revenge.

"Nooou!" Harry cried out, loudly laughing as Louis tickled at his waist. "Louis!"

"See how you like it, Styles!" Louis giggled, and Harry was wriggling from side to side and attempting to flail his legs up in defence, but Louis had him pinned down. Harry had never laughed so much in his entire life, the chesty, full laughs that are unstoppable.

"Do you surrender?" Louis asked, an entertained look in his eyes. "Or are you going to withstand more?"

"I surrender, I surrender!" Harry chuckled, tapping the bed over and over again with his palm. "I've had enough!"

Louis laughed as he stopped the tickling. Then they both realised that Louis was straddling Harry's hips, having seen this as the best approach for maximum tickling, and they both looked down at where they were connected while panting from the previous struggle.

"You comfy there?" Harry smirked, and Louis flushed red in an instant. He was about to shuffle off of Harry, trembling all of a sudden, but Harry got a grip of his wrist before he could, stopping him from moving. "Why don't you stay?"

Louis literally covered his flustered face with his slightly shaky hands, shaking his head.

"Oh God." He groaned.
"Can you not cover your face, please? I kind of like the view of it from here." Harry smiled to himself.

"Why?" Louis giggled, removing his hands. His bottom lip was quivering just slightly, showcasing how nervous he was, along with the trembles of his hands.

"Just don't," Harry shrugged, "You've... got a nice chin."

"I feel as though this is a very strange scenario, and maybe I should move now." He snickered, once again attempting to swing his leg up to move off of Harry, but once again he was clamped into place by Harry, this time with two hands holding down his thighs.

"Wait, can we make out?" Harry spontaneously asked. Louis sucked in a gasp, eyebrows raised.

"Make out?" He crowed, followed by a stark, breathy laugh. "What?"

"Please?"

"God, this can't be real," Louis shook his head, laughing lightly to himself, "First I'm straddling you, and then you're asking me to make out with you."

"Exactly." Harry smirked. "Fuck, Louis, please?"

"You really mean it?"

Harry knew this was getting nowhere: Louis was just going to keep questioning it. So he took the step of gently gripping the back of Louis' head, pulling it downwards so that their lips met. Louis allowed himself to fall forwards onto Harry, hands planted by his head on the pillow, and the make out began. Their lips brushed together experimentally slow, finding their rhythm, and Harry's heart was drumming violently fast in his chest, the taste of Louis' lips and his fresh scent tantalising his senses, his head an absolute throbbing mess.

As the kiss progressed, his hands were still awkwardly by his sides. He decided he would test where he could place them, how comfortable Louis was, lifting his hands and placing them very gently on Louis' hips. Louis made no effort to shift them, still happily kissing Harry rather passionately, so Harry decided he would have a bit of a feel, squeezing Louis' hips lightly over his t-shirt and sliding his hands up and down his sides.

He didn't want the kiss to end yet, so he decided he would swipe his tongue over the seam of Louis' mouth, so that he opened it up and allowed Harry's tongue inside. Their tongues slid together as they kissed, which urged Harry to smirk into it, sucking lightly on Louis' tongue and biting on his lower lip into the kiss. His skin was burning hot all over.

He was maybe a little too risky when he slid his hands up onto Louis' back, trailing them downwards, aiming to get them on that gorgeous bum, only managing to get to the curve in Louis' lower back before the smaller boy broke the kiss with a smug smile, reaching back to brush Harry's hands away.

"Nuh-uh."

"Worth a try." Harry smirked, before once again attaching their mouths. It was a slightly faster pace now, a little bit more desperate, and Harry realised Louis had his hands still planted on the mattress. He broke the kiss momentarily again, bringing his mouth up to Louis' ear, kissing just beneath it before whispering.
"You can touch me, you know?"

Louis timidly shrugged, tilting his head to the side with a breathy giggle. "I'm shy, you know?" He contradicted.

Then he was climbing off of Harry, much to his dismay, getting shakily to his feet. His lips were pink and glossy and pretty and Harry never wanted to look away from them.

"Wow," Harry heavily exhaled, wiping a layer of perspiration from his forehead as he still lay back on Louis' bed, "That was pretty nice, right?"

"Very nice. Thank you." Louis shyly granted, and Harry nodded with a cheeky wink.

"Literally, any time." He breathed a laugh. "I think you may be shaking a bit there, Louis."

"Just a little." He giggled.

"Adorable." Harry smiled. "Glad I could be your first make-out partner."

Louis playfully rolled his eyes, kneeling by his suitcase to get his toothbrush and toothpaste, to get ready for bed already.

"Was it really that bad you're already looking to get rid of the taste?" Harry playfully asked, as Louis headed off towards the bathroom. Louis looked back over his shoulder, with a little grin.

"No, I'm just too shy to be in here now." And with that, he entered the bathroom, the door clicking shut behind him.

Harry was still lightly panting, raking a hand through his hair slowly as he shook his head in disbelief.

Well *that* happened.
Louis had been in the bathroom a good five minutes, prolonging the brushing of his teeth for so long, to preoccupy himself, that his teeth must have been overly clean. Harry absolutely loved it, the little things Louis did to distract his mind whenever he got too flustered about something - and thought Harry had no clue. He really did.

Harry had a stupid smile on his face as he stared up at the ceiling (probably looking like a complete maniac). Simply reminiscing about the sweet taste of Louis' mouth, and the way the innocently clueless boy was discovering how to make out as he went along, urged Harry to grin unstopabbly. But then the grin slowly faded once he listened to what his mind was screaming at him: Harry, you idiot, you're going to have to talk to Louis now. Properly. Seriously.

Not only would they have to discuss what the kissing really meant, but also why the hell Harry had gone along with it; he had wanted to make out with Louis into the early hours of the morning, so surely his sexuality needed addressing, pronto. That was pretty daunting.

Louis left the bathroom while Harry was mid-thought, shutting the door softly behind him and placing his things back into his suitcase. Harry sat up a little against the headboard, legs arched in front of him and hands folded on his stomach. He was then aware that he was still on Louis' bed, having not made the effort to shift to his own yet, but Louis was too timid to mention it.

"Took your time brushing your teeth, didn't you?" He smugly asked.

"Yeah, I sometimes get a bit distracted, don't realise how long I'm brushing them for." Louis lightly laughed, awkwardly standing by the side of his bed, back practically right against the wall due to the distance he was creating between them, and he distracted himself by straightening up his book on his bedside table. Harry decided he'd save him some awkwardness by moving himself.

"Oh, sorry, I've kind of stolen your bed." He acted as though he'd just realised, swinging his legs over the edge and stepping the three or so steps over to his own bed, resuming the same lying position. "All yours again."

"Thank you." Louis giggled, sitting on the edge of his bed, facing Harry, nervously ruffling his hair into place. It was clear he knew they had to have a talk too, considering he wasn't slipping into bed and changing the subject.

"So, Mr Tomlinson," Harry cleared his throat theatrically, and Louis giggled again, "We just made out."

"We did."

Harry deeply sighed, running his hands through his hair as the seriousness of this really hit him. He had to give up the playful act and really put things straight.

"Look, you must be quite confused," Harry began, "About how I was with Kendall, pretty seriously, and I used to talk about flirting with other girls and about all the hookups I've had... and then I go ahead and kiss you."

"Yeah, it's pretty confusing."
"Well, I need to start being honest with myself, don't I?" He shrugged. "I'm obviously at least bi-curious."

That was enough to make Louis' cheeks redden, he was that pure. Poor guy.

"You must be, at least, y-yeah."

"But I also loved Kendall, so I've still got that side to me..."

"I want to know why you kissed me." Louis finally unleashed his leading thought, even if his voice did waver a little bit. "Was it just to experiment? Because, you know, I like guys?"

"God, I don't know," Harry lightly shook his head, "I'm always such a mess when it comes to confessing things to myself. But I think the fact that I wanted to keep on kissing you says something."

Louis raised his eyebrows a little, tilting his head aside. "You did?"

Harry made a hum of agreement.

"Wow. Okay."

"Don't always sound so in disbelief that somebody would want to. You're very kissable." Harry assured him, with a little smile.

Louis shook his head a little bit, "It's something I think I'll always struggle to believe, someone like you wanting to kiss me."

"There it is again!" Harry exclaimed. "Saying someone like me as if I'm a superhuman! Louis, I'm exactly like you, there's no superiority."

"You're really hot, though." Louis blurted out, then looked like he regretted it as he blushed down at his lap with a shaky laugh. A smirk stretched onto Harry's face.

"Why, thank you. You're not so bad yourself." He purred.

"Right," Louis abruptly changed the subject, sick and tired of denying that he was attractive, "So I'm going to take this whole situation as you needing more time to figure yourself out."

"I guess that's right," Harry shrugged, "And don't forget the part where I said I wanted to keep kissing you."

"Oh, I definitely won't." Louis breathed, almost in disbelief. He was probably going to be awake early that morning thinking over it. He did slip into bed then, tucking the covers neatly over himself.

"Do you think you'll join the class again tomorrow?" Harry asked. When he rolled his lips together he could still faintly taste Louis' sweet taste.

"Yeah, I will. We've got to catch up a bit." Louis reminded. "I'll be okay."

"Good, okay. And I'll always defend you, you know that, right?"

"Thank you."

Harry nodded, getting to his feet. "Now I'm going to go and brush my teeth. Probably not for as
long as you, I don't want to get rid of the taste of your mouth."

Louis stifled out a shocked little laugh, "Do mouths really taste of anything?"

"Yours is sweet, and I like it a lot." Harry smugly sang, smacking his lips together, and Louis flushed red again. Harry headed off into the bathroom with his toiletries, heavily laughing at yet another successful attempt to make Louis blush.

Louis wore Harry's Jack Wills jumper the next day, despite having three perfectly new ones as options to wear too, and he really did look adorable in it. The fact that it was Harry's size meant that Louis' little frame was practically being swallowed by the garment, with the long sleeves past his hands, so that he could ball up the fabric as he wished in his little hands. Harry needed to stop thinking so much.

Harry really wished he had filmed their exit from the elevator into the lobby, because the looks on his ex-girlfriend and ex-friends' faces were priceless when they laid eyes on what Louis was wearing.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Kendall angrily gaped, eyes glued to Louis as he and Harry headed over to Charlie, Niall and Christopher. "That's Harry's fucking jumper!"

"Sure is." Cheryl mused, eyebrows raised as she scanned over the jumper from afar.

"Harry must have given it to him to wear." Liam stated the absolute obvious, so that Zayn rolled his eyes at him.

"No fucking shit, Sherlock!" He glanced back over at Louis. "I'm actually a little bit speechless."

"So am I." Kendall shook her head in disbelief, mouth forming a straight line with internal fury. "I've worn that fucking jumper before, this is ridiculous! Why's that faggot got it on?"

"Hey, maybe they're dating." Gigi joked with a smirk, nudging Kendall, who scoffed.

"Don't say that."

"You don't have the right to dictate Harry's actions anymore, remember? You're not with him now." Zayn continued to tease Kendall, who looked ready to start a full-on fight with him at that point.

"I know I'm not!" She defensively crossed her arms. "I just... maybe I still like him."

Gigi rolled her eyes, flinging an arm over her best friend and pulling her close. "Kenny, you can get over him easily. He would be completely downgrading if he went for somebody as trampy as Louis Tomlinson after breaking up with you."

Liam and Zayn had lost interest quickly, busy having their own conversation about Paris Saint-Germain's latest game.

"Thanks, Gi." Kendall sniffed, burying her face into Gigi's neck, continuing to mumble against the skin. "It just feels like he's doing this on purpose, to get to me, you know?"

"Well if he is," Cheryl broke in, tucking a strand of Kendall's hair behind her ear, "then you're not going to let it get to you. Show him you don't care, like the strong girl you are."

"Do you think he's done anything with him?" Kendall suddenly gasped, breaking from Gigi's grip and covering her own mouth in shock.
"What do you mean?" Gigi cackled.

"What if he's fucked him or something? They-they're in that hotel room together, alone, all night! It's just--"

"Girl, calm down!" Cheryl shook her by the shoulders. "Why on earth would he fuck Louis Tomlinson? Use your common sense! Think about how hot Harry is."

Kendall shot her a possessive look after that final comment, despite Harry not even being hers anymore. Cheryl rolled her eyes and added, "you know what I mean."

"But still." Kendall sighed, continuing on as everybody started following Mr Grant out of the hotel. "What if they've at least kissed? Or, I don't know, given each other handjobs?"

"No more now, stop over-thinking!" Gigi advised, guiding Kendall by her waist. "Harry would never go gay, we know him."

"Okay, okay." Kendall gave in, finally. "Whatever you say."

Harry and his new little gang all settled by the trees on the field during their break, later that morning. Clearly the fact that Louis had controversially chosen to wear Harry's old jumper was good, because it shifted the attention from the events from the previous few days, and Louis didn't feel like he was being judged about the 'letter situation.'

It was clear, during their break, that Kendall was blatantly trying to emotionally get to Harry. After chatting amongst her friends, schemingly, she headed over to Harry and Co., making awkward eye contact with her ex, before kneeling down next to Christopher and bringing her mouth to his ear. Harry and Louis, especially, watched in disbelief as she whispered to him, and she did it at such a purposely high volume that she had clearly wanted the others to overhear.

"You look really hot, you wanna fuck me in the same place we made out?"

Christopher's eyes had widened extremely, fingers gripping into the grass, and Harry was shooting a look of hatred her way, eyebrows furrowed and mouth pouted to the side. He quickly removed said look though, once he realised he shouldn't have been reacting that way, and instead smirked.

"Go on, Christopher!" He chanted, clapping his hands, "Go fuck her! Take that chance! But I must warn you, it isn't amazing."

Kendall wasn't expecting this reaction, evidently, huffing loudly and moving away from Christopher a little. She looked straight at Harry, tilting her head to the side, then let her eyes flick over to Louis, who nervously blinked back, waiting for a degrading comment.

Kendall managed to refrain from making one though, instead smiling softly at Louis, but in such a fake way.

"Nice jumper, Louis, where'd you get it?" She questioned, her voice sickly sweet and dripping sarcasm. Louis fumbled with his hands, looking desperately at Harry, who gave him a reassured nod to tell the truth.

"It's... it was Harry's."

Kendall looked back at her ex-boyfriend, nodding slowly, eyes scanning down Harry's body,
drinking it in.

Harry glared back, looking her up and down too, but in disgust rather than remaining lust. Kendall jumped back up to her feet, brushing grass strands from her skinny jeans. "Well, it looks good, babe. The jumper."

"Oh! Thank--"

"I'm kidding, it looks ridiculous," She rolled her eyes, wickedly laughing to herself, "Anything looks atrocious on you, though."

Harry got to his feet suddenly, confrontationally, so that Niall and Charlie were on his tail to grip onto his arms and pull him back down to the ground.

"Don't be so fucking nasty!" Harry spat. They once again had the attention of their other classmates, who looked over from where they sat around the grassy area. "It looks better on him than it ever did on you."

Louis was picking fast at strands of grass now, not even daring to glance up and look Kendall in the eye, and she was shaking her head, her fists balling up. She couldn't restrain herself any longer from strutting forwards and slapping Harry round the face, so a harsh sound was emitted, before storming away from their group.

The others winced, Louis quick to kneel beside Harry and check he was alright.

"Ouch! Are you okay?" He gasped, his hand resting on Harry's forearm. That was enough to make Harry smile through the tingle of pain in his cheek, giving it a little rub for now.

"Yeah, I'm fine." He chuckled. "But seriously, Louis, the jumper looks amazing on you. Funny how jealous Kendall is, because she knows it's true too."

Louis withdrew his hands after a moment, smiling to himself and sitting back again. Harry took this situation as another win for himself, in his ongoing battle against Kendall. She may have gotten a slap in, but that comment had hurt her.

At one o'clock, when they were dismissed for lunch, Harry and Louis decided they'd head back to their room instead of hanging about around the city. Harry really just wanted to lounge on the sofa, and the shop-bought sandwiches they had picked up on their way back were good enough for now.

"I can't believe Kendall was trying to lure Christopher in again, just to get to you." Louis chuckled, picking the crusts off of his sandwiches and returning them to the cardboard container.

"I don't care about that, what pisses me off is what she said to you!" Harry voiced, "Saying you make things look atrocious, when really you could be a Jack Wills model."

"I wouldn't go as far as saying that, but thank you, Harry. I really appreciate it."

"Anytime. You only deserve the best." Harry smiled. There was a temporary silence, neither of them knowing how to fill it, until Harry laughed to himself.

"What?" Louis giggled.

"Remember how much you hated me when we were first paired together?"

Louis lightly shook his head, as if to say don't even remind me.
"I wasn't too keen, was I? I thought you were like your friends."

"Would my friends make out with you?" Harry smirked.

"I don't think they would, no." Louis laughed, getting to his feet from the sofa and wiping the crumbs from his hands. "Should I actually put this TV on?"

Harry's eyes darted to look at Louis' bum when he was facing away, standing on his tiptoes to reach the on button on top of the television, and his bottom lip caught between his teeth. He had genuinely never seen such a nice arse on anybody before, and it even jiggled ever-so-slightly as Louis landed back on his heels again once he had turned the TV on. Harry had to breathe rather steadily through pursed lips, so that Louis turned to look at him with a quizzical look.

"What? You sound like you're going into labour." He giggled, raising an eyebrow, grabbing the remote from the coffee table and sitting back down on the other far side of the sofa.

Harry mischievously smiled to himself. "Oh, it's nothing. I'm just happy it was you who switched the telly on."

Louis slowly furrowed his eyebrows, cocking his head aside. "What do you mean? I'm so confused."

"I just had a nice view, that's all." Harry impishly shrugged.

"I swear to God, if you're on about my bum again..." Louis playfully threatened, and Harry nibbled on his lower lip again.

"When am I not talking about it?" He purred. "It's too good not to talk about."

"It's not that great!" Louis argued, with a giggle. "Just like... any other bum."

"It really isn't, trust me." Harry simpered, as Louis began browsing the channels using the remote control. "Would you understand what I meant if I said you're definitely a bottom?"

Louis gasped out a surprised laugh, slamming down the remote in false annoyance.

"Of course I do!" He chuckled. "My Gosh, you're being very open today."

The tinge of pink had returned in his cheeks, just how Harry liked it. He decided to take it a little further, that bubbling feeling in his stomach trying to scream at him that he was so fucking sexually attracted to Louis, and he leant in to whisper lowly in his ear.

"I bet your gorgeous arse would shake with each hit if someone fucked you hard enough."

"Oh fuck." Louis involuntarily breathed in response, voice flooded with arousal and eyes fluttering shut, before they widened comically a moment later once he realised how he had reacted. He stifled out a laugh and shuffled away from Harry in embarrassment.

"Wow, I kind of wasn't expecting that reaction!" Harry smirked. "But wouldn't have wanted anything different. That's really hot, Louis."

"Stop now." Louis sternly added, pointing a finger at Harry, but couldn't help a little smile breaking through.

"Or you'll get turned on?"
"No, you'll get a slap. Again." He raised his eyebrows smugly after the final word, a reminder of Kendall's slap earlier, and Harry defeatedly laughed and shook his head.

"You got me there."

"Now watch the TV."

Harry did so, but couldn't help the light chuckle he let out. Nor could he help the absolutely inordinate lust spiking in his veins.

What he had said had really turned Louis on, and that was something too hot for Harry to currently handle.
Chapter Summary

Last chapter brief summary, to refresh you:

- Harry and Lou recover from another make-out.
- Harry admits that he is at least bi-curious.
- Harry's ex-friends react to Louis wearing Harry's jumper.
- Kendall speculates with Gigi about how close she thinks Harry and Louis could have gotten.
- Kendall makes a nasty comment about Louis in the jumper to his face. She slaps Harry.
- Ends with Harry saying to Louis, "I bet your gorgeous arse would shake with each hit if someone fucked you hard enough."

Enjoy.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for waiting, big love.

Typos edited tomorrow, it's currently approaching 3am.

Over 10,500 words for you. x

Somehow, the two of them managed to push their way to the end of their lunch break, despite the thick sexual tension hanging over them. Harry had spent the remainder of this time with a mind crammed full of Louis, Louis, Louis. He also may have caught a few glances at Louis without him knowing, but that was strictly confidential.

In the elevator, on their way down to the lobby, all Harry could think about was Louis' reaction to the very risqué comment he had heard. It was totally unprecedented, nothing he had intended to let out, and it turned Harry on beyond belief. Louis was fixing his fringe in the mirrored wall of the elevator, and he glanced at Harry in it to see him already staring.

"What are you looking at?" Louis snorted, though he was clearly a little pink in the cheeks.

Harry simply shook his head in response, partnered with a shrug, but his condescending grin said otherwise. Louis stared longingly back at Harry's reflected face for a few moments, until the ding signalling the doors sliding open happened to cut the moment short. The little glint Louis had in his eye practically screamed: You can't stop thinking about what you said upstairs, can you?

They met back with their class, so that Kendall once again decided she would spend such time with
her eyes glued to Harry. And it stayed this way for the remainder of their task; almost any time Harry looked her way, she was looking his. He tried to ignore it, knowing he had won earlier despite having received a sharp slap to the face, and got on with his work. At this rate, he was going to be the topic of Kendall's final poem, because she wasn't taking in any of the landmarks that Mr Grant was pointing out to them all, or taking any beneficial notes.

After a good, solid forty-five minutes of trailing after Mr Grant, everybody was growing tired, and Harry personally couldn't stand the strain he was getting in his left leg from the excessive walking. They all took a break in the cobblestone plaza in the centre of the city, Harry and his four mates opting for a long bench.

"Fuck, my leg's aching." Harry winced, leaning down, straightening his leg and pulling the toe of his Chelsea boot towards him to stretch his calf muscle.

"Imagine how mine are feeling then, look how short they are." Louis commented, holding his legs out in front of him. Harry put his out too, noting that, yes, there was a large difference in leg length there.

He heard a snicker of a laugh, glancing up fast to find that it had come from Kendall. She was whispering amongst her friends, intentionally making sure Harry was looking, and they too were joining in with her thrum of giggles. He simply rolled his eyes, deciding to be the bigger person, and instead turned to his mates again.

"You guys enjoying our walk, then? Leg pain aside."

But before any of them could even respond, Gigi was yelling over with her own input.

"Harry, babe, I don't think anyone wants to talk to you."

There was a humoured reaction from their classmates, but Harry just tensed his jaw and didn't even spare her a glance. This was all getting very tiring, their petty little actions, and quite frankly he was going to get slowly more and more mad about them. Luckily, Mr Grant was clearing his throat to gain everyone's attention before anything could continue.

"Right, ladies and gentlemen, so as you're aware, we were lucky enough to have stayed an extended amount of time. But, we cannot stay forever. We will be returning to England on Tuesday, which will be the 30th, I believe."

There was a general hum of disappointment. Harry felt his heart sink - for him, he was more upset that he wouldn't be sharing a room with Louis for much longer. It was already Saturday the 27th, which meant three more days remained. But, as he had recently realised, his nineteenth birthday was only five days away. He kind of wanted to be home with his family for that. He wasn't sure his new friends even knew when his birthday was, but it was sure to be hell at school, because it was set to be on a Thursday, and his ex-friends definitely knew when it was.

They had three days to make the most of Paris. Harry had done most of the things on his mental bucket list, he had even gone up the Eiffel Tower, so it didn't seem like he was missing anything. Time was sure to be of the essence now as the clock ticked, so he was just going to embrace the rest of his time there.

"I never want to leave," Louis pouted, kicking a large rock by his feet, "But I am starting to miss my family."

"Me too," Harry shrugged, "It won't be so bad returning home."
He knew he was returning to a better reality in England than Louis was, but hey, at least they were friends now. It was probably what he had always wanted, but couldn't quite work out. Louis didn't end up replying to Harry's final sentence, just started a conversation with Charlie. Harry, meanwhile, glanced over at Kendall to find her looking his way. She was frowning, but it was in disappointment rather than in disgust: she was reflecting on the fact that she was returning to England without him being hers.

It was a pretty bleak afternoon, considering they all knew their time in Paris was now very limited, but after a dinner at a semi-cheap diner, Harry and his friends decided they'd just get a drink at the hotel's bar again. It was around nine o'clock in the evening by then, and the bar was nice and lively for a Saturday night, every table pretty much occupied.

"Look at you guys, on the lemonades again." Harry smirked at the four of them, while he sipped at his beer, all seated around a table on high stools. "You sure you don't want something a bit more fun to drink?"

"This'll do for me." Louis chuckled, sipping at his drink, a smirk rising onto his face. "I'll only drink alcohol if it's the most expensive of champagnes."

Harry shook his head with a laugh, taking another sip of his beverage. He knew that Louis had been making a little comment about the champagne they had drank when they visited the restaurant a few nights back.

"I'm sure you will, Louis. Anyway, has everyone done everything they've wanted to while we were here?" Harry queried, eyes surveying his four mates.

"I was hoping to have become king of France." Charlie chuckled, despite it being quite an unfunny joke. "Pretty sure I've done all I needed to, it's been great."

Harry made an effort to laugh anyway at Charlie's joke, and he did make his eyes sparkle so it was worth it. He did like to humour people, whether or not the joke being told was really something to laugh at.

"And I was hoping to have gotten myself a girlfriend." Christopher wiggled his eyebrows jokingly. "But didn't manage that."

Somehow even less funny. Harry wanted to say 'keep dreaming' but knew it would sound taunting. He decided not to comment on it.

"Louis?" Harry asked, so that Louis glanced up from twirling the ice in his drink with his straw. "What's been your highlight?"

He shrugged but spoke anyway. "Don't know. My stupidity on the balcony overrides anything good that's happened. Makes me sound stubborn to say that, I know..."

"Oh, Lou, it's understandable that would come to mind," Niall chimed in, "But don't associate Paris with it. Everyone has dark points in their lives."

Harry felt awful. Here everyone was joking around, and Louis couldn't stop thinking about what he had almost done. It must have been a very detrimental thought to be stuck with, the flashbacks of a skyline ahead of him, blurred by panicked tears.

"Yeah, think of all the positives. You went up the Eiffel tower, right? And other things." Harry shot
him a bit of a look, an eyebrow raise, something that the other three didn't pick up on. Yes, he was referencing to both the times they had kissed - one being just last night. Louis got that.

"True," Louis put on a small smile, "I just can't help it, you know? It makes me feel ungrateful, seeing as you've spent so much time and money on me, Harry. Not to be a downer on the mood or anything."

"You've got to think outside the box, make a big memory that will be too priceless not to put first." Charlie intelligently offered.

Harry nodded with a hum of agreement, "He's right. Go rob a bank or something."

Louis giggled. "Right, that'd be a good memory, but only if I succeeded."

Louis' brighter mood meant that soon enough, they had dropped the topic. Clearly it wasn't something that brought much happiness to Louis to think about, and there wasn't really much else to say other than 'try not to think about it.' They finished their drinks by ten, having savoured them, then unanimously decided that the bar was getting a little too rowdy for their liking (well, Harry didn't mind, but the others seemed not to like the way people were being so upbeat.)

"Off to our rooms now, then?" Harry asked, as they were stood aimlessly in the hotel lobby now, unsure what to do with themselves.

"Yeah, I'm feeling pretty tired, actually," Niall admitted, stretching his arms out overhead, "I'm gonna head up. But don't wait up if you guys want to head back out."

"Think I'll head up too, I want a shower and I miss my pyjamas." Louis sweetly giggled. "What are you going to do, Harry? Stay out a little longer if you want."

"I'll come up too." He agreed, as he didn't get the vibe Charlie and Christopher would be much fun to hang out with alone.

They all piled into an elevator and travelled to their rooms, saying their good night's as they left. Harry and Louis' room was the furthest up in the hotel, meaning they were last in the lift. Harry was drumming his nails against the golden metal railing he was holding, looking quite deeply at Louis, whose gaze was to the floor. Harry tilted his head aside as he stared.

"Cheer up, buttercup." He smiled, watching Louis quickly lift his head up once he had heard it. He smiled a little in response, but nothing else was said before they reached their floor.

They strolled in silence down the hallway to their door, Louis with his arms wrapped tightly around himself. Harry unlocked their door when they reached it, and they closed it behind them and shook off their shoes by the entrance.

"Gonna take a quick shower." Louis informed, crowding an armful of his shower supplies and his pyjamas before heading towards the bathroom. "I won't be long."

He softly shut the door behind him. All Harry wanted to do was follow him the fuck in there, his mind still clouded with that thought, but he instead opted for sitting in front of the television and watching the music channel. The tasteless music videos were pretty draining, but it was a good way of passing some time. He didn't want to sleep yet, especially seeing as it was one of their last nights, and Louis was leaving the shower after ten minutes.

Harry was lying across the sofa, his long legs dangling off the far armrest and his arm lazily draped over his forehead, and Louis stifled a laugh.
"Made yourself comfortable there?" He giggled, and Harry squinted up at him with an amused look.

"Just a little bit."

Louis' hair looked fluffy from his shower, towel-dried and a little bit messy, and his pyjamas never failed to make him look utterly adorable. He returned his things back to his suitcase before approaching the sofa.

"Shift over, lanky." He teased, nudging Harry's legs with his knee, and Harry got up reluctantly with a groan to free the space beside him.

"You smell nice." Harry complimented, noting the fruity smell in the air.

"Why, thank you." Louis chuckled. "Shower gel did its job properly then."

Harry grinned, facing Louis' way with his head propped up against his palm. Louis was keeping his eyes on the television screen, but it was clear he could feel the gaze.

"You're staring at me again." He smiled a little, keeping his eyes on the screen still, and Harry kept on looking with no shame.

"Your hair just looks really soft, is all."

Louis did look his way now, but just to playfully roll his eyes.

"Again, thank you, Harry."

They carried on watching the television, a rather provocative music video in which a dancer rubbed herself back against a man, and Louis seemed to want to distract the situation by speaking again.

"You seem to be handling your breakup well, by the way. Not that I'm one to judge how you really feel, but that's how it seems from my side." He theorised, picking absent-mindedly at his nail. Harry turned to him, shrugging heavily.

"Guess you're right there. I'm just more bothered by the shit they're giving me now, you know? It's like-"

"Did you love Kendall?" Louis cut him off, before he seemed to come to again and widen his eyes once he realised what he had said. "Oh God, that's a pretty personal question. I didn't mean that..."

"Don't worry about it," Harry shrugged, "I'm okay with it."

It did strike him quite a lot though. It was like a flashback, movie-style filmroll was playing in his mind suddenly, his past with Kendall, and he had an immediate answer. It hadn't even taken much for him to determine it.

"Yes, I did."

"Oh." Louis piped up. There was definitely some dismay in his tone, jealousy perhaps. Harry decided he would fix that.

"But... there's a difference between loving someone, and being in love with someone, if that makes any sense. You know, you can love a friend, or a family member, but being in love is a whole other story. I just wasn't in love with Kendall, ever."
Louis breathed out a long, steady breath through slightly pursed lips, rubbing at his eye with the pad of his thumb. "Well."

"Well, what?" Harry gently asked, folding his legs in front of himself on the sofa.

"No, it's nothing." Louis dismissed, waving a hand carelessly, but Harry wasn't going to believe that.

"No, Louis, really. What is it? Just say."

"On the balcony that one time..." Louis trailed off, shaking his head with uncertainty. "No, honestly, forget I said anything."

"When I told you I was falling in love with you?"

A thick silence fell over them. Louis was grasping his left hand so hard that it paled a little, and he couldn't even look Harry's way.

"Yeah. W-Why did you say that, then?" He stuttered out, his voice wavering. He sounded vulnerable, as if he was ready to be completely let down, or to be told it had been some stupid joke, or to have it reiterated to him that it never meant anything.

Harry hesitated, wiping his hands slowly down his face. His brain instantly screamed a clear answer at him, something that was slowly being worked out every time he looked at Louis. Harry found love to be a very, very powerful thing and he could no longer fight it. He looked up at Louis a few moments later, completely defenceless.

"Because I meant it."

"You..."

"I'm in love with you."

He was in love with him.

Louis practically came close to choking on air. Harry had never seen such shock in his eyes, even since when he first aired this (with maximum uncertainty on the balcony that one time) yet he liked it. And, God dammit, it seemed true by now. Harry had thought he was straight just two weeks ago, wouldn't have even dreamt he'd feel anything more than platonic towards another male, but here he was feeling perfectly at peace. He was in love with Louis, and all this time he was working that out.

"You... you're in love with me? Now?" Louis stammered out, finally able to look Harry's way, who was softly smiling.

"Yes."

"Why?" Louis whispered, but Harry heard it loud and clear.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why would you love me?"

"I don't know how it happened, Louis, only God knows, but I know that when I look at you," He cut himself off with a breathy laugh and a huge smile, "My goodness, you do things to my head."
Louis couldn't help but smile too, having found Harry's contagious, and had to cover it with the back of his hand as it was so broad.

"Sorry, it's just..."

"No one's ever been in love with you before?" Harry guessed. "That's absolutely insane to me, you're so lovely. It's a pleasure to be your first."

Louis blushed, placing his head in his hands. "You're so sweet."

"Is that all you think of me, Tomlinson?" Harry chuckled. "I'm just sweet? Is that your way of letting me down easy?"

"Of course not," Louis playfully rolled his eyes, "I think you're wonderful."

Harry shuffled closer on the sofa, Louis giggling, his back against the arm rest so he was facing Harry's way, legs crossed in front of him.

"What are you doing?" He giggled.

"Just getting a closer smell of that lovely shower gel." Harry innocently proclaimed, and he knelt by Louis' side and nuzzled his face beneath his chin, much to Louis' surprise.

"Wow." He breathed out, followed by a shaky laugh. "That's a very close smell you're getting."

"Or maybe this is my way of initiating another make-out." Harry hummed playfully, skimming his lips just slightly over Louis' neck, receiving a quiet gasp.

"All you had to do was ask." Louis shrugged, and before they even knew it, Harry's lips were on his. Harry brought his hand up to rest on Louis' left cheek, caressing the skin with his thumb as their lips softly pressed together again and again. They slid down into a lying position, and Harry was holding his body over Louis', leaving that proximity between them, kneeling either side of his legs to separate their bodies.

Louis was kissing back very gently, his lips soft and tasting so sweet, and the pace was intimate and unhurried. They were giving each other all the time in the world, tender little strokes of the lips, and Harry decided it would be an appropriate moment to bring his hand up to gently rake through Louis' feathery hair instead. He could have sworn he felt Louis smile into the kiss and it had him smiling too (perhaps with a tad more smugness.) Louis was still sure on keeping his hands firmly by his sides, unsure whatsoever on what to do with them, which Harry would forever find adorable.

He broke the kiss temporarily, looking deep in Louis' eyes, and slowly smiled. "You're a really great kisser."

"So are you." Louis shakily whispered back, putting on a smile, but his lips seemed to be wavering a little with nerves, eyes diverting frantically around Harry's face.

"It's okay, you tell me what you're thinking." Harry urged, brushing a strand of hair from Louis' pretty blue eyes. He thought Louis probably needed to voice his doubts, his want to keep his distance and leave it at a make-out again, but when he heard quite the opposite, he was shocked.

"Do you want this to go further?" Louis asked, voice monotone and lacking any clues as to what he was thinking. Harry's eyebrows were urged to raise, heart thumping a little bit faster.
"Further? What do you mean, Louis?"

"You know what I mean. More than making out." His voice was small, insecure, like he was terrified to the core but knew he needed to be saying this.

Harry hadn't really been faced with this yet, the general question of things going further. Sure, his head span at the thought, and he felt dizzy to think this was something that could really happen, but he was feeling very confused. His mind was cloudy, thoughts shooting through his mind, but the one that struck him most was the one that told him that, yes, he did want it to go further. He had already expressed that he was in love, for crying out loud, how much more did he have to convince himself?

"That's your call, Louis. I want you to be comfortable." Harry eased. "You tell me what you're thinking."

"Well, I guess I'm just scared."

"Why are you scared, darling?"

Louis shrugged, but he answered anyway. "Well, I really want this to go further. I trust you, I really do, but we'd have to take things really slowly."

"That's very understandable, Louis, seeing as you've never done anything like this before." Harry soothed him, brushing his fingertips tenderly up his forearm. "I trust you too, and I'm glad you trust me."

He was caught off guard when he felt Louis' fingers curling beneath the hem of his t-shirt all of a sudden, just teasing a little at the fabric.

"Can you take this off?"

Harry raised an eyebrow, a cocky side smile present. "You want me to?"

"Yeah. I think it'll ease the situation a bit, you know?" Louis had a little smile on his face, almost like he was just making an excuse to see Harry's body, but Harry was all for it.

He knelt over Louis fully, gripping the material of his t-shirt behind his neck and tugging it up and off his body. His hair fell messily into his eyes, toned abdomen now on display, and he saw Louis thickly gulp as he glanced over the abs.

"Wow, uh... so you work out a lot?" Louis questioned, tripping over his own words, and Harry wanted to chuckle at his flustered nature but at the same time knew it wasn't the right time to. His hands were clasped behind his back to give Louis the full view, a cocky smile present, and he loved the captivated look in Louis' eyes.

"Yeah, I work out quite a bit," Harry muttered, voice low, reaching forward and scooping up Louis' hand, "And hard work pays off."

He traced Louis' hand over his abs slowly, biting his lip as he did, watching the fascination in Louis' eyes as he allowed his fingertips to be guided.

"Wow," Louis breathed, followed by a sharp laugh. Harry dropped his hand from Louis' leaving him to freely feel himself, and he traced tenderly over the dips in Harry's abs, completely captivated.
"Can I kiss you again, or are you going to be feeling forever?" Harry smirked, and Louis glanced up at him with a humoured yet flustered look.

"Of course you can." He giggled.

"Great. Now how about we move to somewhere more comfortable?" Harry whispered, seeing Louis' eyes light up a bit. He nodded in agreement, and they rushed to stand up (Louis rather shakily) before hurrying over to Harry's bed, which was nearest. Louis returned to a position on his back, and Harry got into a half press-up position above Louis again to continue their kiss.

It was a little bit more frantic now, their mouths moving together faster, Harry sliding his tongue into Louis' mouth, but he still knelt to keep their bottom halves apart. The difference this time was that his hot torso was pressed against Louis' clothed one, radiating body heat through, and he could even feel Louis' hammering heartbeat against his chest. He loved it, the rush he was feeling through his veins, and he rested one hand on the pillow by Louis' head and the other on his hip.

He broke the kiss once again, his heart skipping a beat upon hearing the breathy whine of discontent that Louis let out, and instead began trailing the kisses towards Louis' jawline. Louis tilted his head aside, eyes fluttering closed and mouth falling ajar, as Harry peppered little kisses along his jawbone, and Louis tilted his chin upward without even thinking to give him more access.

"Mmm, your skin's so soft." Harry hummed against it, as he pressed another kiss just below Louis' ear, before bringing the lobe between his teeth, gently nibbling on it. Louis sighed out a breath, and Harry brought his mouth up to whisper into his ear, his voice low and seeping with lust. "I'd love to explore more of that soft skin."

"Fuck," Louis breathed out, fingernails digging into the sheets beneath him, urging Harry to smirk. He sat back on his heels again, so that he could see Louis fully again.

"Your call now, okay?" Harry's tone turned to a caring one all of a sudden, tracing a finger along Louis' t-shirt's hemline. "Can I take this off, or do you not want me to? You say what you think."

Louis did seem ever-so-slightly hesitant for a moment, a split second of consideration, but then he surprised Harry by sitting up and nodding.

"You can take it off."

"Yeah?" Harry clarified, raising his eyebrows. He was kind of expecting Louis to back out last second, become insecure and back away, but he didn't.

Louis looked him in the eye with so much trust, and a small smile, and although it held doubt, it also reflected just how into this he was. He trusted Harry so much, and that was something he would never take for granted.

Louis lifted his arms and Harry clasped the bottom of his pyjama shirt, pulling it up and off his head before throwing it down to the floor by his bed. Louis sat back against the headboard again, hands lying rather protectively over his stomach. Harry noticed three or four scars on Louis' left forearm, semi-healed, and his heart almost broke in two. He had gotten an inkling that Louis would have them, but it hurt to see, and he only kept his eye on them for a split second so as not to make him insecure.

He had a natural tan glow to his skin, and it all looked so soft, and Harry didn't know why he was covering that gorgeous tummy up.
"Fuck, you're perfect." Was Harry's first verbal outburst, with a disbelieving shake of his head. Louis seemed to blush a little, and he lightly shook his head in disagreement. "Of course you are. Let's see that lovely tummy, Louis."

Louis giggled as Harry gently pried his arms aside, once again shaking his head, feeling so lucky. His skin was hot all over from just looking at Louis' exposed torso. He reached out, coming so close to touching, before he had to physically stop himself and remember boundaries.

"Can I touch?" He asked, so fast that it was almost jumbled into one single word, and Louis giggled once again. He was lying down again, so stiffly, hands lying by his sides.

"If you want to."

"You don't even understand how much." Harry breathed out a chuckle. Before he did though, he gripped onto Louis' arms gently and moved them upward, so they were resting by his head on the pillow. "That's better."

He could properly see those hips now, the way they curved out a little after the waist, and he started by getting his hands on them. He slid them down Louis' sides, from beside his chest all the way down to his trouserline, all while breathing profanities under his breath.

"You are breathtaking." He barely whispered, his left hand squeezing appreciatively at one hip while his right hand slid up to glide over that wonderful stomach. He was so soft all over, his skin so beautifully untouched, and Harry felt truly blissful. This was heaven.

"I wouldn't say breathtaking," Louis begged to differ, voice wavering a little.

"Oh, I would." Harry argued, with a smile. "I want to kiss all over you."

"Oh my goodness." Louis seemed to shy away a bit with that flustered smile, turning his face to the side to hide it against his shoulder, and that only made Harry's heart jump once again. Louis was so fucking innocent, it was incredible.

"Can I?" Harry continued, and his bottom lip caught between his teeth seductively. Louis' gaze shot down to look at the way Harry's plump bottom lip turned a cherry red between his teeth, and he was hazily nodding, completely enticed.

"Y-Yeah."

Harry smirked, knowing he was doing a great job at making Louis hot and bothered, running his hand up Louis' torso again. This time, he traced the pad of his thumb very lightly over Louis' right nipple, earning a little gasp. His smirk remained, while Louis' mouth was ajar slightly.

"Sensitive?" Harry purred, voice coming out deep and syrupy, and Louis nodded quickly.

"Very." He breathed out.

"That's so hot." Harry breathed, before positioning his body further down the bed a little, wasting no time in lowering his head and pressing a kiss to the centre of Louis' chest.

"I could do this forever, you know?" He whispered, another kiss just to the left of the last. "Kiss all over you."

Louis' stomach was rising and falling fast as he audibly tried to catch his breath back, fingers gripping into the pillowcase, and Harry trailed the wet, open-mouthed kisses all over his stomach.
He held onto Louis' waist as he did, holding him still (as he had begun writhing slightly) and his kisses were pressed to just about every free inch of Louis' stomach.

Harry would be lying if he said he didn't feel himself hardening already. Just that hot ball of energy occupying the pit of his stomach, lust making home in every cell of his being, and he brought his mouth up to Louis' nipple once again. He simply allowed his plump bottom lip to tease over the bud of the nipple, and the quietest, breathy whimper from Louis made his head spin. That was exactly what he had wanted to hear: the sounds of content that soft voice could make.

"You like that, huh?" He whispered, bringing his tongue out to circle around the nipple. Louis' head fell back against the pillow, mouth parting and a sharp breath leaving his lips.

"Y-Yeah." He breathed out, voice shaky.

Harry let his tongue move slightly faster, teasing at the nipple, and the way Louis was squirming was enough gratification for him. God, he was getting so hard so fast, and the tightness of both his underwear and jeans was not something he appreciated at that point in time. But he kept on licking lightly over Louis' nipple, brushing over the other one gently with his other hand, until Louis looked like he could never stop writhing. Harry stopped finally, climbing back up again until he was hovering over Louis again, bringing his mouth down to his ear again.

"You're making me so hard, Louis."

"Oh, God." Louis breathed out in bliss, eyes still shut.

"I don't think I've ever been turned on so quickly in my whole life." Harry admitted in a purr, licking up the shell of Louis' ear.

"Don't think I've ever been this turned on in my life ever." Was his response, followed by a breathless laugh, and it had Harry smirking. He was turning Louis on, that was what he wanted to hear.

"Do you mind if I get out of these horrendous jeans?" Harry chuckled, and Louis shook his head straight away.

"N-Not at all." He was so flustered, unsure where to look for long, Harry's sultry stare proving just a bit too much right now.

Harry was fully hard by now, and it was straining against his underwear. He climbed onto the bed beside Louis, quickly bringing his hands down to undo his belt, long fingers fumbling clumsily with the buckle. Louis' heart was thumping so hard watching Harry undoing it, whipping the belt out and throwing it to the floor, before tackling the button and unzipping the stubborn jeans. He lifted his bottom half up off the bed as he slid the jeans down, kicking them off his feet, and Louis' eyes were immediately on the bulge that was straining against the black fabric of Harry's Calvin Kleins.

"Oh my fucking God." Louis cursed in whisper, sitting up against the headboard once more. He was clearly hard too, it was visible in his pyjamas bottoms (and Harry found that so fucking hot) but for now Louis couldn't look away from Harry's bulge, his face reddening. "That's..."

"Big. Yeah, I've been told." Harry breathed out a laugh, while Louis shakily wiped a layer of sweat from his forehead. He seemed to be trembling all over, Harry noted in that moment, so he softly placed a hand over Louis' his thumb gliding softly over the skin.

"You okay, yeah?"
"Yeah," Louis nodded, "Lie down, Harry."

Harry smirked to himself, sprawling himself out along the bed, head propped up against a plump pillow. He lifted his hands and tucked them behind his head, as a way to say he was completely Louis' now for the taking, and Louis seemed nervous but he moved and positioned himself so that he was sat on Harry's thighs.

"Little surge of confidence?" Harry raised an eyebrow smugly, and Louis giggled.

"I guess you could say that." Louis smiled, tilting his head to the side. The innocent sparkle in his eyes was just wonderful, the aura to him that screamed his purity. But he was finally finding his confidence, getting comfortable with Harry, and he slid his palms all the way up Harry's abdomen.

"There we go," Harry persuaded under his breath, running a hand through his curls, "You've learnt how to touch me all by yourself."

Louis giggled, running his hands over the dips and curves of Harry's abs and then back again, eyes occasionally glancing down to take in that bulge again. He still seemed rather flustered by it. Harry had been told many times in the past that he was very well-endowed, so it wasn't any wonder why Louis couldn't stop staring.

After a very good feeling session from Louis, in which he had skimmed his fingertips all around Harry's hot torso, he sat back on Harry's thighs and laughed to himself as he put his face in his hands.

Harry couldn't help but chuckle along, "What?"

"Sorry, I just get all giggly sometimes when I find someone massively attractive. You're so hot, it's just a bit surreal."

"So are you, Louis." Harry softly reminded, reaching forward and scooping up Louis' hand in his. "And I have no idea how you fail to see that."

Louis stubbornly shrugged. "I guess it's what I've always thought."

He held Louis' left hand with one hand and used his other hand to gently skim his fingers up Louis' forearm, over those scars, tenderly caressing the skin, while smiling softly at Louis.

"I honestly cannot stress how perfect you are, Louis."

Louis grinned to himself, and in one move climbed up so that he was straddling Harry completely, and Harry gasped having not expected it. The sudden pressure he had on his dick made it twitch a little, and he wrapped his arms round the back of Louis' neck and pulled him close, attaching their lips. Harry was well aware that his lower region was pressed against Louis', and it turned him on insanely to feel how hard Louis was too. Harry kissed him so deeply, running his hands through Louis' hair at the back of his head, resisting the massive urge to grind his hips up against Louis'. But it seemed Louis was already onto that, very subtly shifting around on top of Harry yet knowing exactly what he was doing. Harry breathed heavily into the kiss at the little bit of friction, before smirking into it, biting down on Louis' lip as they broke the kiss once again.

"You've got to stop teasing me like that." Harry whispered, brushing a strand of hair from Louis' face. Louis giggled, shrugging heavily.

"I don't know what you're talking about."
"Do you want my dick, Louis?"

Louis' rate of breathing dipped, Harry heard it, and an awestruck look came onto his face.

"Y-Yeah." He stammered, gulping and nervously laughing once again.

"Then how about we get out of the rest of these clothes? They're pretty tight, aren't they?" Harry lowly asked, eyes shooting down to take in Louis' visible erection straining against his pyjama bottoms, and a devious sort of smile stretched onto Louis' face.

"You first."

Harry laughed to himself, watching as Louis climbed off him and on the bed beside him. Harry lifted his arms above him again, giving Louis a little nudge downwards of his head.

"You can do the honours, if you'd like."

Louis grew a bit shy, hiding his face for a few seconds, but then he fought the timidness and thought he would do what was being suggested to him. He shifted himself so that he was sat between Harry's long legs, which parted a little to give Louis some room, and he hooked his fingers beneath the waistband of Harry's underwear and pulled it down in one swift movement. Harry's cock sprang free, lying thick and long against his abs, and Louis looked completely struck with awe over it.

"Wow," He breathed, while Harry bit his lip and smirked at Louis' reaction. He was blushing again.

"Don't go all shy on me." Harry chuckled, tucking one hand behind his head and casually taking his dick into the other, wanking himself off a few times, and Louis watched with his mouth agape slightly, swallowing thickly in his throat once again. "You alright?" Harry purred.

"Just, that... that's really hot." Louis stuttered out, in a breathy tone, and Harry's smirk only grew.

"You like it when I touch myself?" Harry asked, voice a low drawl.

"So much."

Harry deeply laughed, continuing to lightly jerk himself off, relieving the pressure in his dick a little, but he couldn't stop looking at Louis while he did it. The way Louis was intensely watching, eyes glowing with arousal.

"You want to touch me?" Harry invited, moving his hand off himself. Louis nodded, reaching out and wrapping his smaller hand around Harry's cock. Harry couldn't suppress a deep groan from sounding in his throat, one that had Louis grinning to himself, as he began moving his hand up and down Harry's shaft.

"So big." He mumbled, watching his hand curiously, flicking his wrist to get the best rhythm going.

"Feels really good." Harry breathed back in return, subtly bucking up his hips into the touch. God, he needed more than just Louis' hand on him. "Take everything off, Louis." He urged, nudging his head to Louis' pyjama bottoms.

Louis nodded, removing his hand momentarily from Harry's dick while he shifted his trousers off, kicking them to the ground, and Harry hummed out a moan of appreciation at Louis being
completely naked. He was so hard, his dick standing against his stomach, a pretty pink at the tip, and his thighs just looked marvellous, so thick and wonderful.

"Yeah, I was right about you being perfect." Harry smiled. "Do you mind if I jerk you off as well?"

"Of course not," Louis giggled, "But do you want to?"

"Of course I do." Harry gripped Louis' dick into his hand, feeling it hot and full in his palm, wrapping his long fingers around it and working his hand up and down. It was his first time touching another guy's dick, but there was something good about it, he couldn't quite explain it. Just nice to have something in his hand.

"Oh wow." Louis whispered, eyes shutting. "Gosh, that feels amazing."

Harry sped up the movement just a little, while biting on his lip, all to watch Louis' head tip back and an open-mouthed moan to leave his lips.

"There we go." Harry purred, and he didn't even think of his spontaneity before he rolled onto his stomach in front of Louis and experimentally traced his tongue around the head. Louis gasped and didn't quite know where to put his hands, opting on planting one in Harry's curls, as Harry held Louis' dick up against his stomach and licked a stripe up the underside. Before Harry could even do any more, which he was more than happy to do, Louis was stopping it.

"I want to suck yours, Harry."

"Fuck, you do what you want, baby." Harry breathed. He was well aware he hadn't seen Louis' wonderful arse unclothed yet, but right now he was just fine with waiting if it meant he could get a blowjob.

Harry shuffled back into a lying position on his back, so his long, lean body was sprawled out along the bed, and Louis climbed back between his legs, sitting back on his heels, and wasted absolutely no time in grabbing Harry's dick once again. He jerked it off a couple of times before dipping his head down and encasing the top half in his mouth, hollowing out his cheeks.

"That's so fucking hot," Harry mumbled, moving his hand down to rake through Louis' hair. "Mmm, look at me."

Louis glanced up, that fucking innocence, as he held Harry's dick in his hand and slapped it against his tongue a couple of times. Harry was pretty speechless at that, it was too hot to even react to with anything other than a sharp moan. Louis held that powerful eye contact as he took Harry's cock back into his mouth, twisting his head as he continued to bob it up and down, his hollowed cheeks and pink lips looking utterly lovely.

"You're good at that, you know?"

Louis' response was a small moan around Harry's dick, which was so fucking hot, and Harry brushed Louis' hair from his face once again.

"I wanna make you feel good too, Louis."
Louis lifted his mouth from Harry's dick with a pop, jacking it off once again as he smiled up at him.

"Do you now?"

"Don't get all cocky with me, Tomlinson. Yes, I do," Harry smirked, brushing Louis' hand away and taking his dick back into his own. "Can you lie on your stomach for me?"

Louis giggled and complied almost immediately, climbing up the bed and lying down on his stomach, and Harry had to suck in a sharp breath when he saw Louis' bum. It was so fucking round and firm and **big** and Harry was lost for words for a good ten seconds.

"Oh my fucking..." He trailed off, shaking his head slowly in disbelief, inviting himself to bring his hand down and squeeze one of the cheeks in his hand. "God, Louis."

He abandoned his dick again for the time being, with Louis' bum currently what deserved all of his attention, and he planted a hand on either cheek and had a good grab. The way it seemed to wobble so much in his hands, yet was so firm, was so perfect. He decided he would spread Louis' bum, revealing his tight, pink hole, and he moaned aloud at the sight.

"That's so perfect, Louis. You're so perfect." Harry reiterated under his breath, shuffling into a kneeling position in front of Louis' bum. He parted it once again and this time let a string of spit drop from his mouth, landing over Louis' hole to have him gasping.

"Yeah." Harry breathed, using the tip of his index finger to spread the spit around, so that Louis gasped and turned his head to the side on his folded arms. Harry smirked to himself, leaning downwards slowly so that his hot breath fanned out over Louis' hole, giving absolutely no more of a warning before licking a long, thick stripe all the way over it.

Louis released a high-pitched whimper, one that went straight to Harry's dick, as Harry began twirling his tongue slowly around his hole.

"That feels so good," Louis whined out, his voice high with bliss, so that Harry cockily smirked as he held Louis' gorgeous bum either side, kneading it with his hands as he completely went in with his tongue, lapping faster at Louis' entrance and sucking lightly on the rim. "Fuck yes."

Harry continued to work his tongue around, sliding it inside just slightly, as much as he could without hurting Louis, and as he pulled back after a moment, he didn't even think before leaving a rough spank on Louis' bum. He had always done it with Kendall in the past, so he hadn't even asked whether that's what Louis was into, but judging by the sharp moan that left Louis' mouth, it was all good.

"You like that?"

"Yeah," Louis' voice transformed halfway through into a moan, biting down on his forearm as Harry lay another slap to his arse.

"F**k yeah, you're so dirty." Harry breathed, before returning to lapping at his hole once again. He prodded his tongue in once again, pushing it in and out slowly, and it had Louis pushing his bum back slightly. He loved Harry's tongue inside him, even if it was just the very tip. "You like that inside you?"

"Put a finger inside me."

Harry's mind went hazy with so much lust that he swore he couldn't even see for a few seconds.
"Fuck, are you sure?"

"Please."

"Let me grab some lube, yeah?" Harry asked, jumping to his feet.

"You have lube with you?" Louis giggled, cutely kicking his feet up into the air behind him.

"It's travel sized." Harry wiggled his eyebrows, and Louis playfully rolled his eyes, but bit his lip as that arousal still sat heavily in his stomach.

Harry opened the lube up with a click, repositioning himself between Louis' legs once again, pushing the right cheek aside to spread his arse once again.

"You want this, yeah?"

"Yes." Louis urged. "Please, Harry." That innocence was there again in his voice then, the way he whined out his words with a sense of desperation, and Harry couldn't ever dream of denying him anything when he spoke like that.

"Okay, baby. I want you to take deep breaths because it's going to hurt a little, okay?"

"Okay."

Harry squeezed a good amount of lube onto his right middle finger, before closing the lube and dropping it onto the bed. He pressed the tip of his finger against Louis' entrance and massaged it around it, getting him used to the feeling a little.

"Can you just kneel a bit for me, stick your bum up?" Harry instructed, patting the side of Louis' thigh. Louis complied immediately, tucking his knees beneath himself with his face still on his folded forearms on the bed, and fuck did he look great like that. "There we go. Deep breath for me?"

Louis sucked in a deep breath, body rising a little, and Harry pressed the tip of his finger in. Louis hummed out a moan of discomfort.

"I know, baby, it's going to hurt a little." Harry soothed, using his free hand to caress over Louis' side. "Keep breathing deep for me."

He pushed it further into the tightness, which forever constricted around his finger as he twisted it a little, slowly edging it in more and more.

"I-It hurts." Louis managed to gasp.

"Do you want me to stop? Just say the word."

"No, please carry on."

"Okay, Louis."

Harry waited a while for Louis to adjust, twisting the single finger around a bit to get him used to it, before he finally started moving it out and then back in, very slowly. Louis exhaled through pursed lips, releasing shallow breaths, but he did manage to speak.

"Another one, I-I want two."
"I don't want you to overdo it, Lou..."

"Two please, Harry. I want two."

"If you're sure, darling." Harry clarified, using his free hand to grab the lube once again, flicking open the lid and pouring even more lube over where his lone finger was still working in and out. He squeezed in his index finger alongside it, hearing a strained groan from Louis, as he bit into his forearm once again.

"The stretch feels kinda good, but f-fuck-- it hurts." Louis stammered, gulping to soothe his dry throat.

"You'll get used to it, Lou Lou." Harry smirked, the two fingers completely in together, and he attempted to move them both outward, stretching against the tight walls.

"Ouch, that's so tight," Louis breathed out a laugh, "You can move them."

Harry very slowly moved them both outward, then back in again, twisting them and scissoring them outward as he went, and Louis was moaning all the while.

"That's definitely feeling better now," Louis purred, breathing in through gritted teeth.

"Fuck yeah." Harry swore, the thought of his fingers being inside Louis making him feel hot all over.

"Feels so good inside me," Louis whispered, making Harry's dick throb.

"You like that inside you?" He purred, speeding up the movement a little to have Louis whining in the back of his throat.

"Something else would feel even better."

Louis glanced back over his shoulder and they linked eyes then, so intimately that Harry got shivers, and he raised his eyebrows a bit.

"You... want--"

"I want you to fuck me, Harry."

Okay, that was the hottest thing Harry had ever heard, especially in that beautifully sweet voice of Louis', which was a little rough from the arousal. He stared at Louis carefully, though he still worked his fingers in and out at a steady pace.

"You do?"

"Please," was Louis' rather incoherent response, and Harry was speedily nodding, slowly removing his two fingers from Louis.

"I mean, if you're sure, baby."

"I'm so sure, please. It felt so good, your fingers inside me, I need more."

Harry took his dick in his hand, giving it a couple of pumps while looking Louis' face all over.

"Okay. I'll grab a condom, alright?"
"Please." Louis once again uttered, having rolled onto his back again, pumping fast at his own dick as Harry stumbled back over to his suitcase, grabbing a condom from the pack he had (and was so glad he had brought.) He turned to look at Louis over on the bed, his cheeks pink, lips glossy and bitten red and ajar, fist moving fast over his dick, and he just looked so fucking perfect.

Harry climbed back onto the bed, ripping open the condom.

"You sure?" He once again reiterated, and Louis giggled and rolled his eyes.

"More sure than I've ever been."

"You don't mind me being your first?"

Louis shuffled into a comfortable position lying back against a pillow, twirling his hair around a finger while smiling over at Harry.

"Of course I don't. I'm grateful that you want to be."

Harry rolled the condom onto his cock, with Louis watching with intrigue, and then reached for the lube, pouring lots over his dick.

"Okay, I want you to relax. Are you comfy?"

"Yeah." Louis smiled, parting his legs a little. Harry climbed over him, Louis' legs either side of Harry's knees, and he used the excess of the lube on his hand to spread onto Louis' entrance.

He leaned forward so that his forehead was pressed against Louis', looking deep into his eyes. "You ready, baby?"

"Yeah."

Harry nudged the head of his dick against Louis' hole experimentally, just prodding it against it and moving it around slightly, and Louis bit hard on his lower lip as he felt it pressing in. Harry held his breath to suppress a groan, pushing himself in at a very leisurely pace, hearing a sharp wince from Louis, his eyebrows scrunching together.

"You okay?" Harry breathed when he was halfway in, a strain to his voice.

"Keep going." Louis piped out, quickly so that his voice didn't crack, so Harry complied and carried on pushing inside. Once he was all the way in, skin touching Louis', he finally released an open-mouthed moan.

"So tight." He purred, swallowing. "You feel so good, Louis, fuck."

"Your dick is huge," Louis gasped out, eyebrows still slanted inward. "Stretching me open so much."

Harry smirked to himself, moving his face up off Louis' so that he could see him more. Their eyes darted all around each other's faces, taking in every little detail, as Harry very slowly drew back his hips, the friction of Louis' walls tight against his cock.

"It hurts." Louis choked out, "But don't stop."

"You look so beautiful, Louis." Harry commented, smiling as he sank his dick back inside halfway, Louis breathing in sharply as he did. "So, so beautiful."
"Doubt it." Louis smirked, and Harry reciprocated the smirk as he pushed the rest of the way in in one swift push, so that Louis gasped and choked out a moan.

"Yes, you really do." He purred, drawing his hips back outwards again. "How's that feeling?"

"A little painful, b-but good." Louis whispered, gulping in his dry throat. "Keep moving, please, it's nice."

Harry slowly bit down on his lower lip as he began a rhythm in and out, slow and steady, and Louis watched the lip bite once again, eyes flicking from Harry's lips to his eyes. Harry smirked and brought his head forwards to kiss Louis once on the lips, while he continued sliding his cock in and then out, one hand stabilising himself on the bed and the other holding Louis on the hip.

Louis' head fell back onto the pillow, sucking in a deep gasp and shutting his eyes as Harry sped up just a little bit more, as they both got more into it and the pain started to decrease a little bit for Louis. It was still there, but it was starting to feel like a good sort of pain as the pleasure trickled in.

"Yeah, you love that dick deep inside you," Harry purred into Louis' ear, hot breath tickling at his ear. "Don't you?"

"Feels so good," Louis breathed, at half the volume, once again moving his head forwards and catching Harry's lips against his. This time it was more prolonged, a few strokes to the lips, and as Harry sped up significantly, rolling his hips forwards, Louis moaned into the kiss.

"Ohhh, shit." He whimpered out, Harry's forehead against his. "Y-Yeah."

Harry got Louis' lower lip between his teeth, playfully tugging on it as he continued sliding into him, and Louis loved it. He brought his hands up to hold onto Harry's shoulders, fingernails digging in harder as Harry kept the fast rhythm going.

"Please," Louis didn't even know what he was begging for anymore, but he found himself pleading again, and it earned Harry's cocky smile again.

"Please what?" He lowly asked, moving his face to mouth at Louis' jaw with wet kisses.

"Please keep fucking me."

"Until you cum, Louis."

Louis choked out a moan at that, biting helplessly on his lower lip as Harry continued to nip at his neck. Harry changed the angle a little, moving his hips in small circles to have Louis gasping once again.

"Oh God yeah." He breathed, cutting himself off with another whimper. "You're so good at fucking me, Harry."

"And you're so good at taking it," Harry grunted, voice so deep and drawled out with lust. "And looking fucking amazing while you do."

"I wanna ride you."

Harry didn't need any more convincing than that. He didn't even pull out, just managed to flip Louis over while still inside him, so that Louis was riding him, catching his balance quickly by planting his hands against Harry's broad chest.
"There we go," Harry smirked, moving his hands to rest behind his head, "You look so good up there. I want to watch you forever, baby."

Louis began rocking himself on Harry's dick, moving his hips around to get every angle, and Harry shook his head in disbelief over how fucking hot Louis looked doing that.

"You're an angel, Louis."

Louis' mouth was hanging open slightly, eyebrows raised a little, letting out little gasps and whines as he continued to move so beautifully back and forth on Harry's cock. Harry reached up and cupped the back of Louis' head, bringing it downwards so they could make out again, and Louis fell forwards a little against Harry. Harry took over again, arching his legs against the bed and moving his hips upwards, thrusting in and out of Louis once again to have him mumbling a moan against his lips. Both Louis shuffling his hips back and forth, plus Harry fucking up into Louis, had them both moaning hotly into each other's mouths.

When the kiss broke again, Louis buried his face in the sweaty crook of Harry's neck, nuzzling his nose against his skin, as Harry lifted his hips off the bed and rotated them to get every angle one again. Louis reached down and began pumping his dick along with the thrusts, leaving a lingering kiss to Harry's neck as he did, before pulling back again to look in his eyes. Harry felt inclined to once again call Louis perfect, or compliment how gorgeous he looked with his lips all bitten like that, but he knew he would just hear another denial.

Still fucking up into Louis, his eyes surveyed the room, and they stopped when they landed on the desk. With a mirror.

"Little change of location okay with you?" He breathed, stopping the thrusts and brushing hair from Louis' face.

"Do what you want with me." Louis giggled. Harry liked the sound of that. He shuffled to the edge of the bed with Louis in his lap, then pulled out of him as he scooped him up in one, holding him beneath his thighs. He set Louis down on the floor in front of the desk, bending him over it so that his stomach came into cold contact with the wood.

"You're going to watch yourself get fucked. Want you to see how beautiful you look." Harry purred, tangling a hand in Louis' hair and gently angling his face upwards until he was looking at himself in that reflected surface.

"Harr--" Louis was about to playfully complain, air his doubts, but before he could Harry was pressing back into him and his mouth dropped open to cut himself off with a loud moan.

"Yes?" Harry playfully asked, thrusting into Louis at a rather staggering pace. Louis could barely even breathe it felt so good, let alone respond. He was shakily moaning, sobbing almost, his sweet moans absolute music to Harry's ears and urging him to smirk and groan deeply to himself.

"Look at yourself, Louis."

Louis did, glancing up momentarily at himself. It was giving Harry a fantastic view too, Louis' eyebrows furrowed, eyes half-closed, mouth wide open and trembling as he moaned.

"Don't you look incredible?"

He found Louis nodding, frantically, linking eyes with him in the mirror. Harry bit his lower lip and his cocky smirk was back.
"About time you realised it." He purred, one hand gripping Louis' shoulder as he began one rough thrust every couple of seconds, Louis choking out a whimpery sob with each one, the other hand squeezing Louis' soft waist. He then brought that hand down to smack roughly over Louis' bum, earning a pleased gasp.

As Harry changed the pace once again, speeding up so that the sharp sound of skin on skin became even louder, Louis let out one long whine that wavered slightly with each thrust. His bum was shaking with each thrust, a concept that had Harry smirking. Louis' left hand came up desperately to find something to grab onto, but it only slid down the mirror with a squeak, leaving a streaky hand mark all the way down it.

Harry smirked, flicking his hair to the side using a shake of his head, still watching Louis closely in the mirror. He felt close, that tingling in his stomach, but he wanted to make sure Louis came too. He reached forwards in front of Louis and grabbed his cock in his hand, pumping at it with each thrust so that Louis was crying out with pleasure.

"Oh my God, I'm so close..." He whined, eyes fluttering shut. "I'm gonna cum."

"Watch yourself cum, Louis."

Louis obediently complied, eyes opening once again to look over his face in the mirror. It gradually scrunched up more and more as he came closer to orgasm, and he glanced up at Harry's face in the mirror when he was right on edge.

"I'm cumming." He breathed out, right before he did. His stomach tensed, toes curling against the floor, head falling forwards onto the desk as he let out a long, high moan. He was shaking all over, sobbing into his arm.

That view was all Harry needed. He pulled out of Louis and tore off the condom, needing only two jerks of his dick before he was cumming too, of course letting out a blissful outburst of Louis' name, pouring streaks of cum all over Louis' bum. His body jerked forward a few times, trembling moans leaving his mouth before they turned to gaspy breathing.

There was a quiet in the room then, but two lots of shaky breathing, and Harry tenderly stroked his fingertips over Louis' side.

"Holy shit," Harry breathed out, though it was barely audible through the roughness in his voice, and rawness of his throat. "You're amazing."

Louis was still seemingly speechless, shaking a little even still, and it had Harry smirking cockily.

"Oh yeah, first proper orgasm?"

Louis nodded against his arm, followed by a breathy laugh.

"Yeah." He whispered.

"Good?"

"I thought my reaction would have told you that answer." Louis managed, and Harry chuckled to himself and patted the side of Louis' arse.

"Just a little," he sarcastically responded, launching the soiled condom into the bin by the desk. "Let's get cleaned up?" He began heading to the bathroom for tissues, but Louis caught his wrist before he did, having turned around on shaky legs.
"Hey, Harry?"

"Hmm?"

"I think I might have a big Paris memory now." He had a lopsided smile on his face, and Harry couldn't help but replicate it.

"You definitely do, baby."

He leant forwards and pressed a kiss to Louis' lips, before finally turning towards the bathroom once again.

All in all, he couldn't quite believe what had just happened.
Louis had become very drowsy and sleepy following his rather substantial orgasm, so once they had cleared up the mess they’d made, they both slipped into Harry’s bed. Together. But before doing so, they had put just their underwear back on, as Harry knew it would be quite intense on Louis’ part to go straight to sleeping completely naked together. And he gave Louis space, didn’t get too close just yet, wanted him to have time to adjust.

Harry barely slept. His sleep pattern that night constantly fluctuated, as he found himself lying awake either smiling to himself, or in a period of deep contemplation. Louis slept throughout, curled up in his little ball of (slightly less?) innocence. He definitely still looked far too adorable to be anything less than innocent, despite the filthy things he had said and done. He looked so at peace, hands nested beneath his chin and lips a little more pouty, and Harry couldn’t stop thinking, ‘I’m really fucking lucky. This guy’s an angel.’

Unsurprisingly, following a very unsteady sleep, he woke up before their alarm had even sounded. It was around ten minutes to seven. His heart had skipped a beat as soon as he had gathered his hazy thoughts, and memories from last night had poured in. Shit. He turned his face to the right on the pillow, Louis’ sleeping body facing the opposite way to him, and bit back a smile. He had been restraining himself from touching Louis all night, so he couldn’t help it any longer.

He shuffled in closer, wrapping his arms softly around Louis’ waist from behind, feeling him jump a little from the sudden contact. Harry nuzzled his face up to Louis’ ear, lips grazing lightly over it.

"Morning, gorgeous." He grumbled out, voice thick with sleep, and Louis thoroughly shivered.

"Hi." He piped up, with a nervous laugh. His body had gone stiff a little, probably as he gradually came to terms with what they had done last night, but he moved his head aside a little to allow Harry more room to bury his face in.

"How are you feeling?" Harry murmured against the hot skin of Louis’ neck. He felt Louis densely shiver yet again.

"Surreal."

Harry smiled against him, leaving a soft kiss to the skin and letting his eyes lull shut once again. He felt so peaceful there, with the hot heat radiating from Louis’ exposed back, and how velvety his skin felt against him. He brushed his fingers tenderly over Louis’ waist, completely embracing the moment, and they stayed that way, snoozing in a comfortable silence until the alarm finally did its job at seven. They both jolted in surprise upon hearing it, despite the inevitability, and Harry swung his long arm round to his bedside table to swipe it off.

Louis was already sitting up, reluctantly brushing Harry away and getting to his feet. Rather painfully. His face contorted in discomfort as he walked a couple of steps, and Harry stifled a laugh.

"Sorry." He apologised, cockily, knowing he was the reason for the burning ache in Louis' bum.

Louis’ response was a light-hearted roll of the eyes, a blush present in those cheeks again, as he strolled to his own nightstand to grab his phone. He seemed to have his arms wrapped around his middle again, but Harry figured it was more out of comfort than insecurity. He perched on the end of his bed and scrolled through his phone, seeming to be straining a little not to look at Harry, who
was lying on his side, facing Louis, chin propped up on his palm. Louis was still insanely flustered, Harry's eyes on him proving difficult, but in a good way when you took note of the subtle smile on Louis' face.

"I say we sleep in for another ten or fifteen minutes," Harry smirked, stretching his arms overhead as he lazily rolled onto his back, with a strained, sleepy groan. "We've got an hour until we need to be in the lobby, let's take it slow today."

"Seems like I'll have to take my walking slow today." Louis' mouth curved up a little more on one side, but he still couldn't meet Harry's eye yet, his blurry morning self having to adjust more first before seeing Harry's hotness for too long.

"Again, sorry," Harry chuckled, "Can't help how big I am."

Louis shook his head with a breathy laugh, finally meeting eyes with Harry. The eye contact seemed far more powerful than usual, something there this morning that was lacking yesterday morning. It was their closeness; how intimate they had been. The fact that they had been physically linked together had really influenced it emotionally too, that was already clear. But Louis' timid nature couldn't be shifted, though Harry still kind of loved that.

"But no, can't really lie in today, Charlie's just texted me asking if I can go to his room and help him on the latest chapter of the project before we go to the lobby. I'm guessing he doesn't want to get into trouble with Mr. Grant for not doing it." Louis explained, but Harry was too busy wandering his eyes all over Louis' face with a stupid smile on his face. "What?" Louis giggled.

"I'm just thinking about last night. How perfect you are." Was Harry's response, having barely even registered what had been said. Louis smiled so big to himself that he even dipped his head to hide it.

"So are you." He gushed, placing his phone down again and grabbing his toothbrush and toothpaste from his washbag, wandering off into the bathroom. A few moments later, the sound of brushing teeth, while Harry dozed on the bed, still in that same position with his head propped up slightly.

"Did you even take in what I said a moment ago?" Louis called from the bathroom, in between brushing.

"Uh, you need to help Niall with his project, or something." Harry carelessly said, smiling to himself.

"I need to help Charlie." Louis corrected. Harry could practically hear a smile back just from Louis' tone. "Then I'll meet you in the lobby at eight."

"How could you leave me the morning after? Is this no more than a one-night-stand to you?" Harry jokingly grieved, hearing Louis stifle out a laugh, done with brushing his teeth now and instead getting dressed.

"You're funny, Styles."

Harry's eyes were dropping shut again as he grinned to himself in response, but he shot awake again with the sound of Louis dipping into the room again and putting his stuff away. Harry absolutely loved how he caught a little bit of strain on Louis' face, a slight wrinkle between the brows with each step. He had caused that, but he didn't feel too bad because he could tell Louis liked the reminder.
Louis was shrugging on his denim jacket now over one of his Tommy Hilfiger jumpers, so that the hood stylishly sat over the top, and recklessly pushed his feet into his done-up Vans.

"So I'll see you at eight." Louis waved, a glint in his eye that showcased he was loving trying to act normal, when really both their brains were crammed with memories and desires.

"Later, sexy."

Louis giggled as he waved once again, slipping his phone in his pocket, slinging his backpack over his shoulder and leaving their room. Harry was left in the room with his own thoughts. He reached over and grabbed his phone to see that it was now twenty minutes past seven, and he decided he needed to stop being so lazy by lounging around because otherwise he would drift off to sleep again, and miss the 8AM curfew. That wouldn't be too good.

He managed to get up, murmuring at the mess of strewn clothes on the floor by the bed, head filled with memories of taking all of those off. And Louis'. He was going to find it hard to function today, what with his reoccurring thoughts of Louis' soft skin and sweet moans. He opened up the balcony doors to let in some fresh morning air, the sounds of early Paris life filling the room from far below on the street. He then scooped up Louis' pyjamas from off the floor, placing them under his pillow, and stuffed his own clothes into his suitcase, leaving the floor nice and tidy once again.

He headed to the bathroom and jumped in the shower, deciding he would brush his teeth *in there* to leave more time for lazing in front of the television for a while, leaning out the shower to spit the excess foam into the sink when he needed to. When he was finished, he switched off the shower, dried off, and slipped into black skinnies and a plain white t-shirt, throwing the towel on top of the laundry basket and his toothbrush into his suitcase. His brain was flicking through the vivid evocation of Louis' stares last night, the way they were looking so longingly into each other's eyes, foreheads pressed completely together.

Just as he had switched on the television and settled onto the sofa, at about twenty-five minutes to, there was a quick knock at the door. Louis had been in such a hurry, it was no wonder he'd have left his key in the room. Harry, with his stupidly long legs, jumped over the back of the sofa and strolled over to the door.

He swung open the door, "Not like you to forget your--"

He cut off immediately once he registered that it wasn't Louis stood at the door, but Kendall. She was dressed up well for such an early time, wearing black, ripped skinny jeans, along with a shirt Harry had always said was his favourite on her: a slightly plunging red crop top with a silver zip up the front. She smiled widely at him, arms folded, while Harry scowled. He began to swing the door shut in her face immediately, but she was quick to stick out her foot, propping it open.

"Wait."

"Why? I have nothing to say to you, Kendall." Harry sternly reminded, body stiff and defensive, hands balled. Kendall was wearing a despairing pout, the sort of face she would put on back when they were dating and she was about to beg him to buy her something pricey. It seemed to be on her face this time as a means of attempted attraction, perhaps, paired with the smoldering eyes.

"At the airport, I put my YSL lipstick in your bag, in case you've forgotten. I need it back, dipshit." She put on a fiercely sweet smile, head tilting to the side. That was true, she had slipped it into Harry's travel bag just before they had gone through customs, after applying a layer. It was a bright red one, that's all he remembered.
"Then wait there, and I'll get the stupid thing." Harry rolled his eyes, turning back into the room, but Kendall wasn't taking that hint. She instead followed him into the room before the door had swung shut, taking an invitation that was never even offered to her, nosily glancing around as she followed him in, hands stuffed in her back pockets.

"What the fuck are you doing? Get out!" Harry snapped, pointing back at the door. "I'm not joking, Kendall."

"Where's your lovely roommate?" Kendall bitterly asked, ignoring Harry's command, seeming not to care too much that he wasn't even attempting to look for her lipstick. Harry felt anger spike in his veins at her sarcasm-soaked question. But god was he glad he had cleared up his and Louis' clothes from off the floor, because Kendall's intrusively wandering eyes would have glanced over them, had they still been on the ground.

"He's gone to help Charlie with the project. Don't see why you care, anyway. Now leave the room and I'll get the damn lipstick, I didn't invite you in here."

"Isn't he a sweetheart, helping his friend?" She cooed, making no advances towards the door. "But it's only polite to invite visitors in, Harry, anyway. We're hardly strangers."

"Well, I'd rather we act like we are." Harry snapped, arms folded defensively, eyebrows furrowed. Kendall smiled mischievously to herself, eyes wandering down to take in the way Harry's biceps protruded slightly due to how they were pressed against him. Harry cleared his throat.

"Kendall, I'm not messing around, stop your bullshit. I'll tell Mr. Grant you came in here if you don't leave." He threatened, but she just chuckled to herself and took a step in closer, eyes narrowing and smile broadening.

"Your arms always look so good." She lifted her hand and skimmed her fingertips up his forearm, and he shrugged away harshly.

"Stop. And leave."

She took another step towards him, body just centimetres from his. He could feel her body heat.

"Make me." She whispered. Harry stepped back all the while, widening the distance between them once again, jaw locked in annoyance, shaking his head in disgust.

"Don't be like this."

"You're the one who needs to lighten up, silly." She giggled, reaching out and playfully shoving him at the shoulder. "I'm just messing around, I thought you were the one who loved doing that too."

"Leave." Harry raised his voice a little, the extent of what he could do to show his lividity, and Kendall rose her eyebrows a little, scoffing.

"Jesus, there's no need to get so stressed, babes. Maybe you just need a good, old-fashioned de-stressing session." She had dropped her tone just a little, suggestively, and Harry shook his head violently.

"I never want to be near you again. Leave my room. Now."

"My lipstick, Harr-"
"I don't give a shit. Go."

Kendall, gaping at him in disrespect, lightly shook her head.

"You're such a prick. I expect you to send me the fucking money for that lipstick, you low-life bastard."

As she finished the sentence, her eyes had trailed off somewhere else in the room, and they seemed fixated there. Harry twisted his body to the left to glance over at what she was so fixated on, stopping when he realised: the smeary hand mark down the length of the mirror attached to the desk. His blood ran cold for a moment, just a split second, before he snapped out of it and realised he couldn't let his guard down. Was he just being paranoid? Surely Kendall wouldn't have seen that mark and worked anything out? But why would she look at it? Was Harry going crazy?

"What?" He hissed, looking back her way to see her looking at him, then back at the mark once again while lightly shaking her head.

"Nothing."

Okay, nothing. Harry could have sworn he felt himself trembling a bit, which was so unusual for him, so he crossed his arms behind his back to hide it, nervously nibbling his lower lip.

"Bye, Kendall." He hinted. She looked him over once more, though the seduction was gone and she had just a neutral expression on her face now, before she headed to the door, leaving without a further word, not even another mention of her beloved lipstick.

Harry exhaled very heavily once he was alone again, running a hand through his hair.

- 

Harry managed to pull himself together and make his way down to the lobby by eight, backpack over one shoulder, hair probably very messy as he hadn't bothered to style it at all once it had dried from his shower. The first person he linked eyes with was Louis, as though they were just drawn to each other, like nobody else was even there. Louis smiled, a shy smile, before looking back at their other friends as Harry approached.

"Morning, guys." He greeted, but his eyes were latched onto Louis again, who had a smug glint in his eye.

"You look awful, mate," Christopher openly snorted, "Which I thought was impossible for you. Clearly not."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Thanks for that, Christopher. Give me a break, it's a Sunday morning."

"Rough night?" Niall guessed. Harry's eyeline shot straight up to Louis once again, a little smile on his face and a raise of the eyebrows.

"Yeah, you could say that."

Louis giggled to himself, but it went unnoticed by anyone but Harry. Harry never wanted to look away from Louis, because when he did, (other than being startlingly beautiful) he brought back wonderfully hot memories of last night. But if he did stare at him then his body would react too, and that wasn't great seeing as he was on a school trip. He strayed his eyes away, looking around the lobby and immediately noticing that Kendall was staring at him. Her gaze was calculating, eyebrows furrowed just a little, and Harry didn't look back at her for long whatsoever before
glancing away again. He didn't like what he saw, the way she was so pensive, it made him feel hugely unnerved.

The day felt rather depressing, what with the thought that tomorrow, Monday, was the final full day. But Harry looked at Louis whenever he felt sorrowful about it and that spark of excitement raced through him with ease. All he could think about was being close to him again, making love to him again, over and over.

They had their moments of connection throughout the day. They'd find themselves linking eyes during a group discussion and bursting into bright laughter, with no reasoning or explanation, just the pure bliss of seeing each other. Or they'd glance up to see the other already looking. Harry felt so at peace whenever he looked at Louis, completely lost in those blue eyes.

- 

Gigi flicked through an Elle magazine with her manicured fingernails, legs sprawled out on the bed in front of her, not even paying much attention to a rather stressed Kendall, who was sitting on her own bed fiddling with her fingers. They were on their lunch break, which seemed to be dragging, and Kendall's mind couldn't stop whirring.

"Gi?" She asked.

Gigi hummed to showcase her attention, eyes still skimming around the pages.

"Have you ever seen Titanic?"

Gigi's eyes darted up, eyebrows lowering with an amused smile on her face. She placed down her magazine, rolling onto her stomach.

"About a million times. Why?" She queried, curious, her full attention caught now.

"Well, you know I went to get my lipstick?"

"From Harry. Yes?"

"And I didn't even get it back, he was a prick about it, but that's besides the point. I went into their room, his and Louis', and the mirror..." She trailed off, shaking her head as though deep down she knew it was crazy. "...had this hand mark all the way down it, you know?"

"Like... the car in Titanic. Is that the link you're making?"

"Yes!" Kendall exclaimed, pointing at her excitedly as she had guessed it spot on. "Just like the hand print on the car window!"

"That's a sex scene, Kenny. What are you even saying?" Gigi giggled, practically showcasing in that how pathetic and unnecessary Kendall's investigation was.

"Well, it just worried me seeing it. I mean, why would there be a hand print down the mirror like that? It wasn't even just a print, but a smear, like a hand trailed down it. Like the car window." Kendall went on, adding it all up in her head, cogs churning within.

"Oh my God, Kenny," Gigi sighed, with a sharp laugh, "You can't be serious. You're saying..."

"What if they had sex? Harry and Louis? Like, you know how weirdly close they've been, and it's so fucking obvious Louis is gay, it all-"
"Stop right there." Gigi cut her off, lifting a hand. "You're being obsessive again, girl. I think what you're saying is ridiculous."

"It totally isn't! You can't tell me you've never been fucked against a desk. It totally could have happened."

Gigi shrugged cockily, her way of confirming what Kendall had said, but she stood her guard anyway.

"Look. I'm sure there's nothing happening between them, you're being irrational. Why would Harry ever get with another guy? You and I both know how much of a ladies' man he is, there's no denying it. Please stop obsessing, it's unhealthy."

Kendall slowly nodded as she took in what Gigi was saying. And it was true. She knew what Harry had been like, the way he would stare at other girls even when he was with her, sometimes even wink at them, and she would cry on Gigi's shoulder about it later on. She didn't think he had changed his ways, didn't know he had.

"Thanks, Gi. But I do miss my lipstick."

Gigi playfully shrugged, "Then get it back yourself."

Kendall whipped her head over to look at her, her own smile present. "What do you mean?"

"We both know he's not giving that back to you. So maybe you'll just have to take matters into your own hands and do it yourself." Gigi shrugged, smirking.

"Get a key to his room from the lobby?" Kendall brightly asked. "You think it'd work?"

Gigi raised her hands defensively. "You do what you think is best."

That was a yes. And Kendall was all for it, feeling less gloomy about the Harry and Louis situation. She realised that perhaps she was being delusional for thinking something sexual would happen between them, but what she did know was that she wanted her lipstick back, and she wasn't going to have Harry stop her.

Even if she did just want it back to spite him, never letting him have one up on her.
It was their second last night in Paris, so they didn't want to make it a boring one. Unlike in England, where the nightlife seemed to be more like nightdeath on a Sunday evening, Paris was pretty alive. Harry and his mates had gone for a very unpretentious meal in Burger King, skipping anything fancy for the evening, and were on their stroll through the city afterwards when Harry suggested they stay out.

"Let's not head back yet!" Harry brightly offered to the four of them, nudging Louis on the arm, who was closest to him. He saw Louis grin to himself in the corner of his eye, just from that simple skin contact.

"And where do you suggest we go, Mr. Excitement?" Louis mocked, a smirk on his face, which had Harry reciprocating one and rolling his eyes. The three others didn't even catch on to their blatant flirting, considering it as being friendly banter.

"Anywhere but back to the hotel. Why, are you tired?" Harry teased back, looking at Louis in the dim light of the lampposts lining the streets around them as they walked.

Louis mimed the word "sore", with a cute, self-pitying smile. Harry simply winked, his way of cockily apologising. Damn, those hot memories were pouring into his brain again, and he loved it.

"Are you suggesting we go to a club or something?" Niall cut in, reminding Harry and Louis that other humans did exist after all.

"I don't know, Niall," Harry smugly smiled, "Are you suggesting that?"

Charlie looked quite nervous by their proposition, tugging at his sleeve awkwardly. "You guys serious?"

"Why not? It's one of our last nights, and Paris is supposed to be good for its nightlife." Harry shrugged. "I mean, you don't have to come, but it would be fun if we did all go."

"Hmm, I dunno," Christopher chipped in, "I'm kinda with Charlie here, we've never been clubbing."

"Then make today your first time! Drinks on me all night!" Harry persuaded, having stopped now in full consideration and excitement, so that the others had no choice but to stop too.

"All night?" Charlie sounded tempted. "You sure?"
"A hundred percent. You all in?"

"I'll go." Louis immediately opted, with a smile.

"Fine, let's do it," Christopher rolled his eyes with a laugh, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose. "Why the heck not?"

Harry subtly laughed to himself at the diversion of the swear word, just happy that everyone was agreeing.

"Cool! There's a club under ten minutes from the hotel. VIP Room, I think it's called." Harry informed, having remembered it from googling it before they'd even left England. It was back when he imagined he and Kendall would be going there together, but now here he was going with his three nerdy friends and his giggly little prince.

They made the walk there, during which time Harry was tracing his fingertips tenderly up Louis' forearm, which went completely unnoticed to anybody else but the two of them. When they arrived, there was a queue, which was moving fast anyway as people were checked for ID at the doors before flooding inside. The bass boomed from the inside, seeming to shake the pavement, and the colourful strobe lights sparked out from the open doors at the entrance.

Harry was first in, handing over his driving licence as ID, waiting for them to check it before they handed it back and let him in. He waited for the others, Louis first, then Niall, Christopher, Charlie.

"You should have seen the look he just gave me," Christopher yelled over the deafening thunder of music. "Probably surprised someone like me wants to go into a club."

"I got the same look," Charlie shouted back, voice barely visible over the drum and bass soundtrack. "Though he let you in without a second glance, Harry."

"Because I'm a cool kid," Harry joked, with a smirk, before realising it may have sounded arrogant. "Not saying you guys aren't."

Louis rolled his eyes playfully at Harry, face barely visible, only when a ray of light passed over his face as they headed into the corner of the club. It was absolutely packed with people, the dance floor full of dancing, grinding teenagers. The bar was probably even worse, people desperate to get served even more alcohol than they needed. Most of them already looked drunk off their faces.

"I'll head to the bar. What am I getting?" Harry excitedly asked, as his friends all hopped up onto bar stools around a high table, in an area a tad quieter than the rest. Harry was looking at Louis once again, simply because he loved looking at him. And he loved the tension between them, the unshakeable, underlying sexual lust. Damn it, Louis was so sexy, effortlessly.

"Lemo--"

"Don't you dare say lemonade," Harry warned, cutting Niall off, "We're in a nightclub, man!"

"I was going to ask for the same," Louis giggled, and Harry's eyes landed on him with a smirk.

"Nope, we're getting you on the shots, mister." He looked Louis up and down a little, again away from the eyes of their other friends. "I want to see you drunk. I feel like you'll go all giggly."

Louis giggled simply at that, urging Harry's heart to flutter. He was so adorable, a healthy mix between adorable and sexy. Yes.
"I want to try shots!" Christopher suddenly yelled, so that Harry looked around in embarrassment in case anyone had managed to hear over the too-loud music. They hadn't, luckily, and were probably not paying much attention anyway to a little group of British boys.

"I'll get us all two Jager bombs each. Yes?" Harry offered. "They're more subtle for a first shot."

"Go for it." Louis shrugged, smugly grinning. Harry shot him a similar smug look before heading away, his tall, slim build managing to slip through the tightly compact bodies.

He wrestled his way to the bar after a good five minutes, and he ordered a tray of ten of the shots. He then wondered how the hell he was meant to get them back to the group without spilling them all over everyone on his way, so he made the most of his height and long arms by holding the tray overhead, getting back to them in no time.

"Wow, great work," Charlie chuckled, "I would have spilt them everywhere."

Harry set the tray down, hopping up onto the free stool by Louis.

"You guys ready?"

"Yes!" Louis enthusiastically exclaimed, and Harry felt his heart practically explode.

They all grabbed one, and Harry counted them in, before they all lifted one shot and downed it. It was nothing to Harry, mostly tasting of Red Bull, and Louis took it well too, however Charlie, Christopher and Niall spluttered into their hands.

"You guys handle your drink well," Harry sarcastically muttered, laughing, "Dread to think how you'll deal with the vodka shots we're gonna have."

"Vodka?!" Christopher exclaimed, waving his hands out warily. "God no, I've only smelt the stuff and it makes me feel dizzy."

"Lightweight. Louis took it well, didn't you-" He had to stop himself from calling Louis 'babe' in front of the others, patting him on the back as a distraction, and Louis immodestly nodded.

"Yeah, I'm up for vodka later!"

"You little rebel, Lou!" Niall cackled, "What's gotten into you?"

Harry. Literally. Louis had taken a very drastic turn and seemed to have become more fun since last night. It was nice, like he was being more open now.

"Dunno," Louis shrugged, scooping up his second Jager bomb, "Maybe I'm just feeling more alive tonight."

He downed his second one, and Harry raised an eyebrow proudly. That was insanely hot to him, how Louis was drinking without any persuasion. He was a bad boy tonight, but definitely nothing compared to last night. No way.

Harry downed his second shot too, wanting to keep up with Louis (who would probably get drunk quicker later on, seeing as Harry was so used to drinking as it is.) The others reluctantly took their second shots too, still wincing at the taste but not quite so badly.

"I like the feeling in my tummy, it's all warm," Charlie smiled. They were so innocent, it was pretty cute. Perhaps Harry was corrupting them all. Oops?
"There's more where that came from," Harry wiggled his eyebrows. "Who wants to try some other shots? What do you guys like?"

"I like cherry flavoured things," Louis offered, and Harry's stomach flipped a little. Why did everything Louis say turn him on? For fuck's sake.

"Cherry shots everyone?" Harry offered. They seemed to shrug rather than agree, but Harry took it as a yes anyway, leaving to head for the bar once again. He picked up five cherry shots and five vodka shots, maybe a bit of a cheeky move, before cautiously weaving through the crowds one again.

He popped the tray down on the table, smiling at his mates.

"Drink up, guys."

He was pretty surprised when Louis immediately grabbed a cherry shot and downed it in one without any sign of a face scrunch, placing the shot glass back onto the tabletop. As the others tipped back their shots too, Harry's eyes surveyed the nightclub around him. He could just feel a pair of eyes on him. And there were many pairs, many French girls having noticed him and giving him little side glances, but he stopped when his eyes landed on a very recognisable face. Kendall. She was stood across the dance floor, barely visible in the dim lighting, but Harry recognised her. She was staring, so Harry quickly looked the way of his mates again, not giving her any more glances.

Trying to push aside the debilitating thoughts of Kendall in his room earlier, he made eye contact with her once again across the club as he downed his vodka shot. It was kind of his rebellion, his way of showing her how much of a good time he was having without her, watching as she folded her arms and sauntered off (probably to her friends to gossip about him.)

Harry didn't mention to Louis that he had spotted her. He still felt bad for not having even mentioned her being in their room that morning, but he pushed that thought aside as the vodka burned through his system, making him feel lighter already.

Louis had soon had his vodka shot too, face adorably contorting as he did, shaking his head to rid of the shiver.

"Wow, that's strong."

Harry smirked, throwing back his cherry shot, putting the glass down onto the tray.

"Sure is."

Just fifteen minutes later, having not even purchased any more drinks for them, Christopher was drunk off his face. He was swaying a little in his chair, somehow already pissed despite their few drinks, chuckling to himself at just about anything anybody said.

"How's he already drunk?" Harry laughed in Louis' ear.

"I'm feeling it, not going to lie," Louis hazily admitted, smiling broadly and resting his head on Harry's shoulder. "Because we never drunk. I mean drink."

Harry widely smirked. "Tripping over your words too? You'll be out of control before we know it."

"Maybe that's a good thing," Louis mumbled, shrugged playfully, and God Harry was feeling hot all over again.
Within the next five minutes, Christopher had wandered off elsewhere in the club, probably in search of some females to harass, and a tipsy Charlie was following him to keep an eye on him. Niall seemed to be dozing off a little, sitting with his back rested to the wall behind him, eyes lulling shut.

"Stay here, Lou, okay? Gonna get us another drink." Harry advised, patting Louis on the arm before heading off again towards the bar again.

He yelled to the bartender over the music for four vodka shots, holding four fingers up in case he was misheard, head spinning a little and bass causing his temples to throb. He paid before heading back over to Louis, who seemed to just be sat there giggling to himself.

"What are you giggling about?" Harry smirked, noting now that Louis seemed pretty out of it, a large grin on his face and his eyes a little droopy.

"Thinking about you. I liiike you." Louis sweetly giggled again, cutely hiding his face. "More vod." He shortened the word vodka drunkenly, causing Harry to stifle a laugh.

"Here's your vod." He slid a shot Louis' way, watching as he took it immediately and tipped it back, before smacking down the glass and reaching for his second. Harry gripped his hand before he could.

"Take it slower, babe."

"No," Louis pried Harry's hand away and grabbing it, laughing rather manically as he downed it and set the glass down. "I l-love it."

Harry downed a shot, smirking at him.

"You do?"

"But not as much as I love your dick." Louis heavily slurred, causing Harry to gasp a little and let out a sharp laugh.

"Man, you're more open when you're drunk. Fuck."

Harry was feeling it a little more now, the room around him seeming to become more liquid, the lights merging and the bass hitting his head very hard. He could hear Niall snoring over the music from where he was leaning against the wall on his stool, knowing he would probably fall off that soon, and he could hear Louis giggling. He took his second shot, pushing aside the tray of many empty shot glasses, holding the side of his head and groaning softly.

He tried to say "Louis", but it came out as more of a drawl, and confusion struck him as he realised that he didn't know whether two minutes or an hour had just passed. He rested his head on the tabletop, and he seemed to doze off momentarily, unsure of how long, not knowing how his drink had hit him harder than any other time back in the UK. Perhaps alcohol in France was stronger, who knows. But he usually never stopped drinking until he had no clue what he was really doing, and right now seemed to be that point, as the room seemed to be moving around him even with his forehead to the table.

He felt a hand clasp onto his shoulder suddenly, and his mind immediately told him Louis. He glanced up with a stupid smile and glazed over eyes, finding that Louis was gone and Kendall was stood by him instead, holding his shoulder.

"Kenny." He slurried, eyes lulling shut. "Where is Lou?"
"He wandered off, darling," she smiled widely. Harry's eyes wandered down her figure, without an intention to, taking in the tight dress, before he shut his eyes tightly and shook his head.

"Drunk."

"Yes, you are," Kendall chuckled, "But don't worry, you're safe. You always get like this, silly, then you forget what you've done the next day."

Harry's response was a rather over the top laugh, head tipping back a little. "Y-Yeah."

"Have you got the key to your room, Harry?" Kendall schemingly asked, head tilting to the side and a smile on her face. "Can I have it?"

"I have my key, responsible... I'm a responsible adult." Harry tripped over his words, slurring dramatically. He dug in his pocket, getting his key out. "Here you go."

He slapped it into her hand before stumbling to his feet, almost falling completely over before she stabilised him with a giggle.

"My, my, Hazza! You're very drunk. You're not going to remember giving me your key tomorrow, are you?"

Harry hazily shook his head, then nodded, then shook his head again. He had no clue what he was doing.

"You gonna be okay if I go now?" She softly asked.

"Don't go, please. Stay with me."

Kendall raised an eyebrow, biting down on her lower lip, which was painted a pale pink.

"No?" She asked, hope tinged in her voice, before it was immediately shattered once some ounce of maturity and sense in Harry shone through.

"Go away." He slurred, lightly pushing at her shoulder. "Bye bye."

Kendall scoffed, rolling her eyes as she dramatically turned away, strutting back over to her friends while Harry started prodding childishly at a sleeping Niall's shoulder.

Gigi was smirking at Kendall, sipping tentatively from her Pina Colada.

"All done?"

"Like taking candy from a baby," Kendall snorted, waving the key in Gigi's view. "I'll grab my lipstick tomorrow during our break. You'll just have to text me and make sure you update me on where the two of them are, while I'm in there."

"No prob." Gigi nodded, lifting her drink as a hint for a cheers. Kendall lifted her Long Island Iced Tea and clinked the glass against Gigi's in celebration.

- 

Harry had somehow managed to find Louis, his head having cleared just a little, enough to be able to navigate around the club but still not enough to walk or talk normally. Louis had been with Christopher and Charlie at the other side of the club, all swaying drunkenly to the music, and Harry grabbed Louis by the shoulders and began guiding him away.
Before he did, he drunkenly slurred to a rather sober Charlie to "Keep eye Niall. Sleeping."

He led Louis towards the exit, both stumbling drunkenly, managing to weave their way through the crowds before they finally left into the cool city air. Louis was brightly giggling, arm linked with Harry's, swaying and close to stumbling to the floor, and Harry was joining in with the laughing fit, his mind just coherent enough to remember the general route back to their hotel.

"Y-You're so funny!" Louis slurred, despite no joke even being made. "I love that you're fun. Funny."

"You're sexy," Harry challenged, laughing lowly, before sharply hiccuping, using a nearby tree to stabilise them both as they nearly tipped over once again.

"You are." Louis giggled, biting his lower lip.

Once they reached their hotel, Louis pointed up at the building and said "hotel", as if he was helping in any way. They managed to get their way through the lobby and into the lift, catching themselves against the golden railing bars surrounding it.

"Kiss me." Louis slurred, looking Harry over hungrily. "Hard."

Harry certainly wasn't going to deny him of that. He began a make out, holding Louis against the mirrored wall behind them, one hand on his hip. The kiss was very sloppy, two drunk, alcohol-hinted mouths trying to move together, and soon enough the doors had opened with a ding that stung Harry's ears somehow.

They broke the kiss and literally sprinted across the corridor, holding hands, and Louis fell halfway so that Harry had to loudly laugh and scoop him up to his feet, throwing his head back as if it was the funniest thing he had ever seen. It probably was, actually.

Harry felt his pocket for his key, not even thinking twice when he didn't feel it and reached for Louis' pocket instead, earning a pleased little laugh from him as he patted around, retrieving the key and shoving it into the keyhole. They threw open the door, bringing the key in with them and slamming the door behind them.

"Need shower," Louis immediately stammered, kicking off his shoes and throwing his phone towards his bed but missing completely, so that it hit the wall before crashing to the ground. Harry found that a bit too funny too, snickering to himself. Louis threw open the bathroom door, pulling his jumper off over his head, and Harry raised his eyebrows.

"Mmm, nice." He commented, wiggling his eyebrows, and Louis giggled and drunkenly put his hands over his eyes, as if he was shy all of a sudden. Just in his jeans, Louis switched on the shower, beginning to unbutton his jeans, and Harry laughed lowly again, deviously, perhaps.

"Get those clothes off." Harry mumbled, almost falling over as he leant down and grabbed Louis' Tommy Hilfiger jumper, throwing it over his shoulder somewhere into the room.

Louis giggled as he discarded the rest of his clothes, completely nude, socks still on, getting into the shower. Even through his drunkenness, which even seemed to pause looking at Louis naked again, Harry was in awe. He caught himself against the doorframe, grinning to himself as he watched the water cascade down Louis' tanned skin.

"It's warm," Louis slurred, head resting against the wall, so that his hair stayed dry and he had some footing. He began washing his body, Harry watching keenly, head spinning. Harry's sober side seemed to be attempting an appearance, the side that screamed 'holy fuck, Louis is naked in
the shower in front of you.'
"You're stunning." He stammered, smiling to himself. "Could watch for years."

Louis giggled, somehow having managed to open his shower gel and lather it onto himself.
"You fuck me again?"
"Hmm?" Harry immediately perked up, even in his drunk facade. "Fuck you?"
"Yeeeah," Louis drawled out, the shower stream washing the bubbles from his skin. "Again."
"Get out shower," Harry slurred, "Come here. Want to see your arse."

Louis giggled, switching off the shower and stepping out. He stumbled against the towel rack, sending it falling to the tiled floor, and he was dripping water everywhere but he looked wonderful. Half his hair was damp, the half that had been under the stream, and the other half was a complete mess.

Harry ripped his own t-shirt off, throwing it backwards, before looking down and realising that he was already hard. It was a tendency of his to get hard when he was drunk, and that was an embarrassing fact at parties. He stepped out his jeans and underwear, dick already bobbing up against his stomach, watching Louis glance down at it and bite his lip.

"Mmm." He hummed, causing Harry to grin.

"H-How about you let me appreciate your bum," Harry stammered, "So much I want to do."

They ended up on the floor, in a heap of hot, making out bodies, and Harry pushed Louis down so that he was lying on his stomach, moaning aloud as he looked over that bum once again. He shook his head lightly, head spinning, taking one side in either hand and squeezing roughly. Louis was shifting around on his stomach, giggling constantly, but the moment Harry spread his arse and dipped his head down to messily lap at his hole in a drunken state, the giggle turned to a whimper.

Harry could barely control his tongue, but it made for more of a thorough licking. He was groaning deeply to himself, lapping very fast against Louis' hole, shaking his head to get every inch. He slapped very roughly at Louis' arse as he continued eating him out sloppily, sticking his tongue inside a little in a rhythmic motion.

"Y-Yeah," Louis couldn't even whine one word without stammering it, his head spinning, head resting on his forearms and body squirming in pleasure.

Harry lifted his head, moaning deep in his throat as he laid another slap down onto Louis' arse, earning a sharp moan. Harry sucked on his index finger, biting on his lower lip as he pressed it into Louis, to get a breathless gasp in response.

Louis hummed out a moan, as Harry pressed the finger in completely before proceeding to move it in and out at a medium pace, twisting his finger and smirking to himself.

"Sexy." He commented, barely able to pronounce the word properly, moving his finger faster before gathering some spit in his mouth, dropping it down beside where he worked his finger in and out before pressing his middle finger in too.

"Fuck me," Louis whined, his drunkenness meaning he hadn't even pronounced the 'ck' in 'fuck', looking back at Harry over his shoulder with hooded eyes. "Harry."
Harry withdrew his fingers, stumbling to his feet and catching himself on the sink, heading into the room on wobbly legs, managing to retrieve lube and a condom from his bag before heading back. He moaned aloud to find that Louis had his gorgeous bum raised off the ground a little, cheek planted against his arms on the floor, swaying a little.

"Sexy." Harry said once again, it seeming to be his drunk word for the evening, but it was certainly very fitting. He ripped open a condom and rolled it onto his dick, opening the lube and squirting most of it onto his dick but a lot missing and landing on the floor instead.

Harry fell to his knees once again, which really should have hurt but he barely felt a thing, slapping his dick against Louis' arse. Louis was giggling again, shaking his bum a little as an incentive for Harry to hurry up. Harry pressed into Louis, so that the smaller boy fell down completely to the floor from his previous slightly kneeling position, body completely against the cold floor. Harry's cock slid in with ease with help from the lube, and Louis choked out a moan as Harry immediately began moving in and out of him. Harry gripped Louis' fleshy hip, squeezing at it, as he began pounding in and out of Louis.

"Ohhh," Louis slurred out a long moan, head against the bare floor, "Yeeeah."

"Fuck yes," Harry bit his lower lip, smirking as he watched his dick sliding in and out, hips meeting Louis’ bum to have it shaking with each thrust. "So fucking sexy."

"Feels real good," Louis whined out, grinding slowly against the floor along with the thrusts.

Harry smirked, gripping Louis by the hips and moving his lower half up slightly so that his bum was raised. Harry was kneeling, moving his hands to rest up behind his head as he continued the rhythmic thrusting in and out.

"Move back on it," He commanded softly, stopping his thrusts gradually to have Louis desperately whimpering. He began moving his bum back on Harry's dick, something hotter than anything Harry had ever seen before, the way Louis was grinding his arse back in a circular motion to have them both moaning. Harry began moving again along with Louis, so that the slapping of skin filled the room.

"There we go," Harry stuttered out, voice low and breathy, "Like that."

He thrusted a bit faster, reaching for Louis' wrists, holding them both and pulling them back gently as he continued to pound into him, so that Louis slid to the ground again completely, face against the floor.

Harry rotated his hips, biting his lip, before letting go of Louis' wrists again and pulling out of him quickly, before flipping him onto his back. He loved being able to see Louis, the mix of drunkenness and pure ecstasy on his face as Harry pressed into him once again, all while grabbing Louis' dick and giving it a few pumps. As he moved in and out of him, watching Louis' eyebrows raise more and more with each movement, mouth hanging open, Louis reached his shaky hands up to trail along Harry's torso, feeling appreciatively over it, before ghosting them upwards over Harry's hot skin to tenderly feel over his face, looking in awe.

"B-Beautiful," he moaned out, fingertips brushing over Harry's lower lip. "You're beau--"

Harry cut him off by changing the angle of his thrusts, brushing over a sensitive spot inside Louis that had him loudly moaning, eyes shutting as he threw his head back, hands sliding down Harry's face and shoulders again, gradually until they were by Louis' sides and he was gripping the bath mat by his left side.
Harry continued fucking into him at that same angle, each time hitting against that wonderful spot, and Louis was sobbing in drunken bliss with each hit, which seemed to be getting more powerful as Harry slammed his hips forwards harder, with a rough slap of skin on skin.

Before either of them even knew it, Louis was crying out, eyes rolling back until they were closed, back arching off the ground as he came completely untouched all over his stomach. He was shaking all over, tightening around Harry's cock, so that Harry only had to pull out and rip off the condom before grunting deeply and cumming all over Louis' stomach, joining the cum already there.

Harry fell beside Louis on the ground, head somehow spinning even more now, body shaking and breathing uneven. Soon after that, they both fell asleep in a heap on the floor, no words uttered except a final slurred sentence from Harry.

"You're so sexy."

Chapter End Notes

drunk Harry is an idiot btw -_- but oh well Louis got some d
Anyone would imagine waking up in the city of Paris to be pure bliss, but Harry was met with a deep ache in his lower back, and unforgivingly cold marble tiling beneath his bare body. He had a towel draped over himself, one which he had most likely drunkenly grabbed in the night from where the towel rack laid on the floor. He kind of remembered Louis stumbling into that last night, which explained why it was where it was.

Louis had a thin towel over himself too, one so flimsy that he may as well have not bothered. He was in a sleeping position that had Harry imagining the pain the poor boy was going to be in when he woke up, what with how his back was twisted. Harry's head was throbbing with a light pain, but it was nothing compared to the hangovers he had experienced the morning after one of Zayn's crazy parties.

It then dawned on him that it was a good thing he had actually woken up, as they definitely hadn't set an alarm. He leant over for his jeans, which were strewn by the bathroom door, tugging them his way and retrieving his phone. Luckily, it was only 7:40, meaning at least they had twenty minutes before they had to be in the lobby for their final full day.

Harry couldn't remember much from last night, it was pretty hazy, but he did recall something about using the word 'sexy' a lot, and maybe watching Louis shower. Yes, that definitely happened. *Fuck,* he was kind of pissed off that he had been too drunk to fully appreciate that in the moment.

He smiled fondly to himself when he turned to look at Louis, who was still pouty and sound asleep. He had to wake him up, which was pure evil, but it had to be done seeing as they'd hate to miss their final day. And they'd get in trouble, on the other hand.

"Louis," His voice came out very croaky, so that he had to clear his achingly dry throat and try again, "Lou."

Carefully, he shook Louis by the arm, rocked him just a little, and a deep little groan sounded in Louis' throat.

"Come on, Louis," Harry chuckled, "It's gone half seven, we've got to get up."

Louis groaned once again and started to massage his left temple, where discomfort had struck once he had come to his senses. His eyes peeled open, and they focused on Harry for a couple of moments, but they then widened as he realised what his hangover immediately had in stall for him: He was seconds away from throwing up. He crawled speedily to the toilet, throwing open the lid and emptying his stomach into it.

"Nice greeting, lovely reaction to my face." Harry rolled his eyes playfully, "Let it all out, Lou. Bet that's a hard-core hangover you've got."
Louis couldn't reply, too busy retching, as Harry stroked his back gently. All Louis could do was nod in agreement, hands gripping the sides of the toilet as he dry-heaved.

"You got it all out?" Harry softly asked, patting his back.

"This is so embarrassing." Louis grumbled out, voice rough.

"It's a pretty normal reaction to getting drunk off your face, babe." Harry chuckled, brushing Louis' hair from his eyes as it had fallen, tousled, into them. "Do you remember a single thing, darling?"

Louis went to speak, but then he was croaking out the words "oh no" before he once again had to throw up. Harry sadly smiled, partly because it was pretty funny that they hadn't thought through the outcome of their actions last night, but also he knew he had to be considerate and caring. Louis had never had a hangover before, and this seemed to be the worst one could get.

"Oh, Lou," Harry sighed, "This is what the consequences are."

"No, I don't remember a thing," Louis groaned out, clearing his throat, "Last thing I can remember is walking to a nightclub, then nothing."

Louis was finally done with disgorging last night's alcohol from his system, sitting back on his heels and shakily breathing in, eyes shut.

"You alright?" Harry queried gently.

Louis hazily nodded, eyes fluttering open to land on Harry, before attempting a smile.

"Think I need a shower."

A smirk stretched onto Harry's face upon hearing this, and the more his mind really whirred and concentrated on putting together the blurry pieces of last night, the more he remembered of it. Louis had stripped off and gotten into the shower in front of him.

"No need, you had one last night." He wiggled his eyebrows, watching as Louis insecurely wrapped a bath towel around his naked body and stood up (as if Harry wasn't used to seeing him yet, after everything.) "Why cover up, Lou?"

Louis looked at him carefully, eyebrows furrowing suddenly, taking in the first statement Harry had made but not the follow-up question.

"Wait, what do you mean I showered last night? How did I manage to shower when I was drunk?"

"Pretty sure I remember you taking everything off in front of me, except those," He pointed at Louis' socks, which were still all he was wearing other than the towel draped over him, "and just got into the shower, right in front of me."

"Gosh," Louis groaned, running a hand down his face, "I'm that type of drunk person."

"Then we fucked." Harry nonchalantly shrugged. And although Louis must have known that, what with them waking up together, naked, on the floor, he still looked a little taken aback.

"Oh. Wow." He moved the towel in his view and glanced down at his stomach, nose wrinkling up. "There is dry cum all over me."

Harry cackled out a laugh. "Oh dear. Some of that is mine, I believe."
"Nice to know," Louis playfully rolled his eyes, grabbing his flannel from by the sink, folding the towel round his hips and daubing the flannel with water before wiping his abdomen clean again.

Harry got to his feet, openly naked and less insecure than Louis had been, wandering off into their room to get dressed. He heard Louis continuing their conversation from in the bathroom.

"Do you remember everything, then?"

Harry stepped into some clean underwear, before raking through his half of their wardrobe, hearing Louis gargling with mouthwash.

"Not everything, no. Nothing from in the club, I just remember us getting back to the room. You fell over in the hallway." He snorted, recalling a bleak memory of Louis toppling to the ground in the hotel hallway.

"Explains why my ankle hurts," Louis chuckled, entering the room again while ruffling his messy hair into a more pleasant state. "Was the sex good?"

Harry cocked an eyebrow at Louis, with a look that said of fucking course it was. He turned back to the wardrobe again as he spoke, still trying to make up his mind.

"Course it was, baby. You were wild." He snickered, finally pulling a Versace jumper from its hanger. Louis was already dressed when he turned around, putting on a fresh pair of socks while he tilted his head aside at Harry in curiosity.

"I was wild? Christ, do I want to ask why?"

"It was insanely hot, Louis. The way you were so confident with yourself, like you should be, and the way you moved your body on me." Harry shook his head, with a smile. "I can't remember it massively clear, but I know it was super hot."

Louis gushed, hands covering his face. "Wow, I can't actually imagine being like that."

"But it is possible for you to be," Harry quirked an eyebrow, "Just remember that you can be comfortable with me now, I've seen your gorgeous body and I love everything about you."

"This has turned very soppy," Louis giggled, "But thank you, Harry. I hope I can naturally be confident like that some day. It'll just take time."

Harry nodded in understanding, finally stepping into his pair of black jeans. "Of course, baby. How are we doing on time?"

"Where's my phone?" Louis thought aloud, glancing around the room. He groaned loudly when he spotted it, on the floor by his bed, from where he had carelessly launched it in his drunken state. He scooped it up to find it with a shattered screen. "Fantastic."

"Oh no," Harry winced, "Think you might have thrown that."

"At least it's turning on," Louis sighed, watching the screen flicker to life when he pressed down the power button, however the splintered screen made it distorted to his view.

"I'll pay to get that fixed, Lou, when we're back in England." Harry casually said, slipping his phone into his back pocket. "We have five minutes."

He ignored Louis insisting he pay himself, and they spent the rest of said time tidying up a little
round the room, returning their clothes to their cases. Before they left the room altogether, Harry eyed the streak down the mirror, and immediately remembered Kendall's visit to their room. He decided to leave it unsaid to Louis, knowing it would only stress him out. They exited their room.

---

It was their last full day in Paris, so Harry didn't feel too great. Obviously his hangover didn't help with that either, but he felt generally down. Kendall's staring was pissing him off more than usual, and today it seemed to be done in even more of a smug manner than usual; she would have a glint in her eye whenever Harry caught her staring. He figured it to be her way of flirting, seeing as she was clearly still very keen on him, so he did nothing more than scowl.

It took until lunchtime for Harry to finally realise he had 'lost' his room key. Sadly, his drunken mind couldn't add up anything from when he was in the nightclub, meaning he had no clue Kendall had taken it from him. She had completely manipulated him. Louis kept on reassuring Harry that it would turn up somehow, and that he wouldn't be in too much trouble with Mr Grant, but it still worried him that he believed it could be anywhere by now.

Kendall, meanwhile, was openly fumbling with the key in her pocket, a devious smile on her face as she and her friends observed Harry from afar taking everything out of his backpack to search for it.

"He's dumb as shit," She sneered to Gigi and Cheryl, who were both in on the plan, "When should I go get my lipstick?"

"Well, now is probably your best shot," Cheryl guessed, "Me and Gi will stay here and keep an eye. We'll text you if they even look like they're leaving this area in any way."

"Great, thanks guys," She breathed through pursed lips, steadily, "This is pretty nerve wracking, actually. But I want my lipstick. Might just take one of Harry's jumpers too, just as a little souvenir."

"You deserve it, Kenny, seeing as he was the one who dumped you. He's a dick." Gigi persuaded, eyeing Harry as if he was dirt. He had given up on looking for his room key, and was now idly chatting among his friends and scrolling through his phone.

"Okay, wish me luck." Kendall whispered, jumping up off the bench, handbag over her shoulder, heading away as her two mates called their best wishes after her. Nobody seemed to even suspect she was heading off, nor did they care if they did, and as the park they were all in for lunch was relatively close to the hotel, it only took her five minutes at the pace of a brisk walk.

She took the elevator up once she reached the hotel, making a kissy gesture to herself in the mirror to check her beige-nude lipstick was still intact, before reaching the correct floor and heading straight for their room, which was 128, as the key stated. Despite knowing for a fact that Harry and Louis were sat in the park, she still creaked open the door at a very slow pace, heart thudding, obviously finding the room completely empty. It was pretty tidy, but not massively so, and it felt weird as she stepped in and allowed the door to swing shut behind her.

It was immediately clear whose bed was whose, as the one furthest into the room, closer to the balcony, had Harry's expensive clothing loitered all over it. The hand mark was still smeared down the mirror, Harry clearly having not cared enough to have actually cleaned it, so Kendall snapped a quick photo on her phone, just thinking it would be amusing to show her mates.

She glanced on the floor beside Harry's bed, finding his travel hand luggage bag, which was
exactly what she had needed.

"Bingo." She breathed to herself, scooping it up and fishing her hand into it. She immediately felt her lipstick in the pocket where she had left it, rolling her eyes at just how easy this had been. She stuffed her make-up item into her pocket, carelessly dropping Harry's bag back down, despite his other things being inside. She couldn't really care less about his possessions.

When she thought of turning back to the door and leaving, it felt like a complete waste of her time. She wasn't going to get this opportunity again, being free to have a good snoop around, so she quickly checked her phone to update herself on Harry and Louis' whereabouts.

Gi❤️: They are still just sat there kenny don't worry about rushing. Will let u know if it changes xxx

Okay -- perfect. She still had time, even though she didn't exactly know why she needed it. She figured she would have a look through Harry's suitcase, try to find her favourite hoodie of his, which was a plain black one with Saint Laurent stitched in small white text on the front. She recalled that it had cost him around £500, but she really did not care. She wanted it.

She crouched by his suitcase, immediately finding her favourite hoodie resting on top of everything else. That didn't take too much effort, it was as though Harry knew she was on her way round to take it. She lifted the garment up to her nose, deeply inhaling his wondrous scent, eyes fluttering closed. It brought back so many memories, that smell; from cold winter nights cuddled up to him; to their fun little outings round their local shopping centre, where she rested her head on his shoulder; or when they were having sex and her face was buried in his shoulder, inhaling that gorgeous scent he had, the aftershave he always wore. It made her feel deeply sad, so the spite within her had her stuffing the hoodie into her handbag, before casually fixing her hair.

She was about to shut the suitcase and get back to her feet and head out of the room, when something caught her eye. Nestled in some clothes in Harry's case, pretty out in the open, was a box of condoms. But this was the box of condoms that Harry had bought when Kendall was with him, and they had both specifically said they would take them to Paris and 'see how many they could get through.' It was a box of ten and they used none... yet the box was torn open at the top.

"What the..." Kendall tipped the box upside down into her palm, the packaged condoms falling out, and she did a quick count as she popped them back into the box. There were eight. Eight out of ten of them. Two were gone. "Nooo, you have got to be kidding me."

She counted them yet again, pointlessly, angrily stuffing the box back into his case and pushing herself to her feet. She grabbed onto her hair in stress, feeling close to ripping it out at this point, as she eyed the mirror mark again.

"No way," She disbelievingly whispered to herself, shutting her eyes, "No way has he fucked him. No way."

She kicked the lid of Harry suitcase back down, scooping up her handbag and storming towards the door. Before she left, she launched Harry's room key back onto his bed, groaning out loud in distaste as her mind whirred over what the fuck was going on. She left the room with a slam of the door, deciding she would put Harry's (now her) hoodie into her own room as she passed. Before she left her room, though, to return to the park, she punched the shit out of the sofa in her and Gigi's room, while shrieking out a scream of rage.
Next chapter I might include some more jealous Harry, with a French guy who's interested in Louis - as suggested by Lottie in the comments of the last chapter - thanks x

Sorry if this wasn't amazing tonight or could have done with more detail, and sorry for the prolonged update, I was in Paris!! Pretty ironic. More drama to come xx

(You may have noticed I added a "Crazy Ex Kendall" tag. I'm thinking maybe of incorporating that in full swing later on. How crazy do you guys think she should get?)
"What's she sulking about?" Charlie muttered to their group, as Kendall was flouncing on over to their class again in the park, evidently having been away somewhere.

Harry recognised the look on her face; the mouth contorted to the side, eyes fiery and fixated. She was pissed off about something. That gave him some satisfaction, seeing as he had lost all respect for her, yet that niggling thought in his mind meant he was curious as to what had made her like that. In the past, she would put on that sort of facade if Harry had stayed out late one night without an explanation, or if he had looked at another girl for too long - it was her silent tantrum.

Harry's mates seemed to be looking at him for an answer to Charlie's voiced inquisitiveness, knowing that he was the one whose brain was familiar with Kendall's actions and behaviours. He simply shrugged though, nose wrinkling up.

"Don't look at me," He nervously laughed, "It's her life now, nothing to do with me."

Almost just as he said that, and as they had fallen silent just as Kendall passed their group, her vicious gaze fell onto Harry, shooting laser-like hatred his way for a good few seconds, before she continued the saunter over to her group.

Niall stifled a laugh. "You sure it's nothing to do with you?"

Louis looked like he felt bad for Harry, as he was always under this treatment by Kendall, and he tilted his head to the side like a small puppy when he met eyes with Harry, lower lip pouting out. He was acting more quiet today, definitely as a result of his hangover, but he never failed to communicate non-verbally with Harry. Their eye contact spoke louder than words.

"Nothing I know of." Harry rolled his eyes. "She's just trying to make me feel bad again for breaking up with her. Don't think I ever will."

Louis bit back a smile, and Harry saw it.

Meanwhile, as Kendall rejoined with Gigi and Cheryl, she was completely silent. Her scowl remained, drowning in her self-pity.

"What's wrong, babe?" Gigi softly asked, putting an arm round her. "Did you not find your lipstick?"

"I found it," Kendall piped up, "But also..." She trailed off, deeply sighing. "Just don't worry, let's discuss this later. I don't want to ruin my last day here by dwelling on it."

"Okay, hun, you tell us later if you want to." Cheryl cooed, though she and Gigi severely wanted to know what had made Kendall so pissed off. They were dying to know, but they knew she would say when she was ready.
"Can I just say, Kenny, I'm sure whatever it is, you're overthinking it." Gigi convinced, with a sad smile. "Your mind is coming up with these crazy ideas, but I'm sure it's far from the truth."

"Whatever. Let's drop it." She snapped, shrugging Gigi away. "God."

She stormed away, heading to stand with Zayn and Liam instead, leaving Gigi and Cheryl to talk about her behind her back.

-

As the evening began to draw in, Mr Grant declared them free time for the remainder of the day, as all that was left for their projects was to be commenced back in class, in England. Harry felt rather upset that it was so near to going home, but he did miss his mum, dad and sister. And his car. And his pool.

They were trying to decide what to do with their evening. Louis still claimed to be feeling a little bit woozy, with a feeling of sickness lingering in his stomach (despite having taken medicine for it), so an idea of a fancy meal was pretty much out the window. Harry and his little group were stood around aimlessly at the edge of a busy street by 8PM, so he knew he had to see what everyone wanted with their evening.

"Well, what does everyone want to do?" He aired, over the hum of life around them.

"Sleep," Christopher chuckled, "I know that's depressing, but I'm exhausted. Want to catch up on sleep before the flight, really."

Harry hummed in thought, turning to Louis.

"Lou?"

"Anything!" Louis brightly offered, before his face changed a little in humorous thought. "Umm... except for going out drinking again."

Harry laughed at his little reminisce of last night, nodding in understanding.

"Understood. Charlie? Niall?"

"To be honest, we wanted to go drinking again!" Niall cackled, "Guessing you guys don't want to tag along?"

"No way," Louis giggled, "My head is still aching. Harry, wanna just go somewhere for soft drinks? How about somewhere near the hotel?"

"Yeah, I'm up for that." He turned to Niall and Charlie. "Have fun getting drunk again."

"Have fun being boring!" Niall called, as he and Charlie headed away, down the busy street. Christopher had already wandered off, unbeknownst to anyone, leaving Harry and Louis stood there.

Louis had a little smile playing on his face, shyly scuffing the toe of his trainer against the pavement, finally raising his eyeline to look Harry in the eye.

"Well, hello there." Harry purred, causing Louis to stifle a laugh. "Can I take you for a few drinks, gorgeous?"

Louis giggled even louder, head tipping back a little, amused by their little act.
"Of course you can, handsome. As long as you promise me Lemonades and Pepsis."

"I'll see what I can do. Let's go." Harry grinned, placing a hand on Louis' lower back to start guiding him in the direction of their hotel, so they could browse the bars nearby.

The streets were pretty busy, what with everybody else making their way round in little groups, many of the nearby restaurants occupied. There was such a romantic aura to the area they were in, with some customers of nearby restaurants sat at tables just on the street, and nearby an accordion player was making a living, busking. Harry so badly wanted to pull Louis in close to him, feel his warmth, but he knew they just weren't there yet. They hadn't even discussed what was happening with them yet. Plus there was the fact their classmates could be anywhere nearby, to observe their intimately close behaviour.

They came across a nice looking bar about a five minute walk from their hotel, called Le Grand Salon du Nolinski. It was quite small and cosy looking, with teal-coloured sofas and candles around, yet was just busy enough to have an atmosphere. Harry grabbed them both a lemonade at the bar, and they sat in the corner, on two plush armchairs facing each other. The gentle music tinging the air was just right for the room.

"Pretty nice in here, huh?" Harry smiled, sipping through his straw.

"Yeah, I really like it. This is more my scene."

"I can see why. You're more gentle." Harry theorised. "I like that about you."

There was a small silence as they sipped from their drinks and generally drank in the atmosphere around them. Louis looked so sweet, with his feathery fringe in his eyes, which were scanning the room curiously. He had such delicate facial features; a button nose and bright eyes, yet his sharp cheekbones contrasted perfectly with it. If perfection was personified, Harry was staring right at it. Maybe he thought it from the start. The candle on the table formed a golden glow on his face, shadowed on his cheekbones, and made his eyes sparkle as they looked up to meet Harry's.

"You look so lovely in this light." He had to comment on it, and it was worth it when Louis shyly smiled and dipped his gaze down.

"You look lovely in any light." He challenged, gaze still at his lap, a little grin stretching onto his face.

Harry chuckled. "Well you look lovely in no light."

"That doesn't even make sense," Louis brightly giggled, "But I appreciate it."

They just stared at each other for a few moments, what felt like completely intimate and unrushed eye contact. There was no awkwardness, no pull to look away, just scanning over each other's faces. As they did, Louis spoke.

"What's happening with us now, Harry?"

It was the dealbreaker question. They had both been waiting for it to be raised, knowing it would have to be at some point, and Louis had been the one brave enough to do so. It made Harry's heart thump significantly faster, as he knew he was about to do some admitting. Sure, he had slept with Louis twice, but speaking about their relationship advancing was rather scary.

"Well, I really fucking like you." Harry huffed out a laugh, almost in disbelief at how much he really did like Louis, who was smiling having heard that.
"And I like you too. But what does that mean?" Louis was practically pleading with that tone, begging Harry to give him a straight answer.

Harry knew the answer already. He had for a while, since they first got closer.

"Well, we're dating. I guess? If you want that?" He shrugged, smiling smugly. An unstoppable smile broke onto Louis' face, one which reached each corner of his face, urging those adorable little crinkles to form by his eyes. It ripped Harry's heart to shreds in all the greatest ways.

Louis went to speak but cut himself off with a breathy laugh, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Uh... really? You want to date me?"

"Of course I do." Harry urged, reaching forward and placing a hand over Louis' on the tabletop. "Nothing I want more. I've been waiting for someone more like you, Lou Lou."

"Sorry, I get so emotional," Louis breathed out through pursed lips, frantically fanning at his face with his free hand. "You don't understand how much you saying that means to me. I didn't think I'd ever get a boyfriend, let alone you."

"It's been agony not being able to touch you or be close to you while we're around everyone," Harry frowned, rubbing his thumb over Louis' soft hand, which he still had beneath his. "And I'm excited about this, Louis. When we return to England, and we can meet up and spend even more time together."

Louis was still grinning, still hazily shaking his head. "And I'm definitely not dreaming?"

"You're not dreaming," Harry clarified, smirking. "This is all real."

"I wanna kiss you so bad." Louis had lowered the volume of his voice significantly, as if the rest of their conversation wasn't intimate enough, and he was driving Harry crazy with the way he was nibbling idly on his lower lip. Harry had never wanted to kiss someone so badly in that moment, but he knew it was a huge risk.

"We will kiss all we want later, baby."

"I know," Louis pouted, "I think keeping us a secret is the best idea. Imagine the bullying otherwise. I know we shouldn't care about it, but it would be horrendous, especially for you."

"We'll adjust some day. But it's our little secret for now," Harry winked, "Our little love affair."

Louis giggled, tilting his head to the side. "Sounds pretty sweet."

Another tranquil silence fell over them as they sipped at their drinks once again, surveying the bar. Harry had moved his hand off of Louis', so that he could hold his glass with one hand and guide his straw to his mouth with the other. Once he had finished his drink, he was met with the ugly slurping of him trying to drink every last bit. Louis seemed to have finished his too, pointlessly stirring the ice around in his (with the little smile still on his lips.)

"I'll grab us both a Pepsi?" Harry offered, pushing back his armchair as if he was about to get up again.

"I'll go." Louis offered. "I haven't paid for anything yet."

"Fine, you can go," Harry gave in, "Buuut, take this." He slid his bank card Louis' way across the
table, so that Louis had to playfully roll his eyes and give in.

"Fine. Two Pepsis."

"Thanks, Sugar." Harry smirked, getting a pretty nice view of Louis from behind as he wandered towards the Oakwood bar not too far away. God, he was so hot, Harry struggled to believe he hadn't ever had a boyfriend before.

Harry pulled out his phone, idly scrolling through his social media as he waited. He continuously kept finding himself grinning insanely to himself as he waited, probably looking like a complete and utter maniac, but he couldn't help it. He was dating Louis: pure, gentle, giggly Louis. *Fuck*, that felt good to think about.

He glanced up to look the way of the bar, ready to observe him from afar, when he saw him chatting to another guy. It wasn't flirtatious in any way, nothing but friendly looking conversation, yet the jealousy swarming Harry's veins was indescribable. The man was around five foot eleven, dressed in a navy blue shirt and straight black jeans. Harry just didn't like it, and he knew Louis wasn't doing it out of spite, he was just being polite and chatting away.

Harry found himself getting to his feet, strolling his way over there, putting on a sickeningly sweet smile. The stranger seemed to give him a good up-and-down look, almost as though he was sizing up his competition, and he seemed to back off just slightly.

"Lou, babe, you ordered the drinks?" Harry brightly asked, clasping an arm around him, and the other man was immediately apologising, speaking English, though he had a strong French accent.

"Oh! I'm sorry, very sorry, I thought you were single!" He exclaimed to Louis, so that the envy within Harry grew forever stronger. It was proof that this man had approached Louis simply to pick him up, probably grab his number.

"Yeah, no." Harry bitterly said, resting his head on Louis' shoulder. "He's all mine."

Louis had flushed red completely, as two people were effectively fighting over him. He definitely never thought he'd experience that in his lifetime.

"Well, allow me to buy you both a drink! It will be as a sorry." The man shrugged, head cocking to the side, but Harry was speedily shaking his head.

"No, you don't have to do that."

The man turned to Louis once again, and Harry hated the way he seemed to skim his eyes down Louis' body briefly, smiling a little.

"Hmm, you are being quiet. Maybe you do like me more. You want a drink, Lou?" He used the name he had heard Harry use, and Harry immediately sprang into anger, letting go of Louis and having to physically restrain his hands by his sides, fists balled.

"I suggest you fuck off, mate, unless you wanna wake up in hospital." He hissed, watching the man back off altogether, with his hands raised in defence.

"Okay, okay! There is no need to be like this," The man nervously laughed, beginning to turn away. "I will leave, if that's what you want."

"Unless you want me to help you with that." Harry seethed, teeth gritted.
"Harry." Louis very gently scolded, tugging at his sleeve, so that Harry finally stopped, and the stranger was scampering away out of the bar. There was a silence for a few moments, before Harry deeply exhaled.

"Sorry."

"It's okay," Louis assured, "I shouldn't have replied to him when he started speaking to me."

Harry turned to him, brushing a strand of hair from his blue eyes, smiling genuinely.

"Mine." He simply stated, before tapping Louis on the end of that cute nose, grinning to himself.

Louis giggled. "Yours."

---

They had a good, slow make-out session on the sofa once they had returned to their room, and they were in bed by 11PM. Louis had opted immediately for his own bed, so Harry figured it was probably as a mean of adjustment. With everything he had heard today, Harry clarifying that they were dating, he just needed to properly wrap his head around the idea.

When Harry had come across his room key on his bed, he didn't think anything of it. As they had spent last night on the bathroom floor, and had been too groggy that morning to have paid too much attention, he assumed that he just hadn't clocked onto it, and that drunk him had thrown it down there on Sunday night. He didn't notice his missing hoodie just yet, but that was because he hadn't re-packed his case yet and checked he had everything. Their flight was to be at midday the next day, meaning they had to still be in the lobby at 8AM, to get the two metros required to get to the airport a couple hours before the flight. Harry had set his alarm for half past 6 to give him a little more time.

He drifted off fast, as they decided on not speaking into the silence, and he dreamt of the sweet taste of Louis' lips.

Chapter End Notes

"and when i sleep im gonna dream of how you tasted . . ."

Sorry if it wasn't too interesting, will get good when they're in England xx
Chapter Notes

Just to state again, I mention later in the chapter about Kendall's parents and sisters (Kylie, Kim, Kourtney, Khloe) being nasty people. I actually know nothing about them, I don't follow them, and it is all for fiction so I am in no way bad-mouthing anyone in reality. It's all for the story. Also, Kendall's dad still identifies as a male in this, mentioning that to save any confusion when you read!!

Thanks xx

When Harry awoke to his 06:30 alarm, he also awoke to Louis in his bed beside him, with his arm curled around Harry's bicep. Harry sniffed out a laugh, watching Louis stiffly coming out of his sleep, eyebrows furrowing as he stirred around and his eyelids fluttered open.

"Decided to sneak into my bed, did you?" Harry teased, his morning voice gorgeously thick and low. It always made Louis shiver, even more so today, considering he was still adjusting to reality.

"I got cold," He croaked out an excuse, "And your bed looked warmer."

"Right. Totally believe you." Harry snickered, rubbing Louis' forearm softly before untangling himself from his grasp, knowing he had to get up before his exhaustion got the best of him. "I better get everything packed up."

He got to his feet, his pyjamas thermal enough to keep his skin from erupting in goosebumps. Louis groaned sleepily in response, eyes lulling shut once again as he basked in the wonderful smell of Harry on the sheets.

"Come on, sleepyhead, no time to lie around today." Harry urged, sharply clapping his hands so that Louis' eyes mechanically snapped open again.

He pushed himself up to rest on his elbows, morning hair somehow managing to be a sexy catastrophe, and eyes barely open as he watched Harry messily folding his clothes before lodging them into his suitcase.

"I don't want to leave today." Louis grunted, itching idly at his eye with the pad of his thumb.

"Are you not missing your family?" Harry hummed, moving to the wardrobe to pull his clothes off the hangers within it. "You seem pretty family-orientated to me."

"Of course I am, yeah," Louis reasoned, swinging his legs over the side of the bed, getting to his feet with some strain, "I just love being here."

"Me too," Harry frowned, shrugging. "Return one day, maybe?"

"Hopefully." Louis gently smiled, still sat in the same position. "You've just made me realise how much I really do miss my family."

"See? You're a family man. I'm sure they're missing their Lou Lou." Harry smirked, placing his
broken Rolex carefully into its box, trying to refrain from any further damage, as if it could really be rescued. He knew he'd just have to buy a new one, probably before his parents suspected.

"I kind of wonder how they've coped without the man of the house," Louis giggled, "I hope they've done okay. Though my mum wouldn't want to make me feel bad by telling me if they hadn't."

"They'll be grateful to have you back, for sure. They're very lucky to have you, Louis." Harry reminded.

He used both palms to push down on the clothes in his suitcase, desperate to make more room. Louis chuckled as he watched, entertained by Harry's attempts to neatly to the job. Harry then wandered into the bathroom and retrieved all his stuff, deciding he would be nice and get Louis' things too, placing them on his bed for him.

"Thanks, Harry."

"No problem. Right, I'm just trying to think if I've packed everything," Harry packed away his toiletries, then made a clicking noise with his mouth as he glanced around the room in pensive thought, before he stopped and tilted his head aside. "Ah! Have you seen my YSL hoodie? It's black, got some white writing on the front."

"Don't think I have," Louis shook his head, finally standing up and strolling to the other side of his own bed, scooping up his own clothes to look beneath them, and getting to his knees to glance under both beds. "Can't see a black hoodie anywhere."

"Well shit, I've lost that," Harry stressed, running a hand through his hair.

"Oh... how much was it?"

"I don't even want to remind myself," Harry nervously bit his lower lip. "I'm sure I brought it here, unless I'm going insane. I have no idea where else it would be."

"Exactly, maybe you didn't bring it? I'm sure you'll find it at home, Harry." Louis reassured, beginning to carelessly cram his stuff into his suitcase.

"I hope so." Harry sighed, pushing the lid of his case down as he used his free hand to zip it up. "Well, that's me packed."

Harry offered his help to Louis in packing his case, but Louis insisted he was fine doing it himself, so Harry jumped in the shower before getting dressed. They were both packed and ready for the day by ten minutes to eight, and they spent the remainder of their time out on the balcony, taking in the view of the city as it woke up. It was their last chance to appreciate it from afar, and Louis seemed very upset about that, so Harry clamped a hand round his shoulder as he led him back inside.

It was pretty much a fight for the elevators down to the corridor today, as everybody had to transport their suitcases and hand luggage down too. Harry and Louis waited for an empty lift, entering it and placing their suitcases by them. Before they could press the button to close the doors, however, having zero control over it, Kendall and Gigi suddenly strolled on in with their crammed cases and designer travel bags. Harry felt himself hold his breath, a strain in his mind to stare straight at the floor and avoid all possible eye contact, and Kendall reached over with a perfectly manicured hand to press the button, so that the doors slid shut.

Gigi was smugly grinning to herself, body swaying absent-mindedly, nudging Kendall playfully, who was already glaring right at Harry. Louis was giving off general vibes of restlessness, fingers
gripping tightly on to the metal railing behind him. Kendall cleared her throat into the silence as the lift descended, and Harry felt inclined to look up at her, linking eyes.

"What?" He snapped, controversially filling the silence, and Kendall scoffed loudly.

"Don't use that tone on me, you knob." Kendall retorted, eyeing Harry up and down in disgust -- though he got the hint that it was her way of checking him out while doing so. He shifted awkwardly on his feet, turning his body away slightly.

"What tone? You're stood there clearing your throat at me, I was asking what the hell you wanted."

Ding. The elevator doors slid open as the lift had reached the ground floor, and Louis was the first to nervously hurry out, lugging his case along behind him. Harry so badly wanted to pull it for him, along with his own, to help him and his dainty, fragile self out, but he refrained because he knew he'd get another comment from Kendall and Co. about it.

As Gigi passed by Harry, she roughly shoved past him with her shoulder, all while smugly hissing: "Don't pick fights with my bestie next time." Wow, Harry felt sooo threatened by that.

Not.

"God, they're a handful." Louis piped up, sitting by Harry on a sofa at the edge of the lobby. "I'm sorry I was silent, I should have defended you in there."

"Don't be silly, Lou, I'd never expect you to. They're just being immature, I can handle it. I appreciate your concern, though." Harry softly smiled, having to strain himself so that he didn't pat Louis firmly on the leg.

Mr Grant was soon done with sorting out checking out at the reception, and everyone handed in their keys, waiting for them all to be formally counted off before they were all free to go. They all gave their courteous 'Merci's and 'Merci beaucoup's as they passed the receptionist desk, though Kendall and her ungrateful squad of mates stayed silent. Harry hated to think that there was a time when he was associated with them, though even when he was, he knew he always would have said thank you. It was general manners, not rocket science.

Passing through Paris, towards the Metro station, was a pretty miserable moment. Harry hated seeing the upset on Louis' face, the downcast glances and pensive thinking as his mind hummed over the fact that maybe he'd never even return in his lifetime. Harry patted him on the shoulder as a non-verbal sorry. Kendall saw and seemed not to like it, despite it being a nonchalant shoulder slap, and scowled once more.

The Metro station was terribly busy, considering it was a Tuesday morning in Paris and everybody was rushing around with briefcases, in formal attire. Clearly they hadn't thought about how rush hour would be. Harry and Louis stood at the edge of the train once they had all boarded, holding a bar behind them, luckily quite far from Kendall.

"It's been pretty incredible," Louis sighed, finally able to relax following their rush to jump onto the train on time. "Thanks for making it even better, Harry."

"I could definitely say the same for you, Darlin'." Harry smirked, having lowered the volume of his voice so their conversation stayed private. Louis giggled and shuffled on his feet, gripping tighter onto the railing as the Metro screeched to a halt at the next stop.

They had to go a three stops altogether on this train, then pile off again and change to another, and then it was a good forty minutes to the airport itself, which was the final stop. It was pretty busy,
though luckily their Metro to Charles de Gaulle airport was a bigger one, considering it was so popular. Harry had managed to grab he and Louis a seat, but their entire class had taken up an entire coach of the Metro with their large suitcases.

Once at the airport, it was coming up to half past nine, leaving a good two and a half hours until take off. Louis had said he was going to visit a shop in the airport, and when Harry and his mates opted to come with, Louis insisted they stay with all the cases and he would be back soon. Harry told him to keep his phone on loud and stay safe, wondering what he was really playing at, but thought he would let him do what he wanted to do.

Harry was sat on the floor of the busy airport, long legs arched in front of him as he played Candy Crush on Niall's phone. He had all the suitcases on his left, and Niall, Charlie and Christopher were sat on a bench right by them. Most of their classmates had gone to browse the shops, and Mr Grant had told them to be back by half 10 at the latest, just to be safe.

He could hear Kendall cackling out her laugh nearby with her mates, and was well aware she was trying extra hard to project it, so that he heard. His indifference was too strong though, as his eyes remained on the screen, and that felt good. He wasn't planning on moving his eyes off that screen, as he was far too involved in the game now (despite never having thought he'd stoop so low with such a game.)

"Harry, we're gonna pop into that newsagents and grab some stuff for the flight, you okay watching the bags?" Charlie called over to him, stood up with the two others.

"You'll practically get robbed, mate, with the prices here. But whatever floats your boat, I've got the bags." Harry replied, eyes still on the screen, determined to show Kendall and Co. that he didn't care enough about them to look away from that screen.

His remaining three mates wandered off, leaving Harry alone with the quiet Candy Crush sound effects coming from the phone. Little did he know, Kendall had been plotting something. It wasn't too major, just something she knew would shake things up a bit, and his little act of keeping his eyes on the phone screen played a good part in her ploy.

She walked over from behind where Harry was sat, so that he couldn't even sense her there, and headed straight for Louis' travel bag. She had made sure to spot it on him earlier, so she knew for sure that it was his, and then went in for the kill.

Into his bag, she slotted Harry's black YSL jumper.

---

Harry hadn't even suspected a thing, only bringing himself back into reality once his mates had returned, including Louis, and the time had reached half past 10. Louis had something slotted in the large pocket of his hoodie, evidently, but hadn't shown what. Clearly he had bought something.

They managed to drag out the rest of the time before their flight, making sure everything was sorted out and everybody had their tickets in hand. Harry, last minute, had desperately begged a random boy in their class to swap tickets with him, as this random boy was seated with Louis on the plane, and Harry was still set to be sat with Kendall. Luckily it worked, and after some more swapping around, Harry was sat with Louis and Kendall was sat with Gigi. When they finally sat on the airplane, Harry breathed a sigh of relief.

"That was a stress. Hate airports."
"Me too, and I've only been to this one," Louis giggled, head resting back on the headrest. "You don't mind if I put my earphones in, do you? It just helps to calm me down on the plane."

"Of course not," Harry chuckled, "You do that if it relaxes you, Lou."

Louis smiled and unzipped his backpack, opening it up and immediately furrowing his eyebrows when he came across a black garment of clothing on top of everything in there.

"Wait, is that..." Harry reached over and pulled out the item, which appeared to be none other than his 'missing hoodie'. "My... hoodie." He slowly pieced it together. "Louis?"

"What the hell?" Louis breathed, cluelessly gawping at Harry. "Harry, I have no idea why that's in here!"

Harry was still quite speechless, staring at his hoodie as though it was suddenly going to transform into something else.

"How did that get in your bag? Why didn't you tell me you had it?"

"I didn't know it was in there!" Louis pleaded, voice seeming to break a little halfway through, like he was close to tears. "Harry, I swear!"

"I'm so confused," Harry leisurely shook his head, dropping it into his lap, "I don't know how else it would have gotten into your bag."

He saw a tear slide down Louis' face, and a sniff as he shakily whispered, "I swear it wasn't me. I promise you, Harry, with all my heart."

Harry quickly sprang into his caring mode, reaching over to wipe the tear away, smiling sadly at him. "I believe you, Louis, please don't cry! Don't cry. I'm just baffled."

Louis was quietly sobbing, chest heaving up and down as he struggled on a breath, and Harry delicately stroked his forearm out of everyone's sights.

"This has Kendall written all over it," He whispered to Louis, continuing to stroke up his arm. "But I have no clue how she got this hoodie. Maybe she took it without me knowing when we were travelling to Paris and I was still with her, I have no clue. But I'm so angry at her for doing it."

Louis was gradually calming down from his tearful episode, wiping away the wetness beneath his eyes with his sleeves, occasionally gasping in little breaths. Harry looked over to where he knew Kendall to be sitting, but she already had her pink eye mask on, which had the word princess on the front in cursive golden glitter font. He rolled his eyes dramatically, turning to Louis again.

"I'm so sorry for making you cry," He apologised, "That's the last thing I wanted to do. I knew you wouldn't do something like take my stuff, Louis. I was just confused. And I still am confused as to how she snuck this into your bag. It must have been when I was minding the stuff on my own."

"It's okay. Hopefully you work it out." Louis piped up, voice small, and Harry took Louis' hand in his momentarily, stroking over the skin, before remembering they were on a public flight with their school and giving it up immediately.

The rest of the flight was pretty silent, though Harry's intense hatred for Kendall had somehow multiplied. How could she be so spiteful? Especially towards somebody as sweet as Louis. She knew that he wasn't well-off money-wise, wanted to pick on that fact by framing him for taking Harry's expensive hoodie. How sickening of her.
Well, Harry wasn't going to take it. He was never going to take it.

---

With time zones taken into consideration, with the flight being an hour long and England being an hour behind France's time zone, it was confusingly still twelve o'clock in the afternoon when they landed in Manchester. It wasn't so much of a hassle going through customs now, considering it was entering their home country again, and after bathroom breaks they were out the airport and waiting for the coach by ten minutes past one.

Harry would not stop glaring at Kendall. It seemed she was getting a taste of her own medicine, seeing as it was roles reversed this time, however he did receive a middle finger gesture from Cheryl. He couldn't care less really, he needed to get across the fact that he knew she had been behind it.

Once the coach had turned up, they all formed a line to pass their luggage to the driver for him to load it all into the undercarriage of the coach. The journey back to Holmes Chapel took a bearable forty-five minutes, meaning they were there by two o'clock that afternoon.

"Fiinally back in England!" Harry exclaimed, once he and his mates had retrieved their suitcases from the driver as he passed them all out. Everybody formed a huddle again, as Mr Grant beamed at them all.

"We've all made it back in one piece! I want to thank you all for behaving well on the trip, and I hope you all had a great time. You'll be happy to hear that you're free to go now, and I'll see you all tomorrow in class."

Everybody called out their goodbyes, all happy to finally be getting away, and the crowd started to disperse as people headed to either their own cars in the car park, or their waiting parents. Charlie, Niall and Christopher seemed to head to all their cars without even sparing farewells, leaving Harry and Louis stood with their suitcases.

"How are you getting home?" Harry asked, curious.

"My mum said to call her when we're here," Louis explained, "Which I better do now."

He pulled out his phone, and Harry was quick to cut him off.

"Spare her the journey, Lou. I'll drop you home." Harry smiled, nudging his head in the direction of his car. "If you want?"

Louis looked rather hesitant. Harry immediately got an inkling that perhaps it was because Louis didn't want Harry to see his home. Unless that was Harry's paranoia. But Louis seemed to give in, as if he had internally convinced himself, eagerly nodding with a bright smile.

"That would be great, Harry, thanks. That's very thoughtful of you."

"It's no bother, just send her a text saying it's sorted." He grinned, and they began pulling their cases in the direction of Harry's Audi R8, which was still intact where he had parked it by the oak tree.

Louis was immediately in awe of the vehicle, eyebrows raising and mouth gaping a little. "Nice ride."

"I missed her," Harry smirked, patting the roof appreciatively, "Her name's Stella."
"You've named your car?" Louis snorted, nibbling in amusement on his lower lip. "Can't say I'm surprised."

"Suits her though, right?" Harry chuckled, retrieving his car keys from in his bag and unlocking his car, opening up the boot. His strong biceps meant he lifted Louis' suitcase without any strain into the boot, followed by his own beside it, before closing it once again, and they both jumped into the front.

"Smells nice," Louis complimented, "With your strawberry air freshener."

He giggled, reaching forward and flicking the air freshener in question, which was hanging from the review mirror.

"God, I know, I'm such a girl." Harry cackled, plugging in his seatbelt, waiting for Louis to do so too before twisting the keys in the engine. It roared to life.

He reversed out, careful to check in the mirror to make sure he wasn't going to flatten any of his classmates (though he would have been pretty chuffed if it was Kendall or anyone of her kind) and then sped off towards the exit of the car park. He always loved the way his classmates gaped at his car as it sped past them. In particular this time, he adored how Kendall was one of those outside his car, stood there waiting like an idiot, most likely for her mum to come and pick her up as usually Harry was her ride.

He even put up his middle finger to the window as he passed her, mockingly beeping his horn, and Louis was chuckling away.

"Her face!" He exclaimed in delight. "She looked so annoyed!"

"Good," Harry snapped, smiling devilishly, "Now where am I dropping you, Lou Lou?"


"Yeah, think I know that road, got it." He nodded, cranking the radio up a little as he drove.

He made sure to put his foot down as they reached a long stretch of road with very few cars on, loving the way he heard Louis' breath hitch in the best way as the car's speed went from forty to seventy in a split-second. It was nowhere near his car's extent, but he knew he couldn't overdo it too much. The hum of the roaring engine was enough for now to have Louis grinning to himself and gripping the seat beneath him.

"What's the fastest you've ever done?" Louis queried, eyes sparkling in curiosity as he turned to Harry, whose gaze was focused on the road.

"Did two-hundred once. Only once though, and that was on the motorway when it was clear." He admitted.

"Wow!" Louis explained, brightly laughing. "That's fast!"

"Very." Harry bit back a grin from how sweet he found Louis' inquisitive nature, indicating left as they came to the correct turning. He had been down the road numerous times, and Louis directed him to the correct house.

It was a small house, plain on the exterior, with a red Vauxhall parked outside. There was a welcoming hanging flower basket by the porch, though, with pale blue and white flowers inside.
"Thanks for the lift, Harry, I really appreciate it." Louis smiled, once Harry had pulled up to the side of the road. They both jumped out, and Harry lugged Louis' case from the boot, setting it down for him.

"You alright getting that to the door?" He asked, used to helping Kendall with just about any simple task.

"I think I can handle it. Thanks, Harry. I'll see you tomorrow." Louis waved, turning towards his house, and Harry pulled him into a hug before jumping back into his car and waving once more, speeding away down the road.

He was happy to think he had returned to England with Louis. He had left with Kendall and returned with Louis. Major improvement.

---

Harry entered his house, setting his suitcase in the large hallway, and was immediately bombarded by his sister, Gemma, sprinting down the stairs.

"Harry!" She greeted, almost knocking him over in their embrace. "You're home!"

"I am indeed, finally." Harry heartily chuckled, rubbing her back lovingly. "I've missed you all so much."

"It's been so quiet without you." Gemma admitted. Harry broke the hug, smiling appreciatively at his sister before she returned upstairs and Harry headed into the living room, where his mother was sat in front of the television. His dad was still at work, so he'd have to wait until later to see him, but she grinned at him and opened her arms as an invitation.

Harry ran into them, kneeling on the couch as he embraced with her, sitting by her side once they had broken it.

"How was it, honey?" His mum, Anne, brightly asked, rubbing her hands together excitedly. "Everything the same as last time?"

Well, it had been pure drama, but he couldn't exactly tell her that.

"It was amazing. It's a beautiful city, as always." He gushed.

"Great. How's Kendall? Did you drop her home?"

Oh. Oh shit. He hadn't thought through the part where he actually had to tell his mum about the breakup. This was bound to go pretty badly, he could feel it, and when he awkwardly pouted his mouth to the side, she picked up on it.

"What? What is it?" She pushed, sitting up more, eyebrows knitted together in concern.

"Umm..." Harry nervously breathed out a laugh, breaking their eye contact and staring at the fireplace instead. "I broke up with her."

"Harry Edward Styles!" Anne angrily exclaimed, eyebrows furrowing forevermore in fury. "You what?"

He hated this. She didn't even ask him why, didn't give him a chance to explain himself. He knew she was only angry because she thought he and Kendall were a picture perfect couple. Kendall was
a pretty rich girl from a rich family, plus her family were good friends of Harry's mum's.

"I broke up with her, mum, I think I worded that simply enough."

His mum placed her head in her hands for a few moments, before gathering herself and glaring at him in disappointment once again.

"Why, Harry?! You two have been together almost three years now, you can't just break things off!" She raged.

"I learned who she really was. That's the only way to word it."

"Oh, don't be silly, Kendall is a lovely girl! What on earth do you expect me to tell Kris when I see her at yoga, Harry?! Kendall is probably heartbroken!" Anne spat.

For goodness sake, reputation was clearly something his mother cared about. Kris Jenner was Kendall's mum, and she was pretty much just as stuck up as her daughter. She was very good friends with Harry's mum, so no doubt Anne was stressing about this, but Harry really didn't care. He was so glad to be away.

Not only was Kendall's mum a handful, but her dad, Bruce, wasn't exactly lovely either; never welcoming to Harry in the past when he was round visiting Kendall; always so cold and indifferent. And then along with Kendall came her four sisters. Harry had never met a set of siblings with so much drama, and they never even held back from flirting with him in front of Kendall in the past. It was ridiculous. He knew he'd have all four of Kendall's sisters on his arse once they found out he had dumped her. There was Kylie, the youngest of Kendall's sisters, who was 17. She was a huuuge flirt around Harry, always giving him looks, and always seemed to be looking for attention. Then there was Khloé who was 30. She always seemed to be putting Harry on the spot, asking personal questions whenever he had been at their house. Kim, 31, had always been sexually advancing towards Harry too, and had even made a very clear advance once when drunk at her birthday party, and her hand had ended up in his jeans, paired with a sultry whisper in his ear to follow her upstairs. He didn't. Finally, Kourtney, who was 35. She was the one who was always jokingly threatening Harry to be good to Kendall. That was sure to come to life now that he had actually dumped her. He was genuinely quite scared.

"Would you stop staring into space and talk to me? It's rude to be aloof, Harry." Anne clicked her fingers in front of his face, so that he snapped back into reality and realised he had left her previous statement unanswered.

"Mum, I'm going to be honest. I don't know what you should say to Kris, nor do I really care. My choice to break up with Kendall should have absolutely nothing to do with you or her family, so please just hear me out? I'm going to go upstairs now, and I'm going to talk to you more about this when you're in a more understanding mood, because right now you're clearly more invested in your friendship with Kris than the feelings of your own son."

And with that, Harry pushed himself to his feet and stormed out of the room. He felt so angry, it was seething inside of him, as he thumped his suitcase up the stairs. How could she react like that? She had no idea what Kendall had really been like to him, and the more he thought about it, the more he realised just how awful his relationship had been. Constant arguments, Kendall belittling him when he didn't do what she wanted, Kendall's family putting him down and treating him badly... he wondered how he had even coped for nearly 3 years. What a waste.

His smile only returned when he thought of Louis. It brought a sort of light to his mind, a peacefulness. He was so fucking happy, to an extent he had never felt with Kendall. Maybe this
whole time, he had been waiting for Louis, after enduring hell from Kendall.

Louis was the calm at the end of a storm.
Even though he missed Paris dearly, Harry had to admit that it was pretty heavenly waking up in his own bed again, after so long. There was something about it, that sense of comfort, that had him smiling in the morning despite having been rudely awoken by his mum banging on his door at ten past seven. He had slept through his alarm, which wasn't like him. He knew that by the simple fact that his mother hadn't entered his room to wake him up, that she was still holding a grudge following their little discussion yesterday, the bombshell Harry had dropped on her. They hadn't spoken anything else of it... in fact, they hadn't spoken at all. Harry had been hanging out in his room for the rest of his day, keeping to himself, getting on with unpacking his suitcase and settling back into his bedroom again.

He hadn't messaged Louis for the rest of the evening either, figuring that they both needed a bit of personal time while they recovered from the trip back, but for some reason that worried Harry. It felt almost awkward, the thought of messaging Louis first, but he knew he would get over that. They were comfortable enough with each other in person.

Today was Wednesday the 31st of January, meaning that tomorrow was Harry's birthday. Yippee - fucking not. He wasn't one bit looking forward to it, knowing that it was bound to be a pretty shit day. For one, he had school, which was enough to ruin anyone's day in general, and on top of that was the fact that his ex-friends were bound to pick on the fact that it was his special day tomorrow. It was strange, because Harry hadn't even mentioned to Louis that tomorrow was his nineteenth, and he was even beginning to question whether his own parents and sister remembered. Nobody seemed to have been mentioning it to him, so he was just going to wait and see. At this rate, he no longer cared if people forgot, he kind of wanted it to fly by so it was over.

He left for school pretty late, only left himself five minutes to drive there, park his car and get to his class, so he was understandably around five minutes late. It felt like his first ever day at secondary school again, what with the nerves surfacing in his stomach as he strolled to his registration class. He shouldn't have been worried, knowing he had Louis, Niall, Charlie and Christopher to sit with, but it was just going to be pure hell walking in.

Pulling himself together when he got to the classroom door, he figured his best bet was to be casual and confident. He swung open the door, backpack coolly hung off one shoulder and hair a mess but in a good way. Immediately, he felt their eyes on him, especially Kendall's, and some stifled laughs from them as he strolled carelessly to the free seat by Louis. He finally received a genuine smile when he looked at that gorgeous face.

Their registration teacher, Mrs Davis, looked very disgruntled by Harry's late, apology-less entry into the classroom, however she continued taking the register to see who was in. Luckily, as Harry's surname began with S, which was later in the alphabet, he could still answer to his name and was effectively marked on time.

"Harry?" Mrs Davis called out, not even bothering to glance up from her computer screen. As his name had been read out, Gigi had loudly made a gagging sound, ridiculing him, but Harry rolled his eyes and raised his hand anyway.

"Here, miss."
Cheryl snorted, before loudly calling out: "We all wish you weren't."

No one but the table of bullies laughed, unsurprisingly. Louis patted Harry on his leg beneath the table.

"Don't listen to them." He whispered, almost too quiet for Harry to have heard, but it was there. He smiled appreciatively, but it hadn't exactly helped. It was hard to just ignore a group who were constantly berating you.

After a further few minutes, the register had been taken and Mrs Davis dismissed them all to walk to their first lesson. Harry was fast out of there with his mates, before Kendall and her group could stroll out from the back of the classroom, and they were heading to their maths lesson. He wanted to curse aloud once he realised he was sat with Kendall in the seating plan, so he'd have to convince their maths teacher, Mr Bradley, that he had to sit elsewhere. They all walked in complete silence, the uproar of laughter not too far behind of Kendall and her mates being far too boisterous for a Wednesday morning, and Harry had honestly never felt so drained.

They reached the maths block of the school, walking to classroom 4 and strolling inside. A few of their classmates were already getting seated inside, and Mr Bradley was stood at the front, writing a few notes up on the whiteboard. Everyone was taking to the usual seating plan, as it was how it had always been, and as the class was completely full, there wasn't even a spare table Harry could go and sit at alone. He was set to be sat with Kendall, so he immediately headed to the front while everyone else got seated.

"Uh, Sir?" He greeted, once he was stood by his teacher, who stopped the note-taking abruptly once he realised he was needed.

"Morning, Harry. Everything okay?" He smiled. Good start: he was always pretty perky, even in the morning.

"Well, not exactly," Harry nervously laughed, catching a glimpse in the corner of his eye that Kendall was sitting in her usual seat, an empty seat beside her that usually would be Harry's. "Some problems with Kendall, basically. I need to move seats."

Mr Bradley's mouth formed a line, eyebrows furrowing a little as his eyes flicked from Harry to Kendall (who was watching with a seemingly smug look), before once again setting on Harry.

"What, you expect me to just move the whole seating plan around because you've had a falling out?"

The whole class were in the room now and were seated, and Harry was well aware that his conversation with his teacher was not completely private. It wasn't even as though they were talking loudly, it was just pretty obvious everyone knew why he was talking to him.

Harry was a little taken aback by Mr Bradley's snappy comeback, nervously biting his lower lip.

"Umm, I... well kind of?" He tried, tilting his head aside with a pleading look in his eyes. He lowered his voice to a whisper. "It's pretty bad, Sir, not something I'd class as a falling out. We broke up."

"Go and sit down, Harry. You need to grow up." Mr Bradley stated, deadpan, and he hadn't even lowered the volume of his voice to match Harry's, so everyone had heard him. Zayn cackled out a laugh, one soaked with mockery, and Harry was so close to storming out.

"Please." He found himself begging, still sticking to that quiet tone, and Mr Bradley angrily
pointed in the direction of the seat beside Kendall.

"Sit down, Harry. Now."

More people seemed to be laughing now, ridiculing him once again, whereas Louis was frowning and drowning in his guilt. He felt so bad for Harry.

Harry rolled his eyes in rage, surprised that didn't get him kicked out the class, trudging over angrily to his seat beside Kendall, pulling out the chair and moodily dropping himself down into it, throwing his backpack beneath the table.

"Thank you, Harry." Mr Bradley appreciatively praised.

Harry loudly scooted his chair as far as possible in the opposite direction of Kendall, but the metal leg of the desk only let him do it to an extent. He was well aware of how childish he was being, but it was well worth it, because Kendall had been smiling to herself ever since she entered that room.

"Someone's in a mood." She muttered under her breath, voice tinged with smugness, and Harry wanted to throttle her.

"Shut the fuck up." He whispered back, furiously, resting his chin on the back of his hand.

Kendall had absolutely slathered herself in perfume today, and it was practically asphyxiating Harry whenever he tried to breath. She had gone a little too overboard with that. It gave Harry chills when he recognised the scent as being one he had bought her for her last birthday, though.

He was scribbling down a title into his notebook, once he had finally bothered to get that and a pen from his bag, but kept hearing Kendall breathily chuckling to herself. It was getting on his nerves, the way she was doing it so deliberately. He ignored it, continuing to take notes as Mr Bradley blabbered on and on about simultaneous equations. A few minutes in, when their teacher was busy sketching a diagram onto the whiteboard, Kendall filled the silence by whispering to Harry.

"How did you find Paris?"

"Don't talk to me." Harry snapped back immediately, too keeping his voice low so as not to disrupt the atmosphere of the room.

"No need to be moody, I'm just wondering how you found it." She scoffed. The humour in her tone contradicted what she said; she had clearly just wanted to get a reaction from him.

"You're trying to irritate me. I don't want to talk to you, so don't talk to me." He grunted, doing an awful sketch of what Mr Bradley had drawn, in his black biro pen.

She surprisingly did leave him alone for a while after that, deciding to concentrate on her work for a while, but further into the lesson, the classroom got a bit louder as people began working collaboratively on a task they had been set. Kendall used this as her chance to make sarcastic chitchat once again.

"Good thing you found your YSL hoodie yesterday, huh? I can't believe Louis would steal from you." Her voice was soaked in sarcasm, and Harry actually had to grip fistfuls of his jumper beneath the table in order to restrain his anger. How she could so blatantly say something, was completely beyond him.

"You're a complete bitch. How the fuck did you get my hoodie anyway?" He demanded, dropping his pen and impatiently awaiting her response.
Anger seethed in his veins when she tapped the side of her nose: her way of mockingly saying it was none of his business.

"Fucking tell me," He grilled, "How did you get it?"

"Well," Kendall took a deep breath, placing her own pen down too, "This is actually something I've been meaning to discuss with you."

"What is? Cut the shit, Kendall."

"You got very drunk, remember that?" She began. She still had some amusement in her tone, however it was gradually verging on the more serious side of the spectrum. "And you gave me a key to your room. I didn't even have to beg. I wanted to get my lipstick back off you, considering you decided to be a dick and keep it from me."

"Wait..." Harry huffed. "So you broke into our room?"

"I didn't break in. You gave me a key."

"Which you took from me when I was drunk and unable to stop myself from giving you a key." Harry reasoned, eyebrows furrowed and jaw locked in vexation. "And, what, you decided to just nick one of my hoodies while you were at it?"

"Thought I was gonna keep it for myself at first. But that's beside the point, prick. I just want you to explain to me why you went to Paris with a full pack of condoms, didn't sleep with me once, and somehow used two."

She dropped the leading question. Harry felt like his heart had entered his throat the moment she had finished speaking, a cold chill running through him. Oh God, this whole time she had known that two condoms had been missing, had probably been adding it all up.

"Why the fuck were you going through my stuff?" He angrily diverted. "That's my private stuff, Kendall. You shouldn't have even been in the room in the first place!"

"Stop changing the fucking subject!" Kendall hissed. "Start explaining."

"I..." Harry deeply sighed, knowing he couldn't tell the truth right now. He had to protect Louis, and maybe himself for the time being. "I... brought girls back to the room."

He hated that this was the first excuse to leave his mouth, knew it was the last thing he had wanted to say, but it was too late to take it back now. It was hanging in the air now, waiting for Kendall to respond to. Her mouth was hanging open a little, in shock and maybe jealousy.

"Umm, what the fuck? Two girls at once?"

"No, on different nights." He thought he was saving it, making it more modest, but maybe in fact it was worse that he was saying it was on different nights. He was telling her, effectively, that he had fucked two girls, both on different nights, in his hotel room.

"Oh my God, you're so disgusting!" Kendall spat, letting out a laugh of disbelief. "You broke up with me then fucked two French girls! You make me feel so sick, Harry, you piece of shit."

Harry felt that, bad. Because he knew that it was completely against anything he believed in, sleeping uncommitted with strangers, and here he was being put down by Kendall.
He didn't even verbally respond, even though Kendall went on to berate him more and more. He felt a lump in his throat but knew he couldn't cry in class, so he held his breath and distracted himself once again by taking more notes (things he had already written, but was rewriting to pass the time.)

Kendall didn't stop for the rest of the lesson, making snide little comments.

---

They had English class straight after maths, and Harry had never felt less like something. It felt almost as if his stomach had tightened due to how generally furious he was inside, in absolute disbelief that Kendall had literally broken into his room and snooped through his stuff, yet he was the one being ruthlessly teased by her about sleeping around. Which was a lie in itself.

Mr Grant welcomed them all inside, and Harry was so grateful to remember that there was no seating plan in this class, basically just a free-for-all where people could get whatever seats they wanted.

Harry sat by Louis, not even saying a word as he did so, getting his pencil case out and resting his chin on his palm once again.

"You alright?" Louis softly asked, as everyone continued to get settled, and Mr Grant was sorting out some kind of PowerPoint presentation on the projector.

"No. It's a long story. Explain later." He blandly shortened it, not even sparing Louis a glance. He wasn't mad at him, of course he wasn't, but he just didn't want to talk to him while he was feeling so moody. He didn't want it seeming like Louis was the one he was annoyed at, and Louis seemed to get the hint that he wanted silence.

Today they just had to write up the conclusion of their projects, but Harry could barely concentrate. All that was running through his head, was a very violent list of ways he could hurt Kendall (not that he'd ever hurt a girl, but he could dream of hurting her.) He realised that he was writing rather violently, what with how hard he was pressing with his pen, so Louis once again asked what was wrong, more pleadingly this time.

Harry explained the situation, all of it. How Kendall had manipulated drunk him into giving her the key, how she had broken into their room, and how he had made up the excuse when confronted about the missing condoms. Louis was just as shocked as Harry that Kendall had been looking round in their room without their knowledge, but he praised Harry for his fast thinking when he came up with the excuse of 'two girls.'

"It's a shit excuse," Harry rolled his eyes, "I hate that I said that."

"It's better than admitting the truth, though, right? I'm sure that would have been bigger news to her." Louis soothed. "Don't worry, she'll get over it in the end."

Harry glanced Kendall's way, seeing that she had seemed to sense his gaze and was very fast glancing up, hatred flaming behind her eyes. She looked from Harry to Mr Grant, and a little smile seemed to stretch onto her face. He could see what she was plotting: telling Mr Grant what she now knew. Harry very subtly shook his head, a don't you dare sort of look, but it only seemed to broaden Kendall’s grin.

With her eyes remaining on Harry, Kendall raised her hand. It stuck out like black on a white background, her hand raised like that, and Harry held his breath when Mr Grant took notice, while
Louis' mouth was open in disbelief.

"Yes, Kendall?" Mr Grant asked, and everyone's attention was on her.

"Well, Sir, I just have to tell you something that I found out just today, about someone in our class when we went on our trip." Her tone was so childish, so girly and taunting, and Mr Grant looked puzzled.

"Okay, Kendall, why don't you come to my desk and tell me in private, so that it isn't in front of everybody else?" He suggested, and Kendall shot back a smug look at Harry before pushing out her chair, sauntering confidently to the front with a shake of her hips. Harry wanted to shoot a tranquilizer dart into her neck, quite honestly, watching her every move in sheer anger.

He saw her nattering away to Mr Grant a moment later, saw his eyes fall onto him momentarily, and wanted to disappear.

"Is she seriously telling him?" Louis gawped. "What an absolute bitch!"

And that was coming from pure, little Louis.

A moment later, Kendall sat back down, dropping Harry a sly wink as she did, and Mr Grant was getting to his feet and looking right Harry's way.

"Harry Styles, come outside with me. Now, please." He commanded, voice cold and unforgiving, and Harry tensed. Everyone's eyes were on him, people twisted round in their seats to stare, and he wanted to run out of that room and never, ever return again.

Kendall and her mates were snickering laughs among themselves, as Harry pushed himself to his feet, storming out of the room with a face full of pure resentment. Mr Grant followed closely behind, shutting the door, and Harry leant moodily against the wall of the corridor, his arms folded.

The classroom the other side of the door was deathly silent, Harry couldn't hear a thing, well aware his classmates were doing so in order to obtain maximum gossip as they eavesdropped on the conversation outside. And Mr Grant didn't even hold back with the volume of his tone, the pure vexation, and Louis cringed at how loud it was from inside the classroom.

"Harry Styles, I am appalled." Mr Grant began, absolutely enraged, staring Harry right in the face. "I'd like to remind you that a school trip has specific rules and guidelines you must follow, and this does include a very clear restriction on sex. And bringing not one, but two, of the local girls back to the hotel your class are staying at to fuck them is not what I call acceptable!"

Harry was shocked when Mr Grant used the word 'fuck' opposed to something deemed more school-friendly, knowing that this must have been a very, very bad situation for that word to have slipped out. From Louis' point of view, the entire class had erupted in little gasps following what Mr Grant had just shared, Kendall and Co. stifling laughs, and everyone was just in sheer disbelief over what they were hearing.

"Sorry." Harry muttered, voice a mix of annoyed and embarrassed, even such a quiet mutter loud and clear through the closed door. He despised playing along with this, but he was just out of energy by now. He knew he wasn't even feeling up to saying Kendall was lying, knowing he just had to take this telling off to make it all more believable.

"It doesn't seem like you are. Next time, would you actually use your brain to do your thinking, instead of another part of yourself. Go back inside now, Harry."
The light laughter, which had erupted from inside the classroom, ceased as soon as Harry pushed the door handle down and barged back into the room. The only people who hadn't been laughing along before had been Harry's friends, plus any girls in the room who had a crush on Harry and were simply jealous of what they were hearing, jealous of these mystery French girls. Which was quite a gathering of girls in his class, pretty much. Harry had a fan club, you could say. Everyone went back to pretending to do their work, as if they all hadn't overheard that entire telling off, but harry could feel the stares as he returned to his seat. He could hear Kendall and her friends cracking up, finding the situation absolutely hilarious.

Louis frowned at Harry in a sorry way, as the latter threw himself back down into his chair, immediately placing his head down on the top of his desk.

"Are you okay?" Louis whispered, nudging his leg against Harry's, who was heavily sighing into his folded arms beneath his face in response.

"Please stop asking me that."

"I'm sorry." Louis apologised, voice full of such concern and calmness. He got the sense that harry didn't want to engage with him any more as of now, so he stayed quiet afterwards, getting on with his writing.

Harry didn't do so until Mr Grant snapped at him to, so he finally lifted his head from his arms, sensing many pairs of eyes on him once again, pushing himself to start writing. He was so terribly embarrassed, it was unexplainable. Everyone in that room now thought of him as being a sleazy dick who fucked random girls. Nice.

As everyone got on with their writing, Kendall couldn't help herself any longer. She faked a loud cough into her hand, following it quickly with: "Harry's a manwhore."

The class erupted into fits of crazed laughter, having been waiting for any opportunity to do so, and the only ones not laughing were Harry and his mates. Christopher looked confused, like he wanted to laugh but also noted Harry's annoyance, so he stayed silent and looked annoyed too.

"That's enough!" Mr Grant yelled. "No more of that."

The laughter died down, Kendall's table of mates being the last to stop, and Harry had his eyes screwed shut, breathing in and out deeply. He was trying to stop himself from quite literally marching straight on over to Kendall and ripping the hair from her head, managing to calm himself down after a few moments.

The teasing continued for the rest of the day, and wasn't even just from Kendall and her group. Even people who were once scared of Harry were getting involved, when Harry kicked a football particularly hard in P.E and a boy called Alex had called out, "Do you think he fucked those French girls as hard as he kicked that ball?"

Everyone had laughed. Harry had shot Alex a glare, which had him silencing immediately from his proud laughter. How dare he disrespect someone like Harry?

Throughout their history class, the final class of the day, Harry continuously heard frequent calling outs of words such as "manwhore", "womaniser" and "slut" coming from Kendall and Co.'s direction, like each of them were taking it in turns to find the best insult to hurl. Louis tried his best to be supportive throughout the rest of the day, but even someone as sunshine happy as him
couldn't cheer Harry up. Niall, Charlie and Christopher were just too confused to even contribute in any way, or speak to Harry. All he could do was take the insults and wait for the day to end.

Yeeeah, he wasn't very hyped for his birthday tomorrow.
Still.
It was going to be pure hell.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Harry :(

If you're wondering, yeah, Louis does feel really awful. But Harry can't take back now what he told Kendall, and feels too defeated to even try to tell people it's not the truth.
Harry managed to fight his undying urge to physically strangle one of his ex-friends as the school day drew to an end. He reminded himself that they were simply immature, unable to refrain from making comments merely for a laugh. Kendall was jealous and Harry was glad of that, really, considering all the shit she had put he and Louis through.

He decided he would drop Louis at home again after school, to give his hard-working mum a break, and found himself coming to realise that this was probably going to become routinely from now on: him giving Louis lifts home from school. It definitely beat running Kendall to and from school every day, having to play the waiting game every morning as she approached his car to reveal whether or not she was in a bad mood again (which she would then seemingly blame him for.)

"It's been a pretty tough day for you." Louis spoke into the silence of the car, awkwardly drumming his fingertips on the seat beneath him. He had probably said this in order to test how Harry was feeling now.

"Yeah, it's been shit. But at the end of the day, I guess I'm just getting a taste of how most of our class feel, seeing as they're all victims of the bullying." Harry shrugged, keeping his eyes on the road. "And like when you first joined the class. They were awful to you."

Louis carelessly shrugged. "Didn't let that get to me too much."

"And I hate that you must have thought I was involved," Harry brought up, mind racing through his memories of Louis' first week at HCC. "Because I was associated with them, you know?"

"I always had a feeling you weren't involved. The way you used to always smile at me." Louis himself smiled at that, Harry saw it in the corner of his eye. "I knew you were the nice one. I just had to build up my trust."

"You know on our first day in the hotel room?"

Louis hummed in agreement. "Yeah?"

"I remember you saying you'd heard rumours about me, but you never said what they were. What were they?" Harry wondered, as they pulled up onto Louis' street.

"Oh," Louis drew in a deep breath, "I don't want to say now. I brought that up when I did because I thought I didn't like you."

"Just say. As I said then, I do get a lot of rumours about myself," Harry casually shrugged, parking the car at the side of the road outside Louis' house. "It won't bother me. I just want to know what you first found out about me, what people's first opinions would be."

"I was just told that you slept around." Louis shrugged.

"That can't be it," Harry contradicted, "There's got to be more to it than that, loads of people sleep around."
He could tell Louis was trying to downsize it, that he felt too bad to say what he had been told when he first joined.

"It's no big deal, Harry. I know the real you now."

"Just tell me, please? I just want to know."

Louis heavily sighed, finally turning to Harry. "Someone told me you'd slept with every girl in the class. Plus... our music teacher."

"Miss Bridges? What the fuck? Who told you that? Of course I haven't, Louis. And every girl, that's crazy!"

"I know you haven't, Harry, calm down!" Louis giggled. "I won't say who, it's no one we're friends with now anyway."

"I hate how people always hear that shit about me. People only make it up because they don't like me." Harry frowned. Louis reached over and patted him encouragingly on the leg.

"Harry, I like you. Obviously," He smirked a little, "and it's unfair that people have to say those things. They clearly don't know the real you, because you're an angel at heart."

Harry placed his hand on top of Louis', which was still on his leg. "Thank you, baby," He sang. "Why did they say Miss Bridges, anyway?" Louis chuckled. "She must be in her early thirties."

"Oh, that," Harry laughed, "There was this whole incident where she touched my thigh when she was talking to me. A bit like you're doing now, maybe just a little higher up."

"Oh." Louis piped, with a stark laugh. "Wow. So I guess people saw."

"She didn't mean anything by it, she never struck me as someone who liked me, I think she was just trying to be kind. And you get my humour, right? I started jokingly telling everyone I got her number. My joke wasn't taken as one, and - well - everyone thought I was sleeping with her. Including Kendall, at one point."

Louis shook his head disapprovingly. "It's so unfair, you're such a sweetheart yet everyone thinks of you as some..."

"Manwhore?" Harry completed the sentence, with a heartbreakingly sad smile.

It shattered Louis' heart for a second, seeing in that one attempted smile just how much it upset Harry, everyone thinking so lowly of him. He moved his hand up and grabbed onto Harry's hand in one, squeezing it.

"Harry, I really appreciate you taking the rap for everything, with Kendall finding those condoms. I know the real you, okay?"

Harry smiled, squeezing Louis' hand back. "Thanks, Lou." He leant forward and gave Louis a kiss on the lips. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Louis nodded, finally slipping his hand from Harry's and opening up the passenger side door. "See you."

He jumped out, slamming the door behind him, and waved at Harry once more before heading up the path towards his house. Harry exhaled heavily once he was alone with his thoughts again.
As Harry entered his house, he made his presence known with a rather monumental slam of the front door. He kicked off his Chelsea boots and threw his jacket onto a peg, in no mood to be anything less than negligent today. His dad (well, step-dad, in real terms), Robin, strolled from the living room a moment or two later. He had a wide grin on his face, as he hadn't yet seen Harry since he arrived home from the Paris trip, having been on a night work shift the previous evening.

"Alright, mate?" Robin greeted, patting Harry firmly on the back. "How was the trip?"

"Decent," Harry shrugged, pulling Robin into a proper hug instead. He pulled away after a few moments, lowering the volume of his voice while nudging his head towards the living room door, where he knew his mum would inevitably be. "Guessing she's dished out all my drama to you?"

Robin rolled his eyes. "What, your breakup? Of course she has, it's all she's been blabbering on about."

"That doesn't surprise me at all. I haven't spoken to her since she found out last night, she just started slating me for it, I know she only cares because of Kris, though." Harry explained, running a hand through his hair in stress. They had both headed to sit on the plush bench by the shoe rack, which was further from the living room door, once it had dawned on them both that this was becoming a real heart-to-heart - Harry's second in the last half an hour.

"Yeah, I figured that, too." Robin shrugged, an almost sorry sort of smile on his face. Harry was tracing his finger around the ripped knee of his jeans as a distraction, fringe of curls falling over his eyes. "I never liked the girl, you know?"

It urged Harry to look up the moment he heard this, cocking his head to the side. "Who, Kendall?"

Robin nodded. "Yes, Kendall. I got the vibe from day one that she wasn't a good match for you. Always seemed to me like she only cared for your looks." Well, Harry had found that to be pretty true, what with the backlash Kendall had given after the breakup. She had said numerous times that she was only with him for his looks, and the size of something he wasn't going to discuss with his step-dad.

"Wow, really?" Harry breathed, "You have always read people well."

"Mmm," Robin hummed in agreement, "You're a humble young man, Harry. You've got looks other boys would kill for, yet you're still a gentleman, still don't want to lead anybody on. Most guys would take advantage of it, get with as many girls as they could, but you're different to that."

Harry had heard way too much about that lately. The whole "manwhore" theme had been very prominent today.

Harry softly smiled, patting Robin appreciatively on the arm. "Thank you. That means a lot to hear."

He always had tried to be a gentleman. Sure, he had been involved in his fair share of hookups in the past, a few girls from his class, but he had always considered the girls' feelings afterwards, never wanted to act as though they didn't exist or anything. And hearing Robin putting that into words was something he had needed.

"No problem, mate." Robin got up using a push from his knees with some strain. "You do what makes you happy, Harry. I don't care what, I'll always be in your corner." He gave Harry one last
reassuring nod before wandering back into the living room.

Harry was left with a calm smile on his face. It seemed his day was getting a little better, despite the evening drawing near, but it didn't rid of the fact that tomorrow was his birthday. He dreaded the thought.

He headed upstairs, figuring he would let his mum come to him if she was ready to talk to him again. His room was tidy, just how he had left it, and he found himself really admiring his space as he slung down his bag and fell back stiffly onto his swivel desk chair.

He didn't need all of this -- that was his first thought. Perhaps it had struck him so hard after dropping Louis home, to his small, semi-detached house, which was probably even smaller on the inside. Someone lovely like Louis, whose family were probably equally so, should have had a house as big as Harry's. Even Harry's room was too big, and he didn't spend enough time in it, really.

His large, king-sized bed in the centre of the room, straight ahead from the door, layered with Egyptian cotton sheets; his oak-crafted wardrobe, crafted to fit perfectly in the wall to the right, full of expensive, designer clothes; his large, flat-screen television left of his bedroom door, with two games consoles on the artsy glass coffee table beneath it; the latest Apple Mac computer in front of him, on his desk, with its double-screen layout; and the large floor-to-ceiling windows either side of his bed, giving the perfect view of their spacious garden, and his beloved swimming pool.

Why the hell did he need all of this?

He had a photo board above his computer, crammed full of pinned Polaroids and photographs he had taken over the last few school years. Many had Kendall in, plus his other old friends, and it made his stomach twist in disgust. Without hesitation, he stood up and ripped them all down, one-by-one, any photograph containing those five wretched people, until they were all in the bin by his desk. There were only seven photos left, pinned to that board, which were either family photos or artistic photos Harry had taken himself. His ex-friends had been such a huge part of his life, and now they meant nothing anymore.

Harry decided to take a nap. His mind was too crammed with bullshit, he just wanted it to be another day, even if he was dreading tomorrow.

---

He awoke sharply to the sound of a Facebook messenger notification coming from his phone. It was dark now, and Harry was fully dressed and confused. He patted groggily around the mattress for his phone, which he found next to him, squinting against the painful brightness of his phone screen as he unlocked it. It was exactly midnight.

**Louis Tomlinson:** Happy birthday Sunshine ;) xx

Harry's mouth curled into a large grin. Louis knew! He definitely hadn't expected that, considering nobody had been mentioning it at all. And he had waited until bang-on midnight to message him.

**Harry Styles:** You little angel. Thank you, Louis, it means so much that you know!!! .xx

Louis was typing immediately.

**Louis Tomlinson:** Of course I know !! I'm good like that hehe. Not gonna lie though, I'm practically falling asleep xx
Just when Harry thought the situation couldn't get any more adorable. Louis had been fighting to stay awake for this, and it made Harry's heart ache.

**Harry Styles:** *Oh my god you are so precious. Get some beauty sleep, little one!!! Not that you need it ;)* .xx

**Louis Tomlinson:** *You've definitely had more than enough of yours. Good night Harry, I will see you tomorrow !! Xxx*

**Harry Styles:** *Night gorgeous, love you .xx*

Louis didn't reply again.

---

Harry felt like shit the next day. It was nothing like when he was younger, when he would be up bright and early and would be bounding into his parents' room for attention, it was just dull now. He got up like every other day, took a shower, brushed his teeth, got dressed and packed his backpack.

He headed downstairs ten minutes before he was set to leave, entering the large, marble-tiled kitchen. His mother was preparing breakfast, for Robin, probably, moving about the room and opening cupboards, a frying pan sizzling away on the hob. Robin was sat on a stool at the kitchen island in the centre of the room, reading the morning paper.

"Morning, Harry." Anne greeted, barely even glancing up, busy laying some bacon into the pan.

"Morning," Robin crowed, displaying a casual smile Harry's way.

Had they actually forgotten?

"Hi," Harry piped up, grabbing a glass from the cupboard, opening the fridge and retrieving a carton of orange juice. He poured a glass, body feeling a little more stiff than usual.

"Do you have time for breakfast, if I make you some?" Anne offered, and Harry shook his head as he drank his drink with one hand and returned the carton to the fridge with the other, nudging the fridge door shut with his hip.

"No. Thanks."

"Okay," Anne hummed, her eyes idly now on the television on the wall.

"I'm gonna leave a little early," Harry muttered, putting his backpack over one shoulder. "Bye."

"Bye, mate, have a good day." Robin called, as Harry headed quickly towards the exit of the room. His jaw was locked in annoyance as he slid his Chelsea boots on, leaving the house with a slam of the door.

He may have been thinking he wouldn't have cared if people forgot, but maybe deep down he hadn't really meant it. How could they really forget? It was pretty ridiculous. Even *Louis* knew, and he had no reason to know, seeing as nobody had told him.

This day was already falling apart.

---
As soon as Harry and Louis had met behind the school that morning, in a spot Harry knew they wouldn't be seen at (behind the maths block, in a field-type area), as nobody went there so early, Louis had run up to him and encased him in a huge hug.

"Happy birthday!" He exclaimed, swaying side to side a little as they embraced.

"Thank you, honey," Harry chuckled, kissing Louis on the head before they broke the hug, "I'm so happy you knew."

"I may or may not have checked your Facebook when I first joined the school." Louis shrugged, a coy smile playing on his face. "Maybe I had a crush?"

Harry playfully rolled his eyes. "I don't care how you found out, it's just nice of you to remember. At least someone did."

Louis tilted his head aside, a confused look on his face, eyebrows cutely furrowed. "What do you mean by that?"

"My parents, I think they forgot," Harry shrugged. "Acted like it was a normal day this morning, didn't say a thing about it."

"God, really?" Louis gasped. "I'm so sorry, Harry, do you really think they have?"

"I don't know, probably," Harry shrugged, "But I'm glad you didn't."

"Oh!" Louis seemed to have remembered something all of a sudden, shrugging off his backpack and opening it. He got out a box-shaped wrapped present. "Here you go. For you."

"Louis!" Harry wailed. "No! You didn't have to, I'm not taking that from you."

"Take it!" Louis giggled, shaking his hand eagerly. "Please!"

Harry lightly chuckled to himself, playfully shaking his head as he took the gift from Louis. He put on a stupidly suspicious face as he felt the object, a grin on his face.

"What is it?"

"Why would I tell you? Open it and see." Louis laughed. "It may not be amazing, but I just wanted to get you something."

Harry ripped off the wrapping paper, throwing it into the bin beside them, and his eyes widened at the blue box in his hands.

*Tommy Hilfiger.*

"Louis, no!" Harry gasped. "Are you crazy? You can't be serious!"

"Open it." Louis smiled.

Harry opened up the box to see a beautiful watch.
He ran his fingertips over the face in awe, shaking his head.

"Louis, how much was this? Why did you get me something so expensive?"

"Well, because one, I broke your watch. And two, you bought me three Tommy Hilfiger jumpers! This is the least I can do for your birthday."

"I'm so close to crying right now," Harry appreciatively said, "How did you afford this? These things are around a hundred and fifty."

He was speechless. It was a beautiful watch, similar colours to his Rolex, and he probably actually liked it even more than the Rolex. But he couldn't take this from Louis.

"I got it at the airport, there was a little Tommy Hilfiger shop there. And I have a savings account, don't worry, I--"

"You got this from your savings?!!" Harry exclaimed. "I'm sending you the money, Louis, that is not fair on you."

"It's your birthday, and I want you to accept the watch." Louis assured. "Harry, you have done so much for me. You literally saved my life too, in case you don't remember. I'm a completely different person than I was before that trip, and it's all because of you. You've made me..."

He trailed off, sniffing sharply as tears came. Harry was quick to pull him into a hug with his free arm.

"You've made me want to be alive." Louis weakly finished, voice shaking, and Harry felt a rawness in his throat too as he fought back tears. He buried his face into Louis' shoulder lovingly, inhaling his sweet scent.

"Baby," He gently said, "I'm so happy to hear that."

"So please take the watch," Louis wiped his tears with his sleeves as they broke the hug. "I don't care if you don't even wear it, it can collect dust on your desk for all I care, I just wanted to get you it."

"I'm going to wear it every day," Harry said, voice full of confidence. He carefully got the watch from its cushioned bed in the box, slipping the container into his bag before putting the watch on, admiring it in the early morning sunshine. "I love it so much, Louis. And every time I look at it, I'll
think of my little Tommy Hilfiger model."

"Who?"

"You, silly," Harry smirked. "I'll think of you."

He cupped Louis' face with his hands, smiling at him before pressing a few kisses all around his face, while Louis giggled, the final kiss right on his lips, twice.

"Thank you, Lou Lou."

"That's okay." Louis shyly smiled, face still in Harry's palms.

"God, you're so beautiful."

"Let's get to class," Louis gushed, giggling as he shook from Harry's grasp. "Come on."

Harry cockily smiled, nodding in agreement before following Louis back towards the main part of the school campus.

Chapter End Notes

Hmmmm have they actually forgotten? :O
Their sweet present exchange meant that they ended up missing registration period, and they instead had to sign in at main reception so the school knew they weren't absent. At least that meant one less room to be in with Kendall and Co. Harry felt his palms begin to sweat a little when he remembered that they had maths first today, and in maths he was still sat by Kendall. This was when he really did wish they had gone to registration period, just so he would have gotten it out the way.

Louis offered to go in first, as their entire class was already in there and seated, and it was a very confident move for him and very considerate. Harry's body was stiff as he moved into the room behind Louis, going for his cool and collected approach, head held high. He could feel the stares, so intensely. They received a look from Mr Bradley that was soaked in disapproval, despite them literally being just three minutes late, and they headed to their seats.

Today, Kendall was wearing one of Harry's old hoodies, one she had stolen from him in the past. She was also wearing a large, smug grin that made Harry seethe. He said nothing as he sat beside her, only able to smell the slathering of perfume she was wearing (again, a perfume he had bought her for her last birthday.)

"Happy birthday." She lowly wished, eyebrows raised smugly. He could tell she was hurting really, probably devastated that she couldn't spend it with him. He loved it.

He didn't reply though, acted as though her phrase had sounded no more than a rush of air, proceeding to get a pen and notebook from his bag.

"Happy birthday." She repeated, a little more aggressively, so that Harry slammed a palm onto the table in pure anger.

"Okay! Thank you!" He exclaimed, looking up at Mr Bradley to find him already scowling his way.

"Harry Styles, respectful conduct in my classroom, please. I don't appreciate you slamming the tables."

"God, give him a break." Came Louis' voice suddenly. Harry thought he had imagined it at first, thought it was a figment of his imagination, but it wasn't. Louis really had said it, and Harry was holding his breath during the moments that followed, terrified of what was going to be said. To his complete and utter surprise, he got an apology. Perhaps it was sarcastic, but it didn't really sound so.

"Sorry, Harry," Zayn said, "Happy birthday, mate."

Even if it was genuine, Harry didn't care. It didn't erase the fact that Zayn had, moments before, made yet another comment about the 'imaginary' French girls. He was done with that, and he was most certainly done with Zayn. But considering the awkward silence, he responded, bluntly.
"Thanks."

A few people around the room crowed their 'Happy Birthday's to him too, which he thanked them all for, while Mr Bradley stood at the front of the room looking very impatient indeed.

"Right, okay, happy birthday, Harry. Now can I get on with the lesson?" Mr Bradley cut in, abruptly, "Or will there be any more interruptions?"

Silence. The lesson finally commenced, and as it did, Louis glanced over Harry's way with a supportive smile. Harry dropped a secret wink as his way of saying thank you, still unable to believe Louis had been brave enough to defend him against Zayn. He could only imagine how fast Louis' heart must have been thudding when he said it.

Harry began note-taking, and the class got a bit more talkative a little while in, when they had been set a task to do. Kendall obviously had to use it as a chance to chat away again, as if Harry cared.

"I'd already bought your birthday present before we even went to Paris," She claimed, not looking up from her neatly cursive handwriting. "But didn't exactly expect your rude arse to dump me."

"Good for you." He muttered under his breath, continuing to jot down notes himself.

"You're so rude," Kendall sneered. "I actually woke up this morning considering giving you the present anyway, you know that? Clearly I made the correct decision by not."

"I'm hardly rude, you're the one who's been consistently rude to me, Kendall. Keep the fucking present, I couldn't care less. It's not like we're friends now."

"I miss you." She barely whispered, so quietly that perhaps she hadn't even intended to said it at all, maybe it just slipped out. Harry left it lingering in the air though, knowing it would be best not to respond to. He already knew it anyway, how much she missed him, simply from the looks she always gave him. And her outfit and perfume choice were a bit of a dead giveaway too, as it basically screamed 'Harry.'

She stayed silent after that. Harry knew she was being pensive, probably reminiscing of their past little rendezvous and adventures, and he was quite frankly glad that she was hurting. She deserved that right now considering the things she had done.

All Harry was thinking about, throughout his work, was kissing Louis. Hell yeah.

---

Whether or not Zayn's decision to wish Harry a Happy Birthday had been authentic or not, his kindness clearly didn't last. All throughout their Biology lesson, Kendall and her group threw things at him. The objects gradually ranged in size, starting with scrunched up pieces of paper, and it got to the point where Liam had thrown an entire textbook at his head halfway through the lesson before they all ducked their heads in thunderous, suppressed laughter. Harry felt a lump in his throat then, like tears were welling behind his eyes, which was so unusual for him: it was very rare that he cried. This was just getting a bit too much. Louis was by his side, constantly whispering soothing things, but it wasn't enough.

The teacher angrily sent them all out of the classroom for their conduct, and as they passed by Harry's desk, Gigi pushed all of his things onto the floor when their teacher had gone back to typing on her computer, all while muttering a sarcastic 'oops!'

"Good one, Gi." Cheryl snickered. "Where all his stuff belongs."
It had gone too far now for Harry, the tears finally brimming in his eyes, and he grabbed his backpack from beneath the desk, chair scraping loudly on the floor as he pushed it back and stormed out of the room, before his ex-friends had gotten anywhere near the exit. The lump caught in his throat had finally lost its strain as Harry choked on a sob, wiping away a tear with the back of his hand as he sped along the corridor.

He felt absolutely ridiculous for having stormed out in tears, fully hoping nobody had seen him actually crying. He was heading straight for the same place he and Louis had been that morning, the field tucked away behind the maths block, and although it wasn't far from where his class were, it was certainly away from them. No one would suspect he was there. Well, but one.

He collapsed on the floor by the brick wall of the building, bag carelessly strewn down next to him, head in his hands as he shakily cried into them. All his emotions seemed to have escalated far too much in one burst, and he just couldn't take it anymore; he was pretty much a wreck. It only took about two minutes for Louis to be hurrying over, with Harry's belongings in his arms, the ones that had been pushed horribly to the ground.

"Oh dear," Louis sadly said, placing Harry's belongings gently on top of Harry's backpack before sitting by his side, wrapping him in a hug from the side, "It's okay, Harry."

Harry was sobbing rather aggressively into Louis' shoulder, the type of sobbing that was so heavy, it resulted in him heavily coughing to follow and needing a sharp pat on the back from Louis. He was so embarrassed, the way he was gripping so hard onto Louis' arms - probably leaving marks on his skin through the material - and the way he kept choking on sobs so babyishly. Louis was stroking his hair tenderly, Harry's face against his shoulder.

"Let it out," Louis gently soothed, "I think everything just hit you at once, didn't it?"

Harry simply nodded against his shoulder, continuing to breathily sob. He didn't want to lift his head because he knew how much of an ugly mess he'd look.

"I know how it feels to sit in a classroom and try not to cry, when you're feeling awful," Louis softly continued, once he got the inkling that Harry wasn't exactly up for doing it himself. "You get that lump in your throat, don't you? And you feel like you can't say anything, otherwise it'll all come crashing down. I know how that feels, but it's okay to cry. It's healthy, rather than bottling it up."

"I'm sorry." Harry croaked out, clearing his throat and sniffing as he lifted his head. "It's just rare for me, crying. Never really know how to handle it."

"Maybe you need to cry a bit more often, Harry," Louis sounded concerned, "I know guys are supposed to cry less than girls, and all that, but it does help to take the load off."

"I've realised I'm an ugly crier too." Harry sniffed again, wiping his nose carelessly on his sleeve.

"It's not possible for you to be ugly ever!" Louis exclaimed in disbelief. "Even now I'd love to look like you. And I still love looking at you, too."

Harry huffed out a laugh, a dimple prominent in his cheek as he couldn't hold back a smile at that. "Thank you, babe. I love looking at you too, and I'd happily swap looks."

"What, so you could see what it'd be like to date yourself?" Louis smugly asked, raising an eyebrow. "Because I don't see any other incentives to your proposition."

Harry rolled his eyes, "Course not, I'd just like to look like you."
They linked eyes for a few moments, before Harry remembered how flushed red his face must have been, and how generally bad he must have looked at that moment in time. He ducked his head again, heavily sighing.

"This has gone really far now, the Kendall situation," He dead-panned, "I'm annoyed at myself for storming out in tears. For fuck's sake, it makes me look so weak to them."

"Well, you did the right thing, I reckon. At least now they know how upset you really are. If you'd have gotten angry instead, they probably would have retaliated twice as hard, and that wouldn't have ended well at all." Louis theorised, rubbing him gently on the forearm. "I'm so sorry this had to happen to you on your birthday, it's so shit. They're ruining everything for you."

Harry shrugged, negligently. "Oh well, you're the only good thing this day's brought to me so far."

"What about Christopher's ridiculous attempt to use slang when wishing you a happy birthday?" Louis giggled upon remembering it.

God, they had been walking to Biology when Christopher had dropped a: Happy birthday, bro! I hope you have a peng day." In short form, Harry appreciated Charlie and Niall's more modest, normal wishings.

"Don't even remind me," Harry shuddered through the cringe, "He really thinks it works, doesn't he?"

"It's quite sweet, he wants to be just like you." Louis fondly smiled. "That must be flattering, surely?"

"I guess so. I'll let him have his fun." Harry chuckled, reaching forwards and grabbing his things, unzipping his backpack and returning them to it. "Thanks for grabbing my stuff."

"That's no problem." Louis smiled. "What do you want to do, then? I doubt you want to go back to Biology."

"What were the class saying when I stormed out?" Harry suddenly worried, not even taking what Louis had said into account.

"They didn't say anything, Harry."

"They definitely did, what was it? They must have been talking amongst themselves." Harry frowned. "Can you tell me?"

"Just heard little mutters, people asking each other if you were crying," Louis shrugged it off, "And that you never cry. It's not that big of a deal."

"I'm so embarrassed." Harry groaned, stumbling to his feet, with a hand on the brick wall for leverage. He helped pull Louis to his feet too, and they brushed the grass from their jeans.

"Again, Harry, it isn't a big deal. I've stormed off before," Louis shrugged, "People forget about it. They don't really care anyway, they're just interested in the drama."

"Oh, and to answer your question before, I don't know what to do now. I'm definitely not going back in that room, I'd probably end up knocking someone out." Harry seethed, maybe with a tad humour. "You can go back if you want, I'm just going to take a walk."

"I'll come with you, then."
Harry looked at him as if he was mad, cocking an eyebrow.

"You'd skip the rest of the lesson?"

"Yeah, why not?" He shrugged. "I've got my stuff too, I kind of had the feeling we wouldn't go back."

"You naughty boy!" Harry chuckled. "Skipping class!"

"We're hardly skipping it, I think he knows we're not coming back." Louis giggled.

"True."

They ended up on a light stroll round the school field. On their stroll Harry reminded Louis that he still wanted to pay to get Louis' phone screen fixed for him, following Louis drunkenly throwing it at the wall, and once again got a refusal (he was definitely going to pay for it for him.) They also chatted about how the weather was still freezing, but they didn't go into the Kendall situation again. Harry needed a break from that.

The time passed by far too quickly, and soon it was time for their next lesson, which was music. Harry was dreading it hugely, because one, obviously Kendall and Co. plus his class were going to be there to deal with, and two, Mrs Bridges, their teacher, was back off her leave. He always got teased about her, ever since she had placed that hand on his thigh, and today he really couldn't be bothered with it.

He walked in with Louis, and they sat with Niall, Charlie and Christopher to the side of the room. Mrs Bridges wasn't in the room yet, luckily, but their entire class was. Everyone was staring at Harry, he was well aware of that, but tried not to think of it. Then stupid Christopher decided to loudly talk into the room.

"Were you crying earlier, Harry?"

Harry literally clenched his eyes shut in irritation, internally face-palming and huffing out a sigh.

"Thanks for that, Christopher." He sarcastically replied. He could hear Gigi's laugh from the back of the room, but he turned their way briefly to see that Kendall looked rather upset; probably for having actually made Harry cry. She knew how little he usually let his emotions show.

Mrs Bridges entered the classroom a few moments later and Harry literally held his breath, just waiting for the first comment. It came in the form of Liam calling out Harry's name, before covering it with a sharp, fake cough. Laughter fanned out from round the room, while Harry rolled his eyes, and Louis remembered now the rumours about Harry and this woman (who seemed to be rolling her eyes playfully with a smile. Perhaps she even thought Harry had a crush on her because of the comments.)

"Good afternoon, everyone." She greeted, smiling welcomingly. "How's everyone doing?"

"Miss, it's Harry's birthday!" Cheryl yelled out, with a snort of a laugh. "He's one year closer to you now."

She seemed to take it light-heartedy once again, turning in Harry's direction with a grin. "Happy birthday, Harry."

"Thanks." He bluntly said, distracting himself by getting out his pen.
She started the lesson, droning on about song-writing, while Harry doodled aimlessly in his notebook. Louis pushed his leg against Harry's beneath the table to get his attention.

"What?" Harry whispered.

"Do you actually like her?" His voice had some doubt in it, insecurity almost, that had Harry scoffing out a quiet laugh.

"No! Of course I don't, Louis, why would I?"

"Oh. Okay. I just worried, that's all."

"Definitely nothing to worry about there." Harry smiled, keeping the volume of his voice low. "I'd choose you over anyone."

"Can anyone give me an answer? Harry?" Mrs Bridges called on him suddenly. She was always selecting him out of everyone, so often, and it only made everything else so much worse.

"He's too busy imagining something else, Miss," Zayn called out. "Which I can't mention."

"Sorry, I wasn't paying attention." Harry admitted, ignoring Zayn. "What was the question?"

"She asked if you want to go out sometime." Gigi added, spitefully.

"Okay, that's enough." Mrs Bridges sternly added, scowling the way of Gigi's table. She turned back to Harry, patiently. "My question was, what would you write a song about, if you had to choose a base subject?"

Louis' crystal blue eyes; his petal-soft lips; his button nose; his little ears; his slender neck, his lovely tummy; his slightly squidgy and massively kissable hips; that beautiful bum of his...

"Umm..." Harry hesitated, before shrugging hopelessly. "Dunno."

"I know what he would write one about!" Liam chipped in, a mischievous smirk on his face that Harry wanted to slap off. He dreaded what Liam was about to say. "He'd write a song about fucking you against your desk, Miss."

The class gasped out shocked laughs, Louis' mouth dropped open in disgust, Harry didn't quite know what to do, and Mrs Bridges had never looked so outraged in her life.

"Liam Payne, get the hell out of this classroom, right now!" She almost screamed, pointing furiously towards the door. "I am absolutely speechless, your conduct is just appalling!"

Harry slammed his head forwards onto his folded arms on his desk, groaning in full-on embarrassment as the laughter barely died down. He could hear Louis muttering something about how gross Liam was, and how in disbelief he was that he had actually said something that bad. It had been as worse as the commentary had ever gotten, having gone one step too far this time around.

"He didn't mean that," Charlie defended quickly, coming to Harry's aid, "Liam's just making up stupid lies."

"Okay, Charlie, thank you. And to anyone else who wants to start making inappropriate comments, I suggest you leave now, because I'm not going to tolerate that in my classroom."

Harry looked up to immediately lock eyes with her, wanting to shoot himself, but she smiled
reassuringly as a way of saying she knew it was all a lie. She went back to teaching shortly after, before going outside to have a mini argument with Liam. Louis kept going on and on about how weird it was that they were so open like that with teachers just for a joke. It was true: Harry would never dream of saying something so grossly wild. His birthday was turning to literal shit at this point.

---

**Mother:** Can you drive to the shop after school and get a few things we've run out of?? Bread, butter, milk, orange juice, toothpaste. xxx

Harry rolled his eyes as the text came through, as he and Louis walked to his car in the car park, once they'd finally made it to three o'clock.

"What?" Louis queried, craning his neck over to get a look.

"Oh, just my mum saying she wants me to grab some stuff from the shop," He rolled his eyes, "I'm so tired, I think I just want to sleep now."

"Aww, I'm sorry it's been such a bad day for you." Louis frowned, as they jumped into Harry's car. "I would offer to go somewhere with you, but my sister Felicite has this play on tonight at her school, I..." He trailed off, as if he was changing his mind suddenly. "I can stay with you instead if you'd prefer? I mean, it is your birthday."

"No, Lou, it's okay. You go see your sister's play, I'll be alright at home. I'll probably get some sleep, to be honest."

"Oh. Okay."

He started the engine, so it roared to life, barely even checking the space around the car was clear before backing out of the space and zooming out of the car park. He was probably driving a bit faster than usual too, feeling a little more reckless after such a god-awful day, but he managed to do so in a safe manner. He didn't want little Louis in any danger. He got him home pretty fast, parking up in the usual spot.

"What time is your sister's play?" He smiled, deciding the silence during the ride had been too extensive for his liking. Louis returned the smile as he unplugged his seatbelt.

"Four until six," He giggled, "It better be worth my time."

"I'm sure it will be." Harry chuckled, leaning in to kiss Louis. They exchanged about six lingering kisses before Louis opened up the door.

"Call me tonight?" He offered. "If you're not asleep that is."

"I will. Talk later, sexy." Harry winked. Louis playfully rolled his eyes.

"Bye, Harry."

"I love you, Louis."

Louis smiled, nodded and turned towards his house, beginning the walk up the path. All while Harry once again over-thought to himself, throughout his drive home, why Louis hadn't said he loved him back. Again.
So yeah, more to come in the next chapter surrounding how Harry's evening goes HA! Sorry if this was a bit shit, I guess it was a bit filler-y? And btw yes I know Harry needs to speak to the head teacher or something about his ex friends behaviour!!:

And people think Harry is a manwh*re (God I hate that word) I know, he will surely fix that in the future though xx
Harry's supposedly 'quick pop to the shops' ended up dragging on for about an hour. His mum just kept texting him extra things: *Can you find this very specific foundation shade for your sister? Oh, and your father's asking if you'll pick up his golf clubs from the sports shop, they're ready for collection.* He was completely and utterly drained by the time he was done, and for some reason he hadn't even suspected a thing, as to why his family were trying to keep him away for so long.

He pulled up into the driveway, trying to hold the bag full of his dad's golf clubs under one arm, the bag of shopping in his hand, while his free hand jammed his key into the lock, opening up the door. The instant he did, he almost experienced a genuine heart attack as around fifty voices screamed "surprise!" at him.

He stumbled back a little, out the door again, a hand on his chest and wide smile on his face as his eyes surveyed the many people crowded in his house's hallway.

"Oh my God!" He chuckled, setting the golf clubs against the wall by the door. "What's with all this?"

His mum rushed forwards, encasing him in a tight hug before taking the carrier bag of shopping off of him.

"Your surprise party, honey! Why else would I have made you get all this?" She laughed, holding up the bag. "It was awful having to pretend we'd forgotten, love. We never would. Everyone's here, Harry! Go and have a mingle."

She wandered off into the kitchen, and Harry was wrapped in many hugs as people came forwards to wish him happy birthday, some he couldn't even remember; a lot of them were commenting on how tall and handsome he was getting, suggesting he hadn't seen them in a while. They all moved into the living room, where there was food laid out on the table, many cards and presents on another makeshift one, and music playing on the flat-screen television above the fireplace as everybody settled into groups to start chatting.

"Look at you!" An auntie of his was greeting him suddenly, pulling him into a rather awkward hug. He knew she was from his mum's side, her sister, but they never spoke and he had no idea what to really say in response.

"Hi! It's been a while." He opted for, patting her on the back in the hug. She pulled away, holding him by the upper arms with a smile.

"Gosh, you look so much like Anne."

"I'll take that as a compliment." Harry chuckled, grinning widely. She finally let go of her hold on him, tucking her hands casually into her back pockets.

"Is your girlfriend coming? What's her name again... Kendall?"

He wanted to wince. It dawned on him then that pretty much everybody in the room was going to be asking about Kendall, how she was and everything, and he had no clue how to resolve that.
"Oh, uh..." He awkwardly scratched the back of his neck. "We broke up, actually."

"Oh no!" She covered her mouth. "I'm so sorry for bringing it up! That's my bad, Harry, darling. Ignore me."

"No, it's honestly fine," He smiled, "It was kinda my decision to break things off."

"Well, whatever is going on, I just hope you're happy with whatever the outcome is, Harry. You do what makes you happy." She patted his arm, raising her glass of champagne in a friendly manner before wandering off to chat with other groups of people.

Harry was having a deep conversation with someone who claimed to be a second cousin of his, ten minutes later, until he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was Robin, with a casual smile.

"Sorry to interrupt, mate. Quick word?"

Harry smiled appreciatively at his cousin before asking to be excused, which he happily granted. Harry moved slightly aside in the grand living room, where Robin had a quick chat with him, not having to keep his voice low due to the upbeat music and general hum of conversation.

"Just a heads up, your mum's invited Kris. And I'm sure she will bring all the girls. I did try to stop her, Harry, I really did, but she insisted on it." He frowned, "They'll probably be here soon. I'm sorry."

"Are you kidding me?" Harry groaned, putting his head in his hands for a couple of moments. "Really? She knows how upset I am about it, how could she do that?"

"I know, mate. I just thought I'd let you know, maybe you can manage to avoid them," He shrugged, patting Harry's back. "Hopefully she doesn't bring Kendall."

As if on cue, Anne was wandering into the living room, chatting brightly with Kris, who was dressed up a little too much in an expensive-looking black and white number. And behind her, what Harry had hugely dreaded, were Kris' five daughters. They were all dolled up - Kendall especially, who was wearing a red dress which was tight fitting at the top and flowy round the skirt. Harry wanted to retch, and found himself dipping his gaze back to Robin in an instant, desperate for a distraction.

"For fuck's sake," He muttered to him, "I'm so annoyed at mum for this."

He glanced the way of Kendall and her sisters again, to find them already glaring his way. It was such a penetrating glare, metaphorical daggers shooting his way, as they headed past him towards the other side of the room. But as Kendall had then diverted her gaze away again, Kim dropped a wink Harry's way and he was pretty sure he got an up-and-down look from Kylie.

"Charming," Robin muttered, "Her sisters are just as lovely, evidently." There was so much sarcasm in his tone and Harry loved it.

"Too right." He rolled his eyes. "They're just going to be over there glaring at me all evening."

"Don't let it ruin your party, Harry, you can distract yourself by chatting with people again." He offered. "Grab a beer and forget about them, eh?"

He was right. If Harry was going to show Kendall he didn't care, in his own fucking home on his fucking birthday, then he had to lighten up. He grabbed a beer bottle from the arrangement of drinks on the dining table, cracking it open with the bottle opener and taking a well-deserved swig.
He could definitely sense Kendall and her sisters talking about him, looking his way and watching his every move, but he distracted himself by starting a conversation with his grandfather.

For the most part, Kendall and her sisters stayed put in their little corner, chatting amongst themselves and helping themselves to food and drinks. How dare they stand there in Harry's house, on Harry's birthday, eating and drinking Harry's food and drinks? It was laughable really. Harry even ended up making eye contact with Kris as they passed each other in the room, and she scowled at him. *Literally* scowled, paired with an up-and-down look of utter disapproval. It was a look that screamed: 'why the fuck did you dump my daughter, you low-life bastard?' but without words.

When the time reached quarter to six, after over an hour and a half of mingling and pretending to know people, Harry's mum wanted to make an announcement.

"Could I have everybody's attention, please?" She called, while clinking a spoon against her champagne glass, so that the room fell silent and everybody turned to face her. "I'd like to thank everybody for coming today, it's turned out to be a lovely evening. And, obviously, I'd like to once again wish my gorgeous son a very happy nineteenth birthday."

There was an uproar of applause and people calling out their happy birthdays again, somebody loudly whistling from the back of the room, and Harry smiled appreciatively.

"And, just one last thing, Harry. Someone just wants to say a few words."

In the corner of Harry's eye, he could see the red blur of Kendall's dress as she headed up to stand by Anne. His heart immediately began thudding faster against his ribcage, feeling like the blood drained from his face, as she linked eyes with him and smiled. His face remained completely straight, eyebrows furrowed a little. He was so deeply embarrassed already, before she even spoke.

"Harry," She began, softly, so falsely soft. "I just want to start by saying that I'm sorry for everything that's happened. As most people in this room will know, you and I dated for a very significant amount of time, almost three years, and since we broke up, I..." She deeply inhaled, "I haven't had one happy moment in my life."

There were affectionate cooes around the room, people finding this utterly heartwarming, and in all honesty Harry wanted to throw up. How could she be so two faced?

"I wanted to ask for another chance." She finished, before shyly looking down at her feet. Instantly, everyone turned to look right at Harry, all wearing optimistic smiles, and he felt his face reddening in humiliation. His eyes frantically took in all the faces, shaking his head quickly as his chest heaved up and down.

"I mean... no. No, Kendall." He spoke up, voice sure and steady. "You've treated me like complete shit, why would I give you any more chances?"

"Harry!" Anne scolded from across the room. Everybody was in absolute shock as they stared at him, mouths hanging open and eyes wide. The most prominent were probably Kris'; she looked pretty much ready to strangle him.

"No, mum, I don't care. What, you think having an audience is going to change things? If only you were able to see how Kendall and my old, so-called friends are treating me now, you wouldn't believe it. Kendall isn't the sweetheart you think, are you?" He shot her way, eyebrows raised.

"We don't... we don't bully you, babe, you're seeing it all wrong!" She wailed, and Harry rolled his
eyes.

"Don't call me babe. You lost that right. I appreciate everybody coming, I really do," He addressed them all, "But I'm afraid I'll have to be going now before I literally lose my mind."

He moved through the crowd towards the exit of the living room, everybody parting ways to let him through, and he shook from his mother's firm, furious grip on his shoulder and managed to get out of the house before she could scold him for it.

He had known he had to leave, because the anger had been bubbling up and he didn't want to cause any form of violent scene. Plus, there was no one there to even take his violence out on, and he sure as hell didn't want to start heavily swearing at Kendall in front of her family and his. He would just have to get his violent revenge another day.

He was keeping up a very brisk, very angry walk towards the local park, mind stirring with absolute disbelief when he thought about how his mum could do something like that to humiliate him so much. Had she really just expected that to fix everything? Sure, it's what she wanted, but clearly she wasn't concerned about his happiness. She just wanted things to be easy again, and that was ridiculous.

He reached the park fast with his long legs, falling back onto the nearest bench and tipping his head back a little in a loud sigh, one which had been building up since Kendall and her family had arrived. It was ridiculous that, even at home, Kendall had the power to ruin his birthday. Fucking ridiculous.

It was ten minutes past six, his gorgeous watch from Louis told him.

Louis.

He grabbed his phone from his pocket and opened up a text, shooting it to Louis fast. But he didn't even make it about himself, because his first thought had been that it was gone six o'clock, and Louis' sister's play must have just finished.

Harry: How was the play? xx

It took a couple of minutes for him to get a reply, and had him smiling as he wrapped his jacket tighter around himself.

Louis: Pretty amateur ;) thought you said you were tired. Did you have a nap? Xx

Harry: I bet it was brilliant!! About me, well it's such a long story. Turns out my parents did remember my birthday and threw this stupid party, loads of people were there. Including Kendall and her family. She made this stupid speech in front of everyone about missing me and she asked for another chance and I kind of freaked out and rejected her in front of everyone and then stormed out and now I'm sat in the park .xx

Wow, that was a mouthful. But typing it all kind of lifted the weight off his shoulders a little, but his chest was still heaving in annoyance, especially from recalling it all again. His mother had been crazy. Louis took a little longer to reply this time, understandably.

Louis: Oh my goodness ! That sounds awful Harry that she had to ruin the party by doing all that : ( I'm sorry to hear. You shouldn't be sat in the park on your own, it's your birthday :( xx

Harry: I'll survive babe. Just cooling off you know? But will need to be here quite a while now
because I'm sure my mum hates me, God:/ .xx

Louis: Do you want to come over? Xx

Louis' reply had come through so fast that it was almost as though he had been considering sending it the whole time, but had only just managed to convince himself. Harry's eyebrows raised a little, a smile making its way onto his face.

Harry: Really? .xx

Louis: Definitely xx

Harry: Right now? .xx

Louis: If you want to. We just got back from the play but I'm sure my mum will be more than happy if you come round! xx

Harry: Thank you so much baby. I'll see you soon? .xx

He patted his jacket pocket, so thankful to feel his car keys in there, jumping up from the bench and making his way back towards his house again. He was smiling so big (mainly because he knew he would see Louis again now) and it was unstoppable. Once at his house, he quickly jumped in his car, starting the engine and reversing from the drive unnoticed, speeding off away. The drive there was a quick one, and he had cranked up the radio to stop his mind from wondering back onto the event in his house, and soon enough he was pulling up into Louis' driveway, behind the red car already there. He quickly got his phone out before he made the move to leave his car, texting Louis again.

Harry: I'm parked up. Can I knock? .xx

Louis: On my way down xx

Harry jumped out of his car, slamming the door shut and locking it behind him before slipping his keys away once again. The house was so cute from the outside, it looked simple but very homely, and the red door swung open as Harry approached to reveal Louis.

"Hi," He greeted, immediately wrapping Harry in a very tight hug. He smelt very sweet, and slightly of fresh air, suggesting he hadn't been home for too long since they travelled back from his sister's play.

"Hey." Harry mumbled against his shoulder. "Your mum knows I'm coming round, right?"

"Yeah, I told her. She's very happy with it, Harry, don't feel awkward."

He opened up the front door, holding it for Harry.

"Come in."

He continued holding the door, allowing Harry in behind him. The house smelt of vanilla and Harry liked that. The hallway they were stood in was pretty small, a stairway leading upwards on the right, a small, square kitchen on the left, and a closed door straight ahead, which opened as Harry placed his Chelsea boots neatly by the other pairs by the front door.

A very beautiful brunette woman walked in, and she definitely had Louis' gorgeous eyes and delicate facial features -- very evidently his mother. She smiled welcomingly at him, looking him
"Hi! I'm Jay, Louis' mum." She greeted, and Harry immediately stuck out a gentlemanly hand.

"Lovely to meet you, Jay. I'm Harry." He beamed. She shook his hand gratefully, looking rather proud that Louis had such a polite friend. Or so she thought he was just a friend.

"And you, Harry. My, you're very handsome, aren't you?" She complimented.

Harry chuckled, "Thank you very much, I appreciate it."

The door she had entered from opened once again, and two little girls ran out giggling, but they stopped in their tracks immediately once they had spotted Harry, shyly hiding behind their mother. They were clearly twins, as Louis had mentioned before.

"Don't be shy, girls," Jay laughed, "This is Louis' friend. Say hello."

Harry knelt down so that he was at their height, less intimidating perhaps, and smiled warmly. "Hi, I'm Harry. What are your names?"

Louis was smiling so crazily big, having to hide it occasionally by holding his hand in front of his mouth. This was all so perfect to him.

One of the twins stepped forwards a little, though she was still clinging to her mother's leg in natural shyness.

"I'm Phoebe," She sweetly greeted. "Hi, Harry."

"Nice to meet you, Phoebe. And what's your sister's name?"

He already knew their names, had memorised that one was Phoebe and the other was Daisy, but was doing this to make them less shy. The other girl became more confident suddenly, seeing as her sister had managed it.

"And I'm Daisy! Hi, Harry!" She giggled. "We're twins."

"You do look very alike," Harry chuckled, standing up once again and smiling down at them. Jay was smiling so brightly at Harry, head tilted aside fondly.

"Are you boys going to head upstairs, then? I won't embarrass you for any longer, Louis." Jay laughed. Louis playfully rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, you wanna head up?" He asked Harry, who shrugged and nodded at the same time.

"Sure."

Harry gave a little nod to Jay and the twins before moving to follow Louis up the carpeted stairs. He took notice of the sweet family photos on the wall up the stairs, many of a young Louis that had him fondly scrunching up his nose. Louis opened up the second door on the right, welcoming Harry in behind him.

"And this is my tiny room." He introduced, as Harry shut the door behind them. It was a sweet, little room, box-shaped, light-carpeted with pale blue walls, with a single bed against the wall ahead, a wardrobe opposite the bed, a desk with some belongings neatly on it with a desk chair, and a small television on top of a chest of drawers.
"I like it," He smiled, "I like more compact rooms, they're a lot comfier."

"I personally hate this room," Louis giggled, sitting down on his bed, "There's no space in here, and nothing to do. But I guess it's my little getaway place when I need some peace and quiet."

Harry sat down on the white-sheeted bed too, pulling up his feet and crossing his legs in front of him.

"Well, am I invading your little getaway place, then?" Harry smirked. "I can leave if you really want me to."

"Of course not. You are my getaway." He shrugged. "God, that was so cheesy."

"No, it was very sweet," Harry admitted, having felt his heart flutter a little upon hearing that. "You're mine too, Lou Lou."

He lay a hand on Louis' leg, smiling coyly at him.

"What?" Louis giggled.

"Can we make out a little?"

"There's no lock on this door, and my family have a tendency of bursting in." Louis warned, though a smile was finding his face. "But I kind of really want to make out."

"Then let loose a little. Be a bit risky." Harry smirked, and he was climbing over Louis, straddling him, urging that giggle to ring out once again. They were lying back on Louis' bed, almost nose-to-nose, so Harry closed the gap by connecting their lips.

The kiss was slow and sensual, their lips softly stroking together, and Louis found himself pushing his hands under the material of Harry's t-shirt, skimming down his back. Harry moaned lowly in his throat in appreciation into the kiss as he gripped onto Louis' soft hip beneath his t-shirt, embracing the lovely skin, biting on Louis' lower lip and playfully tugging it between his teeth. Louis breathily laughed, before they once again continued their make-out.

Harry couldn't help but grind his hips down against Louis', so the smaller boy released a sharp, shaky breath against his lips, before bringing them to his ear.

"No, Harry." He giggled, such a mischievous giggle.

Harry huffed out a chuckle, gently grasping Louis beneath the chin to angle their faces together once again, making out a little faster now. Harry began rocking his hips against Louis' again, so they both quietly moaned into each other's mouths, hands still wandering around each other's hot torsos. Harry broke the kiss to begin mouthing hotly at Louis' neck, licking up it before leaving a wet kiss by his jaw, then returned to kissing him once again, continuing the make-out frantically and fast.

As it continued, though, the door suddenly opened, Jay halfway through saying a sentence about whether Harry wanted to stay for dinner, and they literally heard her loudly gasp as she cut herself off, and Harry scrambled off of Louis.

"I'm so sorry!" Jay exclaimed. "Oh, I should have knocked! I'll leave you both to it." She hurriedly left the room, and Harry turned to Louis to see him with his mouth massively agape and eyes wide.

"Nooo!" Louis whined, though he couldn't help but follow it with a long, strained laugh. Harry was
quick to join in, bending over slightly with the effort of laughing particularly hard, patting Louis firmly on the knee.

"Oh dear, Lou, your first time getting caught. Guess you're not as innocent as she suspected." He cackled. "God, that's so awkward, I introduce myself so well and five minutes later she walks in on me on top of you."

Louis tipped his head back with a bright laugh, though his cheeks were tinted a dark pink. "Oh God, I am never going to live this down."

"Sorry, kind of my fault for seducing you." He smirked, wiggling his eyebrows.

"Totally your fault. I'm pinning all the blame on you." Louis joked. "Well, I'm definitely not feeling up to making out anymore."

"Shame," Harry chuckled. "Don't feel awkward, Louis, we're adults, really."

"True. It's just the last thing I wanted to happen, her walking in." He breathed out a laugh, nibbling his bottom lip. "How about some TV?"

"Sounds reasonable."

Trust Harry to manage to do something like this on his first time meeting Louis' mum. He was just thankful that she had been so lovely about, evidently insanely shocked, but okay with it nonetheless. Harry just knew he would have a difficult time looking her in the eye later on. Hell yes he would.

Chapter End Notes

So I'm starting to think of some ideas for later in the story and some are pretty crazy but could be entertaining. One in particular I'm not sure about but it could make for a good storyline I guess? Just craziness.
Harry could tell Louis was tense for the next couple of hours they spent together, and it was understandable seeing as he was shocked his mum had barged in on them. It wasn't too big of a deal for Harry; his mother had once burst into his room to find him lying in bed, though Kendall was very clearly under the blanket doing things to Harry that they hadn't exactly wanted to be made public. That did take him a while to live down, he couldn't look his mother in the eye for a good week.

He wanted to wince when he unlocked his phone, finally, finding seventeen missed calls from his mother, along with a furious crusade of many texts, highlighting things such as: **Kendall is in tears Harry!! How could you embarrass her like that! and I'm not happy with you, regardless of whether it's your birthday.** He knew he would have to head home soon, otherwise he would be prolonging it, and Anne would most likely get even more angry at him.

Louis led Harry down the stairs once he had mentioned he better go, and as soon as they reached the hallway and Harry was slipping his Chelsea boots back on, Jay walked out of the living room with a smile. Harry felt his heart rate increase, the awkwardness setting in, unsure whether it was a situation in which he should **apologise** for what she had walked in on. But then again, he knew he didn't have to, and it would be silly to.

"Are you off, Harry?" She asked, noting the fact that his shoes were on and the two boys were lingering by the front door. He was glad there were no further mentions of what had happened, though maybe addressing the 'elephant in the room' would have been better.

"Uh, yeah," Harry nervously chuckled, something he rarely did. "Thanks so much for having me."

He stuck out a thankful hand again, looking for a handshake, but was surprised when Jay stepped forwards and encased him in a hospitable **hug** instead. Harry was taken aback but hugely grateful all the same, as he loved hugs and found them a good way to become emotionally closer to someone, appreciatively rubbing her back.

"It's fine, Harry. You're welcome any time. It was lovely to meet you." She honoured his thankfulness. They broke the hug, smiling at each other. Harry still felt a tad awkward, but the hug had helped to reduce it a little.

Louis mimed 'sorry' to Harry when his mum wasn't looking, an apology for her spontaneous hug, but Harry shrugged with a smile as though to say it was no big deal - he liked hugs. Louis opened up the front door, the light in the hallway enough to light up the driveway to Harry's car, which was parked just behind Jay's.

"Is that your lovely car, Harry?" Jay questioned with intrigue, nudging her head out the door towards Harry's pearly grey Audi R8.
"Oh, yeah, it is." He casually commented, trying to refrain from both being immodest and mentioning that his car was called Stella.

He could tell how surprised she was by how good of a car he had, how wealthy he must have been. She was still gawping at the car a little, and he could have sworn she quickly glanced down at his shoes, as if she was scoping out whether they too were pricey. He didn't mind, he pretended not to see.

"Nice car you've got. Anyway, darling, drive safe. See you again, hopefully." She gave one last bright smile before wandering off into the kitchen, the door shutting softly behind her.

"Sorry, she can be a bit nosy," Louis whispered quietly, rolling his eyes. "Hope your birthday was tolerable in the end."

"You made it better," Harry smirked, tracing his index finger up Louis' wrist. "I'll see you tomorrow. Thanks for everything today."

"It's no problem, you deserved a good day, and I'm sorry you didn't get that entirely."

"I'll have plenty more birthdays, and they'll only get better and better every year if I have you." Harry winked, stepping out the door. "Bye, baby." He called over his shoulder, urging Louis to smile sheepishly.

"Night, Harry."

He watched Harry until he had jumped into his car and slammed the driver side door shut, then he waved once more before closing the front door. Then his stupidly broad grin was back, the grin that often made an appearance when he was alone after seeing Harry. It was the grin of utter disbelief that he had gotten so lucky, like he was in some dumb teenage romance movie and was realising he was the luckiest idiot alive.

His mum left the kitchen to find him smiling to himself with his back pressed to the front door, and her eyebrows raised massively in smugness while he flushed red. There was a moment of silence, and then Jay filled it.

"Are you seeing each other, Louis?"

Louis immediately shrugged, shyly, though there was a playful smile on his face that contradicted it.

"Maybe?"

"I heard him call you 'baby' then," She wiggled her eyebrows, and Louis groaned aloud in embarrassment.

"You were listening in?"

"Just making sure everything's okay!" She chuckled. "And it definitely seems to be." She wiggled her eyebrows once again, obviously hinting at what she had walked in on upstairs, and Louis couldn't help but stifle an awkward laugh and shake his head.

"Okay, mum, thanks for being concerned. Everything is all good. Now I'm going to head to bed." He turned to the staircase climbed up the first two steps before she stopped him.

"Louis."
"Mhmm?" He hummed, turning to glance down at her again.

She put on a half smile, one that perhaps hinted a tad sadness, before continuing. "I want you happy again."

He deeply inhaled, holding it for a moment before releasing it sharply. "I know. So do I, mum."

He didn't let her say anything else because they'd already been over this countless times. There was nothing left to be said, so he continued the walk back up to his room, his retreat, and hoped the wonderful scent of Harry's aftershave still lingered in the air.

---

As it had been a little over two hours since Harry had fled his party, everybody was understandably gone when he pulled his car up onto the drive and peeled open the front door as quietly as humanly possible. It seemed to be loud enough, though, for someone to have heard and exit the kitchen. His heart stammered for a moment, but there was an element of relief when he saw that it was Robin, rather than his mum.

He pouted his mouth to the side in greeting, his way of giving an apology that he wasn't sure was needed to Robin, kicking off his boots carelessly.

"I suggest you go upstairs, mate, before your mum hears you. She's on the phone with your grandmother in the living room." He whispered, nudging his head towards the living room door.

"Probably chatting to her even more about how much of a disappointment I am." Harry huffed. "Thanks for the warning. To be honest with you, I think I'm just going to head to bed, I just want this day to be over now."

He patted Robin appreciatively on the back before proceeding to jog up the stairs to his room. He made sure to shut his door soundlessly, as much as he had wanted to shake the house with a monstrous slam of his door, and he laid back on his bed. His room was cold and too spacious, more space than he needed for himself. He found himself wishing he was cooped up in Louis' little room with him, squeezed into that tiny single bed next to him.

He carefully unclasped his lovely, new watch, setting it down on his bedside table, putting his phone on to charge and deciding he wasn't going to even bother brushing his teeth. He turned off the main light using the switch right by his bed, thankful that he had been lazy enough in the past to request a switch so near to his bed. He felt completely drained, his body heavy as he lay there. He knew it wouldn't be long before he fell asleep, as the day had just completely withdrawn all of his stamina and he wanted to see the sun again just to know his birthday was over.

He rolled onto his side in the pitch black, drawing his knees up into a fetal position like a child, his hands tucked in comfort beneath his chin, and he just closed his eyes tightly and thought of Louis. It meant he was falling asleep in around thirty minutes, fully clothed.

---

As he had fallen asleep so stupidly early, a good few hours earlier than he usually would, it meant he found himself waking up in the dead of night. He reached over and grabbed his phone from his nightstand, groggily squinting against the bright screen as he unlocked his phone.

03:34.

He groaned aloud in irritation, already feeling too awake to drift back to sleep, and decided he
would just sit up with a pillow against his bed's headboard, scrolling through his social media. He felt so alone, his house so eerily silent, trying to find company in the ridiculously tedious videos appearing on his Facebook timeline. He was halfway through a stupid D.I.Y tutorial ten minutes later, when a message popped through at the top of his screen, one which he actually had to double-take as he thought he had misread who it was from.

**Louis:** Are you awake ? If not then don't worry, you'll see this tomorrow and obviously then you'll be awake, yeah I'm rambling, just let me know if you're awake ! xx

Harry sniffed out a laugh to himself, immediately tapping onto the text conversation and thumbing out a speedy response.

**Harry:** Yes I'm awake!! Why Lou, everything okay? .xx

It took a minute to get a response, during which time Harry was quite literally staring at his phone screen. He didn't exactly have anything better to be doing, and it was comforting to know that Louis was awake too.

**Louis:** I feel stupid saying this Harry but I'm so horny right now and it's preventing me from sleeping :/ xx

Harry raised his eyebrows and found himself sitting up more against his headboard, heart thumping a little faster and a smirk curling onto his face as he replied.

**Harry:** Oh fuck, really? ;) .xx

There was definitely something insanely hot about that, because he really did still see Louis as innocent, despite having drunkenly fucked him (for the second time) just four days ago. That was far too long, actually.

**Louis:** Hugely :( xx

**Harry:** What are you wearing? Wait can I call you?? .xx

He had an urge to want to call Louis. He wanted to hear his voice, as his blood seemed to be running hotter beneath his skin as time went on and thoughts formed in his head.

**Louis:** Just underwear. Idk Harry, these walls are so thin and everyone is asleep but I really want to hear you xx

Harry felt himself shudder at the thought that innocent, little Louis was awake in the dead of night, wearing only his boxers, feeling incredibly horny. God, that was doing things to his mind.

**Harry:** Then you'll have to speak quietly, won't you? ;) Call me, sugar hehehe .xx

He chuckled breathily to himself, waiting only a few moments before his phone was buzzing in his hand, Louis' name across the screen. He didn't hesitate to swipe answer, pressing the phone to his ear.

"Hey, gorgeous." He knew how hot his voice sounded when it was deep, and seeing as he hadn't spoken in a few hours, it was in its prime. He definitely heard Louis' breath hitch.

"Your voice sounds so hot," Louis breathed out, voice high and so full of arousal that it made Harry shiver. "Holy fuck."
Harry chuckled deeply, biting idly on his lower lip. "Do you want to tell me what you're thinking about, Louis? What's made you so horny?"

He could hear Louis' breath trembling a little bit each time he breathed in, showing just how much lust he currently had locked within him.

"Thinking about you." He barely even whispered, so that Harry only just picked up on it and felt his stomach dip massively, because that was so fucking hot.

"Are you touching yourself, Louis?"

The mere thought of that caused goosebumps to surface all over Harry, so when Louis confirmed it, he felt like he could go into overdrive.

"A little bit, yeah." Louis breathed out a laugh.

Harry held his phone between his cheek and shoulder as he quickly fumbled to unbuckle his belt and shimmy his jeans off and onto the floor.

"What are you doing to yourself?" He deeply asked, voice soaked in arousal, quickly pulling his t-shirt off and throwing that down too, leaving him in just his underwear. It was fair game now.

"Touching myself over my underwear." Louis whispered, but it was loud enough. It went straight to Harry's dick, quite frankly, the thought of Louis holding his phone in one hand and palming himself with the other. *Fuck*, that was hot. He listened carefully, able to make out the sound of Louis' shaky breathing.

"Mmmm," He hummed, completely turned on already, "Does that feel good, baby?"

Louis shuddered out a breathy moan, "Yeah."

"Better if I was touching you, maybe?" Harry smirked to himself.

"*Fuck* yeah, would be so much better." Louis whispered.

"Well, seeing as I'm not there," Harry shrugged, even though Louis couldn't see him, rolling his hand over his own crotch, "Maybe you'll just have to take my advice on what you should do."

"Yeah," Louis rushed out, one of his default phrases at a time like this, "Tell me."

Harry rolled his hips up against his hand, biting on his lip to hold back a groan. "Well, take your underwear off, baby. Completely naked."

"Okay." Louis breathed, then Harry could hear the sounds of Louis shuffling on his bedsheets, ridding himself off the underwear. "They're gone."

He was completely naked, and Harry was envious he wasn't there to see it. It was a sight that he missed.

"I think you should finger yourself, Louis." Harry admitted, the thought hotter than anything his disheveled brain had conjured up so far. "You wanna finger yourself? Because I know you love having something inside you."

He heard a little whine from Louis, the effect of what Harry had said, a whine of agreement.

"Y-Yeah. I don't have lube." Louis whispered.
“Suck on your fingers.” Harry instructed, once again haunted by the red-hot image of that in his mind. "That'll be fine."

"How do you want me lying?" He could hear a ring of smugness to Louis' voice, as if the boy knew what effect this would have on Harry by acting so submissive.

"Hmm, just on your back, baby. Get comfy, spread those gorgeous thighs."

"Okay," Louis breathed out a giggle, voice with a rough edge to it. The thought of Louis' thighs at that moment in time, and the undying urge he had to leave love bites all over them, had him shamefully hard already. He could hear Louis humming out a moan and knew he was sucking on his fingers, and it was so unfair because he wanted to see that.

"Get them nice and wet," Harry muttered, voice a low drawl that even made himself shudder. "Good boy."

"So fucking horny." Louis breathed out, voice high and whiney.

"I know, baby, so am I." Harry purred, untucking his cock from his underwear and pumping at it. "Are your fingers ready?"

"Mhmm."

"Fuck, baby. Put one inside yourself."

He heard Louis breathe in sharply through gritted teeth, before releasing the breath in a shaky moan, and knew that he had done as instructed. Harry pumped a little faster at his dick, smirking to himself at the thought of Louis.

"You done it?"

"Uh-huh." Louis could barely mutter out. "Can I add another?"

"Of course you can, baby. You do what makes you feel good." Harry purred, flicking his wrist a little more as he jerked himself off.

Louis released a harsh breath, followed by a little whimper, evidently having inserted a second finger alongside the first.

"Fuck yeah, baby." Harry groaned, "You fucking finger yourself, tell me how it feels."

"Mmm, it feels so good," Louis whimpered out, pumping his fingers in and out of himself at a moderate pace. "Still so tight."

"Oh my God, I fucking want you." Harry breathed out, his arousal making it impossible to speak any louder. "I can imagine how you look, Louis. So good fucking yourself like that."

Louis hummed out an involuntary moan, loving the feeling of the pleasant pressure in his stomach with each thrust of his fingers. "I wish you were here."

"I wish I was, so I could watch you doing that," Harry deeply purred, "Or maybe so you could sit on my face, either would work just fine."

Louis moaned very loudly all of a sudden, both at what Harry had said, plus the fact that he had hooked his fingers inside himself and found an incredible angle.
"Oh God, I-I have to be quiet, Harry." He panicked in whisper, though he continued pumping his fingers in and out because it felt far too good to stop.

"Because otherwise your family will know how naughty you're being?" Harry teased, voice low. The thought was unbearably hot: Louis, in his little room, legs spread and fingering himself while trying his hardest to keep quiet. The thought itself, plus the little grunts and sharp breaths Louis continued to release into the phone, had Harry's hand speeding up ever-faster on his dick.

"I meant what I said before, you know," He deeply informed, tasting blood due to how harshly he was biting his lower lip between sentences. "I'd love for you to sit on my face."

"I want to so much," Louis whined out, voice strained as it was so high with pleasure. "Would be so hot, your tongue always feels so fucking good."

Louis curved his fingers inside himself, back arching slightly off the bed as they brushed over a very sensitive spot.

"Fuck!" He choked out, followed by a long moan from somewhere in his throat.

"I love listening to you," Harry persuaded, "How high and soft your voice goes, and how you can't even control the noises you're making."

Louis moaned aloud once again, this time coming out as more of a sob as his fingers continued to massage over the special area he seemed to have sourced. He gripped his hard dick with his other hand, phone on his pillow and face tilted to the side so his ear was pressed to it. Harry cupped his balls in one hand and continued stroking his dick with the other, phone between his shoulder and cheek once again, stomach rising and falling fast. They just listened to each other, their heavy breaths and content little sounds, some coming out sharper into their phones' speakers.

Harry's stomach was straining from holding his breath, releasing little groans that escaped, and felt himself getting close already. He could hear Louis' whimpery little whines, and knew he certainly wasn't far behind.

"I-I think I'm gonna cum soon," Louis managed, voice remaining high.

"You and me both, Darling," Harry grunted. "Fuck, Louis, keep fucking yourself."

"Harry." Louis whined out.

"Yeah, baby?" Harry smirked, nibbling his lower lip, trying to slow down his movements over his cock, edging himself a little. His hips were stammering, desperately on edge.

"This whole time I've been thinking about the way you slap my arse while you fuck me, it turns me on so much," Louis whined out, voice a high whimper, and it was all too much for Harry.

"I'm coming." He quickly piped out, voice strained. Harry's body shuddered as he came all up his stomach, and he heard Louis cry out particularly loud as he too came, their stammered out moans mixing through the speakers, before just the sound of heavy breathing was prominent.

Harry's eyes were shut, lips pouty and ajar, swallowing to coat his dry throat. "Oh, holy shit."

"Oh my God, Harry, I was so loud!" Louis panted. "I've just realised how quiet my house is!"

"Don't worry, baby, I'm sure they're all asleep anyway." Harry reassured. "Fuck, that was hot."
"So hot," Louis breathed, "Thanks for being awake."

"Thanks for being *horny.*" Harry chuckled, grabbing a tissue from the box on his bedside table and wiping his stomach clean before sliding into a lying position, phone on the pillow beneath his cheek.

"I'm so tired." Louis breathed out. "That felt so good, it's drained my energy."

"So am I. The thought of you fingering yourself is a wonderful one," Harry smirked to himself, "And making yourself cum. Hell yes."

Louis giggled, with half the effort as usual, due to his deep exhaustion. "It was a new experience, I guess. Feels better when you do it."

"I'm sure it does, baby," He cockily agreed. He could hear Louis' breathing getting heavier, deeper, each one a little louder, and knew he was moments from falling asleep.

"I love you so much, Louis Tomlinson." Harry barely whispered, voice soft.

But Louis was already asleep.

---

Harry's phone was still pressed to his ear when he woke up, so when his alarm went off, it was startlingly loud. He turned it off fast, eyes widening to see that he must have fallen asleep on the phone, because the call was still going and had been for three hours and twelve minutes. He knew the sound of his alarm blaring out must have woken Louis too, from his side, so he quickly swiped it off and sat up achingly.

He managed to get himself out of bed, putting on some clothes for the day and heading out of his bedroom towards the bathroom. Gemma left hers at the same time, immediately turning up her nose at him.

"Back with Kendall, then, are you?"

"*What?*" He furrowed his eyebrows, watching his older sister roll her eyes.

"Harry, next time you want to get yourself off in the dead of night on the phone, remember that my room is next door to yours." She snapped. Harry smacked a hand over his mouth.

"Sorry, Gem!" He snickered, "Oh my God, I've probably scarred you, I'm so sorry."

"Damn right, you have!"

"Did you... hear what I was saying?" He worried that his sister had heard 'Louis', but realised how strange his question had sounded.

"No, nothing particularly. Your weird kinks are safe with you, you idiot." She rolled her eyes again before trotting off downstairs. Harry wanted to throw himself down said stairs, as he was so painfully embarrassed, but just decided to be grateful that she hadn't heard Louis' name. Their secret remained secret.

---

Harry and Louis met in their usual spot behind the maths block that morning. Harry couldn't hide his radiating smile as Louis turned the corner, a smile that held so much smugness, giving him a
"Morning, Sexy," Harry purred, "How you feeling today?"

"Tired." Louis piped up, rubbing his eye with the pad of his thumb. "It's a good thing my phone has unlimited minutes for calls. Oh, and your alarm woke me up too, and I'd forgotten to set one, so thanks."

Harry chuckled and snaked his arms around Louis' waist, pulling him in closer so that their torsos met.

"That's okay, baby. Thank you for being so gorgeous."

Louis giggled lowly in his chest, and Harry's eyes flicked down to his lips before moving in and attaching them. The kiss was a moderate pace, Louis moving up his small hand to cup Harry's cheek, Harry resting his on Louis' waist, thumbs brushing the area over his jumper. All Harry could think about was how hot Louis had been last night, how high his voice had been, kissing him harder. They had to stop themselves when it had been a minute, remembering they were in school. They were panting a little, glossy-lipped and satisfied.

"I felt so paranoid this morning, felt like my mum was acting different. I have a feeling she heard me last night, and I hate it." Louis nervously bit his lip, and the two of them wiped their mouths dry again before beginning the walk to registration.

"I doubt it, Lou, she was probably fast asleep. And even so, you're old enough, and she shouldn't care what you're doing in your private life."

"I know, I'm just paranoid about it." Louis shrugged. "Can't help it."

They got to their registration class a few minutes later. Kendall wasn't there; there was a spare seat which she would usually occupy. Weird. Well, Harry pretty much knew it was his fault, seeing as he had completely rejected her in front of a room full of people yesterday. Oops? It was a weight off his shoulders anyway; she may have just been running late, perhaps, but it was better than her staring him down as he entered the room.

During their walk from registration to their science class, Harry's phone buzzed in his pocket. He pulled it out casually as they strolled along, he and his little group of mates, but he had to stop dead in his tracks as his eyes took in what he saw on the screen. Louis caught on first that he had stopped, stopping himself and turning back, and one-by-one their mates did too.

"What's up?" Louis queried. "Harry?"

On Harry's screen was an email. It was from an account which had its name set as 'Anonymous Sender', and the email address itself was a mix of random letters and numbers. Harry reread the message again, just in case his eyes were deceiving him somehow, to find that they weren't. The first thing he saw was a photograph. It was of he and Louis, kissing. Today. Somebody had taken it today, from afar, zoomed in so that you could clearly see that it was Harry and Louis. And beneath the photo, it read:

_Hello Harry!_

_As you can see, I have this very wonderful photo of you and Louis Tomlinson. I'm very happy about this, but you shouldn't be. I'm going to make this short and simple for you: if you don't do what I say, whatever I say to you, then this photo will be shared throughout the school. You will not find out who this is either. I will remain anonymous. Reply to show that you agree (and I suggest you_
do). Thank you, Lovely.

-Anonymous Sender. XXXX

Chapter End Notes

?????.

What do you think they will ask of him?

And btw as I'll explain in a later chapter, they're really not ready to 'come out' together yet
"Guys, we'll catch up, keep walking." Louis urged Charlie, Christopher and Niall, as their attention had too been caught by Harry's sudden shock.

They reluctantly did so, more intrigued by the drama, and Louis turned back to Harry, who was reading the email for what must have been the fourth time.

"What is it? Harry, you're worrying me." Louis stressed, once they were alone, and the hallways had cleared as students had left to venture to their next lessons.

"An email." Harry blandly shortened, while his eyes skimmed its key phrases once again: 'Lovely photo of you and Louis Tomlinson', 'if you don't do what I say, whatever I say to you, then this photo will be shared throughout the school', 'I will remain anonymous.'

"From?" Louis pushed, both impatience and concern setting in.

"I don't know." Harry lightly shook his head, only now removing his eyes from the screen to link them with Louis'. "It's anonymous."

Louis furrowed his eyebrows, moving closer to Harry and trying to get a look at the screen. He didn't get a read of the small text, but he did immediately spot the photo of he and Harry kissing that was attached in the email.

"Is that... from this morning? What the hell!" He was baffled, heart thumping a little faster. "Who would send you that? What did they say?"

Harry groaned aloud as he once again reread the message, as if something was going change about it, shaking his head, dumbfounded.

"It's some shit about me doing whatever they say, otherwise they'll share that photo round the school." Harry defeatedly explained. He literally heard Louis' breath hitch a little from what he was hearing.

"W-Wait, they can't share that photo, Harry! There has to be another way. Who would do this?" Louis whined, breathing ragged. It wasn't difficult for something to panic Louis, so only God knew how fast his blood must have been pumping from the new information.

"Well, I've got a group of people in mind." Harry rolled his eyes. "I mean, who else would do it, other than Kendall and that group?" Harry theorised, massaging his left temple, where tension had built up.

"It depends. What are these things they're going to want you to do? Surely you'll be able to figure out what kind of person would do this by what they're making you do." Louis frowned, starkly shrugging. "What are you going to do? This is awful."
Harry glanced around, lowering the volume of his voice despite there being absolutely nobody in sight whatsoever. "I'm just not ready to be outed. I'm still coming to terms with everything myself, I'm not particularly happy with someone spreading it around for their own personal gain, from that stupid photo. I need more time, and I'm sure you do too, before we're both ready." Harry spilled his heart, looking Louis deeply in the eye. "What do you think?"

"So, you're saying... you're going to go along with this game?" Louis hesitated, looking pensive but not irritated by Harry's evident decision. "I mean, of course I'm not ready either, but you don't know what they're going to make you do yet. You don't have to do that, Harry."

"What other choice is there?" Harry sighed. "I can always refuse once they tell me, and at least then I can say I tried. I'd rather completely humiliate myself with these stupid tasks than have you pushed out of your comfort zone. I care about you, you've been through a lot, and for now I want you to keep hidden what you want hidden."

Louis sadly smiled. "You don't have to do that."

"But I want to. For you. I'm going to reply, and see what they want me to do. If it's completely ridiculous, then I'll back out. Okay? But I'm strong, Lou, I don't care how much they humiliate me." Harry attempted a reassuring smile, but it wavered a little. Louis no more than nodded, and Harry typed out his response to the email.

*Fine. I fucking agree with your shitty proposition. But if you do anything to hurt Louis, or try to make me, then there will be trouble.*

"And now we wait." He sternly declared, sighing as he put away his phone. They began a light stroll, though they were both significantly tense and Harry didn't particularly want to go to their science class now. Anybody in that room could have been behind the texts.

They ended up skipping the lesson. They definitely shouldn't have, but the email had been a pretty big downer on their day. There was a reflective silence over them, as they instead sat on a bench just outside the school grounds, as Harry's mind whirred away. His instincts purely screamed "Kendall" at him, because who else would bother? Well - actually - many girls in their class would jump at the opportunity to talk to Harry, whether it be anonymously by email. There were endless culprits, yet his mind wouldn't stop stressing Kendall's name.

"Lou," Harry inhaled sharply, filling the silence as they both idly watched an old man walking a small dog along the pavement across the street. "I don't want you to think, like... I don't want you to think I'm ashamed of people seeing that picture."

He saw Louis turn to look at him in the corner of his eye, but he himself didn't turn to link eyes.

"I know that, Harry. You're just not ready to come out, and that's completely acceptable, you're still working yourself out too. And besides, I don't think I'm ready for that either, everyone knowing." Louis admitted, scuffing his foot over the pavement beneath the bench.

For some reason, Harry's brain jumped back to the few times he had told Louis he loved him, to get nothing in response. Maybe he was completely overlooking it, but he couldn't deny the fact that it hurt a little. All he needed in response was an *I love you, too.*

"Do you l-" He was on the brink of asking it, '*do you love me?*, but he stopped himself sensibly. He knew it was a bad question to fire so suddenly, and especially at quite a tender time. He played it off wisely. "Do you think this anonymous person will even reply soon?"
Louis didn't suspect Harry's jumpy question as being anything suspicious, going on to answer it calmly.

"I'm not too sure, maybe they'll even take a while to."

Harry hummed in agreement, taking his phone from his pocket. He was pretty surprised to see an email notification there, already waiting, which had arrived just two minutes ago.

"Oh. Well, they did reply."

"Saying what?" Louis rushed, shuffling closer to Harry on the bench to get a look. Harry tapped onto the email, drawing in a deep breath and holding it as he and Louis read the message together, in silence:

_Hello, Harry._

_Good boy, I knew you'd agree. You're probably wondering what I want from you in return, yes? Well I'm going to sum it up pretty clearly for you, Mr. Styles: you're a very handsome boy. I guess you could say I admire you, you're rather spectacular to look at. My compliments to your parents. Am I being sarcastic? Yes? No? Am I trying to throw you off who this really is? Yes? No? _

_Anyway, Harry, just keep in mind what I mentioned above: you're a very handsome boy. You could say that's my incentive for doing this. You fascinate me._

_-Anonymous Sender. XXXX_

"This is some bullshit right here." Harry sneered. "What the fuck are they talking about? What are they trying to imply?"

Louis hesitated, as if he didn't want to answer. "What do you think they're implying, Harry? They're mentioning you're a handsome guy, do you reckon photos of some form?"

"Oh." Harry piped. "Maybe... probably."

"That's sort of made this more difficult to determine who would be doing this." Louis ran his hands over his face, groaning slightly. "So many girls in our class have crushes on you, Harry, it could be any of them. Think how many of them would want to use this as a chance to get pics from you."

"Well, I don't know, would they?" Harry modestly asked.

"Of course they would! For all we know, this could even be a stupid group of them all wanting to see pictures from you. I'm pretty certain you've got a bloody fan-club in our class as it is, of course they'd want to see you naked." There was sheer envy in Louis' tone, a seething jealousy that they wanted to see Harry's body. It wasn't for their eyes, they didn't deserve to see it.

"I don't know what to do." Harry practically whispered, the weight of all this dawning on him suddenly. "It's such a sleazy thing to do, if they are going to ask me for those sorts of photos. But think of it like this: it would mean we save the right to come out in our own time. We wouldn't be forced by that picture they took of us."

"And what if they spread the photos of you nude around?" Louis added, eyebrows slanted. "They could circulate around the school, right?"

"It seems shit me saying this, but I just wouldn't let that bother me. Sure, it would be awful, but I'd rather that than the photo of me and you getting out. As I said before, Lou, I want you comfortable.
And besides, I doubt they would even share pictures of me if I was complying in the first place.” Harry rambled away, shrugging as if he was careless to this. He really wasn't, he had so much weighing on his shoulders right now.

"You're so caring." Louis softly smiled. "Really, you don't have to do this."

"I do. I can see how scared you are, Lou, that the photo could be spread. I know how you need time to adjust to things, I've learnt that, and I know for a fact that we need to wait far longer before anyone else knows about us. I'm not happy to do this, course not, but I'll do it so we can be happy."

They didn't even feel it was their place to lean in and have another little kiss, because they felt completely exposed. It was like they were being watched from now on, all eyes on them, and they didn't yet know when it would stop. Harry didn't know who to suspect anymore.

---

Harry's house was empty when he arrived home that evening. He and Louis had ended up skipping the entire day, grabbing lunch from a nearby supermarket and hanging around in the park for the duration of the school day. Neither of them had felt physically or emotionally able to walk into their lessons that day, knowing that somebody in the room could potentially be the sender of the anonymous emails.

Harry was glad to have the house to himself for the time being, considering he still hadn't even come face-to-face with his mother since he had stormed out of his surprise party. He still didn't feel strong enough to face her almighty wrath: she was sure to give him a good telling off. Maybe her fury would ware off the longer he left it.

He made himself a smoothie, making the most of the free, spacious kitchen and their pricey blender, pouring the purple-red concoction into a tall glass and taking it up to his room. He cranked on some indie style music and sat down on his bed, sipping the smoothie and setting it down on a coaster on his nightstand.

He hadn't replied earlier to the long message response from the anonymous sender, as he had been stuck on what exactly he was meant to say. It wasn't particularly as though a thank you was in order, for the compliment he had received from them. But nor did he know how to straight-up ask whether it was photos they were implying. This seemed to be answered for him at around 4PM, though, when an email popped through on his phone. He reluctantly tapped onto it, foolishly feeling his heart hammering harder once he had seen it.

Hello, Harry.

Hope you're enjoying being home for now, if that's where you are. First task, let's warm you up. I want you to find a mirror and take a topless photo in it for me. Face in the photo please. You have five minutes. Tick tock. 

-Anonymous Sender. XXXX

Chapter End Notes

Is it okay like this?? I do have an idea in mind of who's sending them too btw hahaha
Hi all! So here is the update. Thank you all so much for the encouraging comments, I'm feeling really hyped about the story again and am excited to continue it.

If you need a refresher, I'd suggest perhaps re-reading chapters 33 and 34, but it should be fine :)

Harry scowled down at his phone, re-reading the email response a few more times, as though doing so would somehow encrypt who was behind its words. Although a topless photo seemed like a pretty tame start compared to what he had expected of the sender, it still injected him with severe doubt. Even if it was just a plain topless photo, it was just the start.

Seeing as the anonymous sender was threatening a mere five minutes, Harry made sure to send a speedy text Louis' way.

**Harry:** Got a reply. They want a topless photo and I have 5 minutes. Little bit stuck right now :/

He got a reply from Louis within the same minute, luckily, as he must have already been on his phone.

**Louis:** Well kind of what we expected, right? Umm ... well I was doing some thinking, and I reckon you should ask for some sort of compromise xx

Harry tilted his head aside in curiosity, tapping out a quick response.

**Harry:** I don't know what that could be, they seem pretty adamant on photos xx

**Louis:** I say, send the topless photo. Then say that's all they're getting, other than some sort of fair compromise. A topless photo is fine Harry, anyone can see you topless without it being intimate, but it can't go further than that xx

Harry nodded to himself, aware that he was running out of the duration of the ridiculous time limit he had been set. He jumped up to his feet, whipping off his t-shirt, the friction of the fabric messing up his hair, so that it sat unruly on his head. He swiped onto his camera on his phone, stepping in front of his full-length mirror, standing at an angle in which his face was visible at the top of the frame, and his lean, toned torso and biceps. He left his face very stern, irritated almost, mouth pouted aside slightly and eyebrows furrowed a little. He wanted to show how unhappy he was about the whole situation.

He snapped a photo, heading back onto his bed and inspecting it momentarily before taking a deep, steady breath. It wasn't like it was anything intimate, as Louis had said; it was the sort of photo somebody cocky would happily post on social media, anyway. He attached it to an email response to the anonymous sender, with about a minute and a half to spare to write out a message along with it:
There. But let me just say, I'm not sending any more photos, that's all you're getting. I'd like to ask for a compromise instead, nothing weird. And nothing that will hurt Louis. You said in a previous email that I fascinate you, but what do you really want from me?

He sent it without even reading over what he had drafted, heading straight back onto his texts with Louis.

**Harry:** I sent it Lou. And believe me, they're not getting any more photos out of me. Just got to wait now and see what they say, what compromise they want. I'm sorry about all of this xx

**Louis:** Don't be sorry, it's by no means your fault. Tell me when they reply xx

Harry picked up his smoothie, which was barely even cold anymore, taking a swig of it to cool himself down. His eyes were glued to the notification bar at the top of his phone screen, achingly awaiting the email icon to pop up along it. He watched it for a good few minutes. Then he set his glass back down, and as he did, that icon came on through. He was practically holding his breath as he tapped onto it, eyes beginning to scan its contents.

Wow, Harry, just wow. I knew you'd have a spectacular body, it's just how I expected it, so toned and manly. I'm not sure why you look so sulky in the photo, are you not proud of your body? You should be. Just a shame you won't allow me any more insights.

So, a compromise is what you want. Let me just mention, I was hoping to work my way up to asking of a video from you, if I'm being wholly honest. It's all I can think about whenever I look at you, darling. But if you're not going to allow me that, then I just don't know what to ask.

-Anonymous Sender. XXXX

Harry shook his head in disgust. This person seemed pretty set on their desires - a video of him - and he wasn't sure he would be able to sway their thoughts. It was pretty disturbing that someone in his life thought of him in that way whenever they looked at him. And they hadn't even left a suggestion of what fitting compromise came to a head, so he knew he would have to step in.

I'm not sending any more photos, or any videos. Definitely not. I would appreciate it if you made another suggestion.

He hit send, nibbling on his lower lip in stress. Another response came pretty fast.

Okay. I'm feeling fair Harry. I'm going to take some time to think over what I'd like as a compromise, so you can relax... for now. I don't want you stressing anyway. Take care, I will be in touch soon.

-Anonymous Sender. XXXX

That was both unnerving and relieving at the same time. Sure, for now he had the assurance that he wasn't currently being pressured into anything, and this stranger was taking a compromise into consideration, but it was also very eerie that they would be thinking over what else they could want. And Harry had money, he was willing to even give that so long as he and Louis were left at peace.

Harry relaxed a little on his bed, unable to find the motivation to even slip his t-shirt back on, and he phoned Louis. He just wanted to speak and vent it all out, rather than thumb out a lengthy text message.

After a few rings, Louis picked up. He sounded breathless, as though he had run to answer when he
saw Harry's name on the screen. Cute.

"Hello, everything alright?"

"Hey, Lou," Harry sighed, "Well, I'm kind of, but also kind of not. They agreed to a compromise, but they're gonna think it over. No idea when they'll get back to me."

Louis hummed in thought, though an edge to his hum hinted concern. "At least they're considering it, I guess. This is so stupid, you shouldn't have to be doing this. What did they say after you sent the photo?"

Harry took the phone away from his ear, putting the call on loud speaker and minimising it, tapping onto his texts. He read the text out word for word, before taking the phone off loud speaker once he had and returning it to his ear.

"Interesting," Louis added up, "Notice how whoever it is says your body is just how they expected it to be. Means it's someone who's never seen you shirtless."

That was very true. Harry had before had a strong inclination that Kendall or one of his old friends could have been involved, but not now.

"Yeah, I didn't think of that. Anyway, I'm going to drop the topic for now, it's sort of stressing me out." Harry admitted.

"I'm sorry! I wouldn't have continued talking about it if--"

"Don't worry, Louis." Harry cut him off.

There was a short silence, quite an awkward and tense one, so Harry's mind raced quickly to fill it with his first thought.

"Did your mum mention walking in on us making out?"

Louis snickered a laugh, a wave of embarrassment flowing through him upon remembering yesterday's dilemma.

"A little," He laughed, "God, I've never been so embarrassed in my whole life."

"I can't believe that was my first time meeting her too, what a great first impression." Harry mocked, rolling onto his stomach on his bed, his phone wedged between his face and shoulder.

"My sisters keep saying they miss you. The twins, that is, you haven't met the other two yet. Only met you yesterday for about two minutes and they're already obsessed with you." Louis sweetly giggled.

Harry felt his heart flutter over how utterly adorable that was, Louis' little twin sisters saying they miss him already. He had barely even spoken to them either.

"That's so sweet!" Harry cooed, "Tell them Harry misses them, too."

"I will." Louis smiled to himself. He too was lounging back on his bed, feet swaying idly behind him. "I'm so glad tomorrow's Saturday, that week absolutely dragged."

"You're telling me," Harry rolled his eyes, "So much shit happened this week, it's ridiculous. Now there's this shitty email thing, and I'm yet to see Kendall back at school after fucking rejecting her in front of everyone at my surprise party."
"Try not to over-think that, Harry. It's not going to help anything, just enjoy the coming weekend for now." Louis soothingly advised. "Got anything planned?"

"Usually go shopping with my family on a Saturday, but still haven't even spoken to my mum since I stormed out," Harry sighed, a dread filling him while thinking through the fact he was yet to even see his mother. "So will probably be the same, except the silent treatment from her."

"That sounds shit, I hope you two manage to make up. Where do you go shopping, in the city centre? My family and I go there every Saturday, too."

"Yeah!" Harry beamed. "Maybe I'll see you round, Tomlinson."

Louis giggled, and then Harry could hear the other side that a faint voice was calling Louis' name in the background.

"Oh, my mum's calling me down, I'm gonna have to go. I'll text you in a bit." Louis rushed, the sound of him shuffling to his feet.

"You better," Harry chuckled, "Okay, Lou, chat later. And maybe see you tomorrow."

"Yeah, hopefully!"

"Bye, Louis."

"Bye."

---

Harry crept from his room around twenty minutes later, after re-dressing in his t-shirt, and softly shut the door. He stood on the landing, just listening out, able to hear chatter coming from the living room downstairs.

His mum, Robin, Gemma. The three of them could be heard down there, which Harry saw as a better chance than just his mum alone. He knew he had to face her at some point, he couldn't keep hiding away. And besides, he still had a ton of presents and cards on the table in there that he really wanted to open.

He opted for the casual strut down the stairs, confidently strolling into the living room, where the three of them were seated on the plush sofas. They all stared at him as he walked in and took a seat on the corner. His mother's grudge-fuelled stare bored into him.

"Have you got anything to say to me, Harry?" She broke the ice, grabbing the television remote and pausing the programme that was on. There it was.

"Thanks for my surprise party." He muttered, trying his hardest to plaster on a smile that looked as little mocking as possible. Gemma sniffed out a quiet laugh at the way her brother dodged the real bullet of their mother's question.

"Harry," Robin scolded, softly, knowing he couldn't be in Harry's corner all the time, "You know what your mother means."

"I have nothing to be sorry for."

Anne scoffed, splaying her hands out hopelessly. "I went to the effort of helping Kendall build up the courage to speak in front of everyone, Harry. She was so nervous, and you completely tore her
down. She couldn't even go into school today, she was so upset."

Oh - that was why she was absent. A bit immature, if you ask Harry.

Gemma muttered something under her breath then, something nobody caught, and Anne whipped her head around to catch it again. "What was that, Gem?"

"I said, I never liked Kendall."

*Wow*, now both his sister and father had admitted that. It was crazy that it was something they had always kept a secret, and now that they knew there was no chance in hell Harry was getting back with her, it was all coming to surface. Very interesting indeed.

Anne seemed a bit taken aback, unsure really of how to respond. Robin seemed to have cast his vision down to the floor, so as not to give his cards away and admit that he felt the same dislike.

"Kendall is a lovely girl. Yes, she could sometimes be a bit of a drama queen--"

"All the time!" Harry breathed out a sharp laugh. "If only you had known the real her!"

"How would you feel if Kendall was saying all of this to her family, Harry? Not very happy, I suppose." Anne countered.

"Mum, she inevitably is, probably as we speak." Harry snorted. "Only difference is she'd be the lying one."

Anne didn't say anything else on the matter, so evidently Harry believed he had won the minor dispute. She instead brought up tomorrow.

"We're going to the city centre tomorrow, all of us. And I have to pass on a book I'm reading to Kris while I'm there, so I don't want to hear any complaints from you, Harry."

Harry groaned aloud and rolled his eyes. "I'll go elsewhere, then. She'll probably stab me."

"No, you will be a grown man and face her, and be kind. You wouldn't believe it, after your party she wouldn't stop mentioning to me how inhospitable you had been towards her, she says you even scowled." Anne shook her head in disappointment. Wow, okay... it *definitely* hadn't been the other way round. Simply playing back Kris' death glare towards him in his memory was enough to make him shudder.

"Sure, okay." Was all he responded with, knowing he would be pretty much forced to stand there with his family and Kris tomorrow during their book exchange, just to keep up his mum's crystal clean reputation. That was bound to be fun.

"I don't want dinner," He announced, getting to his feet and heading to the living room door, "I'll be ready for ten tomorrow."

"Thank you, Harry." Robin smiled. Harry gave one back before leaving the room, heading back upstairs.

All he could think about was either the Kendall situation, or the anonymous email one. The latter was weighing on him more, considering somebody out there was thinking through a compromise. He was hoping they'd be nice enough to make it a fair one, but he had a heavy doubt in the back of his mind that they wouldn't be. He would just have to pray it all worked out, that he and Louis were finally left alone.
And that Kendall and her clan of drama queens would just piss off, really.

Chapter End Notes

So I have some ideas on the email situation. And don't worry btw, nothing goes too far with it!! It's just a pretty interesting twist.

Frequent updates to come xx
Harry managed to fall asleep fully clothed again, though luckily his phone alarm still went off at seven on Saturday morning, as it did every school day. He had no idea why the stupid thing had decided to set itself for a Saturday morning, but at least it had him out of bed, showered and dressed by half nine (due to a lengthy period of lazy, unnecessary lounging in bed until about eight.)

He found he had made a tad more of an effort than he usually did for a Saturday shopping outing, having run some hair gel through his curls to prop the fringe up a little, stylishly swaying the rest to the side. That was about the extent of what he deemed as 'making an effort' though, as other than that he went with the designer t-shirt and skinny jeans - the usual.

He shot Louis a morning text, which was one of his main priorities.

He was sat on the cushioned seat in the downstairs hallway by ten to ten, slipping a pair of brown suede Chelsea boots on, and could hear Gemma trotting down the stairs. First he was hit with the cloud of mixed perfumes she liked to slather on, before he actually saw her. She looked pretty nice, dressed in a floral Gucci dress she had gotten for her latest birthday, a couple months back, and some plain black pumps.

"You look nice, Gem." He complimented, offering a smile. She beamed at him, laughing and giving a little twirl, so the skirt of her dress fanned out.

"Thanks. I feel nice."

"Makes one of us." Harry muttered, though he hadn't really wanted her to hear. He didn't exactly crave attention when he was feeling down, but it was too late as she had already picked up on it. She huffed out a sigh, taking a seat by her little brother.

"You wanna talk about anything?" She offered, voice lined with concern. "I'm here to listen, if you do."

The funny thing was, Harry's mind immediately fixated on Louis. It should have really been on Kendall and his old friends, or even the awful email situation, but it wasn't. It went to Louis, and he instantly wanted to go on about him for hours, everything he loved about him, but he disguised even the mere idea of that by shrugging to his sister.

"Not really. But thank you."

Gemma looked Harry in the eye, reading him on a deeper level, head tilting aside.

"I know you, Harry. Even if you did want to talk, you'd say you didn't. You need to get out of that mindset."

Harry tried to lighten the mood, sniffing out a laugh. "I'm an Aquarius, what do you expect?"

Gemma rolled her eyes, shaking her head with a humoured laugh.

"Idiot." She snickered. "Oh, I meant to ask, are you still friends with Zayn and Liam? Considering they're both dating Kendall's best friends, aren't they?"

Harry sighed once again, for probably the one hundredth time that week. He simply shook his
head.

"Really? You guys have been mates since the start of primary school, Harry! Has someone as irrelevant as Kendall really gotten in the way of that?" A smirk curled onto her face following the use of 'irrelevant', and Harry mirrored it. He loved how Gemma was being open about her dislike towards Kendall now.

"It's not really that simple. They're being dicks towards me too, taking the girls' sides. I'm clearly too mature to care, in comparison to them." Harry credited himself, and Gemma sternly nodded in agreement.

"I'd agree with that, you've always been the most grounded one." She smiled. "Who are you, like... hanging out with, then?"

She had said it slowly, as though she didn't want to offend him in case he had no one at all. That was when a smile came onto his face that he just couldn't help, having to look away a little.

"What?" She giggled. "What are you smiling about?"

"Oh, nothing. I just made some better friends, is all." He downsized it, when really he wanted to scream Louis' name in her face, followed by crazed laughter.

"Nice! How many?"

Robin had come into the hallway during their conversation, slipping his trainers on, not really paying too much attention. Harry's heart-to-heart with his sister had actually deterred his brain from the thought of interacting with their mother again, for a while. It was nice - he rarely spoke to Gem enough.

"Four," Harry informed, "Charlie, Christopher, Niall and Louis."

Gemma nodded along, humming in thought. "Interesting, names that sound like they belong to nice people. What're they like?"

One of them was particularly beautiful, but that wasn't something Harry was going to tell his sister, who was a million percent certain he was straight. In fact, he probably couldn't seem any more straight to anybody who knew him, from his home or school life. They could hear Anne on the phone in the living room then, and Robin went in there too, suggesting they probably had quite a lot more time before they actually left the house.

"Different to my old friends. A little more... nerdy, I guess." He laughed. Gemma massively raised her eyebrows, with a mocking smile.

"Harry Styles hanging out with nerds? I don't think the world's ready!" She taunted, and Harry pushed at her arm in playful protest.

"Shut up," He chuckled, "You know I don't discriminate."

"Maybe you can rebound on Kendall by getting with one of those creepy girls from your class who like you," She tittered, "You seem to have a few nerdy ones after you. It's all in the Styles genes."

Well, he was sort of going for someone a little nerder than before. That was going to stay undisclosed, though.

"Awesome idea," Harry joked, "Maybe I could rotate, date a new one every week."
"There'd be enough of them to last you a few years, I think." Gemma laughed. "Mum's called you a little charmer since you were about five, you know? Always wooing the girls in primary school."

Harry barked out a loud laugh. "Really! I didn't know that."

Gemma rolled her eyes again with a breathy laugh. "Yeah. So many girls out there would be grateful for you, H, don't let Kendall bring you down."

Harry forced a smile, then immediately bowed his head and dropped the smile. Gemma noticed it.

"What?"

"No, nothing." He quickly convinced, putting on a smile that was less fabricated.

Gemma nodded in agreement, though she was giving Harry that deep look again. The 'you're not alright, are you?' look; one which told him non-verbally that she knew something was up with him. Maybe she would one day add up that whenever he became like that, it was right after Gemma mentioning his next girlfriend.

Though, of course: he was straight as a fucking ruler.

---

Harry didn't talk to his Mother once again. He and Gemma just trudged along behind she and Robin, led into many different shops. They were in the designer outlet of the shopping centre for hours, though, which Louis would surely never go to with his family. Harry was dying to run into them. Except maybe without his own family present, for now. They had been wandering around for two hours by then, the time approaching half 12, and although Harry's boots were gorgeous, they weren't too comfortable.

Anne clearly thought it would be a good idea not to even mention her insistent interaction with Kris again, hoping he had forgotten. And actually, he had. So when they turned a corner to find Kris with her entire family, Harry felt like his heart fell into his stomach. Not only was it Kris, ready with an unwelcoming up-and-down look for him, but also Kendall, her father, plus her four bratty sisters. Harry shifted nervously on his feet, under the sharp gazes of every single member of Kendall's family.

Anne started a conversation with Kris, a book in her hands, while Robin thought it polite to spark one up with Kendall's father. Kendall and her sisters were even giving Gemma dirty looks, scrutinising her, which angered Harry. Kendall pissed him off most, looking Gemma up and down in disgust, before her eyes flicked to Harry once again.

"Don't look at my sister like that." He snapped, voice full of suppressed fury.

"Don't worry, Harry." Gemma whispered, but he shook his head.

"She wasn't." Kourtney bit back, face twisted in repugnance.

"I was just wondering whether your sister knows what her baby brother is really like." Kendall mocked, a snide grin on her face.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Give it a break."

The adults had caught onto the argument now.
"Harry, don't." Anne warned.

"I didn't start it." He muttered.

"You're an arsehole, Harry," Kendall suddenly erupted, shocking just about everyone. "You broke up with me, then fucked two random fucking French girls in Paris. You're hardly the Golden boy your family thinks you are, are you?"

Harry's family looked at him in pure shock, even Gemma, and all Harry could do was shoot a sorry look back. And then he simply took off away from everyone, but before he did, he said one last thing.

"I don't miss you, Kendall. Not one bit."

---

Gemma: You ok?? Where r u???

He was sitting on a bench by the water fountain, the other side of the shopping centre, in the outdoor area. Pigeons were pecking around on the tiles at his feet, and watching them had been his entertainment for the past fifteen minutes. He ignored Gemma's text message, because he was just dwelling over the fact that Louis hadn't even gotten back to him yet. He had sent a good morning hours ago, to get no response. He always over-thought things, so he was immediately wondering what he had done wrong.

A few minutes later, he got a little pick-me-up in the form of Christopher passing by the bench with his family. His parents looked just as socially awkward as he was, and he had two older sisters trailing along with him who didn't seem too confident either. Once Christopher had excitedly introduced Harry as his new friend, his sisters jaws evidently dropped a little when they had become confident enough to look at him. It may have sounded a bit ridiculous, but Harry was sort of sick and tired of the constant female attention. The initial reaction he got from most females was shock or attraction. It was still sweet, though, and he shot a charming smile their way.

"This is Harry, he's one of my best mates, aren't you?" Christopher had introduced.

"Yeah," Harry chuckled, smiling at Christopher's parents, too. They seemed charmed by him already (and he was beginning to understand why that had been his nickname since he was 5.)

"Lovely to meet you, Harry." His Mother grinned. "I'm Julie, this is Michael."

Christopher's father waved and smiled very awkwardly.

"And Christopher's sisters, Grace and Bella."

They giggled shyly and smiled at him. Harry shot a friendly wink back - he felt he couldn't help it. It was just in greeting, the girls were definitely pretty far from his type, to say the least. Harry was starting to regret even sparking up a conversation now, as non-judgemental as he was. He was definitely far too nice to just stop talking now.

"Nice to meet you all." He beamed.

"Mum," Christopher turned to Julie suddenly, "Could Harry come round for dinner tonight?"

Oh. Oh God. Now Harry liked Christopher, of course he did, but in a way it got a bit creepy sometimes the way that he seemed to idolise Harry. He looked up to him in such an obvious way
that it wasn't even sweet at times, it went a bit too far. All he could do now was modestly smile though, as Julie turned to him.

"Would you like to, Harry? You're more than welcome to."

Harry found himself praying that something would come up and save him, or that Christopher would suddenly mention inviting the other guys too, but he didn't. At least it would be some time away from his family if he did go, though, as after Kendall's ridiculous (and actually very untrue) bombshell, they were probably still wrapping their heads around it.

"I'd love to, thanks for the offer." He took it, though in his head he knew he was in for a fucking atrocious evening. He already felt awkward enough just stood in a public space with Christopher's family, let alone having to be sat around a dinner table with them.

Christopher looked delighted, and his sister's equally so, amongst themselves. Harry would just have to see this as some bonding time with Christopher, considering he always felt so tense around him.

"Great! Chris will text you the address. We usually eat around six, is that okay for you?" Julie asked.

"Perfect," Harry nodded, "See you at ten to."

"You're free to come shopping with us now, instead of sitting here alone?" Christopher suggested, and now Harry had to come up with a plan. He didn't want to join their fucking family for good, which he might as well have if he spent hours on end with them.

"Oh, my, uh," He pointed a thumb behind his shoulder, "My family are meeting me here soon. But thanks for the offer."

"No problem. We'll see you later, Harry."

He was met with a chorus of goodbyes as Christopher and his family made their way away, heading away in their huddle. God, what had Harry let himself in for?

He grabbed his phone from his pocket once again, delighted to see that Louis had finally replied.

**Louis:** Hi Harry! So sorry I haven't been replying, only just charged my phone up in a cafe. You in the centre today? xx

He speedily responded.

**Harry:** Yeah where are you? xx

**Louis:** In Boots with my family but can come meet if u want? Where are you? xx

**Harry:** Water fountain in the outdoor plaza. xx

**Louis:** On my way xx

Harry saw him a moment later, his distinctive self visible against the crowds. He looked adorable, dressed in a hoodie a couple sizes too big, hands balled up in the sleeves. He smiled so wide when he spotted Harry, slipping onto the bench next to him.

"Hey."
"Hi, you okay?" Harry smiled.

"Better now," He huffed out a laugh. "Why are you sat here in your own? Where's your family?"

Harry quickly rolled his eyes. "Just had a bit of drama with Kendall and her family, got away from it. Nothing major."

"Sorry to hear." Louis shrugged.

"Ran into Christopher a second ago too, he's invited me round for dinner tonight." Harry left his tone neutral, until he for a reaction from Louis. This came in the form of a stifled laugh.

"Wow, you said yeah?"

"So?" Harry smirked defensively, "He's my bestie, in case you haven't been able to tell."

"His family are… *interesting*, to say the least." Harry cocked an eyebrow. "In what way?"

"All vegetarian. And their house is all hippy-ish. *Definitely* your scene, don't worry." He sarcastically added, with a giggle.

"Oh God!" Harry cackled. "Wish me luck. Still, probably better than going back to my house. My family found out rather ungracefully about the fake French girls drama."

"Shit. Yeah, I'd steer clear for a while."

Harry turned to look at Louis, whose sparkling blue eyes were surveying the area around them. He looked so bright and bubbly today. He turned to meet Harry's eye, a little smile rising on his face.

"What are you staring at, Styles?"

"I really wanna kiss you. But our creepy fucking email watcher could be lurking around."

"True," Louis sighed, "Hope you're not too stressed about that."

Harry shrugged, "Not at the moment. They don't seem too much of a threat to me, to be honest. And anyway, they're still thinking over a compromise."

"Let's not think about it until they do." Louis concluded. "But, hey, I really wanna kiss you, too."

Harry sadly smiled, chastely patting Louis on the leg. "We'll have to restrain ourselves for now."

"You wouldn't come along to Christopher's too, would you?" He begged suddenly, once it dawned on him again what he had agreed to. "It's going to be dreadful."

"His parents are weird, they have a one guest policy. I tried to go with Charlie once, they said only one of us were allowed in." Louis snickered. Harry furrowed his eyebrows.

"Wow. Fantastic."

"You'll be fine. I've managed it before."

Louis' phone started ringing in his pocket suddenly, so he apologised quickly to Harry before digging his device out and answering it.
"Hi, Mum… yeah… okay. Yeah, I'm sat with Harry in the plaza… no… yeah, okay. See you soon." He hung up afterwards, tucking his phone away once again. "I'm so sorry, Harry, I have to go. We're going to visit my grandmother. I would suggest you come along, but she gets very confused, it might--"

"You don't have to explain yourself, Lou." Harry put on a smile. "I'll see you when I see you."

Louis nodded, getting to his feet. "I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you more."

"Good luck with your dinner date." Louis snorted, giving Harry a wave.

"I've still got to take you on another one of those some time." Harry called after him, shooting him a wink when Louis looked back over his shoulder.

"I'd love that."

And then Louis was gone, disappearing into the crowd, leaving Harry alone once again.

---

After a bit of retail therapy on his own, Harry ended up getting the bus home at about half past three, arriving back home by just gone four. He had avoided his family, which seemed to be routinely at the moment, and put away the new articles of clothing he had purchased for himself. He had been formulating ridiculous excuses in his head all day, things he wanted to text Christopher so he could get out of going, but he knew he would have to just man up at the end of the day and take the invitation.

He was even hoping Christopher would forget to even text him the address, but that wonderful message popped onto Harry's screen at ten minutes past five, just as he had almost grasped the hope of getting out of going. Great.

He shot back a casual 'cool, see you later :)' before groaning aloud to himself. He wished he had backed out of it sooner, really. He didn't bother changing his outfit, hardly seeing it as a massively formal affair, but made the effort at half past five to spritz on some of his favourite Tom Ford aftershave.

He didn't even say farewell to his family, leaving with a slam of the door, just his phone and car keys in hand. He jumped into his car, tapping Christopher's address into his Sat Nav before speeding off with a roar of his engine. He got there in seven minutes flat, arriving at quarter to, parking along the side of the road opposite their house. He sat in his car for the next five minutes, mentally gathering himself, before finally heading to the door at ten to.

He took a deep breath and knocked a few times, before stuffing his hands in his jeans' pockets and rocking back on his heels. He saw a shadowy silhouette through the stained glass, before the door was opened. Christopher stood there, pushing up his glasses and beaming at Harry.

"Harry! Hi!"

"Hey," He nodded, putting on a smile.

"Come in, come in," Christopher rushed, holding open the door. "Shoes off by the door, if that's okay?"
Harry stepped in, thanking him and shutting the door behind him. He slipped off his boots, and Christopher watched in intrigue.

"What size shoe are you?"

Harry opened his mouth to talk, laughing awkwardly instead, eyebrows furrowing. "Size 11."

"That's big."

Harry nodded, not even making eye contact, following Christopher as he led him into what appeared to be the kitchen. Harry finally got a good look around the house. It smelt *damp* everywhere, and the walls were painted a mustard yellow. Not very flattering, really. The kitchen was small and stocky, and Christopher's Mother stood at the oven, stirring something in a pan, while his father chopped some carrots.

"Hello, Harry," Michael greeted, dressed in a grey checked shirt and muted green, baggy trousers. "Looking very dapper."

"Oh," Harry laughed nervously, "Thank you, Sir."

"Would you like a drink? Sparkling water? Prune juice?" Julie offered, rolling her sleeves up, smiling at him. She wore a dress which looked almost *medieval*, a headband holding back her grey hair.

Oh God, both those drinks sounded utterly putrid to Harry.

"Uh, I'll just have some tap water, if that's okay?"

"No problem." She fetched a glass from the cupboard and drew a glass full of water for him, handing it over. He wasn't even thirsty but took it gratefully.

"Thank you."

"Do you like stew, Harry?"

Probably not their vegetarian stuff, but he knew he had to be polite.

"I'm not fussy." He smiled.

"Oh, great! It's goat's cheese, mushrooms and spinach."

Oh fuck. Oh no. Harry had never had a big a distaste for something as he did for goat's cheese.

"Sounds lovely."

Christopher led him through into what looked to be a living room slash dining room. The walls were a khaki green, and they seemed to be a family for stashing collectibles. Harry and his stupidly clumsy long legs almost completely tripped over some of the clutter on the floor, barely holding onto his glass of water. Grace and Bella, Christopher's sisters, were perched on a cluttered sofa. They had dressed up, seemingly, wearing dresses opposed to their earlier casual attire. They turned a little shy when they spotted Harry was there, stopping their conversation instantly.

Harry took a seat by Christopher at the dining table, taking another tentative sip at his water as a bit of a silence filler.

"Guys, look how cool Harry's t-shirt is. It's a designer one, isn't it, Harry?" Christopher asked his
sisters, who gawked at Harry's t-shirt like it was in a museum.

"It's nice." They said in unison, then giggled together. Okay.

"Oh, thanks." He smiled. There was an awkward silence, a very prolonged one, making Harry feel very grateful when Christopher's parents strolled in. Michael had a stack of plates and a handful of a load of cutlery, while Julie wore oven gloves and held the stew pot. Everybody sat around the table, Christopher's sisters opposite the boys, and Christopher's parents sat either head of the table.

Julie began serving up the stew, and Harry felt sick to his stomach. He never liked judging what families chose to eat, nor did he judge those who wanted to be vegetarian, he was all for that, but this shit just looked utterly revolting.

"How much would you like, Harry?"

"Uh, just a little for now, thank you."

Julie smiled and nodded, before proceeding to scoop the largest fucking amount Harry had ever seen. Fun. She passed it over, and he thanked her and set it in front of himself, accepting the cutlery she handed over too. They all started eating around Harry, seemingly enjoying it, so he took a very reluctant first taste. He was almost sick in an instant, quite literally, as the taste of the goat's cheese filled his senses. He decided he would just hold his breath.

Christopher was the first to fill the silence.

"Oh, Mum, you know Kendall Jenner, the girl I kissed at school?" Christopher asked, "Harry dated her."

Harry literally choked a little on his food, proceeding to cough sharply a few times, so that Julie reached over and patted him on the back.

"Go easy on that, Harry! I know it's delicious, but inhaling food is dangerous." She bellowed out a laugh.

"Yes, Christopher told us all about her. Pretty girl, from photos he's shown us." Michael grinned.

What-- what the fuck?

"Oh. Yeah." He awkwardly chuckled. "She is."

He didn't fucking need this now. It was bad enough being here, before having to talk about his ex. And the fact that Christopher had told his entire family he had kissed her (as her spiteful incentive), and even shown them photos! Poor boy… poor fucking boy. He had Christopher's sisters staring him down too from across the table. He felt extremely uncomfortable.

"How long were you with her?" Julie went on. What the hell?

"Few years." Harry muttered, trying to stay blunt, hoping they would get the hint. They clearly didn't though.

"And I presume you didn't have sex before marriage, yes?" Michael dropped in. Harry was close to choking once again, eyes widening. He couldn't help but huff out a laugh, thinking it was a joke, though he looked up to meet Michael's very serious gaze.

"Oh, uh… yeah, we…” He trailed off, realising how strange this was, laughing breathlessly to
himself due to the ridiculous situation.

"Did you know that it is a sin?" Julie interjected, eyebrows raised. "Stated in Hebrews 13:4: Marriage should be honored by all, and the marriage bed kept pure, for God will judge the adulterer and all the sexually immoral."

There was another thick silence, Harry absolutely baffled. He really could not believe this, it seemed like one huge joke. Man, would it be funny to tell Louis later, though.

"Oh. Never really looked… into it, myself… the bible stuff." He mumbled.

The topic was dropped. Harry should have known how religious they'd be, he had seen a few crucifixes on the walls but hadn't really taken note. They went on to talk about other matters, and Harry stayed silent unless asked anything. Due to the general awkwardness of the situation, he ended up managing to force down a good three quarters of the meal. He felt purely sick.

"Did you enjoy that, Harry?" Julie smiled.

"Very much, thank you." He said, as she gathered up all the plates.

"Can me and Harry leave the table, Mum?"

"Yes, you may."

Harry followed suit as Christopher got up from the table.

"Wanna come to my room, Harry?"

"Sure." He shrugged. He really just wanted to fucking go home now, when would the torment end? He followed Christopher from the living room, entering the hallway again, and climbing up the stained, carpeted stairs.

"I love having you round, it's so cool!" Christopher called over his shoulder. "You should come round more often."

He was going to come round as little as humanly possible.

They entered Christopher's room, which smelt weird. It was dark, the only real light inside radiating from inside what looked to be a lizard tank. Clothes were strewn everywhere, and there was a large poster of Jesus above his bed. He hadn't known Christopher to be religious, but now his name made more sense, maybe.

"Feel free to take a seat."

Harry thanked him and perched himself gawkily on the edge of the bed, minding the utter mess atop of it.

"So," Christopher chuckled, "What do you want to talk about?"

Harry laughed and shrugged. "Don't mind."

"You know, I think you're my best friend out of everyone." Christopher largely grinned. "Am I yours, too?"

"I never choose favourites." Harry quickly said. He was beginning to feel weirdly uncomfortable
again, crossing his legs.

"Oh." Christopher smiled blissfully anyway. "I bet your mum's pretty."

This just wasn't normal.

"Yeah, she is." He chuckled. He didn't even recognise his own laugh, it was that forced and awkward.

"Is having sex difficult?"

"Christopher, I'm finding this all a bit… weird." Harry admitted, immediately. "The questions… you know."

"Oh… really?"

"Yeah."

"I'm sorry, I'm just curious, that's all. I bet you've got a six pack, too." He looked Harry in the eye, smiling to himself.

Harry froze. He felt his breath catch in his throat momentarily, brain scanning back over those words. It was a stupid idea, it really was, but the fact Christopher had brought up Harry's six pack a day after he had sent an anonymousemailer a topless photo, was just very strange to him. And the way Christopher was looking at him.

The emails, they had said you fascinate me. He clearly infatuated Christopher in some way… was he looking too far into this? His heart was drumming fast, throat dry, looking quickly between Christopher's eyes.

"Christopher…?" He slowly asked. "Is… is it you?"

He tilted his head to the side, lip jutting out. "Is what me?"

"The emails." He hastily dropped, face stern. "Are you behind them?"

"What emails?"

"The ones I've been receiving. If it's you, you'll know what I'm talking about." He held eye contact with him for a steady five seconds.

"I don't know what emails you're referring to."

Harry took a steady breath, breaking eyes with him and running a hand through his hair.

"Are you being completely honest with me, Christopher? Because sometimes, I don't know… It's like you've got a weird crush on me, or something." Maybe he hadn't meant to word it that way, but it just slipped out. Christopher sprang to his feet, eyes wild.

"A crush!" He erupted. "That would be a sin, Harry!"

"Okay, mate, calm down. It was just a joke." He attempted to calm him, gesturing with his hands.

"I don't know what hecking emails you're talking about, and I do not have a crush on you!"

Okay, maybe Harry had gotten this all wrong. Shit.
"Okay, I apologise, man. I'm really sorry."

Christopher took a seat again beside Harry, muttering to himself. "You're a very handsome guy. But I'm not allowed to crush. And I don't know what you're talking about with some emails."

The way he said 'I'm not allowed to crush' meant maybe he would if he could. Harry was going to pretend he hadn't heard that.

"Okay. Sorry, I'm just very paranoid at the moment."

"So you do have a six pack?"

Harry sighed. "Look, thanks for everything today, mate. I think I'm going to actually head home now, it's getting pretty late."

"B-But it's only ten to eight." Christopher pouted. "You should stay the night."

Hell no.

"I really should be going. But thanks for the offer." He out on a complacent smile, getting up to his feet. "Would you walk me down?"

"Yes."

There was a tense silence as he did so. Harry fucking hated himself for doing that, putting Christopher the spot. It had just made so much sense; the fascination, the fact Christopher hadn't seen him topless; the way he brought up Harry's six pack. Now he felt like a complete tool.

Harry thanked the parents for having him round, greeted with the usual 'going already?'s. He managed to be out of there by eight, all while remaining calm and polite.

Fucking hell, he hoped this wouldn't make school awkward. At least that was one less person on the suspect list.
Harry ended up sleeping in his car that evening. The entire encounter with Christopher and his family had drained him, evidently, and despite it being only eight o'clock at night, he had realised that his eyelids had begun to feel rather heavy. General common sense had kicked in, adding up that driving a car while on the verge of drifting off to sleep wasn't a great idea, and he had fallen asleep pretty much as soon as he had tucked his car into a lay-by.

His back was stiff when he woke up, considering all he had made an effort to do was clamber into the back seat and lie across that. His lanky body crammed into that space meant his legs weren't in their best state either, having lain them in a strange folded position.

It was ten minutes past eleven when he peered over at the time on his car's dashboard, meaning he had endured a rather hefty sleep of fifteen hours. Nice. Sundays were meant to be for lazing around, anyway, so he let himself off.

He grabbed his phone, which had fallen into the footwell beneath the seats, to find it with a critically low battery and several text messages. One from Louis, some from his Mum. Louis' had been sent that morning, whereas a flow of texts from his Mother had ranged all the way from last night up until ten minutes ago.

**Louis: How'd it go with Christopher? ;) xx**

Harry sniffed out a laugh, ignoring it for now to check his Mum's texts.

**Mum: Where are you Harry?**
**Mum: We may not be on the best of terms currently, but I need to know where you are. Text me please.**
**Mum: Reply please we're worried.**
**Mum: Harry.**
**Mum: Harry I'm worried sick.**

Oops?

He immediately decided he should call her; despite barely even talking at the moment, he knew he had to contact her as soon as possible to avoid her worrying herself to death.

She picked up after 3 rings, sounding frantic.

"What on earth are you playing at, Harry?!" She seethed, so that Harry had to hold his phone away slightly from his still-adjusting ears. He screwed his eyes shut but chose not to sigh, knowing that would only make matters worse.

"I stayed at a friend's house. Sorry, I should have told you." He didn't want to say he slept in his
car, he was pretty embarrassed about that. Plus, he knew she would somehow turn that into another of her angry points: you're hardly safe from harm sleeping in your car, anyone could break in, blah blah blah.

"Whose house? I'd like to know next time, Harry, seeing as none of us saw you since you stormed off yesterday. I'd like to talk to you about that, by the way."

Oh, great. She was probably going to lecture him about what Kendall had told him, about the two French girls. Which was a lie in itself.

"My mate, Christopher's." He decided to answer to only the first part of what she had said, knowing it wasn't the time to get into anything else. He still barely even felt awake.

Would he even consider Christopher a mate? He felt deeply embarrassed to even think about that, seeing as he now knew what his family were like. Christopher had hardly helped to make him feel less awkward, and the ending to the evening hadn't made it any better; Harry had practically ended up fully accusing him of being behind the dumb emails.

"Okay, Harry. I'll see you later."

"Yeah. Bye."

She hung up the phone, and that was when Harry's phone switched off, its screen flashing to black. He had forgotten it was on the verge of dying, though he was glad it hadn't done so during the call, because his mum would have inevitably blamed him for hanging up on her.

He felt guilty that he hadn't replied to Louis, who had only wanted to know about the experience with Christopher, and he knew he definitely didn't want to head home yet to retrieve his charger because he adamantly wanted to avoid a discussion with his mum just yet.

He got the sudden idea to spontaneously drive to Louis' house and knock on the door. Sure, it might be a little awkward and maybe Louis wouldn't even be there, but it wasn't even exactly like he could text him and let him know he was coming. What harm really was there? Louis' family seemed to like him, and they hadn't even known him long.

Harry jumped out of his car, slamming the door shut and stretching his legs, which ached. He hated that he hadn't even changed his clothes, but headed to the passenger side and got a can of deodorant that he kept in there. He sprayed it under his arms and a little around his torso, also grabbing some gum to freshen his breath, then got into the driver's seat and checked his hair in the mirror on the sun visor. It was a bit of a mess, but admittedly a sexy one, so he left it like that.

He cranked up the radio and drove towards Louis' road, the entire time wondering whether this was a shitty idea or not. He was parked up on the road opposite Louis' house just under ten minutes later, watching Louis' house from afar. Anyone who spotted him would think he was a complete creep, maybe even a stalker, so he decided he would stop being ridiculous and would head up to the door.

This felt weird. It felt like it made their relationship really official, because he was still unsure how far they had really gotten.

He rang the doorbell, sticking his hands awkwardly in his pockets. His heart was absolutely thudding, regardless of how generally confident he was, as he saw a silhouette head towards the door. It opened a moment later, and Louis' mum, Jay, absolutely beamed at him.

"Harry, hello!" She grinned, opening up the door immediately for him. "Come in, Darling!"
He loved her enthusiasm. He could tell how much she adored him and he felt so welcomed by that, it meant he couldn't hold back a bright smile either.

"Thank you," He politely accepted, stepping inside and sliding his shoes off. "It's a bit random me showing up, I do apologise. Louis doesn't even know."

"Oh, well I'm sure he certainly won't mind. He should be home in a little while, he walked the twins to the park this morning and told me they're heading back soon." She smiled. "You could stick around for a drink, or I won't feel offended if you want to head off."

"No, no, I'd love a drink if you're making one." He smiled, figuring spending time with Louis' mum alone would be nice. She smiled broadly and led him into the kitchen, and he politely followed.

"What would you like, my love?"

"I'd love a cup of tea, thank you so much." He gratefully accepted, leaning on the counter in their small kitchen. She put the kettle on after filling it with water, before leaning on the opposite counter and smiling at him once again.

"You're a very polite young man, Harry. You dress lovely, too, I assume you're from a very good family."

He could just tell that was her way of asking whether his family is rich, but in a way in which she was complimenting him, too. He didn't mind, he could tell she was being genuine and was just a little curious about his background.

"Yeah, well I know it's always nice to be polite." He grinned. "We live over near the West side of Doncaster."

"Wow! Pricey houses on the West, if I'm assuming correctly," She raised her eyebrows, "You've got a lovely car, too. But you deserve the wealthy lifestyle, because you've got the million dollar personality to go with it!"

Harry brightly chuckled, shaking his head in amusement at her compliment. "Thank you so much, Jay, that means a lot."

The kettle finished boiling, and Jay grabbed a couple of cups from the cupboard and popped a teabag in each.

"Milk? Sugar?"

"One sugar and a bit of milk. Thank you."

She did as requested, giving it a stir and removing the teabag, handing it to Harry and taking her own cup, too. She led Harry into the living room, and they sat on the plush sofa in the lounge, where the television was quietly playing.

"So, Harry, I don't know if it's really my place to ask, and don't feel pressured to answer," She began, "But I'm just curious, are you and Louis just friends, or…?"

Oh. Well, that was pretty up front. Harry was unaware that Jay had already asked Louis, who had practically said they were "seeing each other", so perhaps she wanted to see if they were on the same page. Maybe her motherly instinct had kicked in and she was making sure he wasn't just going to use Louis, as nice as she found him.
"We're dating." He immediately informed. He hadn't even hesitated, hadn't stopped to think it over, it just came out so naturally. Her reaction was to lift her eyebrows and smile widely.

"Oh, that's great! That's so lovely to hear, Harry." She was absolutely beaming, which Harry loved to see. "Not that I'm the one to judge, and I know it's not always obvious, but when we met I would have had absolutely no clue you're into boys!"

Hell, he didn't know he was either until he met Louis. He knew he would be getting that a fuck-load in the future, people claiming he looked completely straight, but figured he would have to get used to it. That was, if and when he was comfortable enough to even come out, Christ.

"Yeah, that's understandable. I only really worked that out recently for myself. Pretty sure I'm bi, if anything." He felt completely and utterly comfortable discussing this with her, it was like he had known her for years. He wished it would be this easy with his own mum, but he knew there would be a little more difficulty getting her to understand his choices in the future. He was dreading that.

"I bet you get a lot of female attention, too. It's great that you're seeing my lovely Louis, he's always just been so shy when it comes to relationships." She admitted. "He's always deserved one, obviously, he's just been too nervous to really initiate one."

That really stirred Harry's heart. Louis was so very sweet, so caring and funny and gorgeous, but too timid to actually go for anyone. He was glad he hadn't though, because now Louis was all his. He decided he would say that.

"Well, I'm glad of that, because now I managed to get him." He chuckled.

Jay chuckled along, smiling and nodding.

"Yes, I can tell he's very fond of you. Does your mum know about you and Lou?"

Oh… he hadn't really thought this one through. Here he was, chatting to Louis' mum like two women in a coffee shop, yet he hadn't even mentioned having a friend called Louis to his own mother yet, let alone that he was into guys, too - sheesh.

"Well, she still doesn't actually know I'm not straight," He confided, taking a deep breath, "I don't think she would take it too well at the moment, it's a bit of a long story. I wasn't exactly expecting to fall in love with a guy, then Louis came along."

Jay fondly grinned once again, a smile that pretty much hadn't left, especially upon hearing that final sentence.

"My advice to you, Harry, is to take your time. Don't feel like you need to rush into telling her anything, you wait until you're comfortable, because otherwise you'll regret it. I promise she will love you regardless of who you love."

Harry reciprocated her caring smile and gratefully nodded. "Thank you."

The sound of the front door opening and some voices in the hallway cut their moment short. Harry could hear Louis' voice, as well as the two twins. The living room door opened a moment later, and Louis froze completely in his tracks when he spotted Harry sat with his mum, a huge grin instantly plastering onto his face.

"Hi!" He giggled, heading over and sitting by Harry's side, and they gave each other a quick hug. "How long have you been here?"
"Like, twenty minutes," Harry laughed, gesturing his half finished cup of tea, "Your mum made me a cup of tea and we've been gossiping about you."

Jay laughed brightly at Harry's joke, lightly shaking her head. "Harry's been lovely company, Lou. You're very lucky."

"I know." Louis clarified, eyes bright as he looked Harry over. The twins came bounding in a moment later, heading straight for Harry when they spotted him.

"Harry!"

They both hugged either of his legs, urging him to chuckle and ruffle their hair.

"Hi guys, you alright?" He beamed, "I heard you've been to the park."

"Louis took us! But he wouldn't come on the climbing frame, he just sat on the bench because he's boring." Daisy complained, prodding Louis on the leg.

Louis snickered a laugh and rolled his eyes. "Wow, sorry about that. I was cold and tired."

"You would have come on the climbing frame, wouldn't you, Harry?"

"Of course I would have!" Harry claimed, smirking coyly at Louis. "Because I'm not boring."

"Shut it, you." Louis playfully added.

"Don't tell Harry to shut up!" Phoebe defended Harry from her brother, sweetly. "He's my favourite now."

Louis pretended to gasp, holding a hand to his chest. "I am offended, I'm your big brother!"

"Daisy, let's play barbies!" Phoebe immediately changed the subject, as children did, grabbing her sister's hand and running out of the room with her, enthusiastically.

"They love you a lot, Harry!" Jay exclaimed, happily. "They're usually so shy around new people, but clearly they've taken to you very easily."

"They're lovely girls, I'm glad." Harry smiled, finishing off the last of his tea. "Thank you so much for the tea, I appreciate it."

"Any time, Darling, it's been a pleasure spending time with you."

Harry offered to take both his and Jay's empty cups to the kitchen, once again thanking her, before heading upstairs with Louis.

---

Louis completely lost it over Harry's story about Christopher's house, as they sat cross-legged on his bed. Harry hadn't exactly mentioned the part yet where he literally accused Christopher of having made the email account, but he did go over just about everything else.

"Oh my God, I can't believe they tried to grill you about sex before marriage!" Louis cackled, clutching adorably at his knee. "They were nowhere near as bad as that when I went round, fucking hell, they probably saw you as a bad influence on him."

That was probably true, actually… Harry could often be labelled a bad influence.
“It was the most awkward meal of my life. His sisters gave me the creeps, too. I don't know, the whole family has something off about them.” Harry admitted, feeling himself shudder at the memory of the taste of that putrid food. He didn't even know how he had managed to get through it, quite honestly.

“Oh, any more emails?” Louis suddenly brought up. Harry hadn't actually checked recently, as he had turned off his email notifications in an attempt to not think about it, in the meantime, so his heart jumped a little when he realised he actually hadn't.

“Shit, no, I'll check now.” He pulled out his phone, tapping onto his emails, ignoring the few spam ones he had waiting and a few offers from companies and all that normal stuff, finding a new email waiting that had arrived early that morning.

It was headlined:

**What are your limits?**

Harry sighed as he tapped onto it, letting Louis know that there was in fact one waiting. He cleared his throat comically, before reading it aloud.

*Harry. Sorry it took me a couple days to get back to you. I realised that I want nothing more than to spend some time with you, and that would be my wish. Nothing weird, just us, alone. Away from everybody. Whatever happens, happens, because I've realised perhaps you're a little bit of a ladies' man, even if you do like boys, too. I feel you would know how to treat a lady. I'll give you another couple of days to think it over.*

-Anonymous Sender XXXX

Harry finished reading, looking up at Louis with a quirked eyebrow.

"Well, firstly, no fucking way am I spending time with whoever this is. What the fuck do they mean, whatever happens, happens? I'm not fucking about with this anymore."

"And secondly, now we know it's a female." Louis finished Harry's presumption for him, having noted that from the email's line: *I feel you would know how to treat a lady.*

"Exactly," Harry nodded, "I guess that's something. Unless, of course, they're lying to hide their identity more."

"But they want to meet and spend time alone, so surely they know they'll have to come clean at some point." Louis shrugged. "This is so ridiculous. Who would do this?"

Harry still thought Kendall. But also his allegations regarding Christopher still seemed prominent, though he knew deep down it wasn't him, and he was being ridiculous himself.

He had another "couple of days". But he needed more than that, he needed forever. No way in hell was he going to spend time alone with whoever this was, he wouldn't wish it on anyone. He knew it would just be a case of waiting to see what came of it.

---

When Monday morning rolled around, Harry was ultimately drained of energy. There were so many aspects of his upcoming day which he was dreading: seeing Christopher after that awkward encounter; Kendall and Co. glaring him down all day; and, of course, the deep-set worry he still had over the email situation.
Louis insisted on getting a lift from his mum that morning, and even after Harry offering many times to pick Louis up on his way, it was turned down, because apparently Louis' mum was dropping his sisters off at their nearby school, anyway. So Harry parked up his car, well aware he had cut it pretty fine with timing, and was already a few minutes late for registration period. He couldn't care less, casually locking his car with a beep behind himself and strolling leisurely towards the correct building.

Despite the heavy weight on his shoulders, he was still feeling pretty confident overall. He wasn't going to let anything bring his week down, he knew he was stronger than that.

Halfway through their registration teacher's announcements to the class, Harry made a pretty riotous entrance, the door slamming against the wall as he made his way in. His classmates found it pretty funny, laughing amongst themselves, although Kendall and her table of knobheads were already snickering at Harry - merely because they wanted to humiliate him. They failed to.

Louis was smiling dazzlingly at him as he approached, which was adorable. Charlie looked half asleep, Niall was scribbling in his notebook in boredom, and Christopher was just staring at Harry: pretty expressionless. Harry offered him an awkward nod in greeting, which Christopher returned, equally monotonous.

None of them greeted each other verbally, because their teacher was already glaring Harry down due to how disruptive he had been.

Harry pretended to listen, but his eyes found themselves diverting over to where he could feel some on him. It was Kendall, unsurprisingly, and she was smirking at him. She raised her eyebrows, fast and mockingly, which made Harry's stomach lurch. He scowled back, as the suspicion trickled into his gut once again: was the email account her doing? Because unless he was being paranoid once again, she seemed pretty smug about something.

Registration period ended pretty quickly, nothing in particular catching Harry's attention in the morning announcements, and they were dismissed to their first lesson, which was music. The arts building was the furthest away from registration, meaning they all had to make the walk there. Harry's mates were chatting amongst themselves, pretty upbeat, but Harry couldn't take his eyes off Kendall, who was laughing brightly with Cheryl and Gigi.

Spontaneity got the best of him, and he found himself carrying out what he had wanted to do since the email scenario first surfaced.

"Guys, I'll meet you in class." He muttered, before taking off a bit faster, right in Kendall's direction.

Gigi seemed to have spotted him approaching, as she was frantically tapping Kendall's shoulder and nudging her head in his direction. The three girls turned his way as he reached them, but he didn't even stop for a second.

"Kendall, walk with me. Don't ask questions." He bluntly commanded, before walking a little ahead.

He heard Kendall jogging slightly, catching him up, walking beside him with quite a distance between them (kept by Harry, mainly.)

"What do you want?" She snapped. "And, fucking hell, slow down a bit!"

"Why are you acting so fucking smug all the time?" He dropped the question, not even sparing her
"Genuine answers, please."

"What is this, a fucking police investigation? If by 'smug' you mean happy, then how am I meant to answer that? I'm just happy." She sneered. Harry rolled his eyes, openly.

"You know something. I know you do, and don't try to deny it. What are you trying to get out of it?"

He could see their classmates watching their interaction, muttering to each other, probably thinking Harry and Kendall were going to make up. Fuck no, Harry knew that he'd sooner become King of England before that shit happened.

"Huh?" Kendall was dumbfounded, grabbing rather harshly onto Harry's sleeve and ceasing him in walking. Classmates passed by them as they came to a stop, Louis sparing a worried look Harry's way but continuing to walk, Kendall's friends stifling laughs but also carrying on their way. "Harry, what are you on about?"

"I think you know." Harry finally looked into the eyes of the girl he once called his, though his stomach span with hatred and he wondered how he was ever happy with her.

Her eyebrows furrowed even further, "I don't get you, at all. I don't know shit, what am I supposed to know?"

"The fucking emails, Kendall. Just start talking, even if it's not you specifically, I know it's someone in your group." Harry accused. Wow, his second accusation in the span of about twelve hours. Nice.

She still looked lost, mouth hanging open and face contorted.

"Emails?"

"Yes, I'm not stupid, Kendall."

"What's happened to you? I think you're going mad, Harry, will you tell me what fucking emails you're talking about?"

"Forget it." Harry rolled his eyes, scoffing. "So, just to clarify, you're telling me you've got nothing to do with the emails? I appreciate honesty."

"Yes!" Kendall exploded. "I don't have anything to do with them, I don't even know what you're on about. None of us are part of that shit, I'm trying to move on here."

"Maybe stop staring at me and smirking at me in class, then." Harry mumbled, moodily, before strolling off, leaving Kendall behind.

He ran his hands down his face in stress, unsure what to think anymore.

---

Louis had managed to save himself and Harry the two seats in the back corner, in their music class. He even got up and let Harry have the inside seat, by the wall. Harry was thankful for that, because he was sick of the comments people were always giving about him and Mrs Bridges, and although they didn't stop completely when he was sat further back, he was just a little less centre-stage. The comments probably would have been less of an occurrence every lesson, if Mrs Bridges even bothered to extinguish them and tell the students to stop. She just ignored them most of the time,
which was probably her way of being mature in the situation.

They were learning about the origins of different music genres today, enough to send Harry to sleep, and he had already handled a few comments about himself and their teacher already.

Louis leaned in, whispering to him. "I'm guessing you asked Kendall about the account. And I'm also guessing she knew nothing about it."

"Right and right." Harry rolled his eyes. "It's really stressing me out, who the fuck is it?"

"Don't let it get to you, Haz. Just realise how immature they're being, whoever it is, we'll be fine." He patted Harry's thigh.

He went to move his hand back up, but Harry put his own hand over Louis' beneath the table, leaving it on his leg.

"Don't. I like your hand on me." He smirked. Louis tipped his head back in a small laugh, glad that the front of their table wasn't open, as all the tables were covered all the way around with wood.

"Do you now?" Louis giggled, eyes observing the room, everybody else facing the front. Only Mrs bridges faced their way, but was too busy going through a slideshow and concentrating on the lesson.

"A lot." Harry wiggled his eyebrows. "But, maybe a little higher up."

He guided Louis' hand up, to rest on Harry's crotch, and Louis breathed out a shocked laugh.

"We're sat in class, Harry!" He whispered, but made no effort to wriggle his hand away.

"Sat at the back of the room, with complete cover." Harry shrugged, smirk remaining, keeping the volume of his voice between the two of them only. "Don't you like a bit of a thrill, Lou Lou?"

Louis had gone a little red, nibbling nervously on his bottom lip. "I-I don't know about this, Harry."

"I mean, I have been feeling pretty stressed. A helping hand might help," His voice was low and seductive, though still not reaching anyone else's ears, and he could tell he was changing Louis' mind easily.

"This is so naughty." Louis snickered, his innocence shining through, beginning to slowly palm Harry over his crotch. Harry released his grip from over Louis' hand, knowing he could handle it from there, and bit his lower lip as he kept his eyes scanning around the room, just in case. Nobody was paying them any attention.

"Bit more pressure, Lou." He breathed out, and Louis compiled, rolling the heel of his palm in slow, circular motions over it. Harry slowly exhaled, filtering through slightly pursed lips, trying to suppress a cocky smile. He could feel himself hardening just a little already, realising it was probably both from the thrill of what they were doing, plus the fact he had run too late that morning to have a quick wank before he got out of bed.

He loved how Louis was pretending to be listening so intently to what Mrs Bridges was saying, watching on with his free hand rested on his palm, while beneath the table he continued massaging Harry's rather prominent bulge through his jeans.

"I can feel how hard you're getting." Louis whispered to him, biting on his lip in apparent arousal. Harry was lifting his hips up just a little, not so that it was obvious, but just in a desperate attempt
to increase the friction he was getting from Louis.

"Fuck, hold on," Harry muttered under his breath, and Louis removed his hand momentarily, allowing Harry to unbuckle his belt as quietly as humanly possible, long fingers fumbling to unbutton his stubborn jeans and slowly pull down the zip.

They still didn't have anyone's attention on them, Mrs Bridges still chatting away to keep everyone's gazes to the front of the room.

Harry breathed in slowly through gritted teeth as he got his cock out beneath the table, just taking it out the top of his jeans, and had to admit now how strange this maybe was. But he loved it all the same, the way Louis momentarily flicked his gaze down, before looking towards the front again with a slight smile. He reached over once again, out of sight beneath the table, and took Harry's dick in his hand.

Harry held his breath as Louis began slowly working his hand over his length, flicking his wrist in the perfect motion, so that Harry's stomach stirred with lust. He released his held breath, steadily, through his nose.

Mrs Bridges glanced towards the back then, suddenly, and Louis froze in place, moving his hand away just in time. Harry's dick was fully out beneath the table, but nobody knew that.

"Harry, who would you say your favourite composer is?"

Everybody turned around then, and despite the literal wooden covering of the front of the table, Harry felt rather exposed. Zayn stifled a laugh across the room.

"Trust her to ask Harry again."

Harry rolled his eyes at Zayn's comment, going on to answer what he had been asked.

"Uh…" His voice came out a little raspy, urging him to clear his throat. "Not my kind of music, really. But I'll just say Beethoven."

"Wonderful choice," Mrs Bridges smiled, giving him a little nod. "I'd suggest Moonlight Sonata by Beethoven, then, but I can assure you've already heard that one."

She moved on then, not even bothering to ask anybody else and moving onto the next slide. Right, just making the comments worse, for future reference.

Louis was immediately wrapping his hand around Harry's cock again, this time proceeding to jerk him off at a steadier pace. Harry breathed a little deeper, having to try hard to completely control it, so as not to sound too noticeable to anybody. He thrust up lightly into Louis' fist, only lifting his hips a little bit from his chair, craving more.

Louis wanked him off for a while, nibbling his lip again in concentration, basking in the way Harry's breath kept hitching as he fought to keep it steady once again. Harry knew it wasn't going to take him long today before he came, because the general naughtiness of the situation was making him feel hot all over already, just the thought that nobody knew what was happening at the back of the room.

A couple minutes later, he was close. He grabbed Louis' wrist just as a forewarning, clenching onto it tightly, and saw Louis grin to himself in the corner of his eye. He could probably feel how much Harry was throbbing in his hand, dangerously on edge, stomach tightening and untightening and breathing getting heavier.
"I'm gonna cum," He barely whispered, for Louis' ears only, "Fuck."

He hadn't exactly thought this through, but Louis wasn't stopping the action, jerking Harry off even faster. Harry's eyes fluttered shut, breathing reaching its peak and mouth falling open. He shuddered a little and then he was cumming, and God knows his cum was streaking all over the underside of the table. As he came, he couldn't hold in a strained whimper from coming out very loudly and suddenly into the otherwise silent classroom.

Still handling the shake of his orgasm, Louis' hand gone now, he cleverly made a bang on the table with his hand just as everybody turned to face him in shock, setting up an excuse.

He had carried out the moan into one of discomfort, thinking on his feet, "Fuck, I hit my elbow!" though his classmates burst into an uproar of laughter.

Harry had gone very red, he could feel it, and was sweating a little and still sort of riding out the last of his orgasm, but nobody seemed to know. To them, it just looked like he had pretended to hit his elbow to get some attention. That was better than them knowing the truth, anyway.

"Alright, back to the lesson." Mrs Bridges urged everybody, clapping her hands. Harry avoided eye contact with her, feeling like literally dying. Louis was having a complete laughing fit, silently, clutching his stomach with his eyes screwed shut.

"Shut up, Tomlinson," Harry breathed, smirking to himself.

"Feel less stressed now, or more?" Louis giggled, quietly, patting Harry's leg. "Put your dick away, you dirty boy, before someone sees."

Harry did, doing his jeans and belt back up silently, grabbing a tissue or two from his bag and trying his best to daub beneath the table without even looking. He probably got most of it cleaned up. Probably.

---

"By the way, you know that quiet girl in our class, Emily?" Louis asked Harry at lunch, as they both queued up in the cafeteria.

"Yeah?"

"She totally watched you cum earlier. Pretty sure she knew, she watched your eyes close and everything."

"What!" Harry barked out a laugh. "Why didn't you tell me before?!"

"She won't tell anyone, don't worry." Louis giggled. "Though she probably wishes she videoed it."

"Oh, shut up." Harry smirked. "It felt so good, the situation was just very difficult. Thanks though, Lou."

"Anytime. That's definitely the naughtiest thing I've ever done."

"Gosh, I'm corrupting you so much. Where's pure, little Louis gone?"

"Devil Louis is holding him hostage." Louis wiggled his eyebrows, and Harry playfully shoved him.

"Shut up, you idiot. My little devil."
Harry's phone buzzed in his pocket, so he pulled it out. He had turned the notifications back on for his emails once he had remembered to earlier, so when he spotted that it was of course an email from the anonymous account, his heart skipped an ominous beat.

"Fuck sake, it's the account."

*Did you orgasm earlier in class Harry? ;)*

_Anonymous Sender XXXX_

"It's someone in our class." He immediately said, showing the message to Louis. "It's Kendall. I fucking know it is, it's got to be!"

"Maybe you weren't so slick earlier. I think I agree, either her or one of your creepy fangirls."

Harry breathed in slowly, holding it for a second before releasing it.

"I'm still leaning more towards Kendall. I know whoever it is has been putting things to make it sound like someone new, but that's probably just to throw me off. It's her. One hundred percent."

"Then what now?" Louis asked. "Reply saying you know it's her?"

"God, I don't know." Harry sighed. "I'm so stuck. I guess it's quite reassuring having an inkling, but I still don't know how to go about it."

He tapped on the reply button anyway, drafting a response while Louis ordered some food as they had reached the counter. Harry had ultimately lost his appetite.

*What is it that you want. Spell it out for me again. You said spend time alone, why?? Nothing's going to happen. Please just give it up.*

*Harry.*

He trailed Louis to the table where their friends were sat, and Harry's eyes remained on his phone screen as he slipped into a seat between Louis and Niall.

"My parents were saying how much they like you, Harry," Christopher suddenly spoke up, talking with a mouth full of pasta, disgustingly. "And that you're very welcome to come round again whenever you want."

"Thank you, I appreciate that." Harry lied, in almost complete disinterest as his eyes remained trained on his email inbox. One popped through while Christopher was blabbering on about how Harry should stay the night next time, and although it was against Harry's nature to be rude and ignore somebody who was talking to him, he tapped straight onto the new email in an instant and skimmed his eyes over it.

*I'd really love to see more photos of you, but I know that's out of the question now. The next best thing would just be to spend some time alone with you, as I said earlier. You seem like a kind and handsome guy.*

_Anonymous Sender XXXX_

Well, at least he knew for sure it wasn't Christopher now, considering he was busy cramming forkfuls of pasta into his mouth as the fresh email had popped through. Harry's brain was still screaming Kendall at him.
This is Kendall. Isn't it.

Harry.

And he simply didn't get another response.

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry, email situation won't go far lol.

Sorry if this was a bit of a cHAoTiC chapter
sorry if there are typos!!!!!
im falling asleep and will fix any as soon as im awake loool

this is the type of harry in this story if you're wondering

And Lou
Harry's paranoia seemed to have reached its peak following the emails during lunchtime. He now knew, for certain, that it was somebody in his class, and it was spiralling his head into an absolute frenzy. He wasn't even so bothered that somebody quite literally knew how he looked when he came - seeing as they had literally said that straight up - because all he wanted was to get to the bottom of this.

Their final class of the day was maths, which of course, Harry had to endure sitting by Kendall in.
He moodily staggered into the room, throwing down his bag beneath the table and falling into his seat before Kendall had even arrived. They had turned up a few minutes early, because Harry had been restless the entire length of their lunch break, not wanting to stand in one place for too long. He felt like he was being watched, constantly, and it put him on edge.

Kendall walked in with the rest of the crowd at 2pm, and it was pretty obvious she was trying to look sexy as she passed by the front of the desk to get to her side, swaying her hips a little. Harry was over seeing her in a sexy way, she just came across as plain annoying nowadays. He didn't even bat an eyelid, scribbling down the date in his notepad.

"How's your detective work going?" She snickered, mockingly, pulling her floral pencil case from her expensive bag.

"Shut up." He sneered back.

"Really, though, have you found out who's doing it?"

"You haven't even asked much about it, which you would do if you weren't involved." He criticised, his brain constantly adding things up.

"Give it a rest. Jesus, I've got nothing to do with whatever you're blabbering on about." She rolled her eyes. "I was just asking. That's all."

He ignored her, deciding to try and concentrate on the lesson, rather than playing a detective game. Concentration was hard, though, and he almost managed to the end of the lesson, listening and writing, before he sensed some eyes on him. Four pairs, to be exact, belonging to the table of the "unpopular girls" across the room. Emily, the girl Louis claimed had seen him literally orgasm earlier, was a part of that group, along with three other girls Harry admittedly hadn't even learnt the names of - they were in his brain somewhere. They were all pretty bleak looking (Harry didn't like the word 'ugly'), and were just a small remainder of the girls in the class who seemed to drool over Harry.

They all giggled amongst themselves when they were caught staring, turning away immediately to face the front, one of them even going red (Harry remembered her name as Grace. Maybe.)

"Got a little fan club over there." Kendall snorted. "None of them will ever get to date you, though. Poor, sad girls, they'll only get to fantasize about what's under your clothes."

"Stop being so weird," Harry snapped, "God, leave people alone. At least they'll never get dumped by me, either."

Ooh. Kendall seemed to cut right past the blatant dig.

"They could be behind your little email scandal," Kendall offered, an edge of smugness to her tone, "Just an observation. What did the emails say, sexual things?"

Harry swallowed dryly in his throat, eyes remaining on the girls, who were excitedly discussing things together. He kept his eyes there, before slowly dragging them back to Kendall.

"None of your business."

But it did make him think. Yeah, Louis had mentioned Emily literally catching him cumming in class, watching him do it, and the first email following that had mentioned it.

Suspicious? A little.
"But it is making you think." Kendall raised an eyebrow.

"Or maybe you're just trying to deter the attention away from yourself. *Just an observation.*" Harry mocked, rolling his eyes. "Stop talking to me, please."

"Whatever." She scoffed.

He glanced back over towards Emily and her friends as the lesson drew to a close, and they were once again looking his way. They panicked a little again when they saw that they had been caught, and Harry acted quickly and mimed "what?" Though he hadn't done it in a confrontational way, more a soft and confused one.

The girls' eyes widened considering Harry's clarification of acknowledgment, and Emily quickly shook her head, shyly, as if to say it was nothing, before they all turned away once again. Students began packing up as class had drawn to an end, but instead of going to join Louis and the others, Harry quickly tailed Emily and her friends. He caught up to them in the hallway, as other pupils dispersed towards the school's exit doors to head home.

"Uh, Emily. Hey." He called out, and saw her visibly tense before turning his way. Her friends stayed by her side, all blinking up at him like lost sheep. Simply hearing him say her name had made her frozen still.

"Y-Yeah? Hi." She stammered out, scratching her forearm nervously. Her friends looked like they were restraining bursting out into giggles.

"Do you mind if I talk to you alone?" He glanced up at her friends, as a little hint, and their eyes widened a little and they couldn't hold back their giggles. They shuffled away, disappearing around a corner, though Harry could guarantee they were lurking around it and listening out. Fucking hell, they probably thought Harry was about to ask Emily out, it seemed like that.

"What's up?" Emily timidly asked, barely able to retain eye contact. She was a sweet girl, kind-looking, though her appearance was rather unkempt. Her eyebrows were pretty unruly, though that couldn't be helped, and her hair was puffy and tied back in a bun, and she was petite in size. He suddenly remembered she had helped him in English class once. Nice girl.

"Umm," He huffed out a breathy laugh, "Do you... do you find me *attractive*?" Probably not a good way to lead into it, considering it had previously seemed a lot like a date was on the cards. He heard a shriek of laughter around the corner, well aware his assumption had been correct that her friends were eavesdropping.

She flushed very red, looking at the lockers to her left to avoid looking at him. He could have sworn he saw her trembling, and she didn't seem to be close to conjuring up a response. He decided to re-word his opening statement.

"Sorry, I worded that a bit weirdly." He rolled his eyes at his own stupidity. "I just wanted to ask about something that's been happening with me. Uh, do you know anything about some emails?"

"Sorry." She breathed out, before turning away and completely hurrying away. Harry raised his eyebrows, watching her completely disappear around the corner her friends had, hearing an uproar of giggles before the sound faded as they must have been walking away.

Okay? What did that even mean? Was she apologising? What the hell?

Harry stood there for a good twenty seconds, brain throwing concepts together, before he was cut off by a door shutting, followed by Louis' voice.
"Harry, what on earth are you stood there for?" There was humour in Louis' tone. "I stopped behind to talk to Mr Bradley, I thought you'd be gone by now."

"I'm confused." Harry mused, still staring into space where Emily had disappeared. "I... I don't know if it's Emily, or not."

"Let's walk and talk, come on, everyone's gone." Louis suggested, and they did. "Do you mind dropping me home? Sorry, I just realised my mum can't today."

"Yeah, that's fine," Harry mumbled, but he was still pretty shocked by how abruptly Emily had excused herself and completely left. "I want to talk this through with you. Do you have time to sit in the park with me?"

"Uh... yeah, sure." Louis smiled, with a shrug. "You're really thinking right now, I'm confused."

They reached Harry's car in the car park a few minutes later, it being one of the only remaining ones, and they jumped in. Harry didn't even put the radio on, just drove them in silence towards their local park. He could sense Louis glancing at him a few times, but he didn't meet his eye. He was too busy both thinking, plus trying to concentrate on driving.

He pulled his car onto the side of the road by the park's entrance, and they jumped out, walking over the crunching pebbles and through the gates. It wasn't busy, considering it was late afternoon on a Monday, and not even remotely warm, and Harry stopped and sat on a bench, so Louis joined him with his hands stuffed in his jacket pockets. It was cold beneath them, but neither of them complained, Harry just stared forwards.

"Talk, then," Louis chuckled, lightening the mood a little. "Why do you think it could be Emily?"

"She was staring at me in class, with her mates, just laughing. And looking away whenever I spotted them." He explained. "Then I confronted Emily after class, well, not even confronted, just simply asked her if she knows anything about some emails."

"And?"

"And she just said sorry and literally rushed away to her friends," Harry shook his head, lightly. "Was... that her admitting it? I really don't know what to think, Lou."

Louis hummed in thought, looking out into the distance, where a woman was walking a dog along the path lined with the skeletons of fir trees.

"Well, that's pretty suspicious." He shrugged. "But she is a pretty shy girl, isn't she? And you're pretty hot, if I can say so myself." He smirked.

Harry sniffed out a laugh, patting Louis on the thigh. "So are you, Lou. I see what you're getting at, though."

"Yeah, maybe she couldn't even bare talking to you alone, had to make an escape?" Louis chuckled. "I know from experience, Harry, from early on in knowing you, talking to you alone was excruciatingly hard. A lot of people find you attractive, she might have just gotten a little bit of stage fright."

"Stage fright," Harry crowed, with an amused laugh. "I guess. But then again, she could have easily said no, she doesn't know anything about them, and then left? She just said sorry and walked off."
"You're overworking your pretty little head," Louis tinkered a laugh, "We'll just have to get more clues, I guess, and keep her as a potential person. She definitely saw you cum, anyway."

Harry saw him smirking, turning to catch it in full view. He reciprocated it.

"What're you smirking at, Tomlinson?"

"Just the fact you pretended you'd hit your elbow," He cackled, "It was so obvious."

"You don't think people knew, do you?" Harry wailed, embarrassment setting in. "I thought it was a pretty good improvisation!"

"Whatever you say, I reckon you played it off well. No one seemed to spare too much of a look." Louis said. "You came pretty hard, though. You're welcome."

"Thanks," Harry playfully rolled his eyes. "Maybe your turn, next time."

"Never!" Louis exclaimed, "I am bad at being quiet, that definitely would not work!"

"Yes, you are. It's hot. So I wouldn't ever be able to fuck you in one of our houses while our families are in?"

Louis turned a little timid again, it never took much.

"Doubt it, unless you literally want them to know."

"You haven't even been to my house yet," Harry observed, "Maybe some time soon."

"I'd love to see your fancy-schmancy house." Louis teased. "Or is it more of a castle?"

" Shut up. It's not that grand."

"Bet it is," Louis smirked, "Your highness. I remember your love for your swimming pool, your after-school swims. What a scandalous love affair."

That seemed like years ago now, their awkwardly tense conversations in their hotel room about what their lives were like at home. It never would have occurred to them that their relationship would end up with classroom handjobs and talking in parks after school - no way.

"Yes, I'm in a committed relationship with my beautiful swimming pool. What else would a pool filter be for?"

"Gross!" Louis snorted, slapping him lightly on the arm. "I don't want to hear about it!"

"It's obviously a joke," Harry cackled, "I've never fucked my pool."

"Yeah, I'd hope not!" Louis shook his head, still lightly laughing to himself. "You're an idiot, you know that?"

"Kendall told me that enough times."

Louis sighed, the conversation having suddenly verged on sad. He rubbed Harry's leg, lovingly, but not so much that anyone watching would view it as anything more than friendly.

"She treated you like shit, fucking hell. Sorry about all that."
"It's not your problem, I don't know why you're apologising."

Louis stuffed his hands back into his pockets, shoulders up by his ears in an attempt to stay warm as the chill in the wind nipped at his neck.

"She will never get another boyfriend like you. And it's funny how she's probably realising that as we speak. Stupid girl." Louis smiled at him. "Every day I wonder how someone like me got so lucky. Literally everyone in our class wants you."

"Don't be dramatic, only a few." Harry laughed, though deep down he was aware it was more than a few. "And I'm the lucky one, Lou. You're all I've ever wanted in a partner, you know? And it's crazy how fast it all happened, right?"

"Yup. I guess you could say Paris changed us, right?"

"Hell yes it did," Harry grinned. "It's not the city of love for nothing."

"I want to put my head on your shoulder."

"I want you to, as well. One day, Louis, you can do that openly."

He was begging for that day to come around quickly.

---

Harry had dropped Louis home not too long after, as they had both gotten too cold to be sat on a park bench. Before Louis had gone in, they'd had a quick make out, because that was long awaited. Harry parked up and slammed his way into his house, kicking off his Chelseas by the door. His mother, having heard his very announced arrival, strolled from the living room with her arms folded.

"Afternoon, Harry." She greeted, monotonously.

"No time to talk now, Mum, I have to get a shower." He lied, heading for the stairs. She stopped him in his tracks.

"Kendall said you slept with some girls in Paris." She dropped the leading statement, and he wanted so badly to roll his eyes but didn't dare. He ran his fingers over the banister as a distraction, shrugging but going on to answer it anyway.

"She was lying."

"Well, I'd hope she was, Harry. Because I didn't raise you like that, did I? You don't break up with somebody and then go and sleep with other people in the same week."

This was so painfully awkward. She must have really thought lowly of him right now, ridiculously, having believed Kendall. Well - Kendall thought she had been telling the truth - but little did she know, it was all a big lie to cover up the smaller picture. He deeply exhaled and nodded.

"I know, Mum. You know I'm not like that."

They linked eyes, and for the first time in a few days, she gave him a genuine smile. It was kind of a sad one, like a non-verbal apology for how many arguments they'd had lately, but that was left unspoken.

"You deserve love, Harry." She spoke, after a short silence. "I'm sorry I've been so hard on you, I
know it mustn't be easy going through a breakup like that, seeing as you were together so long. I'd just like you to know that Robin and I support you, and we wouldn't want to see you upset. Sorry for trying to force Kendall back onto you, that was unfair of me."

Harry slowly nodded, taking in all that she had said. He had really needed to hear that, after the tough time he'd had since arriving back in England. It was nice to hear she was finally taking his side again.

"Thank you." Was all he could muster, before he disappeared upstairs.

And he decided to have a shower after all, to ease the tension in his muscles. The general strain of the day had gotten to him, evidently, and he liked to think of a shower as literally washing some of those worries down the drain. Nothing could wash away his worry surrounding the emails, though; that was constantly on his mind.

He had so much crammed into his brain, so many crazy ideas. On one hand he couldn't let go of his Kendall suspicions, because he knew she not only wanted to mess with him, she also couldn't get over him. He knew she would be behind this purely so she could reach that side of him again, all while pretending it was all for a laugh with her mates. And then there was that strange Emily encounter: why had she sped off so suddenly? As Louis had mentioned, she may have simply become flustered. But that didn't explain the fact that she hadn't even denied knowing something about those emails.

He knew time was running out, and he would soon have to make a decision on what to do about this. He had been given a couple of days, meaning tomorrow, Tuesday, was really the final chance he had to come up with a good response. There were so many other potential people who could be behind the email, as all he had done was whittle it down to those in his class… but so many girls in his class liked him.

He just knew he wasn't going to meet up alone with whoever this was. He didn't want to get torn to pieces.

Chapter End Notes

itll get more interesting again soon, promise.

i liked reading your guesses btw as to whos emailing harry ;) thanks for the comments xx

anything anyone would like to see in the story? as in small plot ideas, i like involving things people wanna see ◡

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