FREEDOM

by CrypticFondness

Summary

Fate is a funny thing. It's something you have no control over and yet you can cause it to change in the blink of an eye. When it does it's up to you to adapt and overcome the changes.

The lads have survived a lot of twist and turns so far and with even more coming they're ready to grab a hold of the reins... Or are they? All they really know is that they desperately want Freedom.
WE BACK, WE BACK!!! TELL A FRIEND.

I know a lot of you are fans of Extrication of Evil and I'll get back to it but I took a long break from writing in general because my mom's been sick off and on since November 2017. She's healthy now but she had been in the hospital on and off during a four or five month period for a different reasons. It's partly the reason this fiction was delayed (the other reason was because I got more excited and loved Extrication of Evil more. Dark is fun to write. Lol.) but we're writing this one right now because I recently started to write again and need something light.

-Anabella/larryslove

See the end of the work for more notes.
"Call me again okay?" Jacob smiled as he pulled his shirt on.

"Who else would I call?" Zayn laughed as he still laid nude on the bed.

"A lad almost as hot as I am?" He joked back.

"Funny, and add one more person to the list of those who could destroy my career?" He asked sitting up.

"Good point. You'd know I'd never tell though. If I did you'd never let me hook up with you again." He smiled and took one last look over Zayn's body.

Zayn smirked as he let the other lad look over his body. "I know you like the view but I do need to shower..." He smiled.

He then heard his phone ring so he slowly climbed out of his bed and looked at the ID. London Police Department. "Strange." He mumbled then swiped to answer it. "Hello?" He asked as he held the phone between his ear and shoulder as he tried to put his boxers on.

"I know the way out." He whispered and waved as he left.

"Hello, my name is Officer West. I'm looking for Zain Malik." The voice spoke.

"Uh yeah, this is me, oh he. Sorry, I mean I'm him." Zayn tried to clear his mind and focus.

"Mr. Malik, I'm really very sorry to have to call you under these circumstances. There's no easy way to say this." He paused to take a deep breath. "Jennifer Johnson was killed in an accident last night."

"Jennifer Johnson?"

Suddenly the officer sounded very confused. The sound of pages turning came over the phone. "Jennifer Joy Johnson. We have your son in our custody. We found him with a sitter. I..." The officer paused then asked, "This is Zain, Z-a-i-n Javadd, J-a-v-a-d-d Malik, M-a-l-i-k?"

Zayn felt his blood run cold. Son? He didn't get anyone pregnant. That he knew of at least. "Uh, yes... That's me...But I don't have a son." He said sitting down and holding the phone. "That I know of...What makes you think he's mine?"

"Well, your name is on his birth certificate. It states your occupation is a recording artist." The officer still sounded confused. Did he really not know he had a child?

"Don't parents usually have to sign that type of thing?" Zayn asked. He shook his head. "I had no idea...I mean, I'm in a band... So I'm sure there's lots of crazy fans out there who would do weird shit like this. I'll be happy to give a DNA test to prove otherwise."

"Are you in a position where you can come to the station? I think it would be much easier to deal with this confusing issue we have." He suggested. "The sooner the better."

"Yeah, yeah... Just gotta call my lawyer first. I'll come as soon as I can." Zayn said. "Uh, just out of
curiosity... Where is the boy now?” He asked.

"He's here with some other children waiting to be placed in a foster home or he picked up by the appropriate person." He explained. "Please do your best to hurry Mr. Malik. This is a very pressing matter."

"Yeah, I'm sure..." Zayn said. "I'll be there as soon as I can with my lawyer." He said then hung up. He then went through his contacts and pressed the band's lawyers number. He switched it to speaker as he got dressed.

"This is Sheridan," Vince, their lawyer, answered his direct business line as he always did.

"Hey, It's Zayn Malik. I just got a call from the police." He said as he threw his shirt on. "Apparently, this woman died and named me her kids father on the birth certificate. I don't know her. I don't recognize the name. But I offered to take a DNA test to be sure."

"You should really talk to me before agreeing to anything, ever." He began his reply. "This isn't the first time I've seen someone try to get a celebrity to take care of her and her fatherless child however. We'll have you do the DNA test and this should be over with soon."

"It seemed like the most sensible thing to do. The kid can't be mine. I always use protection and I buy girls the morning after pill and watch them take it." Zayn said. "I know how to cover myself."

"You've never been drunk or high? If you have then there's a chance you don't remember something going wrong." Vince replied. "I believe you though. Like I said, I've seen this before. I've seen it more than once. Just don't do anything or say anything until I get there. Okay?"

"Yeah, right..." Zayn nodded as he pulled on some socks. "Okay, so I'll wait in the parking lot for you then." He added as he searched for his trainers.

"Yes, do that. I'll be on my way. London I presume?" Vince asked as he began to pack his briefcase with anything he might needed.

"Yeah, the call was from London PD." Zayn said searching for a hoodie. "I'll see you there." He said then hung up.

The idea of taking a shower was long gone as Zayn grabbed his wallet and searched for his keys. He needed to learn to keep them in the same place.

"Fuckin' crazies." He cursed under his breath as he found them and left, locking the door behind him.

About an hour later Zayn had made it to the station. His fingers tapped the steering wheel as he waited for Vince to arrive. Vince also had a point that a lot of the time he was drunk or high or both when he was with his hookups. He didn't always remember the night before either, so there was a chance that this boy was his, but he didn't want to think like that. He'd have no idea what he'd do if the the boy was his. He didn't know how to raise a child, and how could he while he was still so fucked up from what happened a few months ago.

Suddenly, he heard a knock on the window and jumped. He looked over and saw Vince. He turned off his car and got out, pushing the button on his controller to lock it. "Basically shut up and let you do the talking right?" He asked.

"Smart lad aren't you?" He smiled and gave a pat on his shoulder. "Sorry for startling you by the way. I should know better at this point."

"You're alright?"
"Thanks." Zayn said the words coming softer than he meant to. "Yeah, I'm fine. Heart will slow down soon enough." He added with a nod.

Vince nodded and began walking towards the building. With his free hand he opened the door and held it for Zayn.

Zayn walked in and watched as Vince let the receptionist know who they were. To his surprise she seemed very eager to get them taken back. He thought for sure he'd have to wait a while.

"This is Detective Hartford's office. He and Officer West are expecting you." The receptionist half smiled and pointed towards a closed door.

Zayn didn't say anything. He just walked into the office.

After the pleasantries, he sat in a chair that was in front of the desk as Vince began to talk to the police. He couldn't bring himself to focus on the conversation. He just wanted to get this over with.

"Yes sir, I understand he's willing to cooperate and take a DNA test. That's wonderful. It's not our biggest issue however." Detective Hartford explained.

"Then what is the biggest issue?" Vince felt confused. He just wanted to get this non-sense over before the press found out.

"Your client is listed on the birth certificate and there is no other family. He may not have parental rights but he has custody, legally speaking." Officer West looked between Zayn and Vince.

Zayn zoned back in just at the right time. "Wait, what? What the fuck? I have custody of this kid?" He asked surprised. "I...I don't even know if he's mine. I'm in no place to take in a kid. My place is...not very kid friendly." He said.

"Then you understand our strange predicament." Detective Hartford nodded. "Mr. Malik, I know this will sound awkward but, with your consent we can place him with a foster family over night. Even with a rush the sooner I can have results on the DNA is tomorrow. If you truly aren't his father then your name can be taken off his birth certificate and that will rid you of legal custody."

"This document you want him to sign would be public information. I'm sure you understand our special circumstance here?" Vince asked.

"I do. We can omit this from being public record. However, the child's birth certificate is public record." Office West replied.

"No one knows the kid exists." Zayn said. "They won't find anything. They aren't even looking for something like this. And it's been public for all of...However old he is...I think we're safe there for now anyways." He added.

Officer West quickly flipped through the file he had as Vince seemed to agree with Zayn. "He's almost exactly ten months I think. My math isn't the best. He was born on May 9th of last year."

Zayn tried to figure out nine months prior to that date. Where would he have been? He couldn't recall. Too much had happened to him since then.

"So what now? DNA sample or signing this consent form?" Vince asked.

"We can do the form now and Mr. Malik can swing by our private lab on the way out. I think that would help keep this matter more private." Detective Hartford tried to smile.
Zayn nodded. "Yeah, I don't remember her...Or anything, but anything from before a few months ago is hard for me to recall." He sighed. "Let's sign this thing."

The detective and officer made sure the form was filled out correctly before passing it to Vince. He carefully read over it before nodding that it was okay and giving it to Zayn.

Zayn wrote his name on the lines marked and passed it back to Detective Hartford.

"Now just the lab work? Then he's free to go?" Vince asked.

"Of course, if you'll leave your number Mr. Sheridan I'll call you first thing with the results." Officer West offered.

Vince gave the men his card, they were then escorted to a private lab by the Officer.

"I'm just going to swab the inside of your cheek." The technician said as he showed Zayn a chair to sit in.

Zayn nodded as he watched the tech get a long q-tip and walk over to him. "Just open up, I'll do the swab and that's all there is to it." He said.

Zayn glanced at Vince who nodded so he opened his mouth and allowed the tech to swab the inside of his cheek. The tech then placed it inside a plastic vial. "Great. All done."

"The Detective will call you when the results are in." The officer told them as Zayn stood.

"Uh, could I maybe see him before I go?" Zayn asked a bit awkwardly.

"See him?" The officer didn't understand.

"The little boy." Zayn didn't know his name.

"Is this really necessary Zayn?" Vince asked. He didn't see the point.

"Yes, if I don't I'll regret not looking later. I'm not asking to sing him to sleep or take him to the zoo." Zayn rolled his eyes.

"Fine, if they say it's alright go see. I'm coming with you though. Don't need you saying something you shouldn't." Vince sighed.

"What would I-" Zayn cut himself off. "Whatever."

"If that's what you'd like, then sure." The officer said and lead him to the room where the boy was with a couple of other children.

"The little one there in the grey jumper." Officer West pointed out through a two way mirror.

The little one had his back to the mirror. He seemed to be quietly trying to make one block stack on the other.

"How about you two wait here and I'll bring him to the window. All he'll see is a reflection of himself." The Officer left into the room before either of them could reply.

"At least this way you don't have to worry about me saying anything I'm not supposed to." Zayn mumbled as he crossed his arms staring at the window.
The Officer then picked the boy up and brought him over to the window.

Zayn stared at the sight before him as he felt his body temperature drop and his blood run cold. "He’s mine." He whispered. The boy was all him with the exception of his eyes and the messy curly hair, which reminded him a lot of Harry's curls. "He looks just like me...I mean, I don't have curly hair nor do I have blue eyes, but everything else in that face is mine."

"I think you're just worked up Zayn. I'm sure your body doesn't handle stress the same way it used to." Vince tried to reason.

"No, I'm not worked up. He's mine." Zayn quickly grabbed his phone and flipped through his photos. "Look, see?" Zayn held his phone up by the window next to the little boy who was smiling at the baby in the mirror.

His lawyer looked between the little boy and the baby photo of Zayn on the cell phone. Even he couldn't deny it, "Shit."

"What the fuck am I going to do...I'm in no place to raise a kid, especially now..." Zayn shook his head. "I'm sorry he lost his Mummy. I am...But what am I...Shit. Liam." The numbers added up in his head. He had cheated on Liam when they were together. He never cheated sober but often times when he went out partying, when he got drunk or high or more often, both, he’d end up hooking up with someone. "I cheated on him." He admitted softly. He wasn't sure why he was admitting this to Vince of all people but he was fighting a hangover and now this sudden, overwhelming news and he felt terrified to tell anyone.

"Don't say anything else. Let's get this confirmed in the morning before you panic. I'm sure you have options. You probably have lots of options. Alright?" Vince tried to keep things relaxed. "No stressing out until we know without a doubt he's yours and until we know your options."

Zayn didn't say anything, he felt too upset to attempt to say anything.

Inside the room Officer West passed the boy off to a lady looking after the kids. He then stepped out and smiled at Vince and Zayn, "Feel better?"

"Not really...But thanks." Zayn said then looked at Vince. "I assume I can go now?" He asked.

"Yes, of course. We'll be in touch." The officer nodded and showed them the way out.

In the parking lot Vince could tell Zayn was nervous, "Go home Zayn. Relax. Figure out what you want to do tomorrow when the results come in."

Zayn nodded. "Right. I'll do that..." He said and let out a shaky breath as he unlocked his car and got inside.

There was more traffic on the way home than usual which left Zayn plenty of time to think. This little baby boy was his son and he'd be raised to put family above all and always take care of your family. This boy was his son, and he was a father, didn't he owe it to the kid to try and be a parent? But he couldn't help but fear of his PTSD. He was struggling with it. He enjoyed his life the way it was for the most part. Work wasn't always the best when it came to making music but he still enjoyed it. He'd have to find care for the boy for any work related things which was many things. His head hurt thinking about it.

Harry sat on the sofa wearing nothing but a small pair of boxers. His computer was sat in his lap.
"Babe?" Louis said looking over at him. He had been watching a footie match on the telly when he heard Harry's concerned whispering. "Everything okay?" He asked as he turned the volume down.

"I wish I was better at maths." He sighed. "I was working on paying a few bills and... I don't know I just feel like some of these number don't add up." He sat his cell phone down and ran his fingers through his long hair. "Fuck, we're the number one band on the planet practically and I'm worried about having enough to cover all my expenses."

"Odd. What'd you do? Blow millions on gay porn? I know how you like that boynapped site." Louis teased with a smirk. "But if you're worried, why not get someone to look into it? We have financial planners...advisors, and accountants for a reason. I don't know why you'd be worried when I'm the big spender out of the five of us."

"Boynapped barely cost a thing compared to what I feel like I'm missing." He said and shook his head and flipped Louis off. "I'll ask Frank to look at it though. I'm shit with numbers so I've probably just computed something wrong, or calculated something wrong."

Louis smiled. "I'm sure it's nothing to worry about but it never hurts to get things checked out once and awhile. Why not give him a call and set up an appointment?" He kissed Harry's cheek.

"Yeah, I'll just email him though. That way I can screenshot this stuff and show him what I mean." Harry smiled at the kiss and started to work on getting Frank emailed. "Is it strange that I don't like bothering my financial guy with my money issues?" He laughed.


Harry smiled and began to take screenshots.

Louis rubbed over Harry's thigh. "The match at this point is pretty much over. No way they're gonna bring up their score before time’s up. So maybe when you're done with emailing Frank, I can take your mind off your worries?"

With a very serious face Harry replied. "I know what you're thinking and no Louis, I don't want to watch you try to twerk again."

Louis laughed. "I love your humour...But if you don't want to see some twerking then I suggest putting something in me to...Make that more difficult, once you're done your email of course." He smirked as his hand inched up Harry's thigh.

"You're sounding a bit needy." Harry told Louis as he typed. "Remember when we first met? You were still bigger than me and I used to be so needy for you? Tables have turned haven't they?"

Louis didn't answer, he just leaned over and kissed Harry's lips. "I'll be waiting in the bedroom for when you're done."

As Louis left the room Harry watched his arse and smirked. He quickly finished his email and hit send then took his time getting into the bedroom. When he got there he hung out on the door way and with a deep tone asked softly, "Who said you were allowed to still have those joggers on?"

"I like to make my own rules, Daddy." Louis spoke softly from his spot on the bed. "And I prefer to have you take them off."
"Take them off." Harry's tone was firm as he folded his arms over his chest. "Don't make me tell you twice."

Louis smirked as he quickly pulled his joggers off, leaving him in his boxers and a t-shirt. "Better?" He asked.

"No, you know what I want." Harry's voice grew even more stern. "If I have to say it one more time you're getting punished."

Louis quickly took his boxers and shirt off, throwing them to the floor. He brought his legs up and spread them wide. "How's this, Daddy?"


Louis pouted. This was not what he was expecting or really wanted but he was always happy to play along.

"Yes, sir." He said as he wrapped a hand around his cock and allowed his mind to think of the times he and Harry had their most fun.

A day off in Paris, they weren't allowed to leave the hotel, so they never left the bed. Both of them were sore the next day but it was so worth it.

As he remembered that day, his cock hardened and he let out a small moan.

"Do you know why I'm making you do this yourself?" Harry asked as he felt himself getting hard. There was no hiding it in his tiny boxers either.

"Because you love seeing me touch myself to the thought of you? Us?" Louis smiled at Harry.

"That is true but it's not the right answer. You were difficult for me Louis. Had you done what I asked right away I'd be getting you hard." Harry returned Louis' smile. "I love you Louis but you have to be a good lad for me. Yes daddy?"

"Yes, Daddy. I'm sorry." Louis frowned. "How can I make it up to you?" He asked as he continued to pump his cock.

Harry simply watched for a moment. He waited until Louis had finished getting himself hard.

Once he had Harry pushed his boxers down and got closer to the bed. "Finish getting me ready for your arse."

Louis leaned forward and placed his mouth on Harry's cock and began to suck on it as he bobbed his head back and forth.

Harry let his eyes close as he moaned deeply. His fingers found Louis' hair and he guided him carefully as he sucked on him. "That's my boy. Make sure it's nice and hard."

Louis continued to bob his head as he ran his hands over Harry's bum. He moaned around the cock as he used a hand to gently fondle his balls. He pulled back and started to suck lightly on the head.

Harry moaned more and only pulled away when he felt himself leaking precum.

"Hurry, get turned around. I'm gonna stretch you a little first." He wanted to be inside him now but he wouldn't do that to Louis unless that lad asked for it.
"Tingling lube or the one that smells like cherry?" He asked going to their drawer full of toys and lube.

"Tingling, please, Daddy." Louis said as he turned around and held his arse up in the air. He even wiggled it as he waited. "Can't wait for your cock inside me. But fingers first." He smiled.

Harry grabbed the lube and came back over to the bed after he coated his fingers with the gel then pushed two fingers into Louis.

Louis let out a low moan. "Mmm, Daddy's fingers feel nice."

Harry didn't want to let Louis feel too much pleasure yet so he focused on stretching him open. When his two fingers seemed to slide in and out easily he added a third and made sure he was fully prepared. "Fourth finger or cock?"

"Cock please, Daddy. I wanna feel it so bad." Louis begged as he wiggled his arse.

Harry smiled and smeared the remaining lube on his cock before adding another drop to his tip. He then moved Louis so that he was bent over the side of the bed and lined up. "Beg more baby. I love hearing my sweet boy desperate for me."

"Please Daddy! Please fuck me. Fuck me hard." Louis begged "I need you inside me. I need to feel you...Show me how much you love me."

Harry loved when he could hear in Louis' voice how honestly desperate he was to get fucked. Something about it was beautiful.

Slowly Harry pushed into him. He moaned at the feeling of his tip pushing through the ring of muscle. "Fuck, you're so amazing Lou."

"And you're even better, babe." Louis moaned as he gripped the bedsheets. Nothing compared to the feeling of Harry's cock inside him.

Harry quickly found a pace he liked and began to thrust into his boyfriend. He moaned and groaned deeply as he held tight onto his little hips. Louis' tiny body was one of Harry's favorite things. "Get loud for me little lad. I wanna hear what I do to you."

Louis let out a mix of a loud moan and whimper. "Mm, Daddy! I'm so hard. I'm leaking everywhere...For you... Because of you. I love it."

"Don't cum." Harry warned. "Not till I'm ready." He liked to orgasm and then let Louis because the lads convulsing prolonged his own.

"Mmm, whatever you say Daddy." Louis moaned. "I don't want to disobey again...Fuck. Daddy feels good."

Harry's grip tightened and his breathing grew shallow. Each thrust hit harder making the bed shake beneath Louis. "Yes! Yes! Keeping screaming. Already got daddy so close!"

Louis obeyed and continued his screaming as requested. He gripped the sheets hard, his knuckles turning white. "It's so good. You feel so good." He moaned out loud. "Fuck. I'm so hard... Daddy knows how to make me so damn hard. Such a mess for you... Because of my Daddy."

Harry began yelling curse words as he tried not to bruise Louis' hips. "Fuck baby. Daddy's gonna cum. Let go just after me." He instructed and let Louis' name escape his lips as he began filling his
Louis let out a whimper then a shout as he came, the cum making a mess of his legs and the sheets. "Mm, Daddy..." He mumbled.

Harry leaned over and kissed the side of Louis' face before pulling out with a hiss. "I love it when you're needy for attention." He smiled.

Louis slid down to the floor with a small smile playing his lips. "Mm, me too...Kinda. I'm glad tomorrow is just singing rehearsals."

"What, thinking you might be sore?" Harry smirked. "Seriously though, get off my carpet with your cum covered self."

"I don't know why you even wanted carpet. I still say we just replace it with hardwood flooring. Much easier to clean." Louis grumbled as he forced himself to stand up and walk towards the ensuite so he could shower.

"One day we will have babies and when they come running into our room in the middle of the night after having a bad dream the carpet in here won't cause them to slip and fall." Harry explained. "I let you have hardwood everywhere except the bedrooms."

Louis opened his mouth to argue that fact but he didn't feel like talking about babies so he closed his mouth and ignored it. He walked into the ensuite as he sighed a little.

He wasn't ready for that. He was still very young. He didn't want to be tied down with children and babies quite yet. He was also still struggling with his PTSD. It had only been a few months since he and the others were rescued from their abduction. He could barely get a grip on his current reality, he didn't want to add kids to the mix quite yet. Harry was the complete opposite and it was becoming an annoyance but nothing he couldn't deal with.

Harry knew why Louis didn't reply. He wasn't that dense. "Just go take your shower. It'll help your bum not feel so sore later. I'm going to throw these sheets in the wash." He said as he took the sheets off the bed.

"Yeah, then some advil and a nap...and maybe some food..." Louis said as he turned the shower on. "Thanks for grabbing the sheets, darling."

"Of course, baby. Let me get this going and I'll figure out what to make for dinner. Go shower up and I'll get your Advil when you come down to the kitchen." Harry smiled at him from the bedroom. The ensuite doorway was across from the bed, so he had a perfect view of Louis. He then walked away so he could get the laundry started.

At Niall and Liam's flat, Niall was in the kitchen finishing up a chicken pasta dinner while Liam played outside with Loki.

They had been playing with his ball but focus had now shifted to the rope and playing tug of war.

Niall briefly looked out the back door window to watch the pair play. He loved how sweet it looked. It had quickly become a favourite thing to do while home; watching them together and the three of them playing. Loki was like their child in a lot of ways. Their furbaby.

Niall then went back to the pasta and mixed in the Alfredo sauce then mixed it. He grabbed a couple of plates and scooped it out of the pot onto both of the plates.
After placing the empty pot into the sink, He picked up the plates and carried them to the dining room.

He then walked back to the kitchen and went over to the sliding door and opened it. He walked out onto the deck. "Hey loves, dinner time. And yes, Loki. I already have your dinner ready for you." He smiled at the dog. He had been getting bigger recently.

Loki barked happily, he understood "dinner" and ran into the flat through the open door.

Liam threw the rope on the grass and walked over to Niall, giving his lips a light kiss. "I'm starving."

"I'm sure you are. You two have been playing hard." Niall smiled. "But I'm starving too, so..Let's go before it gets cold." He took Liam's hand leading him inside.

"I wish they made playgrounds for dogs. I'd get Loki one. He's just so adorable when he plays." Niall said as they went to sit down.

Liam laughed and closed the door behind him. "I've been looking into that." He said as he let Niall lead him down the hallway to the dining room. "There's lots of outdoor and indoor playground stuff for dogs. I thought maybe for Loki's birthday, we could invest in a huge backyard playground for him and his friends?" He suggested as he sat down across from Niall.

"Yes! Absolutely!" Niall smiled from ear to ear. "Our baby needs a playset dad." Niall pouted and then laughed.

Liam laughed. "Then I think it's the perfect present for him." He smiled. "Lucky for us, his birthday is before we go on tour. How about we go shopping for some stuff tomorrow?" He suggested.

"Yeah, we just need to be careful. I know everyone thinks we're friends but the more we get seen the more possible it is for someone to start a rumor. I don't want to end up like Harry and Louis." He replied as he carefully sat down to eat.

"I know...But we live together. Fans know we basically share Loki at this point. I'll just announce that I'm throwing my dog a party for his birthday, and that you're helping me out." Liam shrugged. "We're not nearly as obvious as Louis and Harry. And there's still a lot of fans that think I'm with Zayn, so I'm sure we'll be safe. And it's shopping for dog stuff...I think that's as safe as you can get. It's not like we're baby shopping." He shrugged.

"Right, he is our baby though." Niall smiled. "We play with him. We feed him. We bathe him. I rub his tummy when he's having nightmares. We get a sitter when we have to leave for a long time. We just don't have any nappies to change."

Liam giggled. "True. He is our baby. Furbaby. At least we're getting in good practice for whenever we get a human baby." He smiled then started to eat. "Mm, food is perfect as always, my love."

"Something tells me human babies are much more difficult Liam." Niall laughed. "We aren't planning on having one of those for a while though. I want to be a father but I want to enjoy being just a husband first."

"Me too." Liam agreed as Loki wandered in and sat at the between Niall and Liam. He looked between them, his eyes begging for some of their dinner.

"Loki, you had your food boy. I don't want you getting sick from people food." Niall gently
scolded. "Don't you give him anything either. I know how you work. You're the pushover parent."

Liam smirked. "Just one little piece of chicken? It won't hurt him right? I mean, look at those eyes!" He tried to push. He sighed. "Daddy Niall is right Loki. I'm sorry. But we'll play more after we're done eating."

"I can throw the ball and you two can race to see who can get it first." Niall smiled and laughed a bit. "Not sure what else I can do to play right now. I mean it was out in that yard where I tripped and ended up needing surgery."

"You needed surgery before then, management was just being a dick about letting you have it. And I have a better idea, why don't we just watch a film and cuddle instead?" He suggested.

"Sorry Loki, I guess watching a film is more important to daddy then playing with you." Niall took the opportunity to tease Liam.

Loki whined hearing his name so Niall laughed and told him, "I know, he's so mean to you. That's why I'm your favorite."

Liam shook his head playfully. "You're the favourite because you're the cute Irish one" He teased. "We've played with him all day though...But if you would rather skip your favourite film to play with the dog, I'm okay with that." He laughed.

"I just don't like that you told our son we'd play with him and then took it back." Niall smiled.

He watched Liam silently for a moment then laughed, "I'm giving you a hard time. You know that right?"

Liam laughed. "Of course I know it. I was trying me best to play along." He smiled. "So which is it going to be? Playing with our son or watching a film with me? Or I suppose we can play with Loki then we can watch a film."

"I like that last option. Play with my little boy then watch Netflix with my big boy." Niall smiled. "Oh, and then I can do something really exciting!"

"What's that?" Liam smirked and shook his head.

"Watch you clean up the kitchen since I cooked dinner."

Liam rolled his eyes. "Sure." He said and stood. He collected the now plates and took them to the kitchen. He then went back for the glasses. It didn't take him long to clean up and put it away in the dishwasher.

He looked over at the calendar on the fridge where Niall had a countdown of how many days left until they got married.

Liam couldn't wait but he also felt nervous because the more they did for the wedding and more legal stuff they prepared for it, the higher chance of their management finding out. And they would find out at some point before the wedding stuff happened. It made him nervous but he also knew that no matter what happened, nothing would stop their wedding.

Niall slowly stood up and carefully made his way outside. He took a seat in one of the patio chairs and began throwing the ball for Loki while waiting on Liam.

It wasn't long before he joined them. They played until Loki grew tired.
After that Niall and Liam watched Niall’s favourite film, Step Brothers.

The next morning Zayn woke to his phone ringing. "Hello?" He asked feeling like he was in a heavy fog. He didn't sleep last night, the thoughts of him being a father played heavily on his mind. He didn't know what he'd do if the boy really was his like he felt he was.

"Zayn, it's Vince. Wake up and pay attention okay?" His lawyer said as his voice came on the line.

Zayn felt his blood run cold again. Shit, it was his son. "I...I just knew. I looked at him and I knew. I prayed I was wrong though." He said softly. "So now what do I do?" He asked.

"You have a few choices. You can choose to keep him and I'll submit a request to a judge asking for your parental rights. You can decline right now and I'll start paperwork to give up custody so he can be placed with a family. I did manage to get you a third choice however. You can be given temporary custody much like a Foster Carer and you'd have thirty days to decide if you'd like to keep him and request your parental rights." Vince explained. "Luckily you have an amazing lawyer."

"There's no question, I want time to think about this. I have no idea how I'm going to take care of him but I have to try." Zayn replied.

"Good, that's what I was going to advise. I don't want you to rush into this without really thinking it through." Vince agreed. "It the big reason I pushed them to give you some time. You'll need to pick him up today but at least nothing has to be set in stone today."

"Right. Shit. When do I have to pick him up? Can it be late today? I have rehearsals and I don't even have anything for him here..." Zayn trailed off as he climbed out of bed and started to get dressed.

"I'm sorry Zayn. You need to pick him up as soon as possible." Vince sighed. "He has some things they said. I know you'll need more things but I'm sure there's enough to get through rehearsal. You... well, not you..." he trailed off suddenly. "I'll go shopping for you and leave it all at your place. Your management team would kill us both if I sent you out with a baby who looks like you shopping for baby things."

"Right...But soon as possible could mean after rehearsal?" Zayn knew the answer though. "Spare key to my place is under the mat. I need to find a better spot for it, I know." He said. "I'll be at rehearsals all day...Fuck." He groaned.

"Now Zayn. They're contacting the foster family who kept him overnight right now. Get showered or whatever and go get him. Maybe keep this inconvenience in mind when making your decision." He sighed again. This was turning out to be a bigger mess than he had anticipated. "Oh, and before you ask, I'll inform the team of what's going on and where everything stands."

"Thanks...And uh, where do I pick him up? At the police station?" Zayn asked.

"Yes, same place you met me yesterday. Make sure you are driving something that has a backseat; preferably tinted windows. You need to hide him as much as you can until you hear from your management." Vince reminded.

"Yeah... I don't drive any of those two door types of cars." Zayn said. "Also, I don't have a car seat."
"They have one. They said they have his car seat, clothes, nappies, wipes, food and a few photos." Vince told him. "Ask them and they'll help you figure out how to install it."

"Okay. Thanks." Zayn said. "Uh, anything else I need to do?" He asked. "Like when I get there or before I get there? Or?"

"Relaxing might be good to do." Vince sighed. "I'd say to read some parenting book too but... just do your best. Maybe ask Harry for advice." He paused for a moment. "Don't sign anything, pick up the kid, have them install the car seat, ask Harry for advice. Oh, and make up your mind quickly. That's it."

"Got it, thanks." Zayn said and hung up. He quickly got dressed and grabbed his keys. Once he was in his car, he tried not to think of Liam's disappointment in him when he learns of the cheating. He then thought about how suddenly he was responsible for this tiny life. He wasn't sure what to do. He could barely get through a typical nappy change without gagging when he watched Brooklyn.

Soon he was at the police station and he looked at the clock. "Fuck. I'm going to be late to rehearsals." He groaned. The building was out of town, an hour away, he'd usually be leaving home now with his driver and Preston to go to rehearsals. He sent a quick text to Preston saying he'd be late for rehearsals and to meet him there.

"Welcome back Mr. Malik." The receptionist smiled. "I'll get Detective Hartford for you." She disappeared and came back a moment later with the man from yesterday.

"Mr. Malik, it's nice to see you again. Little lad is here and waiting for you." He smiled and shook Zayn's hand. "How are you feeling?"

"Right. A bit nervous honestly." Zayn nodded. "Uh, I'm buying stuff for him later...But my lawyer said you had basics? I don't even own a car seat." He rubbed his neck.

"The car seat his mother had was in her vehicle at the time of the accident so we've donate a new car seat for him. I'll have one of our officers help you install the base and show you how to get him in and out safely. As for the other things, we collected his clothes and a blanket. We also got his nappies and wipes, food and formula plus two bottles. His babysitter said he gets eight ounces every three to four hours and one or two jars of food three times a day." He paused to think what else he was missing.

"Oh right, we have all his things in his nappy bag and in the side pouch the officers put a few photos from the home. We'll also release her personal effects after the investigation is over. Those will go to him, whoever has him at that time really."

Zayn made a note of the information in his phone of what the Detective had said.

"Shit that's a lot..." He mumbled. "Anyways," He put his phone away. "Let's do this." He took a deep breath.

"Good idea to take notes. Oh, you can always call a local hospital and ask to speak to a nurse in the children's ward if you ever need advice on caring for him." The detective smile to hopefully help him feel better. "Let's go have you properly meet your son though. Right this way."

Zayn followed the bloke to the room where he saw the child from the day before. There were only a couple more kids than the day before. He didn't really pay attention. He just followed him to where the baby was sitting with blocks and knocking them over.
"Ms. Summer this is his father. He'll be collecting him now. Could you get his things ready?"
Detective Hartford asked.

She nodded and went to work as Detective Hartford turned to help introduce The lad to Zayn, "Hey little lad, this is your daddy. You're going to go home with him for now."

The little lad looked between the detective and Zayn then smiled and and sloppily stacked another block.

"Zayn, this is James Julius Johnson; your son." He said and and took a step back to give Zayn a moment.

“James.” He whispered. Zayn then knelt down on the floor beside James and watched him silently with nervousness coursing through his veins. Finally when James let out a little giggle at the blocks falling over Zayn smiled and spoke, "Hi James. It's nice to meet you."

He felt so strange, talking to a baby who was too small to talk back. He tried to remind himself to just speak to him like he would Brooklyn though.

"I stopped and picked out a little something for you on my way here. I thought it might be nice to have a little friend, someone who could maybe help you be brave since I'm sure you're feeling scared right now like I am." He knew he was rambling but he couldn't help it. He placed the stuffed lion he'd chosen on the floor in front of James and made its little paw wave at him.

James giggled and reached for the lion. He quickly snatched it from Zayn's hands and cuddled it close to his chest. He smiled a little as he rubbed his face against it.

"Great choice." The officer commented.

"Thanks." Zayn smiled. "I guess he likes it. Oh, uh, did his mum have curly hair?" He asked.

"No. Not as far as we're aware. She had straight hair...and in her pictures, she had straight hair. He has her eyes though, I've noticed." The Officer said.

"I wonder where the curly hair comes from then." Zayn seemed confused. "It's cute though. I like it. One of my best mates is curly topped." He smiled.

"Here you are. He was fed almost two hours ago they said. I just changed his nappy a bit before you came as well." Ms. Summer said as she came back with his large bag.

"If you're ready, I have a car seat prepared for him already. I even put a little cover on it for you since it's still a bit chilly with the breeze." Detective Hartford smiled.

"Yeah, thanks." Zayn nodded. He was then taught and shown everything he needed to know. It didn't take long before he figured it out. James was upset when the car door closed however. Zayn ignored it and texted Preston that he was on his way. It took over an hour to get there with James getting more upset as time passed. He tried talking to him, he tried singing, he tried playing the radio. Nothing worked so he just tuned out the now screaming baby in the backseat as he was used to doing with screaming fans.

On the drive he got a few text from Paul and the lads asking where he was. He also got a text from Will saying they needed to talk and he would call later. Zayn wasn't looking forward to that.

When he arrived he parked in the front of the building. He'd get Preston to park it for him soon. He ignored the screaming fans, he wasn't in the mood to acknowledge them. He knew he should but he
just wanted the baby to stop screaming.

He quickly got out of the car then pulled the cover down over the car seat. He then took the car seat from the car and walked quickly inside as fans took pictures through the wire fenced barriers. He kept his head down as he walked up the steps and walked into the building where the others were singing Happily.

"Harry! I need you to make him stop." Zayn called as he walked in interrupting the song. "I'll explain everything in a minute, just help... Please." He begged.

Harry stopped singing mid lyric and look even more puzzled than the others did. Of course if only took Harry a split second to grin widely and rush over towards the screaming baby.

"Why the hell do you have a baby at rehearsal and what did you do that he's screaming?" Louis asked half confused and half annoyed. If it wasn't bad enough that he was late now they had this issue.

"Aw, hello there." Harry cooed after uncovering the baby. He quickly dropped the handle of the car seat back and unbuckled him. "You don't have to cry. It's alright." He soothed as he picked him up and cuddled him to his chest expertly.

"Because..." Zayn paused and looked at Liam briefly before looking at the ground. "He's my son. I'm sorry Liam." He said. He couldn't bear to look at Liam. He felt horrible for cheating on him and it wasn't even a one time thing.

"Yeah right," Niall laughed. "It's not April yet you dick."

Zayn didn't laugh in response though. His staying somber set an uncomfortable tone in the room.

"Zayn?" Louis didn't really want to believe him. It seemed so far fetched.

Harry was too busy calming the baby to reply despite having heard Zayn, “You're alright cutie."

Liam however looked between Zayn and James a few times. For a split second everything hit him in such a way that he almost forgot they weren't together anymore, "You fucking cheated on me?"

"I'm sorry. I swear. " Zayn said honestly as other crew members and staff cleared the room thanks to Paul being nearby. "I was drunk; or high or probably both. I do stupid shit sometimes." He knew he had to tell the full truth if had any hopes of fixing his friendship with Liam.

"I don't remember who his mum is, I don't recognize the name. I haven't looked at her picture yet but...." He trailed off and sighed. “You should also know that it wasn't a one time thing. I usually hooked up whenever I was high or drunk and you weren't around.” He wanted to tell the full truth. "I'm sorry. I know I don't deserve your forgiveness but please, don't hate me forever."

Liam opened his mouth to reply but closed it when he realized he had too much to say to even try and say it all right now.

"So, wait, this is your child from one of many hook ups you had where you were actually cheating on Liam?" Harry questioned now that James had stopped crying and was cuddled quietly into Harry's chest.

"You're..." Niall tilted his head. "You're a father? You're completely sure? It's not a joke?" He wanted to wrap his arms around Liam right now but it was too risky even with the room cleared. He'd have to check on him a bit later.
"Yeah, I got the call yesterday and so I called Vince. We went to the police station and I took a DNA test. I guess because of my celebrity status I got my results fast. I learned this morning that he’s my son. I had a feeling when I saw him yesterday...it was through a two way a mirror. I prayed it wasn't true.” Zayn paused and ran his hands through hair; trying to calm down.

“I have temporary custody of him for a couple weeks, to see if I want to do this parenting thing.” He sighed. "Liam, I'm sorry. You deserved better." He frowned. He hated the fact that Liam was with Niall and that they were broken up but Liam was better off.

"I have better." Liam replied with a voice that held almost no emotion.

Hearing that made Niall feel better. He didn't want Liam forgetting that they were together now and that he wouldn't hurt him that way.

"I guess he does sort of look like you." Louis scratched his head as he tried to wrap his mind around all this. "He actually kind of looks like you and Harry had a baby."

"Right." Zayn nodded and looked at Louis. "Yeah, his curls remind me of Harry's when his hair is really curly." He said, "I need help though. I have no idea what to do...I have no one to watch him. I have nothing for him. Vince is getting stuff. I know I don't deserve it, but I need help."

"What you did was incredibly shitty Zayn. To say you don't deserve it is an understatement." Niall half scolded.

"True, while he doesn't deserve our help however this kid has done nothing wrong." Louis told Niall then turned to Zayn. “I'm really disappointed Zayn but I'll help you with little Zaynie junior.” He agreed and rubbed the back of his neck.

Harry of course just grinned and lit up a bit, "Is that his name? Zayn junior?"

"No. His name is James." Zayn said. Had this been any other moment he would have smiled at Harry’s comment. "His mother named him James Julius Johnson. Middle name is horrid." He added. "And Louis, thank you for being willing to help."

"Of course his name is James." Liam huffed. "It's a wonder he's not screwed up already having an apparent drug addict, alcoholic and cheater as a father." Liam ran his hands through his hair and tugged on it a bit.

Louis and Niall's eyes were now wide as Harry started to say something but was cut off by Liam speaking again. "I'm sorry. That was rude. I'm just really angry right now... and hurt."

"By the sounds of it, he had a pretty good mother. She was killed by a drunk driver. My name was on the birth certificate." Zayn ignored Liam's comment. He was upset and angry. Zayn understood that.

“Poor lad.” Though his heart was completely with Liam Niall did feel bad for the little one.

“Thank you, Harry for calming him down. He was crying the entire way here. I had no idea what I was meant to do.” Zayn said walking closer to them.

"Poor lad is with complete strangers now and is probably missing his mummy. Can't even ask where she is."

Harry now felt terrible for him. He was so tiny. His life had only just started and now he had to go through it without her. “That's probably why he was so upset.”

Louis took a deep breath. "That's... rough." He stood up from the stool he'd been sitting on and
walked over to James and Harry.

Niall however went to try and calm Liam down.

"How old is he? Do you know when he ate last? I can't tell if he's more scared, hungry or tired." Harry asked as he turned so Louis could see the little one better. He flashed a smile at Louis for a moment. This was his happy place; a baby in his arms and his boyfriend at his side.

"Ten months." Zayn said. "Uh, probably four hours ago by now. Shit. I left the bag in the car!" He cursed as he started to find someone to get it for him. "Oh and he was last changed not too long before I picked him up."

"Yeah, get your personal assistant to get his bag for you." Harry nodded. Their personal assistants traveled everywhere with them. "At ten months I'd assume he's probably getting a bottle about every three or four hours."

"Are you alright Li? I mean, I know you aren't but..." Niall wasn't sure how to word himself. "I guess just know that you're mine now and I'd never in a thousand years even think about cheating."

Liam took a look around the room and noticed only security was in the room with them, all of whom knew about he and Niall. He took Niall's hands in his own and pulled him closer. "My heart hurts just a little. I just thought he was a better person. At the time, I thought he loved me. You don't hurt the person you claim to love." He sighed and kissed his hair.

"I have you now and that makes everything feel better though. I know you'd never do anything to hurt me." He paused. "You'd never cheat, I know but thank you for saying it. It helps hearing it out loud." He kissed Niall's fingers. "You're special, and mine; and I love you." He told Niall. "You're the best thing in my life. You and Loki."

"Yes, us and Batman." Niall teased to hopefully make him smile. When it worked Niall very quickly kissed the back of his hand and then whispered, "I know you're cross with Zayn and that's fine. Take your time working through it. Let's not take it out on James though. Lord knows he needs us to help Zayn."

"You're right...As usual." Liam teased as he pulled Niall into a hug. "It's all about Zayn figuring out if he's ready to be parent material. I don't think he is, but James needs us to help him, so everything is for James' sake." He pecked Niall's lips. "Never have I ever been more certain of a choice before than the choice I'm making to marry you." He whispered.

He then looked over at Zayn who was watching Harry bottle feed the baby. "Let's go see if there's anything to do right now and how we're going to rehearse."

"So that's it?" Zayn asked. "I just hold the bottle in his mouth till he's done?"

Louis inwardly sighed. Zayn being serious with that questioned scared him for James’ sake.

"Yeah, I mean, he's old enough he can burp himself. He can probably hold the bottle himself too actually but being that we're all new he's probably not acting like his normal self." Harry explained.

"Theo acts a bit out of sorts when he's not with Greg and Denies; even for me mum." Niall offered.

Louis nodded. He was more experienced than any of them at this. Harry had a gift with children however and he enjoyed being around them so Louis let him do the talking this time.

"Um, so exactly how do we rehearse now?" Liam butted in.
"Right. Rehearsal..." Zayn said. "Uhm, I'd love to skip it for the day but everyone would murder me more than they currently want to. Maybe when he's done eating? Or...I don't know. Harry?"

"He seems tired enough that he may fall asleep. I can probably help him get there. It should give us at least an hour; maybe longer." He shrugged. "After that it's just a guessing game. Try things and see what he'll tolerate."

"We need to rehearse though, especially the new stuff." Liam sighed. "I'm all for helping but we go on tour in a month. We need to use our time wisely. Think you can figure out someone to watch him on Wednesday? And we have our video shoot on Monday." He said.

"Who exactly am I going to ask that is available on short notice and won't tell anyone Liam?" Zayn asked. "Management is already going to kill me. I can't get just anyone."

"Relax, we'll make it work for right now and before we leave we'll figure something out for Monday. We have too much work to do right now to sit around and argue." Louis stopped the two from fighting.

Liam wanted to say something but held back. He ran a hand over his face instead. "And I thought the strangest thing of the day was me and Ni planning a birthday party for Loki."

"A birthday party for your dog?" Louis asked bewildered.

"Yes, Loki is special." Niall defended.

"Leave them be Louis. It's cute." Harry playfully kicked at him.

James eyes were now growing heavy as he neared the end of the bottle. He grabbed a hold of Harry's shirt with a tight fist and yawned before working on his last little bit.

"People throw parties for their dogs, Louis. It's the new normal." Liam informed. "And you're all invited. You better show up. James can come too of course."

"Oh, thanks." Zayn nodded. He felt so awkward and out of place now. Everything was screwed up because of him. To make matters worse Liam pretty much hated him now.

"Lads, are you going to rehearse at all?" Paul asked. "The little tyke is already falling asleep. Harry, I know you can cuddle and sing at the same time."

Harry smiled and nodded. "Yeah, but in effort to keep him asleep, only allow Helen in for now." He said.

"Will do." He nodded and walked away.

"I really am sorry. I know I screwed up big time but please can we just try to get through rehearsal? I don't want Will mad at me for ruining rehearsal on top of this baby issue. Please mates, please?" Zayn begged. He needed something about today to just go right.

"We get it. Don't worry. We're going to get through rehearsal. Promise." Niall offered Zayn a smile.

"Alright lads! Enough of fawning over the baby and such. We have work to do." Louis said going over to his mic. "Hm. We should probably just go Acapella for the day because of the wee one here." He added.
Everyone agreed and got prepared to sing. Harry carefully rocked James in his arms as they began to sing. Their voices blending together without the loud music is just what James needed to finish drifting off to sleep.
Chapter Notes

HI!! I promise to try and post every week! I just didn't do it last week because well, I had to google Urdu words to edit into the chapter. I just didn't feel like it.

Today, I felt like it and I have everything that's currently saved, replaced with the proper Urdu word (or so according to the website I found, if you notice mistakes in the language please comment so we can fix it!)

Anyways...Enjoy!

Thanks to Harry James slept for two hours in his car seat. This gave the lads lots of time to practice. He woke while they were having a quick break and after a nappy change they were able to get back to rehearsing.

James watched them sing from his car seat for a while and then Harry and Zayn were able to take turns holding him for a bit. It wasn't until he grew fussy and desperate to get down that they all decided to call it a day. Their rehearsal space was no place for a baby to crawl around.

Liam and Niall left first. Liam explained that he just needed some time before he could come to terms and really start helping with James. Niall promised to talk to him and help how he could.

Louis and Harry stuck around for a bit to talk to Zayn about his options for a sitter. Louis of course suggested right away that he look to his parents and sisters but Zayn refused. He wasn't ready to go there just yet but also reminded that his parents lived too far out of town for him to use them properly.

That left Harry with only two other options. He could try calling Lou or he could try calling Caroline. Both knew to keep this a secret and both were mums with experience. The boys not being on tour right now also meant they probably had the availability.

Zayn was nervous about it but promised to figure something out. He asked Harry to watch him get James into the car seat to make sure he did it correctly. He then gathered up the nappy bag and had Preston help him out to his car.

Once again fans snapped pictures but none of them could actually see James under the cover. Zayn chose to ignore them again. It was for the best right now. On the way home James began to cry again. Thankfully this time Zayn knew it was probably because he was hungry.

Soon Zayn was home and was walking through the door with James. "I know. I know. You're hungry. Just let me get through the door." He said closing the door with his foot. He then took James out of his car seat. Zayn felt bad for the kid.

James was hard to hold while upset and it was giving Zayn a headache but he managed to get the bottle prepared. Once he got the lid screwed on he popped it into James' mouth and sighed when the screams stopped.
"Okay, that's much better. Now we can see where Vince left the baby things he got for you." Zayn told James as he sucked down the milk.

Zayn noticed a note on the countertop next to baby food. It was from Vince.

"I got you a playpen. It's in your spare room. I got some extra clothes. There's a few toys in there as well. I also got you more nappies and wipes. There's also a couple of baby gates in the room too. I picked up some child safety locks as well. Oh and your living room has a playmat. Safari themed. Make your decision quickly. - Vince."

"Gates...Sounds like a good thing to put up first." Zayn said to himself. “But I don’t think I can put you down..” He sighed. “I don’t know what I’m doing.” He frowned.

To make matters worse Zayn's phone began to ring from in his pocket. He groaned and put the bottle down making James scream. "I'm sorry. I need to check my phone."

Zayn pulled his cell out and groaned once again when he saw it was Will. He answered the call and put it up to his head then held it there with his shoulder as he grabbed the bottle and put it back in James mouth, "Hello?"

"Wait, hold on." Zayn said and sat the phone down and switched it to speaker then held the bottle for James again.

"What's up Will? You're on speaker...I'm with James so probably not the best idea to swear." Zayn said.

Will sighed. "Freaking twat..." He mumbled. "What the frig is wrong with you? You had one job when sleeping around which is to use protection. Don't you know how a freaking condom works?!" Will spoke harshly into the phone.

"Yes, I do know how they work but I was drunk or high, probably both... when I hooked up with people so I wasn't thinking straight." He half groaned and half argued. "I know I should have been careful. You don't need to tell me."

"Well, obviously I do. Obviously you need reminding to keep it in your pants because now we have a situation on our hands. What are you thinking?" Will asked. "Please tell me you'll do the right thing and give him up."

"Woah, woah!" Zayn almost yelled into the phone. "First off, you aren't my father so back off! I know we have a situation Will. I'm fully aware. Second, you can't tell me what to do with my own child." Zayn still didn't take being told what to do well.

Will rubbed his temples. "You'd be surprised..." He mumbled. "We control your public image. If you keep him, no one will know he's yours and you're under contract to comply with whatever we say." He reminded. "So tell me what are you thinking? I don't have the effort to coddle you and tend to your sensitive PTSD." He groaned.

"Piss off Will. I don't have to stand here and take this from you." Zayn spat quickly. "Either talk to me like an adult and a client who deserves respect or I'm hanging up and doing whatever the hell I want." He didn't care if he left Will with some nasty pieces to pick up. He wouldn't be spoken to like that.

"Listen kid...You do have to take this because this is how it's always been and always will be. You're under contract. We own you. Either way, we control all your accounts. We control the media and we control you. Just answer the time question."
"I don't know what I'm thinking." Zayn wanted to rub his temples but his hands were full. "I'm thinking I want time to see if I can do this. He's my son Will. I owe him that much. Vince got me time and that's what I want. Time."

Will mumbled something to himself. "Fine. But make the decision sooner than later. Try not to take the complete two weeks. Make it quick. I have to figure out a story about why you cheated on your fiancée and why she's forgiving you in case you do keep the thing. Just think about everything first before making your choice." He said and was about to hang up but Zayn spoke too quickly.

"I will but don't call him that ever again. I don't care who it is; no child deserves to be called a thing. I don't care who their parents are." Zayn pushed.

Will sighed. "Yeah, yeah... Whatever you say. You've made more work for me and none of it is good." He said then hung up.

James whimpered as he tried to keep working on his bottle. The stress and tension was getting to him.

"I hate him. I hate him with every fiber of my being. Don't tell anyone though." Zayn told James.

The little baby just looked rather upset though. His bottle still had about an ounce of milk left in it but he pushed it away. "Mama!"

He whimpered the only word he knew.

"She's not here, little mate. I'm sorry." Zayn frowned. "She's in Paradise...I hope." He sighed. "I don't know what to tell you. I wish I could make you feel better."

James watched Zayn talk. When he finished James repeated the word pathetically, "Mama." He missed her so badly but had no way to express that.

"I know." Zayn frowned. "Let's get your outside clothes off first." He said and took him to the living room.

Once James was down to just his little jeans and onesie Zayn smiled, "That has to be more comfortable yeah?"

James just silently looked at him however.

"Hmm, oh let's go look at your stuff. The note said there were toys. Maybe something other than your lion will make you feel better." Zayn wasn't entirely sure what else to try beyond that.

Was there really anything you could do for an infant who was mourning the loss of his mum?

Zayn picked him up and carried him to the spare room. He sat him on the floor, making sure he still had his stuffed lion. He looked through the toys then found some blocks. "Look. Blocks. Blocks are fun." Zayn said as he built a tower.

James watched Zayn build the tower. Once it was built they both sat looking at it for a while. Suddenly James smacked it with his hand and let out a belly laugh when it crashed and fell.

Zayn smiled at James. "You're a little destroyer, aren't you?" He said then rebuilt it.

James smiled at Zayn and looked at the tower for a moment. He then began to giggled and rammed his stuffed lion into the tower. Once again he found this hysterical.
Zayn laughed a little then looked in the plastic bins toys were in and found cars. He took them out and handed them to James. He then rebuilt the tower.

James began to play with toys quietly while Zayn began to explore the room and look at everything in it. On his computer desk sat a few stacks of clothes. He thumbed through them before turning to look at the playpen. Thankfully Vince had it set up for him.

James rolled the cars around for a moment before popping one into his mouth. He kept it there as he used the lion to crash the blocks again. When he laughed the car fell from his mouth.

Zayn turned to watch James. It was sort of cute how he could amuse himself so easily. Zayn could remember being told how he used to be the same way at that age. He didn't know if it scared him or made him feel more attached however.

At Zayn watched a moment longer a foul smell began to fill the air. "Fuck." He cursed under his breath. He hated dirty nappy changes more than anything.

The playpen had a changing table that flipped out of the way. Zayn flipped it over and tested that it could hold a decent weight by pressing on it. Once satisfied he grabbed a fresh nappy and some wipes then grabbed James from the floor.

"Alright, Harry said nappy changes are the same with boys and girls except boys will wee on you if you aren't careful." Zayn spoke to himself out loud as he laid James down.

The little boy laid quietly watching Zayn as his little trousers were removed and his onesie was unsnapped. It was when Zayn undid the nappy and made a horrified face that made James giggled again.

"I'm sure you do think this is funny. It's not funny though. It's gross." Zayn whined as he covered James bits with a wipe. "If you ever have your own kid one day you'll understand my pain so laugh it up now, little mate."

Zayn's talking just amused James more. He giggled the entire time he was being cleaned. He didn't quiet down until Zayn finished getting the fresh nappy on.

A while later at his own home, Harry walked out of the shower, he felt so sad and so stressed. The shower helped him relax, but it didn't help him feel any less sad. He walked into his bedroom where he pulled on a pair of fresh joggers then walked out to the living room where Louis was playing FIFA.

Harry sat beside him on the sofa and sighed.

“I know that sigh. You're sad. What's wrong?” Louis asked as he paused the game and pulled Harry into his lap.

“Just sad...Niall and Liam are getting married. They've only been dating since what? November? They got engaged a month later…” Harry frowned. “When is it our turn?” He asked as he rested his head on Louis shoulder.

“I'm sorry, darling. I am. You know that I want to marry you and adopt a shit ton of babies, but I... I'm just not ready to take that step yet. We're so young. Let's enjoy it.” Louis kissed his head.

“Can’t fucking believe Zayn has a kid before we do.” Harry now pouted.
“He wasn’t being smart. We are. We’re waiting until we both feel ready. We’re both still struggling with our PTSD. It’s only been a few months. I still get nightmares and I still don’t feel emotionally stable enough to handle being a dad.” Louis said gently.

“But I feel since then...Life is short. I want to do everything I want to do now before it gets taken away and I lose everything somehow. I feel stable enough to do this, I suppose I just wish you did too.” Harry curled up into Louis’ arms.

“I’m really sorry.” Louis whispered. “I promise to let you know the moment I’m ready though. I’ll make it super romantic and cheesy...Just how you like it.”

“Promise?” Harry asked.


“Finish your game, baby, then Netflix.” Harry said moving to lay his head on Louis’ lap.

Louis kissed Harry’s head. “Love you babycakes.” He told him then went back to playing his game.

“Love you too, Sweetcheeks.” Harry smiled a little and cuddled into Louis a bit more.

After a few minutes, he looked down at Harry. “Why don't we go to Donny this weekend? Give Mum a break from the babies.”

“Really?!?” Harry sat up.

“Really. It'll give you your baby fix and I can bond with my baby siblings. Win-win.” Louis grinned.


“I do have my moments.” Louis smirked.

“You really do.” Harry kissed Louis again and hugged him.

“Can I go call them? Please?” Harry asked.

“I was about to suggest that you do.” Louis laughed.

“Yes.” Harry grinned and climbed off Louis to get his phone that was left in the bedroom. He couldn't wait to call Jay.

Harry had made arrangements with Jay over the phone and then spent the rest of his day with Louis gushing about getting to see the babies.

Zayn spent his evening awkwardly trying to get on okay with James. The little lad was extremely quiet. The only time he made any noise was to cry randomly or giggle. The crying left Zayn scrambling to try and comfort him but at some point he realized there was no real way to comfort an infant who was confused and mourning.

After singing for almost half an hour while pacing Zayn finally got James to sleep and laid down for the night around ten. Unsure if he'd wake up in the middle of the night or extra early the next day Zayn then turned into bed himself.

Overnight, rumors began to spread like a wildfire online. Some fans had managed to get a few
blurry photos of Zayn carrying a covered car seat at the rehearsal studio. No one seemed to know what to make of it and so everyone was jumping to their own conclusions.

James had woken Zayn up around six the next morning. He was so tired and a bit grumpy because of that. He got the little lad changed into a dry, clean nappy and then put him in a little pair of joggers and long sleeved shirt before taking him to the kitchen.

“Alright, they said you eat one or two jars of baby food at a time. I wonder if you're meant to have a bottle with that as well.” Zayn talked to James as he looked over the jars of food Vince had gotten him. “I guess we’ll start with food and if you still act hungry I'll give you a bottle.”

Zayn selected a jar of oatmeal and apples then chose a jar green beans to go with it. “This looks disgusting. How could you possibly eat this?”

James made a tiny cooing sound but never actually tried to speak. He eyed the two jars in Zayn’s other hand hungrily but was obviously too uncomfortable and shy to grab at them so he just continued to hug his lion.

“Alright, let's see about putting you in that booster seat. I think if I can get you in it that I can handle feeding you.” Zayn told him.

He walked to his dining area where he'd set up the booster chair last night. He put the jars and spoon on the table then began to try and figure out the seatbelt so he could make sure James was safely in the chair.

Once he'd gotten it clipped he set the lion down and opened the first jar. He scooped up a little on the spoon then brought it to James mouth.

James opened his mouth and welcomed the food. As he ate some of the food came out of his mouth and dribbled over his chin.

“Yuck, that's disgusting. The nasty that comes out of babies is horrid.” He complained a little. He gave James more food however and just resolved to get him a clean shirt after.

As he sat feeding James he tried to talk with him and connect with him. Everything felt so awkward though, especially since James never attempted to talk back.

At some point he was interrupted by his cell phone ringing. “As if being up this early isn't bad enough let's add Will.” Zayn groaned seeing who it was.

“Hello Will.” He answered.

“Zayn, have you seen Twitter? ‘Zayn’s baby’ is trending.” Will sounded upset and angry.

“I haven't seen Twitter. I've been taking care of James. H-” He paused feeling a sense of dread hit him. “How do they know?”

“Fans took photos of you arriving and leaving the studio with a baby carrier!” Will almost shouted.

“That's not so bad Will. I've been seen carrying babies before. How did they figure out he's mine though?” Zayn wasn't understanding how pictures lead to them figuring it out.

“No Zayn, they don't know he's yours. The rumors are out there obviously but none of them know what to make of the baby. You can't even see the baby in the photos because the carrier is covered. They just know you showed up alone with a baby.” Will tried to explain. He wasn't doing the best
of jobs due to being so upset.

“Oh! Well why are you panicking then? I covered him up. Fans talk all the time. Let them. They won't know the truth unless we tell them… or if they see him possibly.” Zayn almost mumbled the last bit as he kept trying to feed James so he would stay quiet.

“What does that mean? Why would them seeing him make a difference?” Will sounded more panicked now.

Nervously Zayn’s knee bounced, “He pretty much looks like Harry and I had a kid together. You can tell he's related to me in some form. His eye color and curly hair is barely enough to make him not look like my twin.” Zayn then braced for Will’s response.

“Fucking hell Zayn. This is not… this is a mess.” Will groaned and clicked the pen in his hand repeatedly. “Don't go out with him at all! If you need something have someone else get it or watch him for you. If for some reason you can't get around being out with him keep his face covered! I don't want anyone seeing him!”

“Can you stop yelling in my ear? I can hear you without you yelling.” Zayn complained. “You know if I keep him you can't hide him forever right?”

Will stayed quiet for a moment the finally replied, “I am aware of that yes. However, you've made it clear there is a chance you won't keep him. If you don't everything will be so easy for us if no one knows who he is. You decide to let a respectful family adopt him and we quietly slip him off to them and do what we can to ensure he's never known to be yours. That way you can continue your carefree bachelor lifestyle.”

Will couldn't tell Zayn what to do with James but he certainly could make giving him up sound like the better option. It's what Will thought so he pushed it as discreetly as he could. “If you keep the kid Zayn then we have so much work to do. We have to explain who he is. We have to sort out what to tell people about why he's not been around before. We can't just spill out the truth because it will make you look horrid. It would end your career. At least lying a bit will allow us to try and salvage how the fans see you. It lets us try to save your career.”

Zayn had frozen a bit listening to Will ramble. James whimpering for more food is what brought him back. “Wow, uh, I'm not sure how to reply to all that.” He swallowed a lump in his throat and gave James another bite of food.

“Reply with a decision.” Will urged.

“I don't have one yet Will. I need time. That's why I asked for it.” Zayn was reaching his limit of how much Will he could handle.

“Fine, do what I said and keep his face hidden for now though. Don't talk to anyone about him either. Yeah, your family, the other lads but no one else. Until you know what you're going to do keep this matter private.” Will gave his final word.

“Alright, I will. I have to go now. I have a child to take care of.” Zayn snapped at him a little. He was ready to hang up.

“Goodbye Zayn. Make your decision.” Will then hung up.

Zayn sighed and looked at James, “That didn't go very well.”

James looked at him and gave a small smile but didn't make any sound.
“You like to be talked to huh?” Zayn asked. “You're a sweet little lad. Is that just because you're nervous?” Zayn kept trying to talk to him and connect but it all felt so awkward and strained. He wasn't good at this.

He finished feeding James his food while he kept awkwardly trying to make conversation. At some point in the one sided conversation he decided this might be easier if his family knew. Maybe his older sister. She wouldn't tell their parents but surely would help him the best she could. She was good with kids and remembered him being one after all.

“Oh, how do I tell Doniya about you? Huh?” Zayn asked James as he took him out of his booster seat. He grabbed the lion with one hand and kept James in the other arm. “How do you tell any family member that you screwed up, big time?”

He took James and sat him on the counter by the sink and began cleaning his face. This of course upset James and he began to cry.

“I'm sorry, I can't let you stay messy.” He took his messy shirt off and handed him the stuffed lion. “Good thing we kept Mr. Lion away from you. You would have got him messy.”

James hugged the lion to his chest and smiled from ear to ear.

“I'm glad you like your lion. That makes me happy.” Zayn said and picked him up. “Now, let's see if we can get you to play toys. I think I'm going to see if Liam will help me tell your khala about you.”

Niall and Liam were playing with Loki. Liam was on the floor and Niall was on the sofa. Liam would throw the ball for him. Loki would then run and get the ball and take it to Niall who would laugh and throw the ball to Liam.

It was only when they were interrupted by Liam’s phone ringing that Niall actually threw the ball for Loki.

“Hey Zayn, what's up?” Liam used his name so Niall would hear who was calling. He was still reluctant to talk with him.

“Li, hey, I was just hoping you would help me.” Zayn replied.

“Oh, help you with what? Do you need something for the baby?” Liam asked confused. He still wasn't happy with Zayn for cheating on him. He had agreed to help with James but that was it. He wasn't looking to be buddies with Zayn right now.

“I need to tell my family about James. I figured if I could tell Doniya first that she could help me with mum and abuu. I just, Liam I can't tell her this alone. I'm too worried that she’ll be angry and hate me. Please, I know you're cross with me but please will you help me tell her?”

Liam sat beside Niall and sighed. “You want me to help you tell Doniya? I'm not sure how I'd help. I mean, I'm not going to say it for you.”

Niall rubbed Liam’s back and whispered, “Maybe he just needs moral support.”

He hated that Zayn had hurt Liam. He wasn't harboring any bad feelings though. He was with Liam now. He and Liam loved each other and were getting married. Zayn didn't matter in this sense of things.
“Can you just be here? Someone to take James out when she yells at me. Someone to be a witness if she kills me.” Zayn was being over dramatic but he couldn’t seem to help it.

“She isn't going to kill you Zayn. You don't need a witness.” Liam rolled his eyes but was shot a look from Niall. “I'll come over though, okay? I'll entertain James in another room so you guys can chat.”

“Thank you. That would be perfect.” Zayn sounded relieved. “Seriously, I owe you. I… I'll make you some of my curry sometime soon as a thank you.”

“For some of your curry I'll definitely help. It's one of my favorite foods. Niall loves it more than me I think.” Liam caved deeper and smiled at Niall, “He's going to make me curry as a thank you.”

Niall laughed a little. He didn't know Liam liked curry that much.

“Thank you Liam. When can you come? She needs at least an hour from where she's at school.” Zayn replied.

“How about… I'll be there in forty five? Gives me time to get dressed and still be there before her.” Liam questioned and rubbed over Niall’s arm.

“Sounds good.” Zayn nodded and said his goodbyes before hanging up.

“I didn't know you liked curry.” Niall replied.

“I like the Malik’s curry. I don't know what they do to it but it's amazing.” Liam replied. “Zayn makes it exactly like his mum does and like his abu’s mum. It's boss.”

Niall nodded and smirked. “So if I made you some it would suck?”

“I didn't say that.” Liam replied. “I've just never tried any other than the Malik’s that I actually liked. I'm willing to try yours though.”

“Maybe I can convince Zayn to give me his secret before I make it.” Niall replied. “Go get dressed though. James needs entertained so he isn't forced to listen to any possible fighting.”

Liam agreed and left the room to get ready.

Almost forty five minutes later Zayn heard a knock on his door. This knock caused James who had been quietly playing toys to cry.

“Hey, hey don't cry.” Zayn tried to stay relaxed as he scooped up James. “It's probably just Liam.”

With James still crying Zayn went and opened the door. He gave Liam a smiled as he rubbed James back. The poor lad had his face hidden against Zayn’s chest with a death grip on his shirt.

“He alright?” Liam asked worried.

“Yeah, I think your knocking scared him.” Zayn explained and looked down at James. “Look pal, it's not even anyone scary. It's just Liam.”

Reluctantly James turned his head and looked. The loud cries stopped when he saw Liam but he still sniffled.

“Hi there, do you remember me?” Liam asked him as he stepped inside. “I'm sorry if I scared you.”
James didn't make any sounds to reply. He did however sigh and get his tears to stop. He looked over Liam carefully but stayed connected to Zayn.

“I think he remembers but he's shy. I mean, I'm sure even I still feel like a stranger.” Zayn told Liam as he locked his front door again.

“It's okay. He'll come around.” Liam nodded. “So, she's coming soon?”

Zayn nodded and walked back to the small pile of toys that sat on a playmat. “She’ll probably be here in another twenty minutes. I'm starting to feel really anxious.”

“I honestly think Doniya is the one person in your family you don't need to be scared of telling. She's more open minded than everyone else.” Liam offered as he took off his coat and hung it in the coat closet. “She's always been really relaxed as far as I've known her.”

“Yeah, I know you're right but that doesn't really help the nerves go away.” He replied as James finally seemed to be completely relaxed.

James looked around the room before spotting his toy lion and pointing to it.

Zayn hadn't noticed but Liam had, “Is this what you're looking at?” He asked and picked it up. When James instantly smiled Liam did too.

“Lion?” Zayn asked, almost hoping James would try to say it.

James didn't speak. Instead, he just made grabby hands for it.

“Here you are, little lad. One totally awesome lion toy.” Liam spoke in a childlike voice as he handed it to him.

James giggled just a little and hugged it. He looked up at Zayn, wanting him to share his joy. He then looked at Liam and grinned from ear to ear. He then reached a hand out to Liam.

“Do you want to go say hi to Liam now that you know he isn't scary?” Zayn asked the little one.

“Of course he wants me to hold him. Come here little man.” Liam smiled and took James into his arms. James seemed perfectly content there too.

“I'm glad he likes you. This should mean you'll be able to leave the room with him if she gets really really mad.” Zayn replied.

“She won't be mate. She’ll probably be disappointed. That's not too bad given the situation.” Liam tried to encourage once again.

Zayn just nodded and walked into the living room, letting Liam follow with James. “I haven't a clue how I'll tell Abbu. He’ll try to disown me.”

“I thought he already did that when you told him you were in a relationship with me?” Liam questioned.

“Yeah, he eventually came around and said I was still his son even though he’ll always hate the idea of me with a man.” Zayn replied.

Liam sat on the floor with James near his toys. He picked up a little blue car and drove it over James’ leg.
James smiled but made no noise.

“Maybe he’ll eventually come around with this too. Besides, you haven't even decided if you're keeping him yet. How will your abbu be mad over a baby that isn't even around?” Liam asked.

“Good point but I don't know yet that I want to give him away. I mean, he's my son. I don't think I can just hand him off like he means nothing to me.” Zayn shook his head and sat on the nearby sofa.

“A lot of parents give up their child because they care too much though Zayn. It's not always because their heartless. You give up your child so they can have a better life than what you could give them. It has nothing to do with the baby not meaning anything to you. It's the opposite.” Liam explained.

Zayn only nodded. It was something to think about.

They sat in silence for a few minutes then suddenly there was a knock on the door.

Once again James began to cry upon hearing the knocking. This time he clutched onto Liam and hid his face against him. The poor little lad was obviously scared.

Zayn frowned looking at James.

"It's okay, buddy." Liam picked James up and rubbed his back.

Zayn stood and answered the door. He smiled seeing his older sister. "Thank you so much for coming so quickly."

"Is everything alright?" Doniya looked both concerned and confused as she came inside the flat. She looked around when she heard the crying and was shocked to find Liam on the floor holding a baby. "Liam? Hi." She waved awkwardly before giving Zayn a look.

"Uhm. I don't know how to say this, so I'm just going to come out and say it." Zayn said as Liam stood with James in his arms, bouncing him a little.

"Uhm...This little one is James and he's mine. As in my son." Zayn said. "And before you say anything...Just know that I had no idea he even existed before a couple days ago. I did a DNA test, results came in today. And yeah, he's mine."

Doniya opened and closed her mouth a few times as she tried to figure out what to say exactly. Finally she managed, "I... I don't know how to even reply to that. You, you're an abba?" She asked using the Urdu word for daddy.

"So, Wait, Liam where do you come into this? Are you guys back together or something?" She was trying so hard to wrap her brain around all this.

James was clung tight as ever to Liam still despite his crying slowing down.

"Moral support. I'm with Niall now. We're engaged actually, Niall and I." Liam explained. "He's scared you're going to murder him and he needs a witness. But mostly moral support and here to chill with James while you two chat...or yell." He finished.

"Oh, I'm sorry for assuming. Congratulations." She gave him a soft smile though her eyes kept going back to James. He did look like Zayn now that she knew who he was.
"So Zayn, can you try to explain this again?" She asked. "Start at the beginning. How did you not know about him?" Doniya questioned calmly.

"Right, well, I made some poor choices with some girls while on tour. They were all casual, one time things. Being who I am they obviously couldn't keep in touch so when his mum fell pregnant I guess she just put my name on his birth certificate but couldn't, possibly didn't want to tell me." Zayn explained.

Doniya nodded but didn't show much expression. "So, how did you find out then?"

"Well, his mum was killed in a car accident. There was no other kin to my knowledge and I was on the birth certificate so the police contacted me. My lawyer went with me to speak with them. They ran a DNA test but honestly, I just knew when I saw him through the window there that he was mine. I could feel it sort of." Zayn was obviously nervous but her being calm helped him get through explaining everything.

"So now what? You just, you're an abba? They just handed you a baby you never knew about?" She asked looking between Zayn and James.

"Not exactly. My lawyer, I don't know, they agreed to let me have him a few days before I decide. It gives me time to figure out if I can actually do this. That's why I called you. I can't do this alone, bahen I need some sort of help but we both know I can't just run and tell mum and abbu." Zayn ran his fingers through his hair.

"Right, wow." She took a deep breath. "Ok then. Uh..." She honestly wasn't sure what to say as she looked at her feet searching for words.

Finally she looked up at Zayn. She could easily read the worry on his face, "Come here you. It's going to alright." She promised and pulled him in for a hug.

Zayn sighed deeply and leaned down to hug her tightly. "I don't know what to do. I do know that I can't make it on my own. I need help sorting through these thoughts and everything. I mean, mum and abbu deserve to know but I can't tell them alone." He frowned.

"When you're ready to tell them I'll help you. I'm not going to do it for you but I'll be there for support. I'll help where I can with James too. I won't be as much help as a mother would be but I do have lots of experience." Doniya smiled hoping it would help Zayn feel better.

"I want you to know one thing though bhai, I love you and your decision will not change that. I trust you to do the best thing for your beta." She rubbed his shoulder and looked to James. "My first bhateeja."

"Yeah," Zayn smiled. "But I haven't a clue what I'm doing." He frowned. "He's scared of people knocking on doors apparently. I hate nappy changes and I wish I could make him feel better about missing his mum, but I can't and I don't want to screw him up." He sighed and sat on the sofa.

"Look James." Liam offered. He couldn't stand how awkward the room felt and he could tell James sensed it too. "Can you wave hello to Doniya, your khala?" Liam knew a few Urdu phrases having dated Zayn.

James looked at her but he didn't wave and he didn't make any noise.

"All little ones have strange quirks, things that scare them. Even if you knew his whole story you may not understand why he's strange with certain things so don't let that bother you." She encouraged. "Nappy changes should get easier; not exactly better but easier. It just takes time. The
other stuff we can work on. I'll help best I can."

Zayn smiled. Liam looked good with James in his arms like that. He deeply wished that he still was still with Liam and that he had Liam's full support but he looked good with James in his arms.

"I have Harry training me...Somewhat." Zayn told her and made room for her to sit next to him on the sofa. He had heard what she said but didn't know what to say to it so he just moved on.

"But I don't know what I'm going to do with him on Monday. I have the video shoot for the You & I video." Zayn frowned again.

"I have Mondays off." Doinya said. "I could watch him, but you should find someone regular though." She offered.

"Harry told you some people with the crew to try as well didn't he?" Liam asked as he sat back on the floor with James and his toys.

"Yeah, I have to be really careful who I call. Management is already riding me hard because of this." Zayn shook his head.

"I'm sure you'll find someone. If you keep him then I bet management would help you find someone. I mean, they'd need to pay them to keep quiet about pretty much everything, right?" Doniya asked watching James.

James took a ball into his free hand and showed it to his lion before showing it to Liam silently.

"It's not that easy." Zayn groaned. "It has to be someone trustworthy but not someone we need all the time like Lou. Maybe Caroline when she's not working but both her and Lou are with us on Monday and Tuesday for the shoot." He shook his head.

"I'll keep him Monday and you know I won't say anything to anyone. As for Tuesday, I'm really not sure. Mum would probably help but it would mean you telling her." Doniya said.

"Do you have any friends you could trust? I mean, you know a lot of people." Liam tried as James threw the ball and let out a single, amused, giggle.

"I have lots of friends but I don't actually have friends and I wouldn't trust them with him anyway." Zayn sighed with a frown and slumped against the sofa. "I mean Monday and Tuesday during the video shoot, both Lou and Caroline are working. I suppose I'll have to tell mum and abbu. I have no choice now...not that I had one before."

"I know you're scared and I know abbu will be angry but at least it's nothing you haven't seen before. If anything maybe he'll be thrilled you were with a woman. I mean, he was scared you wouldn't continue the family name." Doniya was trying her best to make Zayn feel better.

"Because it'd be so much different if I married a bloke." Zayn rolled his eyes. "What if I choose not to keep him? I doubt Abbu would be...calm and happy about that." He frowned.

"If you want me to be honest, I don't know that he'll be happy either way so just don't worry too much about his thoughts." Doniya said. "Abbu is impossible to please. You know this."

"Yeah. Don't I know it." Zayn sighed again. He looked over at Liam and James and deeply wished again that Liam was still his. It'd be much easier to figure out this shit with him in his life as his boyfriend again.
James pointed at the little ball which was now a short distance away. When he looked up and saw Liam wasn't paying attention however he grabbed his face then moved it to look in the balls direction before pointing again.

Doniya chuckled softly having seen, "Well, little lad is already proving to be a lot like you were at that age. Very demanding."

Zayn smiled. "I've noticed that as well. I wonder how his ammi handled it." He shook his head a little. "How am I going to handle this if I choose to keep him? What about tours and Shi..stuff?"

"I'm sure that can be figured out. You're their client. If you have a kid and they want you they'll have to help." Doniya pushed.

"It's something to think about though Zayn. Ask management questions now about how they'll help you. It may be important for deciding to keep James or not." Liam said. "Oh and Doniya, he's still demanding like that.

Zayn smirked at Liam's comment. "I like getting what I want." Even though I probably can't get you back. "I think I'm worse now though. And who says I can handle a child when I can barely handle my PTSD?"

"Again, something to think about." Liam commented as James crawled off his lap to get the ball; leaving his lion behind.

"Maybe that's something you should talk to a therapist about? I'm sure your old one would help you think everything through. It's her job after all." Doniya suggested.

Zayn chuckled. "He does seem to like throwing things like I do." He commented.

"He's a lot like you it seems." Liam laughed a bit. "Looks like your mini me and acts like it too"

James crawled and grabbed the ball from the floor and turned to look back at Liam. Feeling playful he threw the ball at him and accidentally whacked him right in the face with it. Thankfully it was a very lightweight ball. It did however make James belly laugh loudly.

"Hey! That's my face you cheeky little thing." Liam told him with a a bit of a laugh. "You think it's funny to hurt people?"

James only laughed more though.

"Just like your abba. His little twin in fact." Liam shook his head before leaning forward and poking his tummy.

James giggled more and squirmed when the touch tickled.

"I think he likes you Liam." Zayn half smiled.

Doinya smiled. "I think so too." She agreed. Slowly she moved to the floor and passed the ball on the floor to James. "You are the cutest thing." She smiled at the baby.

"Yeah, he's pretty cute. That laugh is the best baby laugh ever." Liam agreed and tickled him again just to hear it.

James giggled loudly and leaned into Liam before crawling towards him.

"Lad is trying to wrap you around his finger with that Malik charm." Doniya laughed.
"He's experienced it before." Zayn smirked.

"True." Liam nodded watching James. "But now I'm under a different kind of charm." He smiled.

"An Irish charm?" Doinya teased.

"Exactly." Liam grinned.

"So wow...Engaged? When's the wedding?" Doinya asked.

"July 15th. It's during a tour break. He's planning the wedding with our mums and my sisters. His sister in law is helping out as well." Liam explained.

"I'm really happy for you two." Doinya smiled.

"So if he's the one planning it all does that make him the bride?" Zayn asked.

"Don't be rude," Doniya smacked his leg.

"Ow! I wasn't!" Zayn protested. "What else do you call that side? I've never been to a gay wedding."

"I wouldn't call him a bride or bridezilla...He's pretty calm. I get an input too. He refuses to have a final decision made on like anything unless I'm fine with it as well," Liam shrugged. "It's just two grooms. That's how I see it. I've never been to a gay wedding either."

"Well I firmly expect to at least get to see some pictures. I know you and my -brother- are over but I still care about you." Doniya told him.

James then grabbed a hold of Liam firmly before anything else could be said. He used him to pull himself up to stand. This put them face to face. He smiled bright and gave a teeny little coo.

"You will. We'll post them to Facebook at some point." Liam said and smiled at James. He kissed his cheeks then he then threw the ball over to Doinya to see if he would go to her. It'd be nice for him to be comfortable with family as well.

"Because we can't risk management finding out, it's only family. We'll eventually have a real wedding where we can have everyone we want there."

"How long were you and Niall together before the engagement?" She asked picking up the ball and showing James.

"One month...ish. I proposed to him in Ireland on our official one month. I just...I knew what I wanted and I didn't want to wait."

"You must tell me how you did it."

James tried use his feet to get turned around but he fell. After looking at Zayn, to verify he was in fact okay, he continued to make his way to Doniya by crawling.

Zayn tried to stay focused on James and block out the conversation. He didn't want to hear it all. He didn't want to think about all this.

"It was perfect actually. We were there for Christmas and it was a rare snow day on the twenty fifth. I'd already gotten the ring with Greg an earlier day so he took it to have his wife wrap it. When they got to Niall's dad's they put the gift outside in the gazebo and later I convinced Niall to
go for a walk with me. I told him it was to enjoy the rare snow day but he noticed the gift and so we went over to it. I told him to unwrap it and when he finally got to the ring and saw it I was down on one knee." Liam smiled. He was really proud of himself for how he'd done the proposal. It turned out better than expected.

Doinya grinned. "Sounds very romantic." She said and smiled at James. She handed him his ball.

Zayn had heard the story before, many times because Harry often wanted to hear it whenever the group was together. It never got any easier to listen to.

James giggled softly and held the ball up to show Zayn. He then gave Doniya a smile, almost to say thank you.

"I see pal. That great." Zayn told the little one.

"Thank you. I couldn't have imagined it going any better. Niall loved it," Liam smiled. "I'll send you a picture of the ring later." He knew he could trust her to keep it private.

Zayn internally rolled his eyes. He couldn't help but think about if he had fought harder for Liam and didn't let of him so easily that it would be him Liam was talking about and not Niall.

Doinya's grin grew. "That would be nice. I'd love to see it." She said then ruffled James hair a bit.

"Yeah, it's one of those Claddagh rings. He can wear it in public but having turned in a way that means friendship instead of engagement," Liam explained.

"How perfect." Doinya couldn't stop grinning. "I'm really happy for the two of you. Am I right to assume that Niall's nephew and soon to be yours as well...will be in the wedding?" She asked. It was nice catching up with Liam.

They hadn't seen each other since they before the abduction.

"Yeah, of course. He's going to carry the rings. I don't know how yet though. He's little," Liam replied.

James threw the ball towards Zayn and laughed when it landed on the sofa beside him.

"Good arm little lad." Zayn was impressed.

"I'm sure if you two can't come up with something, Harry most likely will. He's the most creative one for weddings and such," Doinya said then cheered James for his good throwing skills.

"Yeah, Niall and I had a double date with them awhile ago. Harry's ready for marriage and babies...And Louis isn't. He feels with everything that just happened, he's far from ready mentally and emotionally to have a child. Plus, management would cause them hell if they tried to get married or have a child," Liam frowned a little. "I feel bad for them. Niall and I are able to sneak around and get engaged and married...And they're not. They'll get through it."

"Aren't you glad you don't have a boyfriend pressuring you into marriage?" Doniya asked Zayn. She was trying to make him feel better about being single.

"Oh sure, I just have a kid demanding things of me morning, evening and night." Zayn rolled his eyes. "It's a different kind of pressure."

"Well, that's why you ask for help," Doinya said. "Especially if you keep him." She added.
Zayn sighed. He wasn't sure he was cut out to be a parent, even with help.

"Harry would bend over backwards for a chance to help you I bet. Niall seems happy about the idea to help too. Until you figure things out you have us four and now your sister." Liam reminded. "Think all this through though Zayn. Babies are a lot of work. It's not like a dog. It's a lifelong commitment."

"Yeah, I feel like I need to try this parenting thing though. Part of me wants to just do it and say yes. The life long commitment stuff scares me though. I mean, I think I can do this but forever? Forever is a long time though." Zayn replied.

"Just take it one day at a time. But you know mum would love to help. She could even come down and stay for a few days to help you and teach you a few things."

"Yeah..." He trailed off. He felt nervous about telling them. "I really will need someone there to take James out of the room though. You both know he's a yeller and James has been through enough."

"I'll come by. Just invite them for a few days, put them in a nice hotel, that way when he cools down, he's still nearby." Doinya suggested. "Bradford is a bit of a ways away so it saves on the long drive home if he wants to come back and talk to you."

Zayn nodded, "That's a good idea. You'll help like you said though? You'll be here and take him where he can't watch or hear abbu scream at me?"

This time Liam couldn't tell Zayn he was being dramatic because he knew Yaser really would be angry and yell.

"Of course." Doinya said. "I know the look for when he's about to blow so when I see it or he just starts to yell, James and I will go play in his room." She smiled and played one of James curls. "I love his curls."

James smiled at her then pointed to the ball.

Zayn carefully tossed it to him and smiled when he laughed. "I told management he looks like Harry and I had a baby together. He looks a lot like me I think but those curls and his eyes just remind me of H."

"Ooh, a Zarry lovechild? The fans would kill for that." Liam laughed.

Doinya nodded. "I'm inclined to agree as well." She smiled watching James. "I just can't get over how much he looks like you."

Zayn found himself smiling though he wasn't sure why. "I'm a fit lad so I guess it's a good thing he looks like me."

James laughed as if he understood before crawling over to Zayn. He grabbed his trousers and pulled to stand before reaching his arms up to him.

"You want me to hold you?" Zayn asked him as he picked him up. "Do you like me? Wouldn't know why."

"Maybe you should ask one of your million adoring fans?" Doinya teased watching them together.
"Maybe he senses a connection?" Liam shrugged a bit and he smiled watching James and Zayn together. "Maybe he's wondering why this lad looks so much like him?" He suggested as he felt his phone buzz.

He reached into his back pocket, punched in his passcode and opened the message.

*So is he dead? Do I have to help you bury his body? Read a text from Niall.*

*P.S. We miss you.*

There was also an attached selfie of Niall and Loki, with the dog licking over Niall’s face.

*P.S.S. Bring home pizza for dinner? Love you! Xoxo.*

Liam smiled as he typed, *'No he isn't dead. She was surprisingly calm about it and is being really supportive. I miss you both too and I'll be home soon with pizza.*

"That's your fiancé you're texting isn't it?" Doniya asked. "I can tell because your face lit up."

Liam grinned. "It is. He was just checking in to make sure you didn't murder Zayn." He chuckled a bit.

He added ‘I love you too’ to his message then sent it.

"I also got sent a selfie of him and Loki together." Liam showed her the photo.

Zayn held back a sigh. He hated to see Liam this happy about being with someone who wasn't him. He hated that Niall was the reason for Liam’s face to light up like that and not him.

"Uh, I told Liam I'd make him some curry as a thank you for helping me today. Doniya, should I make some for you for helping me when I tell mum and abbu?" Zayn wanted to change the topic so badly.

James made a tiny cooing noise as he looked at Zayn.

"You aren't old enough for curry but if I decide to keep you with me I'll make you some when you're old enough." Zayn told James who just smiled sweetly.

Doinya smiled at the photo. "How cute!" She commented. "I think you should post it. Too cute not to post and it gives your fans a bit of a treat." She giggled a little. She then looked at Zayn. "Sounds great. I'd never turn down curry."

"I should go. Give you two some time alone with James and Niall wants me to pick up pizza on the way home as well." Liam said as he stood.

"Thank you so much Liam. I think James had a great time with you." Zayn said as he stood. "Do you know how to wave goodbye?" He asked the baby.

James pointed at Liam and giggled with a big grin. He liked Liam. It was becoming obvious.

"Bye bye, James." Liam gave the baby a little wave. He then turned to Doinya who had also stood and gave her a hug. "It was great to see you again."

"You too." She hugged him back. "And congrats again on the engagement. You deserve to be
happy."

"Thank you." Liam smiled at Doinya. "People don't always get what they want, happiness wise. I feel lucky to have what I've found with Niall."

Doinya nodded. "I understand what you mean and feel free to text me whenever. Just because you and Zayn broke up, doesn't mean you get to break up with me." She winked.

Liam laughed. "I'll keep that in mind. See you." He said then walked to the door.

Zayn walked with Liam to the door to see him out. After letting him get his coat back on he smiled awkwardly, "Thanks again. I'll let you know when I'm able to make the curry for you."

"It doesn't have to be anytime soon but do make sure you make enough for two...and some leftovers." Liam smiled. "And I couldn't let you die. I mean, we go on tour in a month." He smirked and zipped up his hoodie.

"Right." Zayn nodded as he felt his heart drop more. "Tell Niall I said hello." He tried to just be nice even though he wanted to hug Liam and kiss him and beg him not to go back to Niall.

James just comfortably laid his head on Zayn's shoulder and smiled as he watched Liam open the door.

"Bye Li." Zayn said one last time.

"See ya." Liam nodded. "Bye James." He smiled at the baby and waved. He then headed to his car.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Happy CANADA DAYYYYY
And Happy Sunday
And Happy Handmaid's Tale day
Enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Back home Niall was playing tug of war with Loki. Every so often he would check Liam's location with the friend finder app on his phone. He smiled when he saw Liam had stopped at the pizza shop.

It was one thing that he and Liam had decided on to help with Niall's anxiety. Whenever either of them went out, all they had to do was check the app to see where the was. It helped Niall feel calmer and Liam enjoyed giving Niall some peace of mind.

After a while, Niall heard the front door unlocking. Loki ran and began barking at the door protectively until it opened and he smelled Liam and the pizza. At that point Loki began to go crazy, spinning in circles and jumping around. It made Niall laugh.

"I think he wants some of that pizza." Niall smiled.

"Yeah, probably." Liam laughed as he gently pushed Loki to the side with his foot as he walked through the door.

Niall quickly walked over and picked Loki up. He then leaned up and softly kissed Liam's lips. "Thank you for bringing home pizza. It smells amazing. I already have the plates and glasses out in the dining room."

"Plates for pizza? That's boring." Liam laughed. He then let Loki lick his cheek before taking the pizza into the dining room.

Niall sat Loki on the ground and followed Liam to the dining room. "How are plates for pizza boring?" He laughed despite feeling confused by the comment.

"Doniya says hello by the way. Oh and she wants pictures of the wedding." He laughed. "She's so sweet. That's how I knew Zayn would be fine."

"Ah, you told her. Cool. Well whichever one of us uploads the pics of the wedding will have to remember to tag her." Niall sat down at the table.

"You're supposed to just sit on the sofa and eat it right out of the box while watching a scary film by the way. Man stuff." Liam explained before sneaking Loki a piece of sausage.
Loki tried to jump up but Niall held out his arm, blocking the dog from completing his job. "You ain't getting this pizza, Loks. And you've already had your dinner." He then patted the dog's head and picked up a couple slices of pizza. "I'm just glad I don't have to bury a dead body." He smirked.

"She was honestly really cool about it. I mean she was shocked but she didn't get mad at all. She told Zayn she'd love him and support him no matter what. James seemed to like her okay too; though he was more interested with Zayn and I." Liam explained.

"It's good that he was interested in Zayn, that's a really good sign. And honestly, who would not be interested in you?" Niall teased.

"You already know he's going to get pizza. I'm the soft parent." Liam laughed. He took a bite of his pizza and then nodded, "I still don't think Zayn has any business trying to parent James but I gotta admit, his kid is cute. He hit me in the face with a little ball and laughed so hard about it. He kept pointing at me too."

"True but I also don't want pizza on my sofa." Niall playfully stuck his tongue out. "You're impossible not to love." He smiled adoringly at Liam then started to eat.

"I think Zayn deserves a chance. He should at least try. Maybe this is the shot he needs to stop partying so hard. I know its typical being in your early 20s to party hard but the way Zayn does it is not normal. He has a kid. He actually wants to attempt to be a parent. Why not let him try?" He asked gently.

"Because I honestly don't think he knows how to not party. I mean, I thought he had only to find out he was just doing it behind my back." Liam gently argued his point. "I feel bad for the little guy. I do truly but he needs a parent that is going to be the best parent possible for him; not a parent who is going to look for ways to party still. I don't think Zayn is capable of not partying."

"Or it could encourage him not to party? Or maybe he parties sometimes but he finds an overnight babysitter and is sober when he picks up James the next day. That is being responsible." Niall said then took a bite of pizza.

"I never recall my parents going out and partying the way he does. We were their priority." Liam replied as he ate. "I honestly do think it would be wonderful if he shaped up and became an amazing father... or Abbu to James. It would be a great thing for both of them. I just don't believe he's capable sadly." He then slipped Loki another tiny bit of pizza.

"I know you know him the best but I don't know. I think he deserves a chance to prove us wrong. Maybe through his building connection with James, he'll come to not want that stuff."

"Well, I'm all for giving him a chance to prove himself Ni. Just don't blame me for not holding my breath." Liam finally agreed. "My only real concern in all of it is James. Someone has to be on his side so that's where I'm putting myself."

Niall nodded. "I'm on his side too...I suppose I'm on both sides." He sighed a little. "I'm happy he likes you. Maybe we can babysit him sometime, give Zayn a break that way he won't want to party if he can just nap instead. We all know he'd choose sleep over anything else."

"True, he looked a bit knackered. Princess Zaynie Boo is a lover of sleep." Liam teased since Zayn
wasn't around. He then gave Loki a pepperoni.

"You're going to be sorry you're feeding him all that." Niall shook his head. "Besides the fact that it isn't healthy for him, he's going to be farting all night and dog farts are the worst." He said. "But you agree you'll let us be helpful and supportive by babysitting in the near future?" He asked.

Liam sighed, "I struggle to tell you no." He honestly felt like Zayn needed to feel how hard this was. However, Liam also supposed James deserved for Zayn to have some help. "Alright, yes. We can help."

Loki whimpered from the floor.

"Sorry, daddy said no more." Liam told his puppy.

Loki looked up to Niall with big sad eyes.

"Sorry for wanting to keep you alive for a few more years...and to hopefully save us from smelling your horrible doggy farts." Niall reached down and scratched his ears.

Niall grinned. He leaned across the table and kissed Liam's lips. "Thank you, LiLi." He kissed him again. "Love you." He smiled and sat in his seat.

"Mmm, what was that for? For agreeing to let us help with James?" Liam asked. "You like babies. You're adorable with them too so it should be a treat for me. Can't wait to see you with our own baby one day."

Niall giggled a little. "Babies are fun and cute." He smiled. "And yes, for agreeing to help with James." He said. "I can't wait either. Someday it'll happen. You'll be a great daddy."

"Would you want to be called Da? Elsewise we'd both be daddy yeah? How would we know which daddy our son wanted?" Liam asked. "Oh and I hope you don't mind but I've already decided our son will have the middle name of James as well."

Niall smiled. "Theo calls Greg daddy, just instead of dad, it's Da. I don't mind whatever though. Papa, da-da, or whatever dad is from where they're from. I'm not picky. Do you have a preference?" He asked as he sat his empty plate on the floor for Loki to lick up. "You've decided?" He playfully rose an eyebrow. "I agree though. But does it really matter to you if we have a boy or girl first?"

"I want to be daddy. I've always dreamed of being a dad and when I picture it I'm always called daddy. I don't so much mind if it's a boy or girl but I'd really like a boy first. Have that older brother to protect the next one." Liam replied. "I have older sisters and it wasn't always that great."

Niall nodded. "It would be nice to have a boy first." He smiled. "I'm sure it couldn't have been that bad. I mean you got a hard enough time at school so they always did their best to make your time at home enjoyable. Or that's what they told me."

"Oh yes, dressing me up in their clothes and putting makeup on me was a blast." Liam half laughed. "It could be why I'm gay." He added with another laugh.

Niall laughed. "At least you weren't alone. Greg and I may have both decided to live with da when he and Ma got divorced...But he wasn't around or when he was, he didn't do shit around the house. And with da working so much, it was left to me. Benefits of being six years older, I guess." He shrugged a bit. "Older brothers aren't all that great either but we'll make sure our second born will have a great older brother around them." He smiled. He then stood and walked over to Liam, sitting
down in his lap, arms around his neck. "Much better seat I think." He smirked a bit.

Liam grinned, "You think so?" He purposefully squirmed around under him.

"Mmm," Niall smiled at the kiss and rested his head on Liam's shoulder. "I really missed you this afternoon. We do a lot together so being alone was different, and I'm not complaining, just saying it's different and I really missed you. And yes, I am a damn lucky elf because I get you. I think Santa was very generous with his gift this year." He smiled and kissed Liam's lips.

"Damn straight he was generous. My jaw dropped when they initially told me the price." Liam replied. "Of course you're brother was standing there so I couldn't change my mind and let him know what a cheapskate I am." Liam joked.

Niall laughed and grinned. "Well, I can't wait for the day I can wear this the proper way outside of the house." He ran his fingers through Liam's hair. "And I'm glad that you didn't go cheap. I wouldn't want my finger turning green."

Liam laughed more and kissed Niall's lips, "You bring so much happiness to my life. Still not sure what I did to deserve you but I'm so glad I do." He hugged Niall and kissed his shoulder.

Niall grinned at the kiss. He pressed gentle kisses into Liam's neck. "Best fiancè ever. Best person ever. I don't know what I did to deserve you in my life as my everything but I'm so glad it worked out that way." He then continued his kisses on Liam's neck, sucking a mark into it.

To the general public, Liam Payne had a girlfriend. Niall used this to his advantage and would often give Liam visible lovebites.

"Don't you start something you won't finish." Liam warned playfully. "You doing that makes me want one thing."

"Mmm, true." Niall smirked. "And I'm very hungry."

Liam internally groaned. "Tease."

"You love it." Niall winked.

"Oh I do…" Liam laughed.

"We're almost there! Lou, I'm so excited!" Harry exclaimed as they finally turned onto the road Louis' mum and step dad lived on. "I get to see all your sisters and your mummy and the new babies! You get to meet your first and only brother!"

Louis laughed. "Haz, I love you but we drove up as soon as Fizzy told us that mum's water broke. We met the babies when they were born and in the NICU."

It had been a long three hours in the car with Harry talking non stop about seeing the babies again and seeing everyone else in Louis' family.

They had a small break in their busy and hectic band schedule, so finally they were able to make it back to Doncaster for a couple days on a short visit.

"We saw them but we couldn't hold them and properly meet them Louis." Harry reminded. "This time we get to hold them and kiss their cheeks and count their fingers and toes." He gushed.
He didn't mean to be going on and on but he was so happy. After everything he'd been through he'd learned to just let himself go crazy when he was truly happy about something.

Louis smiled. "True enough. It'll be nice to see them in person without all the wires and shit." He said as he parked into the driveway of his house.

Harry squealed, resembling that of their teenaged fans as he jumped out of the car. "We're here! We're here!" The one place he always felt most at home other than his mums was here with Louis' mum.

The door swung open and two of Louis' now five sisters came bursting out. Jay was close behind holding a tiny baby wrapped in a yellow blanket.

"Louis!" Daisy yelled.

"I missed you!" Phoebe added.

"Give them a chance to get out of the car." Jay chuckled as she watched them.

"I'll bring in your bag for you." Dan offered as he walked out. He knew that for short visits, the lads always brought one big bag of everything.

"Thanks." Louis smiled as he stepped out of the car and then greeted the crowd that was forming on the front lawn. "We should get inside before someone sees both Harry and I here."

Harry quickly hugged both the older twins and then headed inside so he wouldn't be seen. He'd say hello to Jay and everyone else inside.

"Hi Harry." Fizzy grinned from where she sat on the sofa with the other baby.

"Hey Fizzy," He grinned big and walked over to see her. He carefully hugged her and then kissed the hand of the baby she held. "Is this one Doris?" The baby was only wearing a white sleeper so he couldn't tell.

"It is." Fizzy returned his grin. "Wanna take over for me? My arms are a bit tired." She asked.

"Absolutely." He smiled bigger; if that was possible. "Come here Doris. It's so lovely to finally see you again and hold you, this time." Harry cooed as he took her near expertly and kissed her forehead.

He then turned to where Jay was putting Ernest in Louis' arms, "My two sons. Oldest and youngest babies."

Louis grinned. "I still can't believe it took five sisters to get me a brother." He teased a little as he stared down with his little baby brother in his arms.

"Sorry about that love but it was out of my hands. Dan must have had the magic touch your father didn't." Jay referenced Mark.

"Someone take a picture of that for me." Harry said nodding towards Louis.

"Yes, one of my boys and then one of you two together with the new babies." Jay agreed and got her phone.

When Jay came back with her phone, she took a photo of Louis with Ernst then one of Harry with Doris then another one with Harry with both babies in his arms.
"Lovely." She grinned looking them over.

Louis smiled and sat on the sofa with his brothers in his arms. "One day eventually this will be our life." He said looking over at Harry.

Harry felt his heart flutter. It was the first time Louis had ever said anything like that without prompting. It almost made Harry tear up. He held it all together though.

"I know. It's going to be beautiful." He leaned over and kissed Louis' lips. He then smiled down at Doris and Ernest, "Your mum makes really cute kids."

Louis smiled more. "One day...in the far future. Not anytime soon. I'm far from ready. I just want to enjoy being in my 20s for a bit before settling down into children." He tried to explain.

With that statement the moment was gone; just as fast as it had came. At least Harry had gotten something out of Louis though. Baby steps.

"So uh, where is Lottie?" Harry asked changing the subject.

"She's out with Tommy." Daisy almost sang then giggled.

Louis held back an eye roll at the giggle while Harry just smiled.

"When will she be back?" He asked.

"I told her to be back by now since you two were coming this afternoon but she never listens anymore." Jay sighed.

"Really?" Louis asked sounding slightly upset. "Maybe I'll ask her about it."

"She thinks she's too cool for words now that she's someone's girlfriend." Fizzy explained.

"That one's not allowed to be anyone's girlfriend until she's sixty." Dan said pointing to Doris as he walked into the room.

"Too cool for words?" Louis laughed. "I feel old. Do people actually say that?"

"Yes." Phoebe shook her head.

"Make it seventy." Harry grinned.

"I knew I liked you." Dan told Harry. "See Jay, someone is on my side." He said kissing her cheek.

"Yes dear, your new best friend now isn't he?" She laughed.

"Well of course." Dan smiled. "Keep this one Lou. I like the way he thinks."


"Yeah," He grinned. "That's my future brother in law. Of course I want to love on him." He sat up a bit and kissed Doris head then turned to Louis. "Go say hello to your big brother."

After Louis switched, he grinned down at Doris. "Hello, beauty...You're never dating at all. Anyone you like has to go through me and Hazza and your daddy first." He told her as he began to rock her a little.
"And you little sir," Harry began as he took Ernest. "You may only date if you're going to be a proper gentlemen no matter what gender your date is. Boys should always be well mannered before they date anyone. Alright?"

Louis laughed a little but frowned when Doris started to get fussy.

"It's time for a feeding. Would you two like to give them their bottles?" Jay offered.

"Yes." The lads grinned

"I'll help you warm the milk. Is there any in the fridge or is it all in freezer?" Phoebe asked getting up.

"There's some in the fridge. Thank you." Jay smiled and followed her out of the room.

Harry watched, lovingly as Louis put Doris over his shoulder and worked to comfort her. He adored seeing Louis with babies about as much as the fans did.

It was then Ernie's turn to get fussy.

"It was like this with Daisy and Phoebe too." Louis remembered. "If one got upset then the other one would be upset hearing that their sister was upset." He said looking over at Harry. "Shall we sing them a song until their bottles are ready?"

"Yes." Daisy grinned.

Harry began to sing a lullaby and soon Louis joined in. It didn't completely stop Doris from crying but it did settle Ernest completely.

By the time the song was over, Jay had come back in with Phoebe.

"Bottles." Phoebe smiled handing each Louis and Harry a bottle.

"Look Ernest!" Harry exclaimed. "Yummy." He grinned and placed it in his little mouth.

The second Doris got her bottle the room fell silent finally. "That's what you need innit sweetie?" Louis asked her.

"You two look good with babies." Dan commented.

"One day you two will probably have babies together right?" Daisy asked Louis.

"Yeah. Someday we'll adopt. Not anytime soon though. We're not even out yet. Management would give us hell." Louis said. "I'm nowhere near ready. There are a lot of days that are still really really hard." He tried not to frown. "I don't feel mentally or emotionally ready to raise a baby. Maybe in a few years or whenever our contract with Modest is done."

His PTSD from when they were abducted was still difficult to control. He had been given strategies to help and talking to his therapist once a week helped as well. But he didn't feel like he was in a place where he could handle raising a child yet.

He hadn't even gotten over the nightmares yet.

"You take your time. Children are a big responsibility. Don't be in a hurry." Jay encouraged them both even though she knew from talks with Louis it was mostly Harry who was trying to rush.
"Uh... I'm home." Lottie's voice was suddenly heard in the living room doorway.

"Exactly." Louis nodded. "And we're so busy with work and stuff, I just see it adding more stress than anyone right now." He said.

He then heard Lottie. He turned and smiled. "Hey. About time."

She smiled softly and waved from the doorway, "I'll hug you when you aren't holding the little ones."

"Tommy didn't want to come say hello when he dropped you off?" Jay asked.

"No, he just had plans with his mates and was running behind." Lottie explained.

Louis nodded. "When she finishes his bottle, I'll hand him off and give you a cuddle." He smiled.

"What kept you? I told you not to be long too long because of your brother and Harry coming over this afternoon." Jay asked.

"We were talking and I lost track of the time. That's all." Lottie softly replied looking at the floor. "I mean, of course I want to see my brother and Harry. I didn't take so long on purpose."

"You okay? You seem off." Louis asked her.

"Yeah, just a long emotional talk. Everything is fine though." She tried to assure with a smile. "Is anyone else hungry for dinner yet?"

"It's a bit early for dinner but you can help me start to cook and we can leave the boys with the babies." Jay offered her.

"Yeah, sure. Should have eaten a bigger lunch I guess." She tried to laugh a little then left the room.

"Harry, is it normal for people to kind of lose their minds when they start dating a boy?" Fizzy asked as Jay followed Lottie.

"I lost my mind when I started dating your brother." Harry laughed.

"He really did." Louis agreed. "I mean, just look at the X-Factor video diaries and we weren't even officially dating yet."

"And when we officially started, I just completely lost my mind." Harry laughed. "I don't think I've gotten it back yet."

"I remember, Harry always seemed to not be able to get enough of you Louis. I thought he was really strange at first but then mum told us you two liked each other." Fizzy said.

"I thought you two were much funnier back then. I wish you could be funny and close like that now. It's more exciting to watch." Daisy said.

"There was a lot about the X Factor days that I wish I could redo or relive." Louis commented.

"Management sucks." Phoebe sighed.

"True." Harry smiled.
"Management tries too hard and makes it obvious. I feel bad for the people that have figured it out. The other fans don't treat them well." Louis said and sat the bottle down seeing that Doris was done.

Harry sat Ernest bottle down and lifted him over his shoulder to burp him. "It's not forever. That's what I always tell myself. Sometimes it helps."

"Yeah. Me too. It feels like it some days though." Louis said as he grabbed Doris blanket from the sofa and placed it over his shoulder. He then placed her over his shoulder so he could burp her.

"When you can finally come out can we do something to celebrate? Like an official coming out party or something?" Fizzy asked.

Louis grinned. "That sounds awesome." He said. "That'd be a lot of fun. I'd be so down for that. What do you think, babe?" He asked.

"I love it. Something fun that's tame while our families are around then wild when it gets real late." Harry grinned as Ernest finally burped.

"You say that as if our family doesn't party hard together." Fizzy laughed as Doris followed Ersent and burped.

Louis then moved her back to his arms and rocked her.

"Oh uh, I meant like alcohol and... adult type partying." Harry tried to politely explain. "Things I don't think your mum would want you about for."

"I agree." Dan nodded.

"We know what you meant." Daisy sighed.

"Here." Dan said as he noticed that Doris had fallen asleep. "I'll go put her in her crib." He offered.

Louis carefully passed his sister over to Dan who left with her.

"You are tired too little lad." Harry told Ernest who had yawned. "A full tummy normal makes a person sleepy. It does your brother."

"Hush you." Louis smirked and playfully smacked his leg. "Give me my brother so I can go let him nap."

Harry smiled and passed the little baby off to Louis. He stole a quick kiss and grinned, "Just gonna go help your mum."

A while later everyone was sitting and eating. They all stayed around the table for the longest time chatting, even after the little twins woke from their nap. Of course at some point they did get up. Harry tried to help tidy up dinner but Jay insisted that he go and relax.

After sitting and relaxing for a while however Harry felt his phone vibrate. It was a text from Lottie. He looked at her from across the room confused but she refused to make eye contact. He found it odd but opened the text anyway.

I need to talk to you but I can't talk here. Please figure something out so we can be alone. Read the message. Harry still felt confused but he understood what she was asking. He replied by sending
After putting his phone away he stood. “Lou, love, I just remembered that I forgot to pack my toothbrush. Lottie, can you come with me to the market?”

Louis raised an eyebrow. "But we packed everything together?" He said. "I saw you put your toothbrush in the suitcase." He added.

"I took it out to make room for something when you weren't looking. I guess I forgot to put it back in." Harry shrugged. "Lots, can you come with me? I could use the company and a reminder of where the closest store that would be open is."

"It's called GPS." Daisy told him.

"I can't be seen here in Donny." Harry reminded.

"It's fine. I don't mind tagging along and buying you a toothbrush." Lottie teased.

"Harold, you're a strange creature." Louis shook his head. "Be careful baby."

"Always." Harry grinned and pulled out his keys.

"Not as strange as you. But of course, I'm always careful." Harry grinned and winked. He walked over and kissed Louis' cheek. "Won't be gone long."

Lottie was already at the door waiting for Harry.

Harry walked to the front door and slipped his trainers on, then opened the door. "After you." He smiled.

She walked out and went to Louis’ car. After Harry unlocked in they got in. "Thank you for helping me get out of there. I couldn't talk there."

"Yeah, of course." Harry said. "You know I'm always here for you whatever it is. So what's wrong?" He asked as they backed out of the driveway.

"Um..." She trailed off trying to decide how she wanted to word all this. In her eyes Harry was already her brother but she didn't know what might be too much information for him. "So, you know Tommy and I have been together a few months now. About two months ago we finally went... like all the way."

Harry nodded slowly as he listened. "Well, I'm glad you feel comfortable telling me that." He gave her a smile. He wondered if she was only telling him because she needed to get tested for an STI.

"Yeah, uh, there's more though." She sighed deeply. She began nervously clicking her nails together. "Harry, I uh, I have a problem; possibly a giant problem. The only person I felt safe enough to talk to and get help from was you."

“Okay..." Harry said. "What's the problem?" He asked very worried.

“Harry," Her voice cracked and a tear rolled down her cheek. "I'm late and I'm really scared."

"Wow. Okay. So I'm assuming that being late isn't something that happens to you sometimes? Have you taken a test?" Harry asked.

"I've never been late." She said in a tiny voice. "I know having sex can throw everything off. I've
been hoping that's what's wrong and haven't taken a test but not knowing is starting to kill me."

"Please tell me you used protection..." Harry said.

"Sometimes..." She trailed off as she finally started to cry. "I feel so stupid. I knew better and I thought it would be okay."

Harry held back a sigh. "Well, when we get to the store, make sure you pick one up."

"Me?" She squeaked. "I-" She wanted to ask why he couldn't do it but she already knew the answer. He couldn't be seen in Doncaster. "I don't have any... can you pay for it? I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry. I wish I could. If we were anywhere else, I would." Harry said gently. "I don't mind paying for it, either." He said as they parked in the car park of the store. He pulled out his wallet and handed her some cash. "That should cover it and anything else you may want to pick up." He said.

"Your toothbrush so no one get suspicious." Lottie told Harry. "I don't want to do it at home Harry. I don't want anyone to see or hear or... there has to be someplace we can go. A fill station or something? Please, you can't make me do this at home Harry. If I'm not no one can know ever!" She felt panicked.

"Right. I meant anything else besides the toothbrush." Harry nodded. "And no, I'm not allowing you to take a pregnancy test in a petrol station. There's a couple of twenty four hour fast food places. We'll go there." He told her.

Lottie nodded and wiped the tears from her face before opening the car door. "I'll be right back." She looked so upset and broken.

Harry felt bad for her. She and the rest of the Tomlinson children were like the little siblings he never had.

She was only sixteen. She was too young to be pregnant and thinking about raising a child or giving birth then giving it up for adoption. That's how he felt at least. But he also knew that if she was pregnant, she needed somebody who wasn't Tommy on her side. He'd support her no matter her decision.

Lottie slowly made her way into the store. She tried to act as though nothing was wrong but she could feel her body trembling as she grabbed a tooth brush and then a pregnancy test. She was thankful when the cashier was just an older man who surely would have no idea who she was.

Once she'd paid for the items she went back to the car where Harry waited. "I've never been so scared in my entire life." She told Harry as she got in.

"It'll be okay. Have you told Tommy yet? About the possibility?" Harry asked her.

"Yes, it's why I was late." Lottie explained. "He's really scared. He just kept saying how I can't be and how we're too young."

"You are too young." Harry held back a frown. He understood not wanting to tell her parents or her younger siblings, but he felt that she should have told Louis at least. "I know you're just as scared of Louis' reaction as your parents, but I think he'd do the same thing I'm doing right now." He really
didn't feel right about doing all of this without Louis knowing.

"No." She started crying again. "Harry, if I'm not pregnant then he never has to know this
happened." She hid her face in her hands. "I swear I'm sorry. I swear I've learned my lesson. No
one else has to know if I'm not."

Harry frowned. "He wouldn't be very happy with me if I kept this from him. He knew it was a
bullshit lie back there. It's why Liam and Louis handle the bullshit secrets, because the rest of us,
especially me, can't lie worth shit." He shook his head a little as they started to drive again. "I
won't tell him if you're not." He wasn't sure if he could keep that but at least he could just say that
to make her stop crying.

She nodded and tried to stop her tears. She was starting to get a headache. "I'm really sorry I
dragged you into this. I had no one else I could talk to though. I needed someone I could trust who
wouldn't hate me and scream at me."

"For the record, your brother would never do that to you. He'd just want to support you and make
sure you're safe. He really loves you." Harry told her.

She didn't trust that. She thought for sure he'd go off on her because their mum was young when
she had Louis.

"I just want this all over with. I want to move on with my life. I want it to go away." She sighed. "I
just want to be okay."

Harry nodded. "Now, besides being pregnant...Is there anything else to be tested for?"

"Like... oh, no. We were both virgins. He's never been with anyone else and neither have I. What I
read online says I don't have to worry about a STD if we were both virgins.

"Right. As long as neither of you have never been with anyone else...You'd be good." Harry said as
he drove into a fast food place.

"I'll pick a booth and wait for you." He offered as he parked.

"Sit near the loo." She told him as she hid the test under her shirt. She didn't want anyone, no
matter who they were, to see a young teen girl with a pregnancy test.

"I just really hope this is almost over." She sighed and got out of the car. This was by far the
scariest thing she'd ever been through.

It felt like the longest walk of her life going to the toilet. She opened the box and read the
instructions then carefully did what she needed to do. She was too scared to look at the test
however so she wiped it off without looking and shoved it back in the box.

She could feel her heart beating through her rib cage as she washed her hands and walked out to the
table Harry sat at. She set the box on the table and looked at his as though her world was about to
shatter at any second.

"Was that it? I mean, I know a lot about babies but nothing about tests." Harry said softly. "How
long do we wait? Or?" He asked.

"It should be ready now but I'm too scared to look." She told him. "Can you just, I'd feel better if
you could promise me that either way you won't hate me or think less of me or... sorry, I'm just
panicking." She swallowed a lump in her throat and wiped away another tear.

"It's okay." Harry nodded. "I'm here for you either way." He said and took the box. He opened it and pulled the stick out just enough to see the results.

When he saw two blue lines he felt everything inside him drop. "It's positive."

Her mouth fell open and time seemed to stand still. She was pregnant. "You, you're sure?"

"Yeah. I'm sure." Harry nodded and handed her the stick. "I'm so sorry. I know you're scared but...I can at least be with you while you tell everyone." He frowned. "You might wanna tell Louis first though."

Tears began to fall down her face. She'd really been hoping that she didn't have anything to worry about. Her face fell into her hands. She couldn't hold it together anymore.

Harry moved to her side of the table and wrapped his arms around her, "I know you're scared but we're going to get you through this okay? I still love you and I'm here for you through all this."

"I can't... Harry..." She cried into his chest. This was the worst thing to ever happen to her.

After crying for what felt like forever she somehow got her tears to stop. She knew she had to tell people now. Louis did seem like the best place to start. "You'll be there when I tell him? You won't let him like, scream at me?"

"No, I won't let him." Harry said softly. "If he yells at anyone it'll be me for not telling him about this."

"I'm sorry." She sighed. "Can we tell him tonight? I won't be able to sleep until I've done it."

"Yes, we can. I'll text him to come outside or something when we get home." Harry rubbed her back.

"Let's just do this then. I want to just do it and get it over with before I chicken out." She said and finally sat up.

Harry nodded and slid out of the booth. "I've got you. It's okay." He told her.

Lottie sighed again and slowly stood up. She looked down at her stomach and frowned. She then looked up at Harry, "I'm not a slut. I know people are going to view me that way now but I'm not."

"You're not a slut." Harry frowned. "You had sex with your boyfriend. You both love each other very much. You...just didn't use protection like you should have. But what's done is done. The first step is to tell your brother. The three of us can talk in the backyard." He offered and wrapped an arm around her comfortingly.

Lottie nodded, "Thank you for being so helpful." She laid her head on his chest for a moment then took a deep breath. "I'm not ready but let's do this."

"Of course. What is else is family for?" Harry smiled and lead her out to the car. "I'll be there and make sure Louis doesn't yell at you."

She nodded and stay pretty silent on the way home. There was so much running through her head.
She'd eventually have to tell her mum, Tommy, his parents and then the rest of her family.

"Focus on telling your family first then tell Tommy and let him take care of his family." Harry suggested as they got into the car. "It'll be okay. You have options." He told her gently.

"Everyone else is going to tell me what to do so I don't really have options." She replied sadly. "I'm not an adult yet so I have to do whatever mum says."

"You may not be an adult but it is your body. You have the right to choose what happens with your baby." Harry told her. "She can't tell you what to do with it. You are more than old enough to decide what happens. She can tell you what she wants you to do but ultimately, the choice is yours...and Tommy's."

Lottie nodded. Nothing was truly going to make her feel better right now but that helped. "No matter what you'll still love me?" She just needed to hear it from someone. She needed to know that someone actually care about her and would be there for her in all this.

"Of course, I'll still love you. Just because you got pregnant at sixteen won't make me love you any less." Harry told her. "And your family isn't going to hate you. They're going to hate that you didn't use protection every time you had sex, but they're your family and they'll always love you."

"We didn't use it at all... because we're idiots." She told him as they turned into the driveway. "I swear on my life I'm never having sex again though. Not after this."

Harry held back a laugh. "That's good to hear." He told her with a small smile. He parked in the driveway. "It's all going to be okay. Go to the backyard through the back gate and I'll get your brother. I'll make sure he doesn't yell at you or hurt your feelings. He'll just want to be there for you and make sure you're safe and help you in any way he can. He'll be cross of course but your health and helping you choose what you want to do is more important."

She frowned and got out of the car and slowly went around back.

Inside Louis sat with Daisy cuddled up next to him on one side and Phoebe on the other almost asleep. "That was a really long trip to get a toothbrush." Louis whispered.

Jay and Dan were upstairs with the babies and Fizzy was typing away on her phone, barely noticing Harry had just come in.

Louis looked confused but nodded, "Fizzy, help me get up." He told her softly.

Fizzy got up and helped laid each of the girls away from Louis so he could stand. She then gave him a hand and helped him up before going back to her phone.

"If you wrecked my car going to get a toothbrush that I swear you didn't need I'm going to murder you Harry Edward." Louis said as he left the living room and headed to the kitchen.

"I'm going to tell you this now so that when Lottie tells you, you'll react kinder, because you're a good big brother who wants to be supportive and show her that you'll always love her, no matter what." Harry told him. "Promise me that you won't yell at her when I tell you what I have to tell you. Just take it all out on me." He leaned against the counter, feeling more nervous now than his X-Factor audition.
Louis laughed a bit, "If you're about to tell my my sister likes girls then you can stop freaking out. I mean, I'm the last person to yell at her for that, though it is kind of shit she's been lying to everyone about dating Tommy."

Louis leaned against the fridge and looked at Harry. "Okay so I'm mad but only because she's been lying to mum."

Harry took a deep breath. "I didn't know any of this until I was halfway to the store. Her and Tommy have been having sex for the last couple of months. She then told me it was unprotected. She said that she was late. I gave her some cash so she could buy a pregnancy test, I'd do it for her, but I can't be seen in this town. She didn't want to do the test at home so we went to some fast food place that was open and she did it there. She was so scared she couldn't even read the results. She made me do it and it was positive. Louis, she's pregnant." He figured it was best to say it all at once, kind of like ripping off a band aid. He looked at the floor and back at Louis as he waited for the information to sink in.

Louis' eyes went wide. He stood frozen for a moment. "No, this is some stupid joke and it's not funny. Seriously Harry, joking about my sister like this is just wrong." He looked completely unamused. "Good try but your prank failed big time."

"She wanted to tell you herself, but she was scared you were going to yell at her and not love her anymore. She came to me because she felt that I'd love her no matter what, and wouldn't yell at her and wouldn't hate her." Harry told him.

Harry not responding to the claims of this being a joke scared Louis. "You're not joking?" He looked around aimlessly for a moment. "She's fucking pregnant? She sixteen. What the fuck was she thinking?"

"It's not a joke. She wasn't thinking. She admitted that to me. She even said she knew better and that they should have but they just...didn't." Harry sighed. "She's scared. Like really terrified. She knows that your mum had you at eighteen and that is why she should have known better but you need to go into the backyard, let her tell you, and you tell her that you love her no matter what and will respect any decision she makes and will help her." He told Louis.

"Harry, she's too young." Louis felt devastated. "I honestly feel like I'm going to be sick."

"So how do you think she feels?" Harry asked him.

"Shit..." He trailed off. "Christ fucking sake." He ran his hands over his face. He felt such a mix of emotion.

"Come on, let her tell you. Be calm and love on her. It's what she needs. I know you're angry but you can't be around her and she's waiting." Harry told him walking over to the door.

Louis could only take a deep breath and nod. He pushed all his emotions back, acting as though he knew nothing. "This really sucks but let's go."

Harry took Louis' hand. "Just remember, be supportive and loving. I'm here for both of you. No yelling please." He kissed Louis' hand and walked him out the backdoor and out into the backyard where Lottie was waiting.

Lottie nervously looked at Louis as he walked out with Harry. She sat on a porch swing biting her lower lip with her knees to her chest.

"Hey Lottie, Harry said you wanted to talk to me." Louis tried to casually smile as he sat next to
her.

Harry sat on a nearby chair and listened.

"I need to tell you something...But please don't yell at me. Promise?" Lottie asked as she lowered her legs and began to swing them.

"Okay, what's up?" He tried to play dumb as he took her hand. He wanted to tell her he knew so the fear in her eyes would go away but he had to let her do this; especially since Harry obviously wasn't supposed to have told him.

"I uh...Tommy and I have been having sex." Lottie said and paused for a moment. She drew in a large breath and looked up at Louis. "We were stupid. We didn't use protection and now...I'm pregnant. Harry bought me the test. Please don't be cross that I told him first." She frowned.

Louis could see the fear and pain written across her face. As much as he wanted to be angry he just couldn't. Not when she looked more scared than he had ever seen her.

Tears filled his eyes as the only thing he could think to do was pull her into a hug. He kissed the top of her head and rubbed her back, "I'm so sorry Lottie. I wish I could fix this for you."

"I don't know how to tell mum or dad...or Dandy or anyone else." Lottie frowned. "Help me tell them." She said softly.

He knew she needed to tell them herself but something inside of him couldn't make her. "I'll tell mum okay? I'll tell her for you and then she can help you figure out how to tell everyone else. Okay?" He kissed her hair again as more tears fell and he glanced at Harry.

Harry gave him an encouraging smile. "Louis and I will tell her together." He offered. "Try not to worry. We'll get this figured out but right now, I think you need to make a phone call to Tommy and tell him."

"Will one of you stay with me?" She frowned. "I mean, he was scared when I told him I was late, but I’m scared he’ll get angry."

"He'd better not be cross with you. This was fucking his fault too." Louis cursed then relaxed. "I'm sorry. Harry, will you stay with her? I wanna talk to mum alone. Take her for drive."

"I can stay with her, no problem." Harry said. "Lots, I thought you said that Tommy was just scared and that you two already talked about the possibility. I didn't realize that scared translated into angry. He shouldn't be. This is as much his fault as well."

Harry nodded. "Why don't you FaceTime him?" He suggested. "And I'll sit right here. If he gets out of line, he'll deal with me."

"You made a big mistake but you have plenty of options. It may even be a false positive. But I think after both families are told, mum will take you to the doctors then we'll take it from there." Louis kissed her cheek.

Lottie nodded, "Yeah, I'm still scared though. Wish this wasn't happening." She sighed and took out her phone, "Thanks for not screaming at me."

Louis just kissed her forehead and gave a soft smile before standing, "I love you Lottie." He then glanced at Harry before walking inside to find his mum. He'd take her on a drive and tell her so
she could process this somewhat alone.

Chapter End Notes

We updated our visuals on Instagram.

I don't think there's any visuals for Discovery besides maybe house pictures? But I don't have those visuals anymore...So, we may have to just go ahead with Freedom visuals. :D
Chapter 4

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

WEEK AIN'T OVER YET PEOPLE. IT'S ONLY FRIDAY!

I've been in a weird mood this week...PMS suckssss.

Anyways, enjoy the chapter. I'm really loving how this story is turning out. We've already written 20 something chapters.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jay was coming down the stairs in her nightgown to say goodnight to Louis. She was very tired. She also wanted to see if the other girls got to bed alright.

"Oh, uh, I didn't know you'd be going to bed so early." Louis frowned a bit when he saw her. "I was really hoping to go for a drive and talk. Remember how we used to when I was little and couldn't sleep?"

"I tend to go to bed around eight or nine now. The babies wake up every four hours so I try to squeeze in as much sleep as I can." Jay said walking over to Louis. She smiled seeing the older twins asleep on the sofa. "I remember." She nodded. "Fun days or nights I should say. Can you help me get the girls to their rooms?" She asked him.

Louis felt really bad now. He didn't want to tell her here. He wanted to tell her away from Lottie so she'd have a chance to collect herself and think rationally before talking to her.

"Yeah, I'll get Daisy." He nodded with a sigh. He scooped her up into his arms and kissed her forehead as she cuddled into him. "I was just really hoping we could talk about some important stuff." He tried to gently push.

Jay picked Phoebe up. "We can always go downstairs to the playroom once the girls are in their rooms. Fizzy is watching films on her laptop and these ones are asleep. Not sure where Lottie is though. Have you seen her? Is she still out with Harry?" She asked with a tinge of worry.

“She's with Harry. They're talking I promise.” Louis replied following his mum to the girls' room.

Once Jay and Louis had the girls down in their rooms, Jay met him in the hallway. "I can tell you really want to go for this drive, to tell me whatever it is. Let me just tell Dan and grab a jumper, and I'll meet you at the door." She kissed his cheek.

"Thank you. Harry and I will get up with all the kids in the morning so you both can sleep in okay?" He told her. He suddenly felt so much better.

A few minutes later, Jay was ready and both her and Louis were in the car. "So what's wrong? Why did you want to talk in the car?" She asked him.
Louis didn't want to jump right into it. He wanted to take it easy. He started the car and headed off for a nearby park. "Did you and grandad really used to go for late night drives sometimes to just talk? I know you said you did but I just find it hard to believe grandad actually did that."

"I don't know why it's hard to believe when he used to do it with you as well," Jay said. "But yes, it was a thing, never a fun thing, it was always serious talks or bad news...Stuff like that." She replied.

"Like the time you took him for a drive to tell him you were pregnant with me?" He asked.

Had his mum not been in her pyjamas they could have walked to the park it was so close by. Thankfully the car park lights were still on.

"Yes, and no. He already knew though. I had told mum first and she suggested the drive but she had already told him so he'd blow up her first and then be calm and collected with me. Which he was." Jay told him.

Louis turned off the car after parking under a light, "Yeah well, I suppose the apple doesn't fall too far from the tree." He sighed. He hated that he had to do this. He wished so badly that he could just fix all of it.

"What's that supposed to mean? You didn't knock up a girl did you?" She smirked as she joked.

“No, as much as Harry would love to be pregnant he's not. Shit, I actually caught him with a pillow under his shirt a few weeks back." He shook his head. "Mum, uh, I'm really sorry; really really sorry. Lottie, she's pregnant."

"Oh," Jay said and looked out the window. She felt a bit numb. Unsure of what to say or think. She never expected this to happen. She had tried to make sure all her children knew about safe sex and any time they were ready to just come to her, and she'd get them the pill or anything they needed to ensure safe sex happened. She really didn't want to see history repeat itself. "How long have you known?" She looked over at Louis. "Is this why you and Harry decided to come down last minute?"

"No, honest. I brought Harry down so he'd get a baby fix. He's driving me crazy with talks of marriage and babies." Louis explained. "I guess Lottie told Harry she might be a little while ago and he bought her a test. It was positive so Harry told me so I'd flip on him then she told me and I was calm and then I found you and now we're here and... fucks sake mum." He rattled all in one breath. "I've never seen her so scared in my life. I just want to fix it all."

Jay nodded. "Alright. I obviously can't tell her what to do. I'd rather not have a third baby in the house if I can help it but it is hers and Tommy's decision." She sighed a little. "I know you want to fix it but just be there for her, that will be most helpful."

"Yeah, that's why I told you for her. I can tell she knows how big she screwed up. I think that's why I agreed to tell you. I cried and just held her." He shook his head. "I wanted to be angry but I couldn't be."

"You're a good brother." Jay smiled. "I'll let Lottie rest tonight and talk to her in the morning." She told him.

"We'll get up with the kids in the morning." Louis told her. "Harry is helping her tell Tommy now."
She said when she told him she might be he was scared in a rude way. I'm telling you now mum, if he gets shitty with her I'll punch him."

"He's a scared seventeen-year-old boy who's finding out that his girlfriend is pregnant...His world is spinning. He might be a little rude but he's afraid. All his plans have to change, no matter their decision." Jay told him. "I'll phone your father when I get home and let him know. He'll be supportive of any decision she makes but she needs to hear that from him. I suppose I need to have Tommy's parents over now so all of us can help the kids decide."

"I'm supportive of anything as well. I think she knows that. Harry's been incredible with this too. Really nice to have him here helping with this." Louis replied. "Just, don't make her tell anyone alone okay? I don't want her or the baby feeling that kind of fear anymore."

"If she doesn't want to tell anyone alone, she won't have to," Jay said. "If there's no other news though, we should get home."

"Yeah, that's it." He told her. "We'll be around a few more days so tell me if you need help with anything," Louis said starting the car. "Christ sake, so many babies so suddenly and none of them are Harry's. He's going to drive me even madder."

"Just spend time with your siblings that's all I ask from you. They really miss you. It's different when you're not around." Jay told him. "Harry will be fine. He loves you, he'll be patient."

Louis laughed, "I hope he waits." He started the drive back home. "He really really wants to be married with kids mum. He so far ahead of me."

Jay nodded. "I know. There's no need to rush just enjoy each other and enjoy being young and able to travel without the demands of children."

"Promise not to tell anyone something?" He didn't have to ask he knew she would. "Zayn just found out he has a kid. Little lad is about a year. He cheated on Liam and got a fan pregnant. I guess she suddenly died and that's how he found out."

"Oh wow. He's not really the parenting type but poor Liam." Jay frowned. "I know they're not together anymore but really...That is sad, to find out that Zayn isn't the person he thought he knew and that he didn't love him enough to not sleep with other people." She shook his head.

"What is he going to do? Is he going to keep the baby?"

"I don't know. I don't think he knows. He isn't dad material, especially considering how James came to be in the world." Louis said pulling back into the driveway. "We all said we'd help him till he figured it out but between you and me he needs to let a nice family adopt the boy."

Jay nodded. "With your crazy lives...and him loving to party and be free, he isn't ready to settle down." She agreed and got out of the car. "I'm going to talk to Dan then I'm going to talk to your father. Night dear."

"Night, if she's awake I'll tell her everything's gonna be alright and you'll talk to her in the morning," Louis said getting out. He kissed her cheek and then walked to the door with her.

Zayn sat on the floor sipping his cuppa as he watched James. It was about nine now and they had been up since six. He had bathed and changed James who was soaked through his nappy. He'd then
fed the lad and finally brought him to play in the living room with the few toys he had.

James held up a red block towards Zayn and stared at him almost blankly.

"Nice block." Zayn smiled and nodded.

James tossed the block best he could and smiled when it flew a short distance in front of him. He then looked around bored and sighed.

After a moment he got onto his hands and knees and crawled to Zayn. He gently slapped Zayn's leg and then smiled up at him.

Zayn smiled down at James. He sighed a little and placed his cup on the floor beside him. "I wish you were a little older. No nappies. You could talk. Things might be a little easier as I haven't a clue what to do with you."

James gave a slight chuckle before crawling a little closer and laying his head against Zayn's chest. He was slowly coming to like Zayn; perhaps because Zayn was all he really had now.

"Mumma." He seemed to question as he looked up at Zayn. The poor guy missed her and didn't understand where she'd gone.

"I'm sorry, mate." Zayn frowned. "I wish I could make it all better." He rubbed James back.

James struggled for a moment to get his feet under him as he grabbed Zayn's shirt to help him stand. Once stood his face was inches away from Zayn's and it made him laugh loudly before pressing his face against Zayn's neck.

Zayn patted James back. "Yeah. I don't know what you want from me, mate." He sighed. "I wish I was better at this."

James turned while holding onto Zayn and tried to take a step but fell instantly. Thankfully he caught himself and took off crawling towards the balcony door. He stood using the glass for balance and banged his hands against the window then laughed and looked back at Zayn.

"Good job?" Zayn said lamely. "I don't think I want to test my poor skills on a balcony so we will stay inside."

James gave Zayn a sudden angry shout before turning and smacking the glass again. The poor lad was bored playing with the same few toys. It was making him restless.

"No," Zayn said and stood. He picked up his cup and placed it on the counter. He picked James up and sat him back on the mat. "You can't hit the glass and we can't go outside. My parents will be here after lunch. No time to go outside. Plus, I'm not allowed to be seen with you outside." He knew the little lad wouldn't understand but it didn't matter.

James pointed back to the glass door before letting out another angry scream. He then kicked at a block near him and began to cry.

Zayn sat on the sofa and sighed. "Not allowed. Sorry, mate." He remembered times when he and his sisters were young. His parents always just made him cry it out whenever he didn't get his way. So he might as well try it with James.

James dramatically fell backwards and gave it his all until he finally grew too tired to keep crying.
He looked up at Zayn with a frown on his face before rolling over and crawling off towards the stand his Telly sat on.

He stood and curiously touched the blue indicator light. He then noticed the power button and pressed it. When the Telly switched on James jumped and fell backwards onto his little bum and began to cry.

Zayn sighed and rubbed his temples. "It's fine. You're fine. But if I'm keeping you, I gotta get a telly that doesn't have a button you can push." He stood and walked over to James. He picked him up and held him in an effort to make the crying stop.

James whimpered as he rubbed his face against Zayn's chest. When he stopped crying he yawned and shoved his fingers into his mouth; sucking on them.

It took James a while but he ended up falling asleep on Zayn's chest; his fingers still in his mouth. His mouth open was causing him to drool a bit on Zayn's chest and shirt.

Zayn closed James mouth then walked over to the playpen and lay him down inside. "Sweet dreams. At least I can shower now." He said and headed towards his bedroom.

Niall was only just waking up. He'd been out late hanging out with the 5SOS lads.

He stretched as he stood and slipping into some sweats before going out to find Liam on the sofa watching telly with Loki.

"Are you hungover?" Liam asked curiously. "You were out late. I'm sorta proud honestly."

Niall nodded slowly. "Yes, and thank you. But ugh. I feel like shit. I was with people I was comfortable with and Basil was with us, and you're a phone call away. It really helped. Going back to therapy was one the best decisions I ever made. Besides saying yes to you of course."

"You know something though, the hardest part of that entire thing was when your brother took me to get your da's permission," Liam confessed. "I don't know why but asking him scared me."

"It scared you?" Niall seemed surprised. "Did you think he'd say no or something?" He asked then hummed feeling Liam's fingers in his hair.

"I thought maybe." Liam shrugged. "I mean he could have told me no because of what we went through or because I'm a guy." Liam smiled down at Niall. "I just knew that I loved you and I knew I wanted to be with you and I was scared something would go wrong."

Niall smiled up at him again. "Well, I think as long as we're always honest about our feelings and what we want, then not much can go wrong."

"I feel like I've always been honest with you. Which I like. It's so different from what Zayn and I had." Liam told him. "I mean, you knew about my son right away. You know I liked you longer than you liked me. Not much else to tell."

"Anyone who knows you knows about Loki," Niall smirked. "Mmm," He hummed again. He loved Liam's fingers in his hair. "As for not much else to tell, it helps we were friends first. But also, for the future, just gotta make sure we don't hide things from each other. We are always honest best as possible. We try our best to talk rather than yell." He said and kissed Liam's hand.
Liam nodded, "Exactly. It's why we work and why you are the perfect man for me." Liam smiled adoringly at Niall. "I remember all the times I held you so you could sleep. I remember you wearing my clothes, fuck you looked really good. It was so hard not to tell you how I felt."

Niall sat up slowly and crawled onto Liam's lap. He rested his head against Liam's chest. "And during that time, I was slowly falling for you without even realizing it. But we broke the rules...And I'm thankful. I couldn't have gotten through all the really hard times without you."

Liam suddenly remembered the night he'd gone entirely too far with Niall. He couldn't recall how it happened but Niall was out cold and Liam ended up wanking off after getting Niall nude.

He did have a secret and he felt like complete shit for it. He couldn't tell Niall though so he smiled, "Yeah, you finally kissed me at your da's."

"Yes. I was drinking. We kissed and then I fucked you. That was fun." Niall smiled. "No cuddle?" He pouted as Liam's arms weren't around him yet.

"Yeah, sorry baby." Liam shook his head and wrapped his arms around him. "I'll never forget that night as long as I live. I know you, we were drunk but you were incredible. Our first time having sex."

"I also remember the first time we had sex sober." Niall smiled as he relaxed a bit more. He loved being smaller than Liam. He loved being able to curl up into his lap and just be completely content.

"Oh and I remember the first time we had sex as an official couple as well." He added.

"Tell me what you remember." Liam cooed and played with his hair. "My beautiful Irish boy."

"Mmm, I remember the first sober, the friends with benefits time...I was kinda scared, cause I was sober and it was the first time doing anything like that while sober. But I remember just how amazing you felt. I mean, you always do, but it was...really good that first real time."

"I remember finally going inside you. I know you were scared but it was so beautiful. Trusting me to take care of you. Felt better than anything in the world. Nothing ever will compare to being inside you. I love it." Liam honestly was a top. His love and respect for Niall kept him versatile.


Liam felt a pit in his stomach hearing that. He had to be cool though, "I trust you too Niall James. You've brought me through my worst, seen me at my worst and still chose to fall in love with me. I don't deserve it."

"You know... it took time, but when I understood what being a top truly meant, it sorta made me fall in more in love with you. You were the main bottom for a long time, even when you topped, you were on your back. I know how hard it was for you in the beginning. So thank you for being you and my love and being so kind and patient." Niall told him. "You deserve all good things. Pretty sure I helped prove that before I went out last night."
"Yeah," Liam trailed off for a moment. "My love for you makes me act in ways that aren't normal for me." That line had a double meaning. "I mean, I actually really prefer to top and be dominate. I've often fantasized about getting to take you from behind. I love you too much to push those things though."

Niall nodded and took Liam's hand. "I know. And I know I've only gotten as far as being comfortable on my back and that's only recently as well. I don't know about from behind. The thought freaks me out still and last time we tried, it didn't go well. Hopefully though, in time...It can happen. I want it. I want to know what it feels like from behind when done right."

Liam nodded again, "It's so different then what you felt Niall. Besides, you were a virgin then, even with the plug it was bound to hurt so much worse than what you'd feel if we ever got to do it." He swallowed hard and sighed, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't talk about it. I'm fine to wait as long as you need even if it's forever."

Niall turned around in Liam's arms and straddled his lap. "I don't mind talking about it. Talking makes it less scary. Being scared is just one part of the problem. But honestly, talking about it is good. And I'm not expecting it to last forever. Or I hope not. I hope one day it can happen." He ran his fingers through Liam's hair.

"Maybe we can try just my fingers from behind first; when you're ready. Give you the positional feeling without the actual body behind you." Liam suggested as he held Niall's hips. He was trying hard to focus on Niall and not the pit he was feeling.

"That is a really good idea." Niall smiled. "My very smart soon to be husband." He kissed Liam's forehead. "You okay? I didn't wake you last night, did I? I tried to be quiet."

"You didn't wake me," Liam told him. "Just have a few things on my mind I guess." It wasn't a complete lie. He hated lying.

"Like what?" Niall asked. "Maybe if you share, I can help?" He suggested as he continued to run his fingers through Liam's hair.

"Uh, maybe just for a second you should sit beside me." Liam began nervously. He didn't want to confess this and Niall be in the perfect position to punch the hell out of him. He knew he deserved to be more than punched but he didn't want to be punched.

"Ni," Liam tried not to sound like he was whining. He just wanted his full attention. "This is sort of really serious. I'd forgot all about it till you brought up how we don't keep secrets."

"Sorry. You know how easily distracted I am by our son." Niall kissed Loki's head. "You have my attention...as much as you can have it while my brain still feels like it's melting." He told Liam. He didn't feel worried about the secret. It probably wasn't anything to really worry about. It was probably something small. He and Liam never kept anything huge from each other.

"Before I say it I just want you to know that I know it was wrong and stupid and I'm extremely sorry and I would do anything to go back and undo it." Liam felt like he was about to cry because he knew Niall would be very cross and he deserved it.

"Sorry. You know how easily distracted I am by our son." Niall kissed Loki's head. "You have my attention...as much as you can have it while my brain still feels like it's melting." He told Liam. He didn't feel worried about the secret. It probably wasn't anything to really worry about. It was probably something small. He and Liam never kept anything huge from each other.

"Before I say it I just want you to know that I know it was wrong and stupid and I'm extremely sorry and I would do anything to go back and undo it." Liam felt like he was about to cry because he knew Niall would be very cross and he deserved it.

"Before we started fooling around before we had even kissed I liked you a lot. You know that. I developed feelings pretty much the moment I walked in on you having a wank. You moaned my name trying to tell me to leave and it just put ideas in my head." Liam swallowed a lump in his throats and clasped his hands together so they would stop trembling.
Niall felt his heart beat faster. He felt worried now. He even felt a little scared. "Liam, what did you do?" He asked as Loki whined and pushed his head against Niall's hand.

Niall looked down at Loki briefly and smiled. He stroked his head and looked back at Liam.

"It was Halloween. We'd been drinking. When we got back to the room you passed out in just your boxers. I..." Liam wiped away a tear in his eyes. "I don't know why I did it. I don't know how I ever could have done that."

He sighed and forced himself to keep eye contact, "I pulled your boxers down and I..." he stopped for a moment as more tears fell. He felt like the worst person on earth. "I had a wank while looking at you. I swear I didn't touch your body. I know that doesn't make this better but I'm so sorry."

Niall felt his heart drop to his feet. He felt sick. "I uh...Don't know what to say. But I remember how you acted the next day and you were off and distant...At least that makes sense now." He shook his head. "I can't believe you did that...After all I, we've been through. I get that you were drunk out of your mind but you're not that kind of person. At least I didn't think you were." He said softly.

"I'm not that kind of person." Liam cried. "That isn't me. I don't know why I did it. I've never let my hormones control me that much before." He hid his tear covered face in his hands. "I'm really ashamed of myself because I took advantage of you. I thought for the longest time I just would never tell you and everything would be fine but then I just suddenly felt so guilty when you said we don't have secrets. I couldn't hide it anymore; even if it meant you'd hate me."

Niall frowned. "I don't hate you. I am still very much in love with you. I still want to marry you and adopt a shit load of kids with you." He said. "And I want to forgive you but it's going to take some time." He still spoke softly. It had really hurt to hear that confession. "It really hurts to hear that something like that happened. I keep thinking back to how messed up I was at that time and hearing that at the time probably would have destroyed anything between us. I'm not happy you kept it from me though or that you weren't ever going to tell me."

Liam nodded as he moved his hands. "I'm really sorry Ni. I'm..." he paused trying to find the right words. "...a piece of shit for taking advantage of you. I wish there was something better to say than sorry."

Niall nodded. "I believe you." He wiped away Liam's tears. "I know you're sorry. I'm really shocked and hurt. But I'm not leaving you. We'll work through this together." He kissed Liam's head.

Liam just nodded before turning his head away, "Can we not tell anyone; even if they feel something different between us? I'm really really ashamed of what I did and I don't want anyone seeing me like... like the guys who hurt us. I sorta feel like I'm close to what they did."

"I'd rather not have people know either." Niall nodded. "But Liam, baby, trust me...You're nothing like those guys. They did worse. While sober. Out of their own free will." He shook his head. "Please, love. Don't compare yourself to them. I don't see you that way. But I do think the best way to work through this is doing therapy together. They've helped us before in the past..."

Liam nodded, "Yeah, I agree." He ran his hands through his hair. "I'll do anything to make it better."

Niall kissed Liam's cheek. "I'll send Carrie an email and mention that Tuesday’s session be a couple's one so that Michelle can be there as well. We'll get through this."
Liam could only sigh and sink into the couch. "Thanks for not hating me." He thought for sure Niall would have gotten up and walked away for good. "I don't deserve it but I'm thankful for it."

"I hate what you did, but I don't hate you. No." Niall confirmed. "Wanna talk about something happy now? Like figuring out who we want to make speeches at our wedding." He suggested. He really didn't want to think about what Liam did at the moment.

The only thing Liam really wanted to do was go for a run or go to a gym and pound on a bag for a bit. He'd do whatever Niall wanted him to do though. "Sure, uh, I wanted Andy to speak. He'll be funny and serious and he's known me forever it seems."


"I'd rather not let my parents gush about their miracle baby getting married and all that. Not up for the embarrassment. Unless you want Harry or Louis to speak I'm good."

"Agreed. I mean, your mum would just cry through it. She'll be crying all night. If we let Harry up there, the jokes would be never-ending. And I don't trust Louis." He laughed a bit.

"And Zayn is lucky he's still invited," Liam added. "What about Sean? I mean, he's your best mate other than Greg." Liam questioned. "I sort of thought about maybe having Nicola speak. If I asked nicely she wouldn't embarrass me."

"Sean would be fun." Niall agreed. "Greg is my brother, not my mate. There's a difference." He laughed. "Nicola would be fun as well. Would Ruth embarrass you even if you asked her not to?"

"I don't know. Maybe I could just ask them to speak together and tell Nicola to not let Roo embarrass me." Liam thought. "Make it a thing where just four people get to speak so they go together."


Liam nodded, "Is it too much if we ask Louis or Harry or both of them to sing at some point?"

"I would love that." Niall grinned. "Pretty sure they would love that as well." He said. "We can ask them tomorrow when we see them for the video shoot. It's supposed to be cold and windy tomorrow in Somerset." He frowned.

"Then I'll be making sure Basil knows to stick extra close to you. I don't want you falling with that knee of yours." Liam told him. "I wonder what Zayn has planned for James. I'll kick his arse if he shows up with him in that weather."

Niall nodded. "Thanks." He said and rested his head on Liam's shoulder. "I'll wear me brace as well, for extra support." He said. "Yeah, we all will. Harry would be the worst out of the four us though."

"Yeah, at least we're all agreed on that," Liam said. "I've decided that while I still don't think Zayn is fit to be a father, I like James. He's cute and needs someone to advocate for him."
"I like James too. Glad you finally came around. And James has both of us on his side. Tommo and Harry too," Niall nodded. "I mean. I did get you to agree to babysit him at some point."

"Yesterday just got to me I guess." Liam shrugged. "Trying to play with me and holding him. I like him. It's hard not to." Liam looked at Niall. "Makes me wonder about us with a baby one day. Teaching him to throw a ball so he can play fetch with Loki."

Niall grinned. "Yeah, it'll be great. I can't wait. How many do you want?" He asked.

"I think three is a good number. I suppose that could be due to being in a family with three kids." Liam replied and nervously put his arms around Niall. He wasn't sure how he'd feel about it right now. "I'm just not looking to compete with how many Harry will end up having."

Niall couldn't deny the fact that Liam's arms still brought him the most comfort, even if he was upset with him. "It was just Greg and I...Maybe I could convince you to let us have four at least?" He asked leaning into Liam.

"We'll see. I mean, we don't even know how many we'll be approved to adopt. I do however imagine we'd be approved for a good number since we can easily provide for that many." Liam rambled. "I uh, might have been researching adoption last night while you were out."

"We have to choose an agency to use and submit an application with them. If they approve it we have some classes we have to take. I think what classes vary based on the agency we pick. We have to have an assessment which is an in-home study, a police background check and medical test. Oh, and your knee thing shouldn't affect us. We just have to make sure your doctor provides a statement about it I guess. Oh, and we have to give three references only one of which can be related to us. That's just the start." Liam began as he sat up a bit.

"The agency submits that to a panel that gives our agency recommendation to approve us. Once the agency approves us we work on being matched to a child. We have to foster the child for ten weeks and then we can go to court for an adoption order. Oh, unless we want to adopt from another country. If we do, and I honestly want to, then our agency will help us choose a country and will help us work with an agency there to help us match a child, and do the paperwork to be approved for the adoption order their. Then we can bring the child home and be a family."

"Wow. That is a lot of information." Niall said trying to process it all. "I will not be able to process that all at once. He itched his head. He sat up and untangled himself from Liam's arms. "I need an aspirin." He rubbed his neck. "Brain hurts still." He complained a little as he walked to the kitchen. "Wanna make me food?" He asked as he spun around looking at Liam.

"Sure." Liam nodded. Right now he'd do anything Niall wanted. He owed it to Niall. Not to mention, Liam felt like he was walking on thin glass now and so he needed to be careful not to upset Niall.

Niall grabbed the water jug from the fridge. "So sounds like it's a long process...Adopting...Is there an age limit? Well, is there a certain age you have to be? Probably eighteen? Do you know?" He asked.

"Well, from what I've read you have to be twenty-one. However, and I could be wrong but because the process takes such a long time if you were close to twenty-one, say twenty, you could start the process. You just couldn't go before the committee until you're of age." Liam said. "I mean, we aren't far off from twenty-one. Even if we started today it would take time to choose the right agency and fill out the application. I can't imagine we would have anything to worry about age-
Niall nodded. "Then let's start today or whenever so that we'll be ready in September." He said and grabbed the bottle of pills.

Somehow Zayn managed to get his apartment somewhat clean between James taking a short morning nap and him playing with the few toys he had.

"You need more toys to play with don't you?" Zayn asked James. The poor lad looked so bored. "I'll get it figured out for you."

James sighed and pulled his lion into his lap. He looked at Zayn briefly then began poking the eyes of the stuffed animals.

When a knock came to the door James jumped and instantly began to cry as he scrambled to go hide.

Zayn sighed and ran a hand through his hair. He could do this. First, he had to coax James out from under the table.

Once that was achieved, he picked the little lad up and opened the door.

Trisha smiled when she saw Zayn but it quickly faded when she heard the cries. "Someone doesn't sound happy."

"Hi Beta," Yaser smiled coming inside with his wife. "Shouldn't you be enjoying your time off instead of babysitting?"

Doinya had a hold of James now trying to calm him down.

"Yeah, about that..." Zayn said closing the door behind them.

"He's not babysitting," Doniya said.

"This is James and he's...my beta, my son," Zayn said, using both the English and the Urdu word. He also he braced himself for his father's wrath.

Trisha seemed to freeze a bit other than her hand grabbing Yaser's.

Doinya turned so James face could be seen.

Seeing the lad's face eliminated the need to question if this was real. Yaser could clearly see this lad was Zayn's they looked too much alike to doubt it.

"Why are you only just telling us?" Yaser was doing everything he could to stay calm until he had the entire story.

"I've only had him like a day or two. I had no idea he existed until his.." Zayn paused and used the Urdu word for Mum so James wouldn't get upset. "Ammi got into an accident and didn't make it. I was listed on the birth certificate so I was called. I got a DNA test which proved he was mine. I have a bit of time to decide if I want to keep him or give him up." He explained.

Yaser ran a hand over his face as he turned away from everyone.
"You had a child you never knew about? Zayn how does something like that even happen?" Trisha's voice was full of disappointment.

James of course just whimpered and cried a bit more as he reached his hands toward Zayn.

"I...hook up with fans on tour. Always have." Zayn admitted and took James from his sister. "I was never told. I probably wouldn't have believed her anyway."

"Zayn Javadd!" Yaser snapped as he spun around. He looked completely disgusted. "Your mother and I didn't raise you that way! Look what's it's done for you."

"Not to mention that means you cheated on Liam as well. We didn't raise you thinking it was alright to cheat on your partner." Trisha shook her head. "And to drag your sister into this?"

"He didn't drag me into anything. He just told me before he told you both. He knew you two would go off on him." Doniya replied.

James hid his face in Zayn's neck and clutched onto his shirt.

"We have every right to go off on your brother. If it's not enough that he's homosexual now he's had a child out of wedlock. He has regular sex with people whom he isn't married to and cheats in the process. It's a disgrace to our family and culture." Yaser said loudly.

"Yes. I'm aware...But you also know that I didn't agree with everything in Islam. I have my own views. It's the twenty-first century. Oh and I'm bisexual. Not gay. There is a difference." Zayn told them. "Liam knows. I kinda had to tell him once James came into the picture."

"I didn't call you gay. I said, homosexual." Yaser told Zayn.

"Bisexual, not homosexual."

"I'm so disappointed in you Zayn. Honestly, I'm hurt." Trisha's voice was quiet. "Poor Liam."

"You said you have time to decide if you want him?" Yaser asked.

"Liam is hurt and we're not really friends at the moment but he is here for James," Zayn said. "Not a lot of time...Just long enough to decide if I want to do this parenting thing."

"I think you creating him is enough evidence to support why you aren't fit. What is it he'd learn from you? To be unfaithful and disregard his religion?" Yaser asked.

Doniya came over to Zayn and took James again before moving away from them. Of course, being taken away from Zayn made James cry again and reach back for him.

"No.. obviously I would teach him Islam and I would teach him not to make my mistakes," Zayn said angrily. "I would also teach him he can love whomever he likes. Love doesn't have a gender."

Zayn took a deep breath. He didn’t want James around for this but he couldn’t handle to hear him cry. Something about James crying deeply upset him. “I’ll take him back Doniya. It’s fine.”

“Zayn, you aren't ready to be an Abbu. You can barely take care of yourself. I mean look at you, when's the last time you had a wholesome meal?" Trisha asked then walked over to Zayn and felt his arms.
Doniya handed James back to Zayn.

James cuddled into him and instantly stopped crying.

Trisha then gently ran her hands over James arms and backside best she could. "He's how old beta?"

“He's ten months; born May ninth I think..” Zayn answered.

“He's small for his age,” Yaser commented. He was a father of four so he could tell.

Trisha laughed, "You think your eating would improve from having a baby around? This, this beta is why you aren't ready. Even with your Abbu I barely got time for myself to shower and sleep let alone eat. Not to mention how demanding your job is."

Doniya shook her head, "It's not my place to speak right now I know but I told Zayn I would support him either way. I'd hope you both would too."

"I don't know if I can support this choice." Yaser shook his head.

"I would obviously need to hire a nanny or someone if I'm going to keep him. I'm going to be busy working a lot and on the road a lot so I'd need someone to watch him while I'm working.” Zayn replied.

James turned to look at Trisha. She stared at his face for a moment. The poor lad was obviously scared but he reminded her so much of Zayn at that age.

"Come here, James." Trisha softly said and took him from Zayn's arms.

The boy frowned and kept his eyes locked on Zayn. He didn't know Trisha and so it was a bit scary.

"Zayn, I'll support you and love you no matter what you decide. I'll accept James as my pota if you keep him. I honestly don't think it's the right time though; if you want my opinion." Trisha said rubbing the lads back.

"Thank you." Zayn nodded.

"If you're keeping him, which you shouldn't, but if you do, I'll support you. He needs to be taught right from wrong however and taught about Islam and not your version of it." Yaser said.

Zayn inwardly sighed but honestly, his Abbu was responding a lot better than he'd anticipated.

"I agree. If he's kept your Abbu and I will make sure he's taught his heritage properly. It's important even if you disagree." Trisha added to her husband's statement.

She then sighed, "Beta, he's so tiny and quiet but he's the spitting image of you, minus the curls and eye colour." She said looking over his face. She couldn't help but feel a connection.

“Yeah. And he knows how to throw a tantrum too. I've survived a couple so far by just letting him cry it out." Zayn shrugged. "Oh, management called earlier...Uhm, would you be willing to stay an extra day or two to watch James during our video shoot tomorrow and Tuesday?"

Trisha sighed as she contemplated an answer.
"You know she can't be your nanny," Yaser told his son. "See, your work is already making having a baby hard for you."

"I'll watch him beta. You can't always count on me though. You need to remember this when making your choice." She replied. "I want you to make up your mind quickly. I'll have a hard time not getting attached."

"If I keep him then I'll hire someone. Right now, I don't know so I have to rely on others mostly." Zayn said. "But I will make it up quickly. I don't have a lot of time."

James' lower lip began to quiver as little whimpers began to escape his lips. His hands reached for Zayn as tears began to roll down his face.

"He likes you beta. I suppose that's a good sign." Trisha said. "You want your Abba?"

Zayn took James. "I haven't referred to myself as his abba yet. I haven't called myself anything yet. It's just been...I don't know. Kind of overwhelming...I don't want to confuse him."

"That's smart," Yaser said. "You don't want the poor lad upset when he goes to his permanent home."

"Abbu." Doniya frowned. "Please try to be a little nice."

James sniffled and laid his head on Zayn's chest. He then grabbed Zayn's shirt and began trying to chew on it.

"We'll stick to calling you Zayn for now." Trisha agreed.

"Ew. Please don't chew on my shirt, mate." Zayn frowned down at James.

"I think you should try feeding him." Doniya offered.

" Doesn't even know when the boy is hungry. Fuck sake, he doesn't stand a chance with you." Yaser shook his head.

"I'm new at this. I'm learning. And please don't curse in front of him." Zayn said. "I'll learn."

"I'll make a bottle for him." Doinya offered and went to work on starting it.

"Yaser, love, you really shouldn't curse even if you aren't happy," Trisha said walking over and rubbing his back.

"Yes, I apologize." He sighed. "Beta,"

Zayn cut him off, "I know Abbu. You don't think I can do this. I get it." He adjusted James in his arms a bit. "I just feel like I owe it to myself and James to try."

"I hear you but I was just going to ask who else knows," Yaser replied.


"Probably for the best no one else in the family is told until you decide." Yaser nodded.

"Here, Zayn.," Doniya said coming back with a bottle for James.
The little lad instantly began to scream and reach for it. James was hungry.

Zayn handed him the bottle and looked at his father. "I wasn't planning to. I just thought you two deserve to know about your first grandchild."

Yaser rubbed his temples. "Promise me, if you aren't going to stop being a whore that you'll at least start wearing a condom?"

"I already wear a condom...But I was probably drunk or high, possibly both, which is why I probably wasn't wearing one." Zayn explained. "But yes, I'll be more careful in the future."

Hearing that just made Yaser even more upset. "It's like I don't even know you Zayn. I really thought your mum and I did a better job than this with you."

James didn't seem to mind the comments of course. He just greedily sucked at his bottle while staring up at Zayn. He still felt completely out of place but he was at least growing more comfortable with Zayn.

Zayn inwardly rolled his eyes. It wasn't like he kept it a secret, half the time he spent at home, he was high so he could put up with his father's shit. "It's just easier to manage the stress of touring and the job that way. But I would cut it out if I kept James." He said.

"Maybe we should change the subject," Doniya suggested seeing their Abbu get more agitated. Yaser grunted and finally took a seat in one of the nearby chairs.

Trisha then sat down next to Zayn and James, with Doinya on the other side of her. She then began to share what Zayn was like at that age.

"Wow," Zayn replied as James finished his bottle and chucked it onto the floor. "I don't think he's completely acting like himself yet but a lot of what you just said is exactly like him."

James looked around as he sat up on Zayn's lap. He carefully touched Zayn's nose and smiled.

Zayn smiled back at James. "He loves to just grab me as if he's making sure I'm real or something."

"He seems fascinated with you." Trisha smiled. As much as she felt Zayn wasn't ready to be a parent she couldn't deny how sweet and cute James was.

James pointed down to the floor where his lion was. He then looked at Zayn hopefully.

Zayn looked at the lion on the floor then picked it up. "Here you go, little lad," he said. "And yeah, that's one way to put it."

"How's his sleep?" Trisha asked as she reached over and ran her fingers through the boy's little curls.

"So far, so good. There doesn't seem to be much of an issue with that. He tends to sleep all night so far." Zayn replied.

"Good, that's good for a child who is almost one." She nodded. "He's tiny for his age like you were. The only thing I could get you to eat for the longest time was fruit."
"Yeah, he seems to really enjoy the fruit I give him. Fruit and milk so far seem to be his favourites." Zayn smiled knowing he was doing something right.

"Just like you then." She smiled.

James hugged his lion to his chest and pointed to the balcony as he had earlier that day. He made a tiny little chirp-like noise and looked between Zayn and Trisha.

"He's been wanting to go outside on the balcony to play, but I'm not brave enough to take him out there and even if I was, I can't be seen with him under management orders," Zayn said a little sadly.

"Perhaps his mum spent a lot of time outside with him. I understand why you can't but don't be afraid, beta. I think so long as you aren't dangling him over the balcony you'll be alright." Trisha replied as she watched James wiggle out of Zayn's lap and crawl to the balcony door.

"Yeah, but I can't be out there on the balcony with him, I can't risk the fact that someone might see me. And then I'll be in even more trouble than I already am with them." Zayn sighed as he watched James.

"I know, I imagine if you kept him however that your management couldn't expect you to hide him?" Trisha seemed to ask.

James smiled seeing a bird land on the balcony railing. He smacked the glass hard with his hands and let out a loud belly laugh when the bird got scared and flew away.

"I obviously can't keep him hidden and the truth would come out if I kept him. But if I don't keep him, then none of this ever happened according to them." Zayn frowned.

"I'd say it sounds like they're just looking out for you but with them, I know they're only looking out for themselves. I mean, you lads should still be in therapy." Trisha replied and she watched James with a smile.

"Another reason he's not in a position to keep the boy," Yaser added.

"Harry's still in therapy actually. Niall and Louis went back to therapy I know. And I probably should go back now that I have him but I don't know yet." Zayn explained.

"Makes me sick to think about how they shoved you lads back into the spotlight. It's probably what pushed Harry so far." She shook her head. "How's Liam recovering?" She hadn't heard Zayn mention him.

"Liam is...not in therapy as far as I know," Zayn said. "He still lives with Niall...I think Liam's nightmares have almost stopped. He's fine for the most part if he's with Niall."

"They're together then?" She asked curiously. "I've seen the rumours."

"They are." Zayn forced a smile. "They are actually engaged. The wedding is sometime in July. It's during a small break from the tour."

"That's unfortunate." Yaser grumbled. "At least with you being Bisexual we get a chance at the Malik name continuing. Their families won't have a shot at all."

"Niall has a brother and a nephew and lots of family, in general, to carry on the family name." Zayn
defended. "Also if I keep James, his last name will be Malik."

"That's at least one thing you'll do right then." Yaser nodded.

"Liam doesn't have brothers though. His sisters will give them grandkids I'd assume but they can't carry on the name Payne." Trisha commented.

"What's his last name right now?" Doniya asked as she watched James crawl for his toy ball with a big grin on his face.

"His name is James Julius Johnson. Liam has family that can carry on the Payne name." Zayn mentioned. "And who's to say that whenever they adopt kids that they won't have the Payne name?" He suggested.

"Well, James isn't Urdu at all. It's not Arabic either. If you keep him he's going to need a better name; one rich in our culture." Yaser told Zayn.

James grabbed his ball and tried to chew on it a moment before throwing it towards Zayn.

"I'd rather keep it. I like it. He knows it's his name at this point too." Zayn said. "I'll make sure that his middle name is Urdu though. His last name would be Malik."

"I'd hope his last name is Malik if you keep him," Trisha said as she clapped her hands for James.

James of course giggled and went after the ball again.

"I just can't believe we're actually having to have this conversation though. My son got... I can't even bring myself to repeat it." Yaser shook his head and left the room. He needed a moment to himself.

"I feel like I want to keep him but I just... I'm still messed up PTSD wise. Drinking and the drugs help me to forget." Zayn admitted softly. "I don't know if my work lifestyle would be good enough for him but I owe it to him to attempt this thing right?"

"If you're on drugs he shouldn't be in your care at all," Trisha told him sternly. "You'd better not be drinking or smoking anything around him either Zayn Javadd."

After mouthing the plastic ball a bit more James threw it again; this time smacking Zayn straight in the nose. He, of course, found it funny.

Zayn shook his head. "I haven't touched anything since I got him. I was even sober when I picked him up." Zayn picked the ball up and gently tossed it to James.

"Good. If you are using it to help you cope then you do not need to keep this baby. Period. I won't let you have my pota around that." Trisha wanted to make sure she was clear. "I love you but an innocent child, one that is of my own blood mind you will always come before your need to smoke or get high. I'll report you myself if I find out your using when you have him around."

Chapter End Notes

Also added new tags...And there's a twist coming up in some of the future chapters that
I'm dying for people to read because it's just...Different? I added tags to explain it a little.

But the other new tags will come when that specific chapter is posted.

Oh and in the future, it may become more focused on Niam/Larry because Zayn doesn't have much going on at that specific time but we do circle back to him and it is a group fic. :D

Just an FYI LOL
Chapter 5

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

HIII I meant to do this Wednesday but that became a shopping day instead.

The rest of the week I've been having so much fun writing this story with J-Lynn, it's crazy to read back the earlier chapters and what we thought was going to happened...Compared to the crazy unexpected (even for us, most of the craziness in the future was not planned)...It's wonderful how characters and a story can take on a life of it's own.

Oh and we have a little surprise in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Zayn nodded. "I wouldn't do that to him especially after all he's been through." He said. "And if I was, I'd want you to report me too."

"Just so we're clear." She said.

James squealed loudly and threw the ball extra hard at Zayn. It bounced off his head and landed in Trisha's lap. This time James laughed so hard he lost his balance and fell onto his side.

Zayn laughed. "Crazy kid." He shook his head. "Was I this crazy at his age?"

"Yes, always crazy and destructive unless you were sleepy. You'd always turn into a cuddly little thing when you were tired. I miss those times the most." Trisha replied as Doniya took the ball from her.

Doniya moved to the floor by James and tickled his tummy, "He's a little Zayn Jr. it sounds like."

Zayn smiled. "Sounds exactly like him, especially the destructive part."

"Zayn, beta, I'm sure this is hard for you. I can't imagine giving away any one of my children so I have no idea what you're feeling right now. I just want you to keep in mind that you have to do what's best for James though. Put him first when making your decision." She rubbed his back softly.

"Don't worry about Abbu. He'll come around if you keep James and he'll love you just the same if you don't." Doniya added.

"Exactly, don't worry about anyone but you and James when you decide; mostly James." His mum agreed.

"Yeah. I know. He's all I've been thinking about when I've been trying to make this decision." Zayn sighed.

"Do right by him and all will work itself out," Trisha assured. "I can't tell you what to do. All I can
do is give you advice and promise to love you no matter what."h

James used Doniya to pull himself up to stand. He giggled delightedly and looked to Zayn for approval and praise.

James tried to lift his foot and take a step but even holding onto Doniya he fell back on his bum. He gave an angry pout and snatch the ball from Doniya's hand. He then threw it and watched as it bounced off the Telly screen.

"That temper he gets from you and Abbu," Trisha whispered.

Zayn sighed. "Please don't break the telly, mate." He frowned. "Yeah, I've noticed that too." He nodded.

James smiled when Zayn spoke to him. He crawled over and grabbed his trousers to help himself stand. He then smiled at Zayn adorably before pointing off behind him towards Doniya.

"Yeah, mate. That's your phuppi. She's super awesome." Zayn smiled.

James rested his chest and tummy against Zayn's leg and clapped his hands. He then giggled a moment and pointed at Trisha as he looked at Zayn curiously.

"Yeah, she's your daadi. She's the toughest lady you'll ever meet." Zayn joked.

Trisha shot him a playfully stern look. She then picked up James and sat him on her lap near Zayn. "I just can't believe I have a pota. My beta has a beta."

"Yeah. I can't believe it either." Zayn said.

James laid his head on her chest. It made her heart melt a bit. "Zayn, please make up your mind soon. My heart wants to attach to him so badly but I can't let myself knowing you might be giving him away."

"I know...I know. I think I'm going to do therapy again while I'm dealing with all of this. It could help me sort out my decision." Zayn told her. "I don't have a lot of time to decide. Only a few more days I think."

"The sooner the better on all of us," Trisha said.

"He shouldn't be getting so attached to you if you're going to be giving him away," Yaser spoke softly as he stood in the doorway. "Not fair to the lad."

"Yeah. I know...But don't I owe it to him at least try and attempt to be a good father? Like to see if I'm cut out for this or not." Zayn said.

"I hear you beta." He replied.

James looked curiously at Yaser but made no sound.

"If you aren't sure it's still not fair to let him get attached. If the whole thing bothers you then maybe you should make up your mind faster." His voice was calmer now. "He's only an infant. He won't understand his abba suddenly missing. After losing his mum another loss could be detrimental. You giving him up is supposed to be for his own good."

"I get all that, I do. But...What if I want to keep him? What do you have to say about that? That couldn't hurt him." Zayn said.
"You keeping him?" Yaser asked then really looked at the lad for the first time. "I'd still love you Zayn. You'll always be my beta. Having a child the way you did won't change that. I'm cross. I'm disappointed. I still love you though."

He walked closer and sat by Trisha, "I don't think it's the time for you to be an abbu. You have a music career that keeps you busy. You have more security issues than most people which puts him in harm's way. A child needs stability and security, not just love."

"All that could be solved by hiring help and extra security," Zayn told him. "I know my life isn't exactly stable but at least I have resources to help with it."

"It really sounds like you want him," Doniya commented. "Every time we tell you why we think you should let a good family raise him you come back with why you should keep him."

"I don't think you're helping," Yaser told her as James kept turning his head to look back and forth between him and Zayn.

"I think I am," Doniya said.

"The other lads though, they don't think I can do a good job or that I'm ready." Zayn shared. "Well, except for Niall who is oddly supportive...And thinks I need to give it a proper go."

"I told you before, make this decision based on what's best for you and James," Trisha told Zayn. She then took James hand and waved it at Yaser, "That's your daada. Can you say hello?"

Yaser just sighed, "This is why you need to hurry up Zayn. She's already becoming wrapped around his little fingers."

Zayn nodded. "I get it. I do. You both keep saying the same thing and I will hurry up but I just don't know yet." He sighed, frustrated.

Louis and Harry were celebrating Daisy and Phoebe's birthday with a very small family gathering now. Due to Harry being around and the new twins being so tiny not many people could be around.

At this point, Lottie and Jay had spoken face to face. Dan knew as did Mark and Tommy's parents. Plans had been made for Jay to meet with Tommy's parents to discuss the situation but no one else was going to be told for now.

"Yes!" Daisy cheered opening the gift Louis and Harry had gotten her. It was a pair of shoes Jay had said the girls were really wanting along with a gift card for their favourite makeup shop.

"Thank you! These are perfect!" Phoebe smiled wide and ran to hug them both.

"You're welcome!" Harry beamed brightly and hugged them back. "Both of you, try them on. Let's see how good you look with them on."

Phoebe didn't need to be told twice. Daisy, however, took a moment to just stay in Louis' arms. It was something they didn't get to experience much anymore. When she was finished she went and worked on changing her shoes as well.

"I love how much they love you." Harry smiled. "It's so beautiful to watch you with your sisters and brother."
Louis smiled. "I love them a lot. It's so different now that I don't see them every day, they always look older and I just want them to stop growing up so fast. I feel like I'm missing everything, but I'm glad that I was able to be here for the twins birthday."

"I'm glad too. Everyone got something good out of this trip." Harry smiled. Of course, he then noticed Lottie sitting alone watching everyone. "I guess maybe not everyone. Do you think she's going to be okay? I wish I could cheer her up; or make it all better."

"She's stronger than she acts sometimes. I think she'll be fine as long as those who know are supportive of her no matter her decision, whether she keeps it, gives it up, or..." He couldn't bring himself to say it. "But it is her choice...and Tommy's too of course." He added.

"You don't really think she'd..." Harry couldn't even say it. It made him want to cry just thinking about it. "I don't want that to happen. I know I don't get a say but I don't want that to happen."

"I know how you feel." Louis nodded. "I don't know what she's going to do but she might if she feels she can't go through with giving birth and giving it up or raising it." He took Harry's hand. "We were raised to believe that option is only okay if the baby wouldn't have any quality of life or maybe if you were raped, but now that she's presented with all the options, I don't know what she's going to do. It depends on what she and Tommy feel is best."

"Look Harry!" Phoebe interrupted as she came back over. "I love them so much. You've no idea how long I've wanted these!"

"You look gorgeous, my love." Harry smiled. "You're looking so grown up in those too." He added. "So cute."

"Just wait till I spend that gift card!" She almost laughed. "It's just too bad Louis can't at least take us. Really I wish you could."

"I can always find another weekend to come up and visit before the tour and take you then? If you can be patient of course." Louis smiled.

"Yes, I can wait!" Daisy jumped up and down. "Hooray! Thank you!"

They both hugged him and kissed either side of his face.

"You don't mind sharing him do you?" Phoebe asked Harry. "Maybe he can send you some pictures of stuff and you can text back what you think so it'll kind of be like your their helping."

"That's a great idea." Louis agreed. "It would indeed be like you're kinda there helping..." He smiled.

"I love that idea as well." Harry nodded. "I can't wait now either."

"Harry, Louis loves, would you mind?" Dan asked coming over holding both babies. "Your mum is cleaning the birthday mess and won't let anyone help her since they're all guest," Dan told Louis.

"Of course!" Harry grinned and reached out his arms to take Doris. "Hey there, Dori." He cooed over her while Louis took Ernie.

"Thank you, lads," Dan said and went off to help Jay clean.
"Look, Louis, you're little brother is smiling at you." Harry gushed as he cuddled Doris.

"Yeah," Louis grinned. "It's his first real smile at me too. We gotta come back more often. I don't want them to forget me." He frowned a little and rocked his brother a bit. "It was so different before because I grew up with the others, but this is different since I'm not living at home."

"We'll come back as much as we can. You know I love baby cuddles. Besides, I think your sister may need us; someone to talk to without judgment." Harry replied.

"She wouldn't get judged by mum or dad...Or even Dan." Louis said. "No one in the family would judge her, except maybe the older generation." He shrugged a bit. "But I agree, we come as often as we can."

"I just want her to know I'm really here for her. I'm on her side. I just, I want to be a comfort for her. I don't know." Harry frowned a little as he kissed Doris cheek.

"She knows," Louis said softly. "I know she does, but remember, we're both here for her. No matter what she decides."

Harry nodded, "Yeah, you took this so much better than I thought you would. I was sure you were going to scream or something."

Harry looked over and smiled when he saw Mark hugging her. "That helps me feel better. I thought your dad was going to be really really angry too."

"Nah... He'd be disappointed. He would feel angry, but never at her. He'd just rant to everyone else instead." Louis said. "Like I said, our family won't force anything on her, just love and support instead." He smiled. "As for me... I'm disappointed for sure. I can't believe they never used protection, what did they think was going to happen..." He shook his head. "But she doesn't need people to blow up at her. She needs love and support."

"My dad, Des, he would have gone off on Gemma completely. He would have still loved her but he wouldn't have responded the way you all did." Harry replied. "However, my nephew would have been thrilled."

Louis chuckled softly. "Yeah, Archie would be thrilled at a new baby." He smiled. "And different people, react differently."

"One day there will be a new baby for Archie to get excited about," Harry said. It sounded more like he was trying to convince himself though. "One day."

"Yeah, one day... eventually. We'll get there, babe. One day. Right now, I just want to feel more emotionally stable and not be tied down with a baby. I want to drink and smoke and party whenever I want. I want to go clubbing when my mates invite me...all of which can't happen if you're raising a child. I want to just live free for a bit. I also want us to be free and out. I want the world to know about us so we can show off our family." He tried to explain.

"Well then, I'm not sure how you think that will ever happen then," Harry said suddenly upset. "They're never going to let us come out and you know it."

Harry then stood carefully and walked away from Louis with Doris. He was feeling a bit like he might cry and didn't want anyone to see him that way.

Louis sighed and stood carefully with Ernest. He followed Harry. "One day we'll be free. One day the contract will be up, just another couple of years or so the contract will be up. They can't force
us to resign with them.” He said.

"Years," Harry repeated the word as a tear rolled down his cheek. "Years of waiting for things I want now and I've already been waiting." He felt so upset. He didn't want to wait that long to come out, be married and start a real family. "We're always the ones getting the shit end of the stick. Niall and Liam are getting married now and Zayn has a son now. What do we get? What do I get? Nothing. That's what."

"Management doesn't know about Niall and Liam, for now, but once they're married, they'll find out. I think Niall wants to change his last name to Payne, so legally, there's no way to hide that from management among other legal things that come with getting married. And I'd marry you in a heartbeat. You know that. You know that I want marriage." Louis sighed. "As for Zayn, he probably won't even keep his kid. And he got the kid by being stupid." He shook his head. "I'm really sorry, baby. I wish I was ready now, but I'm not. I don't feel like I'm in a place to be ready."

"Just forget it then. I don't want to talk about it anymore. It's upset me and I don't want your family to see me crying." Harry said quiet yet harsh. "I don't need people thinking I'm a baby."

Louis frowned deeper. "Alright then. We'll drop it. For the record, they wouldn't think that." He leaned over and kissed Harry's cheek and left to go sit back down.

Harry cuddled Doris a bit tighter. It brought him a little comfort. He didn't mean to be snappy with Louis. He was just deeply upset and jealous. His mates were getting married; something he'd wanted for years now. Zayn had a baby and Lottie was going to have a baby; something else he'd wanted also.

"You alright Lou?" Mark asked seeing him.

Louis was now sat back where he'd been before. He held Ernest over his shoulder and looked rather defeated.

"Just Harry." Louis sighed. "He wants to get married and have us adopt a bunch of babies. I don't feel ready for babies, not yet, and especially not when I'm still struggling with my PTSD. I'm a lot better but I got nightmares again so I went back to therapy. I don't feel emotionally stable enough to handle raising a child. He's upset that I'm not ready."

Mark took a seat beside him, "That can't be fun. Upset partners can really put stress on your relationship." He gave Louis a pat on the shoulder. "I'm honestly surprised he feels ready. It wasn't that long ago he was in a coma fighting for his life. We all remember what put him there."

"Yeah, that worries me too." Louis frowned. "Sometimes when he's upset or cries, he afraid of being a baby or people thinking that. It's just... He's rushing this and I'm scared for us because he wants something different than what I want. It's not something small like this is a baby, things that break people up if one isn't ready."

"Maybe there's something you can do to prove that you really do want those things someday. I don't know." Mark replied. "I mean, have you gotten him a promise ring? Promise to get married and have kids?"

"Yeah. Promise ring sounds like a good idea." Louis said. "I never thought I'd need to get him one, but that could do the trick. Thanks." He smiled.
"Try that then. Just don't get on one knee in case he thinks you're proposing. But yes, something, even a necklace, anything to help him see that you mean what you say. Just think about it." Mark suggested.

"I will. Thanks, dad. I think I will do that though. It makes sense that it would help him see that I meant it when I said 'one day.' " Louis said.

"You kids are making me age faster than I should." Mark shook his head. "You and your sisters, trying to make all my hair turn grey and fall out."


"Oh, Christ." Mark laughed and rolled his eyes. "The only reason ladies are after me is because you're my son. If I were into gold diggers and casual sex I'd be in heaven."

Louis laughed again. "Nah, I'm sure there's someone out there who might like you for your pretty face and not your son's." He smirked.

"Yes well, I do think I'm good looking. Perhaps not as pretty as you but I'm fit. Just gotta wait for the right lady." Mark smiled.

"Or man," Daisy said coming over. "Right Louis?"

"That's right." Louis grinned.

"I'm fairly confident in the fact that I'm into women." Mark laughed.

"You never know...the right bloke may come along..." Louis smiled.

"Alright, alright... That's true. I'll keep an open mind." Mark nodded.

"Can I hold Ernie please?" Daisy asked Louis. "You'd look good with a pretty man though daddy. You really should think about."

Mark smiled. "Okay. I'll think about it." He shook his head a little.

"Sure, love. Me arms are getting a bit sore anyways." Louis carefully passed her their brother, reminding her of the correct way to hold him. "How's it feel to be the big sister now?" He asked looking down at them.

"Amazing!" She grinned as she cuddled him in her arms. "I have someone to boss around now how you always do Phoebe and me."

Louis laughed. "That can be pretty fun but there is a line that crosses into being mean, just be careful." He told her.

"You weren't for the longest time. Why should she be?" Mark teased.

"Exactly. I'd never hurt them but let's be honest, you were mean a lot." Daisy said.

"I wouldn't say mean..." Louis laughed, trying to defend himself. "It's just what brothers do to their sisters."

"I never did it to Gemma," Harry said walking over.
"But was she mean to you? You were younger." Daisy pointed out.

"Yes, Gemma was mean... a lot." Harry agreed.

"I'll correct myself, it's what older siblings do to their little siblings," Louis smirked. "You'll love them of course, but they drive you crazy or get away with everything then they aren't so cute anymore."

"That why I'll be a bit mean at times to them. Because I'm finally the older one." Daisy smiled then excused herself when her mum called for her.

"Well Louis, I'm just glad you finally got your brother. I clearly remember a little boy begging me to take Fizzy back to the hospital and exchange her for a boy." Mark laughed.

"Yeah, not my finest moment as a big brother, but still...It would have been nice to grow up with a little brother," Louis said. "But thanks. I'm glad too."

"He asked you to exchange her?" Harry laughed. "Why have I never heard this before?" It made him forget about his being upset.

"I feel bad now. I love her. I'd never exchange her for anything now." Louis explained.

"Lighten up. It was cute. Even cuter when you cried over Daisy and Phoebe turning out to both be girls." Mark laughed. "You have a brother now though."

"Aw, Louis." Harry nearly cooed.

"I just... really wanted a brother. I was sick of living in a house full of girls. At least I had you." Louis smiled at Mark.

Mark hugged Louis, "We were buddies. Now you're all grown up and living on your own and never home. When you are home you're always here with your mum. I'm just the forgotten old man."

Louis frowned. "I only stay with mum because that's where everyone is but I always visit. Maybe next time we can stay at your place?" He felt bad for not spending more time with his dad.

"I'd like that." Mark smiled and pulled away from the hug. "Sorry, I just miss you a lot. My only son."

The conversation made Harry suddenly realize he tended to do the same with his dad. He really needed to make a point to see him.

Louis smiled. "Then we'll do that. Every other visit, we'll switch." He said. "Next time is with you then we'll stay with mum and so on." He explained. "That's a good way to do it, don't you think, love?" He looked at Harry.

Harry smiled hearing Louis call him 'love'. "Yes, it's a great idea. I love Mark. He's a cool dad."

"Aren't you sweet." Mark smiled and hugged him. "I like your boyfriend. This one is the keeper Louis."

Louis laughed. "Yeah. He's a sweet talker." He smiled. "But yes, he is a keeper and he's mine
forever." He leaned over once his dad and Harry broke out of their hug and kissed Harry's lips.

Harry blushed for some reason. Kisses at this point normally didn't get to him. Maybe it was because Louis was telling someone else that he was his forever. "I love you, Louis."


The movement cause Doris to stir awake. She began to cry and turn her head towards Harry's chest.

"Ah, excuse me. I think someone is hungry and I'm not equipped for that." Harry said then excused himself.

Louis laughed softly. He then looked over at his dad. "So were you serious with what you said to Daisy? About keeping an open mind and stuff?" He asked.

"I suppose," Mark replied. "I mean, ladies are my thing. I love the female body. I've never given lads much thought though. Can't hurt to consider it."

"Well, if you need the same-sex version of the "the talk" I'd be happy to give it to you," Louis smirked. "But good for you. I'm glad you're trying new things or maybe I should say 'new people'." He laughed a bit.

"Not in your mum's house but yes. At some point, I may have some questions. If I'm willing to consider men I should be prepared. I know the basics but that's it." Mark honestly couldn't believe he was having this discussion with his son.

"Whenever you're ready to discuss it, I'll come and talk with you about it in person. Harry can hang out here with all the kids if you'd rather just have me." He offered.

"Yeah, just us." Mark nodded. "Just uh, let me know when a good time is. I just can't do it here in your mum's house with so many people around." He was becoming obviously nervous.

"Dad. Chill. We leave tonight, so why don't I come over a little later before we leave and we'll talk. This can also give you time to think of any questions you might have." Louis explained and put a hand on his dad's shoulder.

Mark took a deep breath, "Yeah, that's good. Sorry, I just never saw this happening. I've always had a very straight mind I thought. Surprised to find I'm a bit curious."

Louis nodded. "It's all going to be alright, dad. I'm here for you. Harry too." He said. "Right now, it's best to just educate yourself and I'll tell you the best gay bars to go to whenever you're ready." He tried to encourage. He never thought he'd be having this conversation with his father. He also thought his sixteen year old sister would never be pregnant at that age. Life was becoming very surprising lately.

"Thank you." He nodded and swallowed a bit hard. "I'm going to go see your sisters a bit before I leave. I'll text you or you can call me." Mark then excused himself as Harry came back over.

"He alright? Seems a bit flustered." Harry asked.

"Oh, he's far from alright," Louis said and turned to face Harry. "No one knows what I'm about to tell you." He said and took Harry's hand.
He leads him outside to a quiet spot where no one would hear them talk.

"Earlier I was teasing dad about women in general, Daisy overheard and said. "Or man." He told her that he was confident that he liked women." Daisy then says something like how he'd look "pretty with a guy" and dad agreed to keep an "open mind". I, of course, teased him again after she left and asked if he was serious. Harry, he's serious. The more he thinks about it, the more curious he gets. I'm supposed to have the same sex version of "the talk" with him later." He shook his head and leaned against the house.

"I mean, I, of course, don't have an issue with this, but I just didn't think I'd have to educate my father on same-sex...sex. Normally, it's the opposite." He rambled.

"I..." Harry searched for words but he seemed to be speechless for the longest time. "Louis that's, I never saw that coming. I'm shocked. I mean I'm happy but I'm stunned."

"Yeah, me too. This is not how I expected my day to go." Louis sat on the ground. "Happy for him but, just...I didn't think it would take something as simple as my little sister suggesting it that would make him consider men. This is going to be the most awkward talk of my life."

"Maybe he always has though?" Harry offered. "It could be it's always been a question that he wasn't ready to answer. A lot of people are curious but too scared to find out for sure. Your sister's little bump could be what he needed. Hearing that his kids would be accepting of it, maybe."

Louis nodded as he looked up at Harry. "Yeah, that's true." He nodded. "I never thought of it like that before. Poor dad seems so nervous too. He was going to hang out with the girls for a bit then head home. He was going to text me when he was leaving or when he was home."

"When you go talk to him just make sure you act like it's no big deal. Be casual so you don't scare him." Harry advised. "Gay sex can be scary as it is; just take it slow."

"Also true," Louis repeated himself and sighed. He walked over to the playset in the backyard and sat down on a swing. "I'm currently going through in my head all he needs to know. I wonder what he'll ask me though." He leaned his head against the chain and looked at Harry.

"Just make sure he knows to always wear a condom until he really gets the hang of how gay sex works and who he's having sex with. The condom cuts down on friction and makes things smoother." Harry said thinking out loud. "Oh, always stretch before sex. Make sure he knows to take some Tylenol before sex if he's going to bottom. After if he didn't have time before."

Louis smiled looking over at Harry. "Thank you, that helps." He said. "I love you."

"I love you too Louis. I love you a lot." Harry replied as he sat on the swing next to Louis. "The moment I first saw you, I knew you would always be something special to me."

"Me too." Louis smiled. "I was with someone else at the time we met but I couldn't deny that I kept falling deeper in love with you."

"Don't remind me." Harry shook his head. "I was so upset when I found out you were taken. I cried, I cried a lot actually."

Louis frowned. He leaned over and kissed Harry's lips softly. "I didn't know you cried. I'm sorry, love. We flirted a lot though, and kissed a bit." He did feel bad for the cheating part but he couldn't seem to help himself whenever Harry had been around.
"Yeah, I was really young so I fell in love really fast and really hard. When I heard you had a... I just felt like my world was shattered. I felt like I'd never be able to have you. Sometimes I still feel like there's a catch; like I'm going to lose you. You're the one thing I'm really insecure about."

"In the end, I broke up with her for you." Louis gently reminded. "I suppose the only catch is that we can't be out publicly, but anyone who knows us knows we're together and basically everyone in the music industry knows. We're the worst kept secret." He tried to make Harry feel better. "I'm never going to leave you, ever. I'd give up anything for you, even music. You're my world and I'm not sure I know how to survive without you."

"So then, had I been successful you think you would have stopped singing?" Harry asked. His therapist was always telling him how he and Louis needed to talk about this more but he never could bring himself to do it. It always felt so embarrassing.

"If you had been successful, which is really, really, really hard to think about." Louis' voice cracked. He sniffed. "I might have stopped for a while, taken a break...But forever? It'd be the one thing that reminds me of you and help me feel close to you, so probably not, at least not forever." He explained. "Nothing was scarier than that day..." He whispered.

"I guess," Harry swallowed hard. "In the back of my head I knew it could kill me but I just wanted the voices to stop so badly. I was only focused on stopping the voices. I wasn't actually setting out to kill myself. I just didn't think through my actions properly."

Louis nodded. "Good to know. Sometimes I'm worried you might try it again. You say you won't but then I see you so overwhelmed at times that I just have this fear that I... won't wake up next to you tomorrow." He confessed. He had only talked to his therapist about it, but he was too afraid to start the conversation with Harry with the fear of putting the idea back in his head. "I'm really glad the voices stopped. Why didn't you tell anyone? You could've gotten help. Our therapists were on the road with us, and I just wonder why you didn't ask for help or tell anyone else about the voices."

"I did try. I guess I didn't try in the right way, though." Harry frowned. "When my pictures were leaked I just lost it. The voices were louder than they had ever been and people online were being so cruel. My asking for more help hasn't worked before so I didn't see a reason to try asking again. I just decided I'd make them stop myself."

Louis nodded again. "Can you promise to try and talk to me any time you're having bad thoughts like that? Actually, just promise to try and talk to me about whatever is going on in that curly head of yours before taking extreme measures?"

"I don't ever think about taking my life. I learned my lesson. I still get depressed sometimes when I think about certain things but I'd never hurt myself again. Not on purpose like that." Harry still felt awkward talking about this but it needed to happen. "I think sometimes I get agitated easily too but I've never been an aggressive person so I don't show those feelings really."

"I'm really relieved to hear that you won't do it on purpose again." Louis smiled. "And when you do get aggressive and show those feelings, it gets kind of scary. I mean, you throw things." He said. "But I've never been scared of you. Always been scared of losing you. Maybe when you have those feelings of depression or something is setting you off, maybe you can try talking to me about it? Even if it's something I did, talk to me about it, let me try and help you."

"I don't recall throwing anything recently," Harry said a bit confused. "I try to open up and talk to you but honestly it's really hard when most of my current depression comes from us being on two
"I was speaking generally, not so much recently." Louis clarified. He frowned deeper. "I'm sorry. I wish I was ready but I'm just not interested at having kids right now. It'd be too when we're not out to the public. I don't even want to think about what story management would come up with. Plus, we'd never be allowed to go into public with the kids together. And only one of us would publicly be able to say that he was the parent. It's just too much shit to deal with. I'd rather just have a good time and be free. Settle down a bit later. I know you want the opposite but I'm not looking to add anything more difficult to our lives right now."

"That's just it Louis. I'm scared we're never going to be free. If we're never free then you're never going to be ready. That means I'm scared that marrying you and having kids with you is never going to happen either. It's so depressing; especially when so many people around you are getting the very things you want. You don't understand." He closed his eyes to try and stop the tears from forming.

Louis sighed. "As I've said before, our contact will be up in a couple years and we'll make sure any new label and management allow us to be out. It'll be something that will be written into the new contract. There are lots of gay artists and shit out. I don't see why we wouldn't be too." He explained. "And all the lads would agree that it has to be a thing if they want One Direction." He said. "As for getting married, who says we can't? Niall and Liam are going to do it. Management won't find out until after. We can always do the same thing." He added.

"Think about it though, would you really want our children to suffer from us being in hiding? Only one of us would be able to be called daddy or whatever in public and that's confusing as shit for a child. I don't want to not only because I'm not ready but because it's going to be too hard to have a family while we're hidden. Management won't allow us both to be parents in public or do family stuff in public. It wouldn't surprise me if they even stop the adoption somehow." He sighed.

"I'm sorry. I really am."

"Okay," Harry said simply. It was obvious to him that Louis just didn't understand how Harry was feeling. This is why he often chose not to talk to Louis about how he was feeling. Louis would always just repeat the same thing despite Harry trying hard to reword himself.

Louis took a deep breath and stood. He walked in front of Harry and dropped to his knees. He took Harry's hands into his own. "I'm sorry everyone has what you want and I can't give you that. I really really am sorry. I wish I could give you what you want. I really do. I brought you here to Donny to hopefully let you get your baby fix. What can I do to help you?"

"You're missing the bigger point, Lou." He almost whined. "You can tell me all you want that it'll happen one day. That's great. I'm still scared it's never going to happen though. I'm scared." He stood up and used his shirt to quickly wipe off his eyes. "I hate crying."

"Is there anything I can do not to make you scared?" Louis whispered, feeling like a piece of shit.

"I don't know. I just don't have any faith anymore. Working on trying to accept that I'm always just going to be your boyfriend; nothing more." The heartbreak he was feeling reminded him so much of how he felt back when he first met Louis and learned he was taken. It sucked.

"You know I'm more than ready to be more than just your boyfriend. I remember for the longest time, our arguments were always who was going to propose to who." Louis said. "You know I want to be your husband, any day of the week. If anything, Niall and Liam's wedding has me wondering
what our wedding would be like. Though you'd do all the planning, and I'd plan the honeymoon." He smiled.

"Yes, well we decide you would ask me since you are older and it was always you who guided our relationship to the next level and such. Perhaps you don't remember though." Harry sighed. "I've done a lot of growing up since those times. I might be bigger and taller than you now but I know I want to feel that sensation of being speechless and breath taken when my boyfriend proposes."

Louis opened his mouth when Fizzy came out. "Daddy left and he wanted me to tell you that." She told her brother.

"How long ago?" Louis asked.

"I dunno. I got distracted by the babies." Fizzy shrugged.

"Alright, tell mum I've gone to dad's for a bit but that Harry will stay and be the best nanny ever." Louis smiled.

"Okay." Fizzy grinned and left.

Louis looked up at Harry. He then stood and kissed his cheek and lips. "I'm sorry, love. I have to go. I'll be back when I feel he's well informed and not freaking out." He kissed Harry's lips again.

"I understand. I think it's sweet you're helping him." Harry nodded. "Be careful driving."

"Always. I love you." Louis kissed him again. "Have fun with the kids." He winked and left to go inside and get his keys and trainers on.

Mark was practically pacing as he waited for Louis. He'd thought a lot about dating a man on his way home. It seemed a bit scary but he was truly interested in giving it a shot. He'd always been curious and women weren't working out so he didn't have much to lose.

Louis thought about the fact that his dad didn't have much to lose on the way over. He wondered if that was why his dad decided to explore the idea of men.

When he finally arrived at his dad's he parked in the driveway. He got out of the car, locked it and walked up to the door and walked inside. "Dad?" He called.

"In the kitchen Lou. Want a drink?" Mark called and asked. "I've got scotch, rum, beer?"

"Beer is fine," Louis called back as he slipped his trainers off. He walked into the kitchen. "I am here to answer all and any questions. Whatever it is you want to know, I'll answer." He said sitting at the small table.

He sighed deeply, "I'm trying not to feel awkward right now. I mean, I'm about to have a sex talk with my child where my child will be doing most of the informing." Mark popped the top of a beer and handed it to Louis before doing his own.

"I know the basics of gay sex. I know it's anal sex. I know it hurts the first time." Mark commented and sipped his beer. "I assume foreplay is just kissing and blow jobs."

Louis took a large sip and swallowed. He watched as his dad sat down. "I know the feeling." He
nodded. "Right. So, with anal sex, you always need to stretch the person on the bottom. You also need to use lube. To stretch, you insert one or two sometimes three fingers...one at a time and just like scissor inside." He replied. "Foreplay...can be kissing and blowjobs. It's also handjobs and just anything you can to make each other feel good. Even just sucking on nipples is a big winner." He took another sip.

"Right," He nodded. "So whoever is on the bottom, does he need to use the bathroom first? I mean," Mark hid his face for a moment before taking another drink and looking at Louis, "It's an exit normally. If the other guy needs to, do you just stop and let him go?"

"Uhm," Louis said as he thought of how to answer it. "If you're turned on then you're not really thinking about that. But I suppose if you need to go, you need to go." He said. "It's definitely a good idea to uh, go first before you meet up with someone and shower. There's anal licking too that's a very enjoyable thing, so keeping that area clean is important." He took another sip.

Mark's eyes went wide, "Wow, okay." He took a bigger sip of his beer, "Louis, this is so intimidating. I'm an old man trying to learn how sex with a male actually works."

"Honestly...Watch some gay porn. Gives you an idea of how things work." Louis shrugged. "And if you have questions, just ask and I'll tell you what's fake or not. But gay sex isn't too much different. Your cock just goes in a different hole. Though some people prefer to be on top and some prefer to be on the bottom."

Mark nodded, "Porn, that's the best advice you've given me." He took another sip of his beer. It was starting to help. "I don't know how crazy I am about the idea of being on the bottom. I feel like I'd rather be in control, ya know?"

"Yeah, I can understand that. Some people are versatile so they can be top or bottom. But I do suggest trying to bottom a couple of times first, just to help you decide for sure." Louis suggested and took another sip of his beer.

"But it doesn't hurt as bad the more you bottom?" Mark asked. "The idea of walking around and people knowing because I'm waking funny... it's embarrassing."

"The more you bottom, the less it hurts and the more it feels good. But even now, whenever I bottom there's...not so much "hurt" as there is some pressure then it starts to feel good." He explained. "And don't think of it as embarrassed, be proud instead. You had a good time. I'm never embarrassed whenever I'm like that. It's a reminder of what a good time we had. Oh and take some aspirin before sex if you're bottoming or after if there's not a chance before." He said.

"Right, thanks." Mark couldn't believe he was sitting here listening to his son talk about this. It was awkward hearing about Louis being a bottom. He was trying to be mature about all this though. "So then have you ever, on top?"

"Yeah, Harry and I switch off a lot. It all depends on what kind of mood we're in and who needs the most attention in that way. Harry normally ends up on top just cause of height and such." Louis nodded. "Being on top is all about making the other person feel good. You put aside your own needs and focus on them, but I suppose that's from a relationship perspective. In casual sex, I guess you'd sorta just get off on making the other one feel good cause then once that person is hard, they usually return the favour." He explained.

"I would assume the person on top gets more pleasure?" Mark questioned. "A really tight arse squeezed around your cock. That sounds... nice." His voice almost cracked as he said the last word.
Louis smiled. "It is. It really, really is. It's one of the best feelings there is sexually, in my opinion at least." He nodded. "As for who gets more pleasure, that's more of a personal thing, than a general thing. People who are tops, get the most pleasure just like people who are bottoms, get the most pleasure. I mean, it feels really good to have a nice… thick cock just drills into you. So again, it's mostly personal preference."

"Wow, I know so much more about you now than I ever thought I would." Mark shook his head. "Now I know which group of Larry shippers are right on who tops. No idea why they tag me in those types of post."

"Yeah, sorry about that. I have no idea what makes them think that's okay. It's suddenly like if you get enough of those, you'll "out" us or something." He shook his head. "Have I mentioned condoms yet?" He asked getting back on topic. "Because you should always use one until you really get to know your partner and both of you are comfortable going without." He added. "Just like with straight sex, it's good protection."

"I knew about it being for protection. I didn't know about it helping. Thanks for the tip." Mark replied and sipped his beer again.

For a moment all was quiet. It was almost uncomfortable so Mark took a deep breath and asked, "Okay, I know you told him. Was he shocked?"

Louis nodded with a small smile. "He was really shocked. He didn't know what to say, and he suggested that maybe you'd always been curious and it wasn't until Daisy mentioned it that you felt comfortable exploring the option knowing that your kids would be supportive. Is that true at all?"

Mark bit his lip and nodded, "Yeah, pretty much. I've never done anything with a guy. Just always thought about it. You figure having a gay son would be encouragement enough to push me into it but I guess I needed more than that."

"Everyone is different, and you come from a generation that is a lot less accepting than mine," Louis told him. "I'm proud of you though for wanting to explore this. You're really brave."

"Thank you, Louis." Mark smiled softly. "It's going to be hard but hopefully being able to talk to you about it all will help." The beer had finally set in so he was feeling more relaxed now. It had been smart to have a drink while talking about this. "Tell Harry thanks too. I imagine he coached you through talking to me."

"He did." Louis smiled more and took another sip of this beer. "He was very supportive and calm while I was a bit... unsure of how to explain things to you or wondering what kind of questions you had."

"Well, I'm sure more questions will pop up as I get deeper into the gay thing." He then facepalmed. "Sorry, I should have chosen better words. Deeper into... wow Mark."

Louis laughed. "It's okay. You can also call or text me at any time you have a question. I'll answer as soon as I can." He smiled. "By the way, gay puns are the best puns."

Mark felt better suddenly, "Good, I'm trying so hard not to be awkward." He finished off his beer and looked at Louis, "You sure I'm still fit for an old, lame, dad?"

"Me too," Louis said. "And you are plenty fit. You're not that old either." He smiled. "I'm sure
there's plenty of guys who'd want your number."

"Hope so. Tired of being alone." Mark replied. "Where does an older guy like me go around here to meet other men?"

"For here in Donny...The only place I know is The Hallcross. Oh and just like straights there's plenty of young gay men who'd love to be with or experiment with...an older bloke." Louis replied.

Mark swallowed hard, "That wouldn't be strange for you? Me with someone close to your age?"

Louis shrugged. "I don't know, maybe a little. But as long as you're happy, that's all I care about dad." He smiled.

Mark nodded, "Thank you. Really." He smiled. "Maybe next time you visit Donny and stay with me we can go somewhere together."

"Yeah, for sure. I'll be your wing-man." Louis grinned. "It'd be fun. You can enjoy being out since I can't be. Use it as my cover for why I'm at a gay bar with you." He said and finished off his beer.

"It's a plan then. Be prepared to go out next time you visit. Make sure Harry doesn't mind. I don't want him mad at me for taking you somewhere that will have lads all over you."

Louis laughed. "If I'm helping you out, he won't mind. I'm sure he'll be more than fine with it." He smiled. "Like he said, you're a cool dad. So I'm sure he'll pick out my clothes for me and send me out."

“So then he's the softer role except for sex?” Mark asked. "I would have guessed you to be the softer role in the relationship."

Louis nodded. "Well, sex-wise either of us can be soft or not soft, it really depends on what kind of mood we're in; though yes, Harry likes to be the harder one sexually. But relationship wise, I'd say him being the soft one is accurate. I can be soft, sure but he's a lot softer."

"If you do ever have kids I just see him being more... matronly? Motherly?" He wasn't sure what word to use but he knew Louis would understand. "When I watch you both together you just reminded me a bit of myself."

"He'd be the opposite, actually." Louis laughed. "Maybe if they're babies, yes, he'd be more nurturing. Judging by the way we both handle the kids that end up on tour with us, like Lux and Brooklyn and a couple of others, he'd be the fun parent that riles them up and I'd be the calmer parent that sits down with them and teaches them how to write letters and read to them."

"So you'd end up being like your mum.” He smiled. "I may not love the woman anymore but some of my best memories with her are the times she worked to teach you all. It was beautiful to me." Mark told him as he went and placed his beer bottle in the recycle bin.

Louis smiled and nodded. "Yeah, some of my favourite memories, of course, is with you and mum together, and just me and the girls." He said.

"I don't so much miss your mum but I miss you all being little. I miss you and Lottie fighting over my lap. Made me feel like such an amazing dad." Mark smiled a bit. "Maybe one day I'll have grandkids to fight over my lap."
"I'm sure you will. Harry wants kids like right now, and I don't...And everything is just really hard right now. I wish it wasn't though. I know it sucks that everyone seems to have what he wants right now with getting married and having babies, but I'm just not interested in having that like right now. I just want to live free and not be tied down with a family, not yet anyway." Louis explained.

"If he loves you he will support that. You just have to remember to be sensitive to his feelings too. You have to help him feel like his desires matter to you. Little things here and there should help. Bring him here to be with the twins, potentially your sister's little one. Let him buy things that you can use one day at your wedding or for your first child." Mark spoke as he sat back down. "Ah, I just got the perfect idea for you. Get Harry a bottom drawer."

Louis raised an eyebrow. "Bottom drawer? Why?" He asked.

"It's a big chest, a place he can put things that he hopes to use one day for your wedding or for future children. It's something that says you aren't ready but you understand he is and you're willing to let him do a little prep work." Mark explained.

"That's a really nice idea, dad. Who knew you could be so romantic." Louis teased.

"Not your mother." He laughed. "Maybe I'll find a nice man who will see my romantic side and appreciate it."


"Me too." He nodded. "I should let you go, though. I'm sure the girls want a chance to have another cuddle before you leave. Oh and let Lottie know she's welcome here anytime; no judgment or lectures or anything."

"I will. Thanks, dad." He said and gave him a hug before leaving.

Chapter End Notes

If any Urdu words are wrong, let us know!

OH OH OH OH We are looking for a beta reader, just someone to help us with sentence structure and grammar...and the odd time we don't catch a spelling mistake.

If interested message us somewhere...Tumblr/Twitter...Or leave a comment.
Chapter 6

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

EDIT: It came to my attention via our most lovely beta reader, that I did not post the entirety of chapter six. OOps? I added the entire chapter now. It's all there. LOL.

SURPRISE!!!!

Here's a cute chapter. I skimmed it so I think it's cute...LOL.

I'm just having a bad night where writing is making me feel things so I wanted to post something so I can read happy feedback LOL

The next day was a very early day for the lads. Zayn was hoping James would stay asleep until after he'd left but that didn't happen. He woke up shortly before his mum and abbu showed up. James was not happy in the slightest about Zayn leaving. It made Zayn feel terrible but at the same time, it told him how James was getting attached.

The video shoot itself went okay. They got all the shots they wanted but it was so cold that Harry had actually worried everyone. Liam teased him about being an ice pop. Niall and Zayn had a chance to talk a bit too. They didn't speak about anything too deep. It was just enough to express that James seemed to be settling in but was very bored. Niall quickly offered to get James more toys and bring them by tomorrow.

It was late by the time everyone made it home. Niall and Liam had hot soup before going to bed. Louis helped Harry into a hot bath before they went to sleep. Zayn, however, had put himself straight to bed thanks to his mum having James bathed and asleep already.

It was now a day later and Niall had a therapy session with Liam as previously discussed. Liam was going to join him so they could discuss their issues.

They were doing okay since Liam had made his confession but there was definitely tension.

They'd not gotten sexual in the slightest at all since following the confession; Niall hadn't even kissed him. There were some obvious trust issues that Niall was trying to work through.

"I really hope this helps us. I hate how stressed everything seems." Liam frowned as they stood in the waiting area of the therapist office.

Niall nodded. "Yeah, I agree." He spoke softly.

"Niall? Liam? We'll see you now." Carrie came out into the other room of the building with a warm smile.
The pair stood up and followed her into the meeting office where they shared a sofa and were facing their therapist's Carrie and Michelle.

"It's lovely to see you again Liam." Michelle smiled. "Niall said he wanted to have a group session with you?"

"Uh, yeah... I admitted something the other day, something I uh...did to him. And we want to work on it so that's why we're here." Liam struggled. "Sorry, it's hard to say out loud because I still can't believe I did it." He paused and took a breath then explained what happened and what he did with Niall then how he confessed it to Niall.

When he finished he looked at the floor, feeling rather ashamed of his actions.

"Niall, how are you feeling about that?" Carrie asked gently. "Rather, how did you feel hearing it versus how do you feel now?"

Michelle moved a tissue box closer to the lads in case they needed it.

Niall took in a shaky breath. "When I heard it, I was shocked, I mean, I felt my heart shatter out of everything—er anyone I should say, I never expected this from Liam." He frowned.

"As hurt and shocked as I felt, even violated in a way all over again...I told him that my feelings haven't changed, maybe they should, I don't know, I just know that I'm still very much in love with him. I still want to marry him. I want to learn and work towards forgiving him and working on this. Right now, I feel like I miss him, a lot. We haven't done anything sexual not even kissed since he confessed." He tried to explain his thoughts and feelings.

Liam looked completely broken.

"Liam?" Michelle questioned. "I know you must have been feeling guilty, yeah?"

She waited for him to grab a tissue then asked, "Do you feel any better now that you've told him?"

"Yes and no." Liam sniffed.

"I'm glad I told him because I don't want any secrets between us and I want us to always try to be open and honest with each other. I mean, that's the way a good healthy relationship works but I'm just...terrified of losing him forever."

"Liam, you are not going to lose me." Niall frowned. "What you did was horrible but I know you're sorry."

"Can you trust his word, Liam? Sounds like what you're currently worried about mixed with the guilt that you are feeling is the major factor on your side." Michelle pointed out.

Carrie nodded. "I agree, Niall, I feel like your big thing is just trust. It's understandable. What you're both feelings is understandable."

"Of course I can, but part of me worries he'll just change his mind." Liam sighed and leaned back in the chair.

"There's just this tension between us and it's never really been like this before. I know what I did was wrong and I wish I can take it back. I have no excuse, as drunk as I was, I should still have had more self-control. I miss him. I miss being close to him and I want to work on getting that trust
back and being close again."

Michelle nodded, to her it sounded like Liam was sincere.

"Niall, what do you think hearing that? Do you have any worries or concerns that he would repeat something like that?" Carrie asked.

"I don't know." Niall sighed. "I didn't think he was capable of doing that in the first place, but it happened. We have been drunk together many times since and it's not happened again so I put faith in that."

"I don't feel like you actually answered the question." Liam frowned. "Do you think I'd hurt you like that again?" He wiped his eyes with the tissue and looked at Niall.

"I did answer. I said I don't know." Niall replied. "It's not a simple yes or no question to me. But it was that one time, so I'm putting out on faith that it won't happen again. I'm trying to believe that but honestly like I've said, I don't know."

Liam hung his head.

"How are you feeling right now Liam?" Michelle asked.


He took a sharp breath as his voice began to tremble a little, "I just want to be forgiven. I want the stress gone. I want the guilt gone. I want my fiancé back cause it feels like I've lost him." He now cried hard enough that he was gasping.

Niall frowned deeply and ran a soothing hand over Liam's back as a couple tears of his own fell. "I want to forgive you, I do...But it's going to take time." It broke him to see Liam so upset.

"It's hard because the one person who I thought would never..." He trailed off. "I do want us back to normal or maybe a new normal. We just need to be patient. It's not going to happen overnight. It's going to take a while." He kissed Liam's cheek.

None of that made Liam feel better. He knew it would take time but he didn't want it to take time. He wanted it better now.

"You're going to have to work on your patience Liam. He's willing to work through this. It just takes time though. I can tell you feel discouraged but you can't be." Carrie said to him.

Niall rested his head on top of Liam's. "I don't want it to take time either, but it's not something that gets better right away. But at least we're talking about it and actively working towards making things better." He said and rubbed over Liam's back.

"Yeah, I know. I'm sorry. I just hate this pain." Liam told him.

"That will heal in time too," Michelle assured. "Time Liam. That's the key point here. Perhaps busying yourself with something will help pass the time. Working out, being out with friends, music, cleaning, volunteer work." She offered some ideas.

"I hate it too," Niall whispered and lifted his head, sitting back up straight. "You and Louis can always write stuff for the new album? I know we haven't officially started the process yet, but we all write all the time anyway, so." He suggested. "Oh and we have Loki's party coming up, you can
always go shopping for that." He was trying to be helpful.

Liam could only sigh and nod his head, "Yeah, I'll try."

"Trying is a good place to start Liam." Carry encouraged.

"You Niall, I know it's unbelievably hard but you need to work on your trust with him. Work on those small things that you're both missing right now. Cuddles, a little kiss. I also encourage you to try playing a game or watching a funny film with him. Be with him having fun." Michelle told him.

Niall nodded. "Yeah, I'll try those things for sure." He agreed and looked over at Liam. He took his hand. "I do love you. My feelings haven't changed. I still love you and I still want to marry you. I want to forgive you but that one takes time." He kissed Liam's hand.

Liam nodded. He was still deeply upset but there was nothing really that could be done about it right now.

"Niall, Liam, I think to talk about this was good for you both. Talk about it more if you both feel the need it anytime you want a couples session we can do that." Carrie smiled.

"Yeah, thanks." Niall smiled a little. "Neither of knew where to start or what to do post confession...We felt it was best to start here and go from there." He explained.

"That's good. It's smart. I think you're both going to be fine. Try what we offered. Come back and see us as needed." Carrie nodded.

Niall stood and gently tugged on Liam's hand. "We'll make it, try not to worry."

Liam stood and nodded, "Thank you both. He'll let you know if we need another session."

"Of course. Goodbye lads." Carrie smiled.


When they got out into the lobby area, they were met by their security, Basil and Paddy. "We're still alone right?" Niall asked.

"Besides Carrie and Michelle...Yes." Basil nodded.

"Good." Niall looked up at Liam, he wiped the wetness off his face then leaned up and kissed him slowly. "I missed your lips." He whispered.

"And I yours..." Liam whispered back as he let his hands hold onto Niall's. "I still feel absolutely repulsed by myself."

Niall nodded. "You made a mistake but you told the truth and I still want to be with you. I don't know of many people who'd be willing to work something like this out with their partner." He spoke softly as if he said the words too loud, they'd break and would no longer be true.

"I have an idea though. I have to go shopping for Zayn. He texts me asking for more toys for James. Why don't you come with me then we'll drop off the toys together? Seeing James would be a great distraction."
"Are you sure it's a good idea for us to be spotted together buying baby toys?" Liam asked. He didn't have it in him to respond to the comment about what happened. "I'd actually enjoy the distraction I just don't want any of us in trouble."

"Hm. Good point although we do have mutual friends with babies that aren't Zayn and the fans know about...But you're right. Management would give us shit." Niall frowned and thought for a moment.

"Oh! Why don't you have Paddy take you to Zayn's and I'll meet you there?" He suggested.

"Yeah, I'll do that." Liam nodded. "He has blocks, I think a car or two, his stuffed Lion and some teething toys. Get him some good stuff. Zayn can afford it and James deserves it."

Niall lead Liam over to the lifts. "I know what he has. Zayn told me yesterday...also, I was thinking it could be a gift rather than him paying me back-er us back. If that's okay?"

"You're too sweet," Liam told him. "Just make sure he knows it's a gift from you to James. It's not from me and it's not for him. I don't want him thinking things between he and I are all cosy and happy."

Niall nodded. "I know we don't exactly have joint bank accounts yet but we are getting married and will be sharing everything. I just wanted to make sure that it's ok with you?"

The lift doors opened and they all stepped inside to head to the underground level parking structure.

Niall immediately cuddled into Liam, the lift being of especially smaller than average size.

"It's alright beautiful." Liam held him and kissed his hair. "Think about being in the middle of a big field." Niall's claustrophobia was worse than ever now and Liam, despite their current issues, would do anything he could to help him.

"You get toys for James as a gift and I'll meet you at Zayn's," Liam added rubbing his back.

Niall wasn't really listening to what Liam was saying, he just focused on the comfort that being in Liam's arms brought him.

When the doors opened a short time later, Niall quickly got out and pulled Liam with him.

"Hey, love," Liam stopped them. "Stop, just for a moment and breath. Your anxiety is high from that small lift." Liam held one of his hands.

Niall wrapped his arms around Liam and held onto him tightly as he tried to breathe like Liam wanted.

"Take as much time as you need," Basil said. "We're the only ones in this building besides Carrie and Michelle."

"I hate small lifts and I hate even more if I attempt to do stairs that I'll pay for it later. I hate having old man knees." Niall pouted a little but continued to cuddle with Liam.

"From now on when we come I'll carry you up and down the stairs. Your tiny so it won't be hard. Basil, if I'm not here would you take him up the stairs?"

Niall laughed a little. "Thank you for the offer." He smiled and kissed Liam's cheek. "But I think
I'll be okay. I've been upset, so everything is heightened more than usual and I don't always have you to cuddle with in lifts, so you there actually helped."

Liam frowned. He wouldn't argue with Niall but he really didn't like that. He wanted to insist hard on Niall just letting someone carry him.

"Mates, I'll do whatever you ask. Just let me know." Basil told them.

"It just feels like too much and lift rides, for the most part, are short." Niall paused for a moment. "I should learn how to handle myself better now that the tour is starting soon. I know you worry but it's not like you can make Basil carry me up the hotel stairs."

"I'd do it if you wanted or needed me to. Niall, I'll do anything you want. You know what." Liam sighed. "I'm just worried about you."

Niall frowned a little. "I know you worry, but there isn't much to worry about. As long as I have you with me in the lifts while we're on tour, then I should be good. Too bad we couldn't bring Loki, claim him as an emotional support animal." He joked a little.

"I know. I'll be there. If not me one of the other lads. I know they'll understand." They had all always helped Niall with his claustrophobia.

"Is everyone okay now?" Paddy asked.

"That's not a bad idea though." Basil agreed with Niall with a smirk.

"I know right?" Niall laughed. "Yeah, Paddy, we're good. At least I am." He glanced at Liam. "You good?" He asked.

"Yeah, I'm just ready to go. You don't mind dropping me by Zayn's?" Liam asked Paddy.

"Course not. It's on my way." He smiled.

Niall smiled and leaned up to kiss Liam's lips once more. "I'll see you soon. Have fun." He said and took his keys out of his pocket and headed towards his car.

"Be careful love. Keep your eyes on him, Basil." Liam requested and went with Paddy to his car.

About 40 minutes later, Paddy dropped Liam off at Zayn's flat. He walked into the building and instead of being buzzed in, he used the spare key he had from when he was with Zayn to unlock the door instead.

He walked into the building and pushed the button to go up in the lift.

While he waited, he checked his Friend Finder app to check on Niall. He smiled seeing that he was at the store.

When the doors opened, he put his phone away and stepped inside.

A moment later, he was on Zayn's floor. He walked down the long familiar hall and to Zayn's door.

He knocked a couple of times and waited for Zayn to answer.

Inside James had been rolling around playfully with his lion when the knock startled him. He broke
into a fit of tears and headed to hide under the table as usual but Zayn scooped him up.

"It's alright lad. I've got you." He tried to assure as they went to the door. "It's a bit early for it to be Niall."

James just kept crying. As they reached the door he was even shaking a bit as he clutched onto Zayn for dear life.

Liam frowned. "Sorry. I didn't mean to scare the little lad. I'm only here because I drove Niall to therapy. He took the car to the store and Paddy dropped me off here."

"It's okay," Zayn said over James' loud cries as he moved to let Zayn in. "He's absolute, blood terrified of people knocking on the door. Reminds me of that first time Paul came in on us sleeping downstairs at Harry's modest house."

Liam came in and closed the door behind him. "Yeah, I remember." He nodded. "Scared the...stuffing...right out of us. I know it was a bit of a hard time but it was nice living together like that for a while, as difficult of a time we all had, it reminded me of being at the X-Factor house all over again."

"Yeah, I mean I regret some stuff but I really did enjoy the feeling of having my mates around." Zayn agreed and rubbed James back.

"Buddy, look, it's just Liam. Do you remember? You don't have to be scared of Liam." Zayn told him.

The boy sniffled a bit more before turning his head to look. Seeing Liam made the crying stop completely as a small smile came across his face.

Liam smiled at James. "Hi." He waved a little and sat on the sofa. "Niall will be here soon to give you all sorts of awesome new toys."

James smiled bigger and pointed to Liam as he looked up at Zayn.

"I know. That's Liam." Zayn told him. "You remember don't you?"

James wiggled in Zayn's arms wanting down. The second he was on the floor he took off crawling for Liam; giggling when he reached him and tugged on his shoelaces.

Liam laughed watching James. "Knock yourself out, kid." He shook his head. "So you mentioned that you had regrets about when we were at Harry's public house... What exactly do you regret? If you don't want to share that's fine. Sorry, I asked." He couldn't help but feel a little curious if it had anything to do with their relationship or not.

"Uh," Zayn scratched the back of his head a bit before coming and sitting on the floor near James. "I regret how I acted with you. I regret being angry at Niall. I just, I guess I regret everything about my behaviour. I know I was healing from something terrible but that shouldn't have been an excuse to be such an arse."

"Yeah. I know about using something else to excuse your behaviour." Liam nodded. "Speaking of regrets, I regret how we broke up, not that we did...But how it went down."

"I try hard not to think about it." Zayn tried to sound as casual as he could with that reply. The truth was he often thought about it even though he didn't want to. He often hated it. He wished he could undo it. "It was terrible but I mean you love Niall so shitty ending or not it worked out for you."
"Yeah." Liam nodded and forced a smile. He wanted to believe that but part of him was still scared that Niall might change his mind and not want to be with him after all after hearing the confession. "I got really lucky with him. I have no idea what I'd do without him actually. I'm really looking forward to our wedding. The venue is a really nice place and Theo will look adorable in his little kilt and outfit."

Zayn really didn't want to talk about this but he smiled politely anyway, "Yeah, his little nephew is the cutest Irish baby I know."

James, still at Liam's feet managed to get the shoes untied. He put one of the strings in his mouth and began to chew on it while his other hand shook the other string wildly.

"Pretty sure he's the only Irish baby you know." Liam laughed and looked down at James. "You really shouldn't be chewing on that." He gently took the lace out of James' mouth. "That's yucky."

James' bottom lip began to quiver. It was easy to tell Liam had hurt his little feelings.

"No, don't cry," Zayn told him. "You're fine James. Look, give Mr. Lion a cuddle." Zayn grabbed the stuffed lion toy and walked it towards James.

James snatched the toy and cuddled it to his chest, making his tears stop before they even started.

"Best twenty pounds I've ever spent I think," Zayn told Liam with a laugh.

Liam smiled. "So are you any closer to making a decision on him?"

Zayn took a breath and thought for a moment. "All I really know is that I feel like I owe it to him and myself to try being his Abba. He's grown on me a bit even though I still feel like I have no clue what I'm doing sometimes."

"Denise says the same thing, that every day she feels like she's just winging it...I think that's what part of being a parent is about. Although, I do think that you're not capable of being a proper parent long term, especially when we go on tour in a few weeks." Liam told him. "How are you going to handle a kid going in and out of time zones? We can barely handle it and we're adults. We've been doing this since we were teens if we can still barely handle our busy schedules and in an out of so many time zones then how are you going to handle a baby that won't understand and won't have a proper schedule?"

Zayn wasn't sure. He didn't want to tell Liam that however. "I'll hire a nanny. Someone to let him sleep and catch up where he needs it while I work. There are other celebrities that do it constantly Liam."

James meanwhile was starting to chew on his Lion's eye, making the stuffed animal start to get a bit wet from baby drool.

"Yes, I know they do it. But at night after getting off stage, you won't be on the party bus, you'd be on the quiet bus, taking care of a baby. I mean, we'd help at times I'm sure but it's you all the time. Are you really prepared for that?" He asked.

"I could be. It's not like I couldn't take a night off here or there. My parents used to send us to family for a night so they could have a break." Zayn kept defending as James began to crawl towards him with the lion still in his mouth.
He picked James up and sat him sideways in his lap. "You're going to chew his poor eyeballs off if you don't stop buddy."

James of course just smiled at him and laid onto his chest. Liam opened his mouth to say something when he felt his phone buzz.

It was a text from Niall. He had taken a selfie with a stuffed dog inside the car and made a funny face. The message read.

"Be there soon. I love you...miss you already."

"Niall is on his way." He smiled. The selfie had somehow made him feel a little better. While they had only been apart a short time, he missed him already.

Zayn felt a bit defeated. He wanted someone to have real faith in him. No one did. It made him question if he was crazy for even contemplating if he could parent James.

James sat still for a moment longer before turning in Zayn's lap to face him best he could. He smiled at him and grabbed his shirt, yanking it around with a giggle. Zayn caught him right before he fell off his lap.

Liam sent a text back to Niall saying he missed and loved him too. He also said to text him when he arrived and he'd ride up with him in the lift.

"When Niall gets here, I'm going to meet him down there and ride up with him," Liam told Zayn. "His claustrophobia isn't any better when riding lifts. He'll be calmer if I'm there." He explained.

"Oh, I didn't know that." Zayn frowned a little, hating to hear that. Niall had always battled claustrophobia but the abduction made it worse.

"Just do me a favour and don't knock before coming in. I'm going to make James a bottle and don't want him to get scared again and choke on the formula." Zayn said and stood carefully with James in his arms.

"Right. Thanks for the reminder." Liam nodded and watched the two of them together.

James touched either side of Zayn's face as he just stared at it with wide eyes. A tiny little smile formed on his lips before he leaned forward and pressed his open mouth against Zayn's cheek.

"He probably wonders why he looks so much like you." Liam joked.

Zayn pulled James back enough to get his mouth off him. He looked horrified. "Don't bite me, or suck on my face or... whatever that was. Baby drool is so gross!" He wiped his cheek off on his shoulder and looked at Liam, "He does it a lot. I feel like he's trying to take in the fact that I'm real but maybe you're right."

"I don't know. Maybe it means he likes you? Kinda like how a dog licks your face if he likes you a lot." Liam shrugged. "But babies bite and suck on you. Theo's only a couple of months younger than James actually. I've had Theo bite me and suck on me. I think it's normal. Just something you'll have to get used to if you become a full-time father."

"I know. But being used to something and liking it are totally different things. Like in bed, I can't
"stand getting bodily fluids on me but I got used to it." Zayn told him as he walked into the kitchen, stepping over a baby gate to get there.

"True." Liam nodded. He tried not to think of the memories, somehow it felt wrong to remember it when he was with Niall.

He was probably overthinking it, but he couldn't help it.

He then heard his phone and checked it again. "NO TRAFFIC FOR ONCE! So I'm here," read the message from Niall.

"Ni's here so I'll be right back." He said, standing.

"Okay, no knocking." Zayn reminded and began making James bottle. He'd already gotten good at making it while holding James.

Liam quickly left the flat. James was cute but being reminded of his time with Zayn wasn't fun.

He took the stairs down and saw Niall waiting in the car.

He opened the door and smiled at him.

"Hey, come sit. I got ya something." Niall grinned.

"Oh?" Liam smiled getting in. He was interested to see what all he got for James. He had no idea Niall had gotten something for him too.

He sat down in the car and smiled, "I don't deserve anything."

Niall pulled a little-stuffed dog out of a bag. It was the one he took the selfie with. "We're both major dog lovers, we even have a dog together so it reminded me of you. I know you're feeling guilty and feeling upset. I know you're worried about me changing my mind and leaving you. I know you made a mistake. I know it was only a one time thing and I trust you when you say it'll never happen again. I still want to marry you; this me trusting you and trusting that it will never happen again. Forgiveness takes time. Pain takes time to heal. I really do love you, Liam James and that's never going to change. I'm madly and deeply in love with you, and this little doggy sort of symbolizes that in a way. And besides, dogs mean loyalty. I'm loyal to you. Always. That's never going to change."

Liam smiled and leaned over to kiss him. "Thank you, Niall, that's so sweet. It's just what I needed." He took the stuffed puppy and gave it a cuddle. "I'm going to leave him out here though. James likes to chew on stuffed animal’s eyes I guess."

Niall laughed at the comment while smiling and watching Liam give it a cuddle. "Yeah, I've had baby cousins that have done the same thing," He nodded. "I wouldn't want you to take it inside either but you can take it on tour with us too." He suggested.

"Thank you, Niall James. It's perfect. Just like you." Liam smiled and sat the puppy down. "Oh, before I forget, no knocking on Zayn's door."

"I wasn't planning on it. I assumed with you already being there we'd just walk right in, right?" Niall shrugged. "Anyways, I got lots of stuff. If he doesn't keep James, we can just store it for a day when we have our own little one." He grinned.

"Well the knocking scares James but... uh, if you're ready then yeah. We'll start looking into
getting one of our own." Liam nodded and got out of the car. He then went around to the back and opened it. "Holy hell, love, you went all out! A little pop-up tent with an attachable tunnel. An activity music table. Of course, a toy drum. Tons of little toys and what's this thing?"

"It's a play and learns kitchen. It does colours and shapes and numbers. It lights up and plays music and it looks like a tiny kitchen." Niall explained. "I also happened by this cool set of teddy bears and I had to get them. I absolutely had to. Zayn's going to love this. Look!" He giggled and pulled out five one direction teddy bears. Each bear wore a different coloured hoodie with one of their faces on it. It was from a 2011 photoshoot.

“Our One Direction bears! The complete set with James’ daddy.” Niall grinned.

"Well, I know you think it's cute and funny. I don't think Zayn will but I bet James will enjoy them. Oh and it's abba; not daddy." Liam said and grabbed all the big boxes so Niall would only have to get the bags.

Niall smiled and grabbed the rest of the stuff then followed Liam inside after he unlocked the door. "How many floors up is Zayn?" He asked.

"Love," Liam worried. "You don't have to take the lift. I can run these up then come to take you up the stairs. He's a few floors up. I don't want you panicking."

Niall shook his head. "You don't need to go to all that work. These lifts aren't that small, and I have you. I don't mind riding." He said and pushed the UP button.

Liam nodded. He hated that Niall was having some extra issues today. Hopefully, they were only today though.

When the lift came he stepped on with Niall and sat the boxes on the ground. He pushed Zayn’s floor and wrapped his arms around Niall, giving him a big cuddle. He knew that was the only thing he could do to help.

Niall felt calmer this time. He and Carrie had been talking about him going back on his anti-anxiety meds again. He was only off them as a trial run.

Part of him wondered how he'd manage on tour when he wouldn't be able to get Liam's comfort. He had Louis but then Harry got jealous and he didn't want to deal with that.

Soon his thoughts were broken by the bell ringing and he stepped off with the bags on his wrists.

He turned and smiled at Liam. "I have more bags so I need you to open up the door."

Liam nodded and stepped in front of Niall, leading the way. When he reached the door he took out his key and unlocked it before letting himself in and holding the door for Niall.

"You still have the keys to his place?" Niall asked coming inside and slipping his shoes off.

"Yeah...I forgot I still had it on my keyring. I gave him back everything else except his keys." Liam laughed nervously as he slipped his trainers off. He wasn't sure how Niall would feel about him still having keys to Zayn's.
"Oh, I guess now that he has James it might be a good thing for someone else to be able to get in. Just in case there's an emergency." Niall pointed out as Zayn began to walk towards them with James.

"Oh, shi- shoot. That's a lot of toys Nialler." Zayn told him. James seemed extremely interested but never took his bottle out of his mouth.

"I'm not allowed to spoil my nephew?" Niall grinned. "It'll keep him busy and hopefully less grumpy because he'll have more things to play with and entertain him. Uncle Niall to the rescue mate."

"Uncle Niall?" Liam asked.

"You do know if you get to be his uncle then everyone else will want to be as well?" Zayn asked as James neared the end of his bottle.

Niall shrugged. "We're best friends. You're like my brother... better than the one I already have sometimes." He joked. "What's the problem with the lads and I wanting to be Uncles? I mean, it'd make Harry really happy." He said as he sat on the floor and began to take the stuff out of the bags. "And you don't have any brothers, so... you're left with us." He smiled.

"I'm cool with it. I just didn't know if you'd want to share the title." Zayn said.

James finished his bottle and tried to chuck it onto the floor but Zayn caught it. James then pointed at Liam with a big milky grin.

"Uncle Liam?" Zayn asked him.

James just giggled and made grabby hands for him.

"He'll see you. Hang on and let him and Uncle Niall put your new toys down."

Niall with Liam quickly got the toys out and set up as James impatiently watched and waited.

By the time everything was set up James was almost screaming as he tried to get away from Zayn who really had done everything he could to distract the boy.

Finally, it was all set up and Zayn put him on the floor. All these new toys and the first thing James did was crawl to Liam who was on the floor. He grabbed his shirt and carefully stood then laid against him with a tiny little chuckle.

Niall giggled. "Awe. He loves his Uncle Liam." He smiled. "You look good with a baby. Someday it'll be ours."

Zayn bit his tongue hearing Niall. He wished so deeply that he and Liam were still together so they could raise James as a family.

James smiled at Niall but then turned to look at the toys. He pointed at the tunnel which was attached to the tent. He then looked back at Liam curiously.

"Yeah. I can't wait for that day." Liam smiled. "We should look into the applications and things to at least get an idea of what to do so that when we're ready, it'll be a bit easier."

Liam looked down at James. "Well go through it. I'm too big. Uncle Niall is tiny though, maybe he can fit."
Niall laughed as he got down and began to show James how to crawl through the tunnel.

"You and Niall are going to start applying to adopt?" Zayn asked.

Liam looked at Zayn. "Yeah, we've talked about wanting kids and when he went out the other night with the 5SOS lads, I looked it up. It's so much hard work and it's such a long process. It couldn't hurt to get things started at least. It's hard to know if we'll even be approved, so many factors go into placing a child into a good proper family."

"So then, you two feel ready?" Zayn asked further as James laughed hysterically and followed Niall through the tunnel. He thought that was a lot of fun.

Liam grinned as he watched Niall and James. It really did feel like looking into the future. He looked over at Zayn and nodded. "We feel ready for sure. I know we're not even married yet, but we've talked about it and we feel ready to just...jump right into it."

"So you two are ready but I'm not?" He was offended but trying not to show it simply because it was Liam. "That's cool."

In the tent James squealed with delight and crawled into Niall's lap, reaching up and touching his bleached blonde hair.

"Because we're done with the club life unless we're under management orders to go out. Niall and the lads didn't even end up at a club the other night. They drove around town, went back to their hotel and got a little drunk, but he's ready to be done with that when a child comes into the picture. You get high and you party hard. You're not ready to give it up. I don't think you could if you tried." Liam explained and laughed hearing James with Niall.

"How would you know?" Zayn asked hard. "I can do whatever the fu- hell I want. You don't know me anymore Liam. I've not even thought about any of that since getting him." He folded his arms over his chest angrily. Why of all people did Liam have to be the one who was being so hard on him?

"I think Zayn has what it takes to be a great abba. He just needs to want it and have some encouragement from those around him." Niall softly interjected as he crawled out of the tent with James close behind.

"I may not know you as closely anymore but I still know you." Liam defended. "I know that you'd love for a chance to get away from all of this and go out to drink and smoke. I know that you're probably only doing this because you feel guilty about not knowing about him sooner."

"Liam." Niall frowned. "He's trying. That's more than a lot of people would do. Give him a little credit."

James moved away from Niall and stood up at his new activity table where his eyes went wide. He didn't even know where to begin so he just began smashing his hands over everything.

"I suppose I have to at least give you credit for attempting this." Liam sighed.

"I need a drink..." Zayn shook his head and turned to leave the room. "...of water in case you were curious Liam." He finished his thought and walked off to the kitchen.

Niall just gave Liam a disappointed look as he helped James with his little table. "That was a bit
"It wasn’t. I have to give him credit for trying and I'm giving him credit for trying. I don’t have to agree he’s ready to be a parent." Liam gently argued.

"You shoved his past in his face, Liam. That's not fair. He deserves a chance to prove himself." Niall told him softly. "I didn't shove your past in your face did I? I'm trusting your word and sticking with you so you can prove it to me."

James continued to play with buttons and switches on his new table. He wasn't even paying attention to Liam or Niall.

"Fine. I'll give him a chance." Liam said softly. "I'm sorry...But don't make that example again please." He tried to keep his voice steady. It had deeply hurt. It wasn’t even a comparable situation in his mind. Yes, mistakes were made and Liam needed to prove himself like Zayn did but in his mind, it was a poor comparison to use.

He sighed and stood to walk to the kitchen. He hated fighting with Niall. He'd do anything for Niall to not be upset with him.

In the kitchen, Zayn rolled his eyes and sighed deeply when he saw Liam, "Come to make sure it's water and not vodka?"

Liam rolled his eyes. "It's not that. I came to say sorry. So I'm sorry. I shouldn't be mean about this just because I don't think you can do it. I do however think I should probably be more helpful and less judgmental. You fucked up...Literally and now you're trying to make the best of it. I'm sorry."

"Thanks." Zayn reluctantly replied. "I just want to do what's best for that little boy. I don't want him to hurt anymore Liam. He lost his mum. He has to grow up without her now. He keeps looking at me and asking for her. The only word he's said is 'mu mu' and it kills me more than I can describe." Zayn shook his head as he sat his glass down.

"Also, don't walk into my home and assume I'm just a heartless arse. I know I screwed up. I know I hurt you but I'm not going to hurt my beta. That's why I'm taking my time deciding if I can be what he deserves and needs." Zayn finished. It was the first time he'd called James his beta.

"That's good. Really good." Liam nodded. "I wasn't assuming you were a heartless arse exactly. I just don't think you can handle the pressure and give up your fun party life full time. I just have my doubts, that's all." He shrugged. "But I did say I'd...be more supportive so I'm sorry for being a jerk."

"Mum said I didn't have to give up all my fun," Zayn told him. "She said if I keep James that I'll discover new fun and that if I get a sitter I can still have a night out every so often. It's not about giving anything up. It's just about being more responsible about when and how often I have a lads night. Even Abbu agreed which is huge; well except for the drugs obviously."

"Right. I know all of that, I just meant...You do it like all the time, more than all the time, every chance you get to go out and get loose, you do. Being a parent is all about slowing down, which I don't think you're ready for." Liam shrugged. "Sorry I was being mean about it though. I should have expressed my views politely. It would have been more helpful."

Zayn took a deep breath and for a split second let himself imagine hugging Liam. He quickly shook his head however and followed after Liam into the living room.

When James saw him he squealed delightedly and banged on his table. He looked happier now
than he had in a very long time.

"He's loving this table." Niall laughed.

"That's great. You certainly picked out the perfect things." Liam kissed Niall's cheek and sat next to him.

"Yeah," Niall nodded and looked at Zayn. "I actually have one more, err five more things for him."

"Oh, you're going to love this Zayn," Liam smirked with a sarcastic undertone as Niall grabbed a bag from the sofa. One by one he pulled out the five different One Direction teddy bears and tossed them at Zayn.

"Seriously?" Zayn raised an eyebrow as he inspected the bears. "I can't believe we even had to say yes to releasing these things." He shook his head. "I try to forget our younger days. He seems to like chewing on stuffed animals but thank you, Niall. He can learn everyone's names at least and it's a good way to teach him about the band."

"Harry's picture is so cringe-worthy." Liam shook his head taking that bear from Zayn. "His hair was in that awkward phase."

James giggled as Zayn handed him a brown bear in an orange hoodie. He pointed to the photo on the hoodie and told him, "That's Uncle Louis back when he was addicted to wearing braces."

"I wouldn't say addicted. There was a point he was forced to wear them because it became part of his ‘image’." Niall said. "Hell, he'd probably still wear 'em at times if management didn't want him to look a certain way but that happens to all of us."

"Harry's hair is fine, I think. It was in that poofy stage. It's gone mostly flat now that he's starting to grow it out." Zayn mentioned.

Zayn tossed the bear onto the floor with the toys and took the only white teddy who wore a blue shirt from Liam. "This one is Uncle Harry." He told James.

James looked at it happily but kept his hands on Zayn's legs.

"Harry's bear is the only one not a shade of brown." Liam pointed out. "Niall's should have been the white one." He laughed.

Niall shook his head playfully and leaned over to kiss Liam's lips. "Funny lad." He rested his head on Liam's shoulder.

Liam smiled and kissed Niall's head. He still felt hurt by Niall's earlier comparison but he loved being close to him again.

They hadn't been overly cuddly with each other since the confession but Carrie suggested to Niall to try and normalize things again. It seemed to be working.

"What time is the book launch? You should definitely eat first." Niall told Liam.

"Hell, I'm not sure when I should be there," Liam confessed. "Better text her." He said and pulled out his phone.

"Look James." Zayn kept talking to him so he wouldn't be focused on Niall and Liam. He tossed
Harry's bear off with Louis' and picked up a tan bear in a red hoodie. "This one is Uncle Niall." He pointed to the picture on the hoodie then to Niall.

James looked between the photo and Niall and laughed, obviously amused.

Niall playfully shook his head. "Yes, I know. I'm so much better looking now." He laughed.

"You were adorable back then as well." Liam grinned and rested his chin in Niall's shoulder.

Zayn tossed that bear down with the others and grabbed one that was the same shade of brown as Louis' only he wore a yellow hoodie. "This is..."

James squealed very loudly and snatched the bear away from Zayn before he could say anything.

"Wow, uh, that's Uncle Liam." Zayn finished; surprised by his actions.

James just leaned against Zayn and cuddled the bear the best a ten-month-old could as he turned his head to look at Liam with a big gummy grin.

"Cute." Liam smiled and got a text back from Lou. "Launch is at one so I should probably eat and meet up with Harry. We did say we'd arrive together."

"Do you care at all about this one then?" Zayn asked James holding a tan bear wearing a purple hoodie with his photo.

He looked between the bear and Zayn. He smiled but didn't reach for it. He obviously was only interested in Liam's bear.

"See, the bears were a great idea after all. He loves yours, babe." Niall cooed. "You really should eat though. I don't want you getting hungry."

Liam shrugged. "There'll be snack food at the launch then I can come home and eat with you before you go to your Irish community reception." He suggested. He didn't want to leave without Niall.

"So glad I don't have to do that stuff. The worst I have is an occasional pap walk with Perrie." Zayn shook his head. "This guy will probably make those happen less though. I'd assume anyway."

"Book launch isn't so bad." Liam shrugged.

"And the Irish community reception is about honouring the Irish who have made serious contributions in the community. I get to meet the Queen again. I'm excited." Niall grinned.

"Should I call you Prince Niall now?" Liam teased.

Niall grinned. "Maybe. It does have a nice ring to it." He leaned against Liam.

"Right, sure. I just meant I like not being told where to go and when and all that. I don't like being told what to do." Zayn explained as James stuck the Liam bear's ear in his mouth and crawled to Liam.

"That comes with the job...any job really unless you're the boss," Niall commented.

"Yeah, I'm working on handling all of that better. It's a process." Zayn replied.
Once he reached Liam, James held the bear up to show him then playfully banged it around on the floor and in Liam's lap.

Liam laughed watching James.

"I think he likes you, Uncle Liam." Zayn pointed out as the little lad continued to play with the bear on Liam's lap.

"I think so too." Liam agreed then looked at his phone when he felt it buzz. "Hm. Harry's going to meet me there and then we'll walk in together." He said as he read the text.

"Which means you have more time to eat and since we only have one car on us at the moment. I suggest that we go out for something then you can drop me off at home," Niall said.

Zayn didn't exactly want Liam to go but he couldn't stand to see these two together anymore, it was too much much.

"Well if you're leaving tell me how much I owe you for all this stuff, which he appears to love," Zayn said as he came over and picked up James so Liam could stand.

"I like your suggestion." Liam stood and helped Niall stand carefully.

Niall groaned. "On the floor too long. Ugh. I'm nineteen. I wish I had the knees of a nineteen-year-old instead of a ninety-year-old." He leaned on Liam to regain his balance.

Liam frowned and rubbed Niall's back. "Make sure you ice it when we get home to be sure that you'll be in top shape for tonight."

Niall nodded. "I'll be fine. You worry too much." He smiled. He then looked at Zayn. "Don't worry about it. It's a gift from me to my nephew."

Zayn smiled, "Thanks Ni. You really didn't have to do that."

James dropped the teddy and pushed away from Zayn as he leaned towards Liam.

"Uncle Liam has to go, buddy. You have to tell him bye bye." Zayn told the baby. "Uncle Niall is leaving too."

"Aw, would you like a goodbye hug?" Liam asked taking him for just a moment. As much as Liam was sure Zayn couldn't do this he also couldn't deny that James was adorable and growing on him more and more each day.

When Liam had finished, he let Niall have a turn who then passed him back to Zayn.

"See ya. Bye James." Liam said as he slipped on his trainers.

"Thanks again, lads," Zayn said walking them to the door. "Tell Lou hello for me."

Zayn took James hand and waved it goodbye as he opened the door for them. "Bye."

Chapter End Notes

P.S. If anyone wants to follow me on Twitter it's @larriebirds28
Tumblr is laryslove

I have Facebook I tend to use for talking to online friends as well. And I even have Discord. I'm very well connected. LOL.
Chapter 7

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

WE HAVE A BETA READER!! Who is awesome.
It should be a better read now.
Enjoy the chapter!

A while later Liam arrived at Lou's book launch with Sophia. She had been on the phone so they hadn't spoken at all yet.

"Harry is meeting us here." Liam told her.

"Yeah, I think I spotted him in his car over there." She pointed as she started to get out.

Liam nodded as he opened his car door and stepped out. He closed it behind him and locked it once Sophia was out.

"Hey." Harry smiled as he and Liam met across the car park.

"Hey." Liam smiled back at Harry as Sophia took his hand. "You alright? You look off."

"I'm fine. Lou and I went up to Donny for a couple days over the weekend. Daisy and Phoebe's birthday and visiting the baby twins." Harry beamed a little.

"Ah," Harry trailed off. "How about I explain the rest later?" Harry wasn't entirely sure if he was supposed to tell anyone but he knew Liam wouldn't tell anyone other than Niall and Niall was as trustworthy as Liam was.

"Sure." Liam nodded. He silently wondered if all was alright but knew he'd find out later.

He walked in, trailing behind Harry with Sophia in tow. He hated being around her even more now that he and Niall were engaged.

"Harry!" They all heard a little voice scream before footsteps came running at them. "Harry! Harry!" She cheered as she ran into his arms. "I missed you!"

"I missed you too." He grinned hugging her. Lux could always put a smile on his face. "You're wearing lipstick. How lovely."

"Thank you!" She smiled. "Hi Liam." She waved happily. She didn't acknowledge Sophia.

"Hi, Lux!" Liam grinned and kissed her cheek. "You look very pretty today." He commented.

"Thank you." She smiled. "Harry, can you send Louis a picture so he can see me too?" She asked. "Oh and can you tell him I miss him?"
"She's so adorable." Sophia commented trying to be polite.

"Of course." Harry nodded. "Let's get out of the way first." They were still standing near the front doors.

"What about Uncle Niall?" Liam teased. "Can he get a photo too?"

No one acknowledged Sophia's comment.

"If we do Niall then we have to do Zayn too cause it's not fair if four get to see and one doesn't." She said spinning around using Harry's hand for stability.

"I can send one of you to Zayn too." Harry said not knowing how Liam would feel doing it.

Now that they moved out of the way Harry pulled out his phone, "Okay, smile Lux." Harry said as he bent down to get a better shot of her.

Lux promptly struck a pose and smiled big, "Cheese!"

"Make sure you send that Uncle Louis too! When can I see him again?" She asked Harry.

Harry had just finished sending the photo to Niall and Zayn. Now he was sending it to Louis but captioning it, 'Someone misses you.'

"We'll have to talk to mummy. I'm sure we can figure out a sleepover before we all get too busy again." Harry told her.

Lux nodded and looked at Liam, "I have my own room at Uncle Harry and Uncle Louis' house."

Liam nodded. "Yes, I know." He smiled. "You're a very lucky girl to have two bedrooms. One at home and one at Uncle Harry's and Louis."

Sophia sighed a bit dramatically.

This action made Lux huff slightly and take Harry's hand along with Liam's, "Come on we need to go let you say hi to mummy."

Liam smiled. "Lead the way, Luxy."

"Mummy! Mummy!" Lux jumped up and down. "Look who's here! Look look look!"

Harry smiled at Lux' enthusiasm. "Hello Lou, we got a very warm welcome from the prettiest three year old in the world."

Lux giggled and leaned into Harry.

"So glad you two could make it." Lou smiled.

"Niall sends his love." Liam said. "He's busy getting ready for tonight or else he'd be here as well."

Lou nodded. "I completely understand. We need to get together before tour though." She told him before noticing Sophia and saying a polite hello.

"Yeah, I'll text you when I’m free." Liam nodded. He was able to read between the lines.

Sophia didn't know about him and Niall and he'd prefer to keep it that way.
"We'll let you keep talking to your guests." Harry smiled. "Come on Liam, let's go find a drink. It'll look good if you bring one to Sophia." He suggested trying to help get Liam away from her for a moment.

Liam nodded. "Good idea." He leaned over and pretended to kiss her cheek before he left. There were a lot of cameras and media around. He hated playing the part of her boyfriend.

He then followed Harry.

"I know it's only for a second but at least it lets you breathe." Harry told him as he searched for the drinks. "I wish I could just go someplace really quiet and be completely alone and just breath for a while."

"You and Louis fighting?" Liam asked quietly as he followed Harry. "I know about the wanting to breathe part, I really do. I wish I could do the same but our flat is too small for me to have my own personal space where I can just...get away."

"We aren't fighting. I mean, there's some stuff we just aren't on the same page about but..." Harry looked around to ensure they were alone and whispered, "Lottie's pregnant. Just found out while we were there. I got her the test and... it's been hard not to think about it."

"Oh shit." Liam's eyes went wide. "She's like what fifteen? Sixteen? Shit, I wouldn't want to be Tommy right now. Does she have any idea what she's going to do?"

"She's still trying to figure it out. Everyone is disappointed but supportive. Louis told Jay for her, that helped a lot." Harry sighed. "I feel terrible for her, I just want to fix it all. She told Tommy on facetime and... I just couldn't stop holding her and crying with her after they hung up."

"That's so sad." Liam frowned. "I hope she figures it out soon, maybe give it up for adoption? She's a bit young to be a mum."

"I agree. To be honest I don't get the feeling from her that she wants to keep it. Things could change but it doesn't seem likely." Harry shrugged. "Between that and James and..." Harry couldn't tell Liam how his and Niall's wedding was affecting him. "I'm just a little overwhelmed and Louis doesn't understand."

"I think Louis understands more than you give him credit for. If he's not ready, he's not ready. You just have to give him time. Maybe start the process of adoption? I've looked into it and it's pretty long and extensive. You might not even be approved the first time. You could always look at applications and stuff online to see what needs to be done before you even apply and talk to him about making those changes."

"There's no way, he doesn't even like talking about it. It seems to only make him angry." Harry shook his head. "No one gets it though. Let's just not talk about this."

Harry thought maybe he'd get lucky and Liam would understand a bit but that wasn't the case. It wasn't about Louis not being ready. It was about him being frustrated that he was ready and Louis wasn't. He just wanted someone to talk to that wasn't his therapist. Liam obviously wasn't that person though.

"I'm sorry. I know you want all of these things and it isn't happening. It's gotta be hard to watch." Liam commented and leaned against a wall. "It's gotta be hard when you want something the other one doesn't. I've been fortunate enough to not experience that so far. If we disagree on anything, it's
"Really?" Harry seemed surprised. He was thankful for the change in topic; he didn't feel like discussing his problems any longer.

"I'm pretty shocked. Why on earth would Niall... I mean it's Zayn." Harry shook his head.

"I know. It shocked me too." Liam said. "He thinks he needs a chance to prove himself or something like that."

He really didn't want to think about Niall making that comparison between what he did and giving Zayn a chance. It had stung deeply.

"This isn't a puppy though. This is a human life. If, or I guess when he screws up it's going to affect that little boy. He can prove to us that he's becoming responsible without putting an innocent life at risk." Harry shook head.

"He needs to stop partying completel; stop hooking up with random people, no more getting drunk or high. All those things can prove he's mature without risking James life." Harry added.

"I agree but his parents say it's okay once in awhile if he gets a sitter for James and comes home sober." Liam shook his head. "When Niall and I have kids, we're stopping all of that completely. Even before then actually because, unless it's management orders, we're not doing that at all."

Harry took a breath, "I actually agree with his parents. I mean, don't get me wrong Liam, I think a good parent focuses on their children and not partying but I know a lot of parents who take a night for themselves. I see no issue there so long as he's being responsible. The issue is how much he's goes out. Plus, the drugs and random hook ups should be stopped completely."

"Yeah, true. I can agree with that." Liam nodded. "Niall and I are actually going to start getting ready to adopt. We're getting all the prerequisites ready first."

"Oh," Harry tried to put on a happy face but inside he felt everything shatter even more than it already was. He needed to escape all of this but he couldn't let anyone, even Liam, know why he was running off.

His only idea was to fake a phone call. So Harry opened his mouth to speak but stopped short of any words and felt for his phone. "Sorry Li, just a second." He smiled and pulled out his phone.

"Excuse me." He gave a polite nod and walked off acting like he was talking to his mum when really no one was on the line.

Liam frowned. He probably shouldn't have mentioned that knowing how upset Harry was about him and Louis not being on the same page.

He sighed and ran a hand through his hair. Then he went to search for a drink and, upon finding one, he gave it to Sophia.

It was around that time, he had to take photos with her. When Harry showed up again they had to take photos together as well.

Harry ended up taking photos with a couple of models just because he was politely talking with them.
"Excuse me Liam. Gemma just walked in." Harry told him, still ignoring Sophia. He then headed off to see her.

Gemma smiled when she saw Harry, she gave him a hug. "I miss you. We need to hang out sometime before you leave for tour."

"Yes, please." He replied hugging her back. "So much is going on. It would be nice to just talk with you. Someone who isn't a therapist trying to analyze me."

Gemma nodded. "Of course." She smiled. "I'm single and alone, so talking with my little brother before he leaves for months would be nice." She agreed.

Harry pulled out his phone and opened the calendar, "Let's see what I've got going on." He looked through, humming a bit as he did. "Let's do March twenty ninth. It's a Saturday and I don't have anything going on. That or we could have a semi quiet dinner that Friday after I'm out of rehearsals."

"Let's do an early dinner after your rehearsal on Friday." Gemma replied.

"Perfect. I'm already looking forward to it." He smiled as he typed it in his phone. "I feel like I have so much I just want to talk about. If I can't talk to my sister then shit, who can I talk to?"

Harry fought a frown. He didn't want to risk being photographed like that. "I can't talk to Louis about it, it just causes a disagreement. My mates don't understand. The therapist just tries to analyze it, wanting to know how it all makes me feel. I could talk to mum but," He paused to take a breath and clear the lump in his throat. "I'd just rather try talking to you. We're close and you've been there for the hardest parts of my life, most of them anyway."

Gemma nodded. "But you aren't alone and you can always try to make people understand." She tried to comfort.

Harry sighed deeply, "If you don't want to talk then just tell me Gemma." He was becoming a little frustrated and upset. "Never mind; don't worry about it. We'll have dinner and talk about mum and how she's slowly becoming a crazy cat lady."

Gemma shook her head. "That's not it and you know it. We can talk about whatever you want. We can discuss whatever you want. I just wanted you to realize that you do have more than just me but I know you can't talk to anyone else about certain things so I'm fine with whatever your heart desires."

"Thank you. I just want someone to fucking listen and actually care about what I'm saying without just writing me off with an 'oh it'll all be okay Harry' or whatever. I just want my sister." He had faith she would be sympathetic even if she didn't truly understand.

In their peaceful moments as brother and sister Gemma had always been a source of comfort. Harry liked cuddles and warmth and happiness and now that they were older she was happy to give him that when she could.

Before anything else could be said, Harry heard his name being squealed in a mocking tone by a familiar voice before two arms wrapped around him from behind and picked him up.

"Harry! You're my favorite One Direction guy ever!" Ed teased as he shook Harry up and down gently. "I can't believe it's really you! I'm going to take you home with me and keep you forever so you can sing me to sleep at night!"
"What's up, mate? I haven't seen you in forever. We keep missing each other." Harry commented with a small laugh.

"I'm well." Ed smiled. "You look good Harry." He gave him a proper hug. "I still look way better than you but hey, you can't compete with a ginger boy."

Harry laughed. "Thanks and that's very true...Until my hair grows out and everyone prefers the long, lush, curly locks." He smirked.

"Ah but can you steal souls?" Ed asked giving Harry his best evil face. "My hope for you is that one of the ten thousand children you're going to adopt has red hair."

Harry laughed again. "So when you get ahold of them you can teach said child your soul stealing ways?"

"He or she won't need taught Harold. It's a natural gift all us gingers are born with. My only regret is that Peter Pan stole your soul before I could." He teased more

"Funny how life works out like that. But you wouldn't have been able to steal it anyways, I'm ginger proof." Harry grinned.

"Ouch." Ed jokingly hissed and grabbed his heart. "Rejection hurts. Cuts deep." He pretended to wipe away a few tears, "Damn friend zone."

Harry laughed. "Yeah, it hurts, I know. You should write a song about it."

"There's an idea. A song about being rejected. I'll just have to make it painfully obvious that it's you I'm singing about. If Taylor can do it, so can Ed Sheeran." He said and laughed a bit. "We are so strange."

Harry shook his head. "I don't even understand how anything on the current album would even be about me. It was already done when we were "going out". The media likes to make up shit that people are stupid enough to believe."

"It's all publicity Harry. If she lets people talk and if she plays up that it is about you, she gets talked about more. More talk equals more albums sold which means more money. Everyone is money driven." Ed both explained and reminded.

"I'll write a song about you though." He winked. "The beautiful prince stole my heart. He ran away and tore it apart. He'd rather have Peter Pan. All I'll ever be is a fan." He sang jokingly after making sure no one else could hear.

Any outsider who heard this conversation would swear Ed had it bad for Harry but honestly, it was just fun banter and they both knew it.

Harry laughed. "Yeah, I know it's all publicity. It's why I had to "date" her in the first place. The label thought that we could use a boost in the US and same goes for her but in the UK so it was a win-win to them." He shook his head.

"Anyways, what's new with you?"

"Eh, boring shit at the moment, nothing overly exciting. I honestly don't mind though, it's nice to have a slower moment." Ed replied. "How are you and Peter Pan?" He didn't like using Louis' name in public. It was too risky.
"We're okay." Harry lied with a smile. "Nothing exciting going on. Unless you wanna count almost freezing to death yesterday during the video shoot."

"Wow, that sucks." Ed replied. "Next time tell your people you demand a fit ginger to keep you warm between takes." He laughed. "By the way, you've always been a shit liar."

"You're just telling me this now?! How am I ever going to achieve my dream of being an actor!" Harry sighed dramatically.

Ed laughed, "Don't quit your day job Haz."

"There is entirely too much laughing going on over here." Liam said, coming over. "Too much laughing that I'm not apart of anyway."

Harry grinned. "It's not my fault that he came to me first; I am the popular one."

"Oh hell," Liam dramatically rolled his eyes. "Let's chop that hair off and see how popular you still are."

Ed laughed and hugged Liam, "Hey Liam, long time."

"Hey," Liam smiled. "Yeah, it's been awhile. We should get together sometime though, hang out, watch some footie, drink some beer, maybe write a song." He joked a little.

"Only if the song is about love. I have a muse you know. Unattainable but pure perfection." Ed laughed and winked while motioning his head toward Harry.

"You realize you'd be in so much trouble if he was here." Harry laughed, fully amused with Ed's joking.

"Why do you think I'm being like this? I can't get in trouble if he doesn't know or isn't here to murder me." Ed grinned.

"Of course, love songs are our specialty." Liam smiled.

"Actually though, I do have a song I've been working on that I thought you lads would sound wonderful singing. Harry, my gumdrop, I'll email it to you." He winked. "Joking aside, it's inspired by you and Peter."

"Another song inspired by them? I think you two are his muse." Liam laughed. "I'm very interested, can't wait to hear it." He added.

"Harry is the muse. Peter is just there because if Harry won't love me I might as well support him loving Peter." Ed shrugged.

"Maybe in another life I'll love you. Not this one though, sorry puddin'." Harry tried to keep a straight face as he said it but a laugh came out anyway.

Liam playfully rolled his eyes. "I'm sure we'll enjoy the song. I'm pretty sure every album of ours has at least one Ed song on it, it's like a tradition at this point."

"True." Harry agreed with a nod.

"Yes, too bad none of them are about you and four leaf clover." Ed teased. "I just don't love either of you the way I do Harry. He's my favorite Liam. I'm sorry." Ed mocked as he placed a hand on Liam's shoulder. "I may have a handkerchief in my pocket if you're going to cry."
“No, I can't cry, not in front of you.” Liam tried not to laugh but failed. “But as long as you come to the main event in July, I think we can both forgive you.”

"Should be alright. Can I sit at Harry's table at the reception? I want to be sat next to him. Peter can be on the other side." Ed told him.

Harry just laughed more. He was so grateful Ed was here, he needed some comedy to cheer him up. "That's really dangerous, me between the two of you."

"Actually, we were discussing that he'd be sat at the kids table." Liam responded. He and Niall had been saying that to each other but only as a joke.

"But if you can make it, we'll make it happen. However, I must warn you, little Peter may swap the name cards if he's not next to his lad." He added

"Hey now, Harry has two sides." Ed replied.

"If I'm at the kids table I want to be sat by Lux and James." Harry grinned. "Well, if he's still around anyway."

"Harry!" Liam hissed quietly.

"Shit." Harry's eyes went big. "Uh, that's one of those things you didn't hear." He told Ed.

"James...Is that the kid that Zayn's been seen with? I've seen the fan photos and a couple of pap pics." Ed asked. "Actually, never mind. I didn't hear."

Harry leaned into Ed and whispered who James was.

Ed's eyes went wide, "Oh shit. Wow. Uh, yeah. Let me know how all that turns out."

Harry nodded and moved away again. Ed obviously could be trusted with their deep, dark secrets.

"Yeah, his absolute twin minus curls like Harry’s and different colored eyes. Keep that lower than Harry and Peter though." Liam added

"Yeah, yeah, of course. No worries from me. That's gotta be tough on him but good of him for stepping up like that." Ed said softly.

Liam nodded. Ed was right, he just didn't want to admit it.

"You know Ed," Harry said slinging an arm around his neck. "It is too bad I don't love you, we'd make beautiful babies. Imagine your hair and my eyes."

Ed wrapped an arm around Harry's waist. "I know. Oh, the beautiful babies we'd make. Red curly hair with your pretty green eyes or...How do the fans put it? Your gorgeous emerald eyes."

"Emerald." Harry nodded and spoke the word softly. "That's a nice word. Lovely. I like it."

"They call his eyes lots of things but almost never just the word green." Liam said. "Funny though, you two really would make good looking kids."

"I know right? We need our fans to get on making some edits for us." Ed joked. "But no worries Liam, you and four leaf clover would make beautiful children as well. Brown lush locks with Sapphire eyes..."
"Yes, I do prefer his brown hair but modest won't allow it." Liam replied. "You know though, even before I was with Niall I always thought we'd make a pretty baby."

Harry smiled, almost dreamingly. He seemed to be lost in his own thoughts now.

"I always thought the same, mate. You two were made for each other." Ed smiled. "Plus, the baby would have a really interesting accent. English mixed with Irish. A lovely little wee babe. You two plan on having any?" He asked.

"Absolutely." Liam smiled. "We're hoping to meet with some adoption agencies soon to choose who we want to work with."

If you knew Liam you could easily read the look on his face as being very proud and excited. Children were something he'd always wanted.

"Did someone just call my name?" Harry asked having come back from his thoughts. "I think they did." He said and turned away, leaving without even a goodbye.

He had been having a wonderful time with Ed but the last thing he wanted was to hear Liam talk about his wedding and starting the process of adoption. All he wanted right now was a stiff drink. He wouldn't do that with Lux running around him every so often though, he refused to drink around kids.

"There he goes...My love! He's left me for another, much younger person." Ed sighed dramatically. He then looked at Liam. "If you ever need a reference from someone who isn't family, I'd be happy to chat you both up nicely to whatever agency you choose."

"Thanks," Liam smiled happily. "Don't worry about Harry though. He's been really off lately. He's ready for more and Louis isn't. That could be your way into his heart though Ed." Liam winked.

Ed smiled. "Thanks for the tip, mate, but I'm afraid that he'll just be sad and wait forever for little Peter Pan to be ready."

"Probably. Sorry Ed." Liam gave him a pat on the back. "That little prince only has eyes for the leader of the lost boys."

Ed nodded. "At least I have my dreams and my fantasies...That will have to keep me warm at night."

"Our fans would seriously go crazy if they ever heard you joke about being in love with Harry. Your ship name would be... oh christ... it would be like.. head."

"Head? Nah, well, maybe to some people but I believe our official ship name is Harred." Ed corrected. "I've seen most fans use that as a ship name. They like to use head sometimes as a funny joke." He shrugged. "They really would lose their minds if they heard that I'm in love with him."

"Wait," Liam tilted his head. "Are you actually? I thought it was joke." He suddenly looked so baffled.

"It is a joke." Ed shook his head. "I didn't mean that literally."

"Wow," Liam sighed. "Shit, don't tell anyone I fell for all that. Please?" He both laughed and pleaded. "I'll never hear the end of it."
Ed laughed. "Your secret's safe with me." He nodded. "For now anyways." He winked.

Liam shot him a playfully evil face. "Jerk." He teased and stuck his tongue out at him. "I better get back to my fucking beard though." He frowned. He didn’t like to swear if there were children around.

Ed nodded. "Alright, mate. Be on the lookout for the song, I'll send it to all of you." He told him. "If your people like it then we can figure out a time to get together to work on it."

"Sounds great. Later Ed!" Liam waved and walked away.

By the time Harry had decided to leave he had made his way around to most of the guests there to be polite. He's spoken to Lou, with Lux about a sleepover soon and planned a good night. He also made sure to give his sister and Liam a quick goodbye.

When Harry made it home he punched in the security key and walked inside with a sigh. He'd had fun at the book launch but he was really glad to be home.

"Oh dad, Harry just walked in. I'll text you later." He heard Louis off in the kitchen. He walked in and saw him sitting in the counter just in time for him to say goodbye and hang up.

"Hello Harold. How was it?" He smiled.

"It was good. Ed stopped by for a bit too." Harry replied as he reset the alarm. He then slipped off his trainers and sat on the sofa. "He's still in love with me, I'm afraid. Although, he knows he doesn't stand a chance against you."

"Poor Eddie." Louis shook his head with a little laugh. "I'm glad you got to see him though. He always puts you in a good mood."

"Yeah, I spent a lot of time with Lux too. She misses us so we’ll have to figure out a time for her to come over."

"Oh and I have an early dinner planned on Friday post rehearsals with Gemma." Harry informed him.

"I was just on the phone with dad. Lottie is having her first appointment today so we should hear from them soon." Louis said changing topics.

"Oh how exciting." Harry grinned. "I know it's only been a couple of days but has she given any thought to what she might be planning to do?"

"Not that I've heard. Maybe she'll know something when she calls." Louis replied and sat his phone down. "Guess what though! Dad called to tell me something sort of exciting."

"Did he make out with a bloke?" Harry asked with a small grin.

Louis smiled rather big and nodded, "Yeah, he actually went out last night to one of the spot I told him about and some man I guess could tell he was fresh and offered to snog him."

"That's great! How did he like it?" Harry asked. He was excited for Mark to try something new and to finally embrace a part of him he'd been hiding for so long.

"He said it was intimidating at first but once he got comfortable it was really nice and he wanted
more. Bloke even bought him a beer to celebrate." Louis laughed delightedly, "Haz, I have a bisexual dad!"

Harry laughed. "That's amazing, I'm so happy for him." He grinned even more now. "You have a bisexual dad and I think that's fucking great." He leaned forward and kissed Louis' lips. "You're a good son, being there for him and teaching him all he needs to know." He smiled.

"I've always thought it would be cool to have a parent in the lgbt community. Now I do." He looked so pleased and happy. "I love it and I love you and I feel good!"

Harry giggled. "I love seeing you happy and it's really cool that your dad is embracing himself and finding a new version of himself. If he's this excited over a snog, then wait till his first time having sex." He giggled again.

Louis shook his head, "I really hope he'd rather talk to you about that one. Love him but talking about sex was strange enough. I just hope he doesn't turn into a man whore."

“He won’t.” Harry laughed. “If he does though it’s none of our business.”

Louis was going to reply but his phone began to ring with an incoming FaceTime. “It’s Lottie.” He grinned and answered the call.

"Hey! How'd your appointment go? How are you feeling?” Louis asked her.

“It’s was okay. I’m fine I suppose but still just upset about the entire thing.” She told him quietly. “They looked at the calendar I keep for all my girl stuff and helped me figure out my due date and how far along I am.”

“Really?” Harry asked.

“Yeah, I’m twelve weeks so three months which makes my due date October 24th.” She replied. “They listened to the baby’s heartbeat and said it sounded healthy. That part was really scary and strange.”

"Wow." Louis said. "At least that gives you time to think and make a decision. You know we'll support you no matter what." He told her. "If you need something, we're here for you, you know that right?"

“Yeah, thank you both.” She nodded. “You two have already helped me so much when I feel like I don’t deserve it.”

Harry’s heart broke hearing her say that. “Lottie, you made a mistake. That doesn’t make you a horrible person; everyone makes mistakes. The important thing is that you’re stepping up and handling this situation the best you can.”

“Tommy’s mum said something like that too. Mum helped us tell her and Tommy’s Dad. They’re both really upset with us but they said they trust us to step up and take care of this matter in the best way possible.” Lottie replied. “I still feel really bad though.”

"You made a mistake. You're only human and you're young too. It happens. I did a load of stupid stuff even after the band. I still make mistakes. Nobody's perfect, love." Louis told her.

“You’re a smart girl Lottie. You’ll figure out what’s best for you and the baby. When you do, your brother and I will be here to support you.” Harry encouraged.
“All I know right now is that I won’t get an abortion. I don’t believe it’s right. I’m not sure if I want to keep it yet, but if I don’t there’s adoption.” Lottie told them. “That’s all I’m sure of.”

Harry just sighed. He always knew she wouldn’t abort the baby but hearing her say it made him feel better.

"Whichever you decide, I don’t want you worrying about the cost of anything that NHS may not cover because we've got you." Louis told her. "You also have a lot of time, just make sure that Tommy's voice is heard as well. It's his baby too."

“Thank you! That’s really helpful and means a lot to me!” Lottie told them honestly. “Tommy just promised to support whatever I want. He said he isn’t ready but if I want to keep the baby he’ll help me and be a good dad. I just have to decide if I’m ready.”

Harry smiled. "You're family. We love you. We always want to help in any way that we can."

"Exactly." Louis nodded. "And I'm glad Tommy's supportive of whatever you want as well."

“Lottie!” They heard Daisy in the background. “Mum says to finish up so you can help her bathe the twins.”

Lottie sighed, “Alright.” When Daisy was gone she looked back at her phone, “I know mum is trying to help but taking care of the twins isn't helping.”

"She's trying to show you what life would be like if you had to care for a baby all the time. If it's not helping then maybe you really aren't ready." Louis told her.

“Maybe, I don’t know. I should go before she gets upset though. Dandy is at work and bathing them both is a two person job.” Lottie replied.

“Call or text anytime Lottie. We’re always here to talk.” Harry reminded.

"Even when we're touring, you know you can always call and we'll make time to text or return your call." Louis added as a reminder.

“Thank you both. I love you guys.” She smiled a small smile. “I’ll keep in touch, bye.”


After hanging up, Louis looked at Harry. "I'm worried, she's too young to be a mum. At least she's starting to understand how hard it would all be."

“Honestly, I think she’s too young as well but I know without a doubt she can do it if she chooses to. All the help your family will provide her; she’ll make it work if she truly wants to.” Harry told him. “Though, I don’t think she wants to.”

"I don't think she wants to either. She shouldn't have to give up her life at sixteen and become a single parent." Louis frowned deeply. "She's almost repeating mum's history and I think that's what really scares me the most. It was so hard for mum and I don't want that for her. I want her to enjoy her college years then move on to Uni."

Harry wrapped his arms around Louis, “You are such an amazing and caring brother. It’s beautiful.” He kissed Louis’ cheek. “Lottie is going to be fine either way and we're going to make sure she knows that.”
“Yeah.” Louis nodded agreeing and rested his head on Harry’s shoulder. "So much I didn't think would happen...Lottie pregnant and my dad being Bi..."

“Yeah, Zayn having a kid. Liam and Niall getting married and that’s only the current unexpected things happening.” Harry said. “Though I’m thrilled your dad is Bi. It’s very exciting.”

"Always thought he'd be the last to have a kid." Louis commented. "Speaking of kids, we should have Lux and Silver over sometime soon. They're crazy together and we could use the fun and entertainment."

“Right.” Louis smiled as he lifted his head. "I'll call Emi a little later and ask if Sliver could join. Oh but you should ask Lux if she minds if Silver comes too."

“Good point. She may want time with just us. I should wait to call though. I’m sure Lou will be celebrating all night.” Harry laughed. “I’ll try to remember to send Lou a text in the morning.”

"I'm sure she won't mind or at least I hope not. We haven't had a proper hang out with Sliver in ages." Louis said.

Harry nodded; agreeing with Louis when his email alert sounded. He pulled out his phone and looked at the email, “Oh, It’s Frank. Wonder if he was able to figure out what’s going on with my money.”

"Well, what's it say?" Louis asked.

"He said he found something suspicious and something that didn't add up. He wants a meeting with me or both of us, asap." Harry replied.

“Wow, that’s intense; nerve racking.” Louis replied. “We could probably go after rehearsal tomorrow.”

"Yeah, I'll call and make an appointment." Harry nodded. "I'm worried. We haven't mismanaged our money. We were approved for getting this house...I don't get what I did wrong." He frowned.

“Don’t worry Hazza. I’m sure it was an honest little mistake somewhere or something. Don’t get stressed out.” Louis encouraged. “Tell you what, why don’t you run yourself a hot bath and I’ll cook tonight. I promise not to burn the house down.”


“I try me best.” Louis smiled.

The rest of their evening together was quiet. Harry spent an hour in the bath while Louis made the one decent dish he knew how to make. They ate and had a little cuddle while watching some telly before going to bed.

Wednesday

The following day, Louis and Harry were at rehearsal with Niall. He and Liam had purposefully left at different times.

Liam pulled up outside at the same time Zayn did. Liam smiled and waved to Zayn casually since
the fans were watching.

“Hey Li, would mind sending my assistant out when you get in there? I need a second set of hands.” Zayn said as he got out of his car.

"You can't handle a car seat on your own?” Liam teased as he walked over. "I did tell Nialler I'd be more helpful so what do you need?” He offered.

“I brought the travel cot with me.” He told Liam as he pulled James out of the car in his car seat after making sure he was completely covered. “I brought two bags as well. The nappy bag and a toy bag.”

"I'll grab the cot." Liam told him and walked around to the front. He popped the trunk and walked to the back of the car. He grabbed it and closed the trunk.

“Thank you.” Zayn told him as he grabbed both bags and followed after him.

Fans began to scream to them both as they walked which made James start to cry.

“Hi Liam!” A fan yelled.

“Who is the baby?” Screamed a few.

“Zayn! Liam! We love you!” Came a few more fans as photos were snapped

Zayn knew better then to stop and talk while he had James so he just nodded to the fans and went inside, holding the door for Liam.

Liam walked in and smiled seeing Niall standing and talking to some of their crew that was around.

"Where do you want me to put this?” He asked as Harry came rushing over to soothe a crying James.

“Just wherever. I’ll pop it up and move him out of our way.” Zayn replied. He paused for a moment to watch Harry pull the cover off James seat.

James whimpered and struggled against his car seat straps and reached for Harry in an attempt to be freed from his seat.

“You can hold him, Harry. I trust you.” Zayn laughed a bit and turned to set up the cot.

Louis sighed and rubbed his neck. "You brought him? He's just going to get upset again by the noise which will then delay things which will then piss off management and the label."

“He’s going to have to get used to it.” Zayn said. “I’ll find him some of those headphones for kids maybe. For now however, he’s here. At least I brought his travel cot.”

"Zayn," Harry frowned at him as he picked James up. "Loud sounds can be damaging if you're exposed to it over a long period of time." He told him. "Babies and little kids are at even greater hearing loss risk from loud music. It bothers them. It's why Lux wears her headphones during concerts and soundchecks."

“Already said that I would get him something and rehearsals aren’t as loud as the real thing.” Zayn replied.

"So he'll be around for the real thing?” Harry asked excited.
"Calm down." Louis said. "I don't think that's what he meant."

“I haven’t made up my mind yet. I’m sorry, Harry. I shouldn’t have said it that way.” Zayn rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly.

James stopped crying and whining completely as he was finally picked up by Harry. He smiled at him with eyes still twinkling from his drying tears.

Harry pouted. "Make up your mind before he gets too attached."

"Don't you mean you get too attached?" Louis shook his head. "You hold the baby. Zayn, you go set up the play cot. I'll go first for my in ear fitting." He told everyone and started to head into another room.

James was finally calm enough that he began looking around the room as Zayn finished getting the cot set up.

Zayn began emptying out the toy bag into the cot but heard James squeal and turned around quickly.

James was staring at Liam and giggling as he made flirty eyes at him and pointed.

“Aw! He loves you Liam!” Niall cooed.

"Look at those flirty eyes!" Harry commented. "I think you might have competition, Ni." He whispered.

James made grabby hands at Liam and giggled more.

“I think you’re right.” Zayn said turning to them. “His Lion is still his favorite stuffed animal but he absolutely adores the Liam teddy bear you got him, Ni.”

Liam smiled at James and took him as Harry pouted.

"I'm going to go sit with Louis." Harry said softly and walked away.

Niall smiled. "Who wouldn't love him?" He playfully pinched Liam's cheek.

“Hey bud, you upset Uncle Harry.” Zayn told James.

James obviously didn’t reply of course. He just smiled and laid his head on Liam’s chest.

“I don’t know why he likes me. I didn’t do anything special.” Liam said looking at the little one in his arms.

"Lads,” they heard Helene call them, “hate to break this up but you need to pick out your in ear designs and come wait for your turn." She told them.

“Just wheel his cot in here Zayn, one of us will look after him if he needs something while you have your turn.” Niall said and then looked at Liam, “Come on baby magnet, bring James in here for Zayn.”

Zayn walked over to the cot as Liam walked in with James.

Louis was just finishing up. "Zayn really needs to find a sitter. I'm all for being supportive but James is a distraction that we don't need while working."
“I agree but I think we should be nice about saying it.” Harry spoke and looked up and Liam and Niall who were entering the room.

“No, having a kid comes with harsh realities and he needs to feel them if he’s thinking about keeping James.” Liam said boldly.

"I agree. Thank you! Someone who gets it." Louis said.

"But he's our mate so therefore we are not being mean about it!" Niall told them.

“What are we not being mean about?” Zayn asked wheeling the cot in as he carried James nappy bag on his shoulder.

“Liam wants a superhero on his in ear and we aren’t going to be mean even though it’s kinda lame.” Harry quickly inserted.

"Pretty sure that's the fastest you've ever spoken." Zayn teased. "But that's not lame, ot's just a Liam thing. I want green, yellow and red." He shrugged

“So Bob Marley colours?” Liam asked pointedly. “Fabulous choice for a new dad... excuse me, a new “Abbu”.”

Zayn rolled his eyes as he put the cot in a corner.

"Liam,” Niall frowned. "Despite not agreeing with his choices and being a bit hurt by them... He's still our mate. He deserves kindness. You can be hard on him without being an arse."

Liam sighed as James touched his face playfully. “Okay, yes. You’re right, Niall.” He smiled at James briefly before taking a few steps towards Zayn, “I’m sorry I was so harsh. I don’t agree with your choice but it was wrong of me to be rude about it.”

"Thank you." Zayn smiled a little.

"Now that that is over with...I need you, Harry, to sit so we can do your ear mold." Helene told him.

"Ugh. I hate it. It feels weird." Harry complained as he sat down. "And it's cold!"

"You'll live." Louis laughed. "But I'll hold your hand." He sat by Harry and took his hand.

“You know you’re going to have to give up your new best friend when it’s your turn right?” Niall asked Liam. He was absolutely loving the sight of his future husband with a baby in his arms.

"I'll just give him to you.” Liam smiled. "Hopefully he won't make a big deal of me not being able to hold him." He smiled down at James.

“You lads need to work on getting him settled in his play cot so we can work.” Helene told them.

“I brought all the smaller toys that he seems to like best. I’m thinking that, plus the singing should entertain him. Otherwise he’ll have a bottle or be asleep I reckon.” Zayn commented as he grabbed James’ lion and gave it Niall.

James adored his lion so Zayn figured it would help with Liam passing him off when the time came.

“Theo and James are close in age aren’t they?” Louis asked Niall. “He’s ten months and Theo is
eight months."

"Yeah, only two months difference. I'm going to try and see if I can make it home to visit pre tour." Niall said as Harry finished up and Liam passed James to Niall.

"My ears are itchy now." Harry complained.

"You'll be fine." Louis smiled as he pulled him in for a kiss.

James whimpered momentarily until he spotted his lion in Niall’s other hand. He hugged it to his chest then shook it towards Harry and Louis with a big smile.

“Someone’s trying to show off his lion.” Niall laughed.

"You have a very nice lion." Louis said and tickled James' tummy.

"He loves that stuffed animal so much. He hates being without it." Zayn commented.

“Little ones often attach to a stuffy or a blanket. It’s a security object. With everything that’s happened to him, I’m not surprised.” Harry commented and waved to James.

"Yeah, Theo has a monkey." Niall nodded. "Mine was a little tiger Greg gave to me."

“I almost got him a monkey but I saw the lion and loved it more. Gave it to him when we met.” Zayn explained as he smiled watching James bounce and shake his toy lion. “Is it strange that I find him to be the cutest kid in the entire world even though I’ve only just met him?”

"Nah." Niall shook his head.

"Every parent thinks their kid is the cutest in the world." Harry smiled.

"Good choice on the lion. Lions are better than monkeys." Louis laughed.

"Hey!" Niall pouted. "I gave Theo his monkey."

"Sorry." Louis laughed more.

James laughed simply because Louis was. It caused Harry to laugh in return.

Helen sighed, “Today is going to be a long day full of distractions, I can already tell.”

"Sorry. I'll work on finding someone to watch him." Zayn frowned a little.

Liam had just finished up and that was the first thing he heard. "You need to get on that. You can't bring him every single day...Like what if today was a day in the studio? Or we had a meeting with the label? It's no place for a baby, especially the studio. And if you had stayed home with him instead, you would have put us behind. You have to think more about these things."

“Liam, can you chill?” Zayn asked. “You’ve already bit- complained about it. You want me to leave right now and go find a sitter?” His voice elevated.

"Did I say right now? No. I just said that this can't keep happening! There is a difference." Liam sighed.

"He does have a point." Louis agreed.
"Some parents do bring their kids to work." Harry said.

Liam sighed again.

"Here. He wants you." Niall passed James and the lion to Liam. "My turn."

“It’s the second or third time you’ve told me since I’ve been here. Stop telling me. The only thing I can do about it right now is leave and no one wants that so stop repeating yourself about him not being here.” Zayn felt extremely frustrated. In part because being gotten on to like this triggered feelings from being held captive.

Liam rolled his eyes but stayed quiet.

Harry opened his mouth to say something but Louis stopped him.

A couple minutes later, Niall was done and they were told to do their warm ups.

“Come here James.” Zayn said taking him from Liam. James pouted but Zayn was quick to take him and show him his toys.

“We have to work so you have to play buddy.” He explained and ruffled his little curls before starting to warm up with the others.

James seemed content to play but he kept looking at the lads very curiously.

It went well for the most part; James cried a couple of times. Once for needing his nappy changed which Harry happily offered to do for Zayn. The other was because it was too loud for his little ears.

Rehearsals also include rehearsing with the band. They had to skip the band practice and focus only on vocals for the day.

Right now, they were on a small five minute break to rest their throats and drink something warm.

“Would one of you want to hold him or watch him while I ring my mum?” Zayn asked as he stood giving James a cuddle. “I want to see if she’d help me out with James, he’s her pota after all.”

"She lives a bit far to be helping you." Louis commented. "That's a lot of driving and you don't have an extra bedroom."

"We've all got him, don't worry." Niall said. "Go make your phone call."

“Thank you Niall.” Zayn said after shaking his head at Louis’ comment. It was really starting to anger him how everyone was being so hard and cruel.

He excused himself into a quiet corner of another room and dialed his mum’s number.
Chapter 8
Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Hello all! Happy August. I hope you enjoy this chapter. It's still a ways off until the other fun stuff happens (in the late teens and 20 chapters)

But there is also a TON of smut coming up too in future chapters but we write a lot of sex in our fics anyways...So hopefully you won't mind lol.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Zayn." Trisha smiled on the other end of the phone.

"Hey mum. How you doing?" Zayn asked.

“I’m good. How are you and the baby getting along?” She asked.

"Sometimes it's good, sometimes I don't know. Louis and Liam not being supportive is hard. At least Niall and Harry are though." Zayn sighed. "I can't keep bringing him to work with me, he's too big of a distraction. I was wondering if you would be able to come down until I figure something out?"

“Beta,” She sighed. “I can’t just come and stay long term at the last minute. I can come and help you tomorrow but that’s all I can offer, I have responsibilities here.” It was obvious she was torn and had mixed emotions on this. “I’ll be there tomorrow but after that, you need someone else. As adorable as James is, I can’t be your nanny.”

"I know, I was just hoping you could stay until I figure out something for him. But thanks for tomorrow." Zayn told her. It was better than nothing. "I just wish that… I could have more support from the lads."

“I’m sure you do.” Trisha replied. “You’re going through something incredibly difficult and you just want your mates to be there for you. I wish I could fix it all Zayn.”

She had her own feelings on this issue but what was most important right now was that her baby, her beta, was hurting. She hated when her children were hurting.

"Yeah, me too." Zayn said softly. "Anyways, I guess I will see you in the morning then?"

“I’ll be there Zayn. You better be glad your mum loves you a lot.” She half teased.

Zayn smiled. "Thanks, I love you too. James will be happy to see you. I hope Abbu doesn't give you any trouble."

“I can handle your Abbu.” She laughed gently. “I’ll see you tomorrow Zayn. Bye.”

Zayn walked back to the others and smiled a little seeing Liam play with James. It made him wish that being kidnapped never happened so he, Liam and James could be their own little family.
James giggled delightedly and Zayn smiled.

“Visualizing him with your own?” Louis asked Niall as he gently elbowed the Irish lad who stood staring at Liam and James.

Liam didn’t hear though, he just kept playing peek a boo with James.

"Yeah," Niall nodded. "It's something we both really want but it's such a long process. We're still excited to start it though."

“Zayn, what did your mum say?” Harry asked as he moved away from Louis and Niall. He hated hearing them talk about adoption and kids. It wasn’t fair.

"She said she can help tomorrow but only for tomorrow.” Zayn sighed. "I don't know who else can watch him... I don't know if I'm keeping him so I don't want to hire a nanny and make management fuss with keeping them quiet about things."

“What about Lou? I’m sure she needs a nanny from time to time that can be trusted. Ask her who she uses.” Harry suggested.

“Her or Caroline, she’s the mother of your god-daughter so she’s sure to have some advice.” Liam added as James began to crawl off towards Zayn.

"Good ideas, I'll ask both of them tomorrow." Zayn nodded. "Thank you, Liam. And you too, Harry."

James finished making his way to Zayn and tried to stand up using his Zayn’s jeans but the floor was too slippery.

“Come here.” Zayn grinned bending down to pick him up. He cuddled James into his chest as the boy yawned.

“Come on, I know he’s screwing up a lot but he’s trying. Look at him.” Niall whispered to Liam as he stood up.

Liam shook his head. "I don't think he has it in him to do this for the rest of his life."

“I just see the potential. He’s been defending himself for James. I think it could happen and you being such an arse doesn’t help.” Niall encouraged.

“I didn't mean to be rude, I just don't think he's ready. I don't think he can do this full time for the rest of his life, it's a big commitment.” Liam explained.

“I hear you, I do. You just need to be nice. You can feel how you feel and keep your opinions to yourself. Besides, James adores you. How can you be an arse to James?” Niall asked.

"I'm not an arse to James!” Liam defended himself.

“Li,” Niall sighed. “I didn’t mean you were being an arse to him. I was just indicating that it’s kind of cruel to tear his daddy down in front of him.”

"Fine. I'll be a dick to Zayn whenever James can't hear, is that better?” Liam asked.

“I’d rather you not be one at all, babe, but that is better.” Niall agreed. “By the way, watching you with James makes my heart melt. Can’t wait to watch you with our own baby.”
Liam smiled. "Me too. I'm glad you still want all of that with me after what I told you." He said softly.

"Liam, I’m cross about it but I still love you, nothing changes that. I just need time to build our trust again.” Niall soothed Liam he best he could without cuddling him. “I still can’t wait to be your husband and I can’t wait to wake up to the sound of our kids calling for us as they come into our room.”

Liam smiled, it was nice to hear that out loud. "Thank you for saying that. You may have to say it a bit more until I can finally get it in my head." He said softly.

“I’ll say it as many time as you need to hear it. Maybe it will help me too.” Niall grinned.

“Lads, we need to get back to work.” Helene called for them. "So put the baby down and let's do it. Just because we're unable to practice with the band today does not mean that you'll work any less." Helene added.

Niall grabbed his bottle of water and headed to stand near her.

“He’s almost fallen asleep. If I can just hold him a bit while we sing he’ll fall asleep and that will give us some time.” Zayn gently argued as James stayed cuddled into him.

“Will he let you put him down once he’s asleep?” Harry asked.

“Yeah, it’s how I’ve been putting him to sleep at night.” Zayn replied.

"Whatever it takes. You have the new tour starting really soon and you need to be ready." Helene told them.

Zayn got James more comfortable in his arms and cuddled him again as he walked to join the others.

“You sing him to sleep every night?” Louis asked sounding shocked.

“Yeah, it works.” Zayn replied as Harry gave him a pat on the back.

“That’s very sweet Zayn.” Harry told him.

“Yes, it’s sweet. Come on lads, time to sing.” Helene interrupted.

A few hours later, they were done for the day.

"So what are your plans for the night?” Liam asked Harry as he grabbed his stuff.

Harry shrugged. "Not much probably. I mean, Louis and I have a meeting at the bank but that's about it."

"Everything alright?” Liam asked.

"No idea,” Harry shook his head. "I'll see ya tomorrow though." He smiled and left. Louis had already left ahead of time so he and Harry wouldn't be seen leaving together.
It wasn’t long after they were home that Frank came over to discuss things.

Frank explained to the pair that, after going through their shared finances, he found a number of anomalies. The money that they should have been earning since the band started simply wasn't there. Neither of them were getting their full paychecks, nor their cut for any music that they had written for other people or the band.

He made a suggestion that they tell the others to check with their advisors. If the other boy’s money was missing as well, they should hire someone to get to the bottom of it.

They talked some more about their options but couldn’t do much without talking to the label and management, or seeing if the other lads had the same issue.

Once he left, Harry sat on the sofa and stared at Louis across the room. “Fuck… We’re being robbed of what we’ve earned. Fucking management and the label… and fucking Simon, I bet he knows about it!”

“I knew they were scum but this is a low I never expected.” Louis shook his head. “Of course I should have expected it, fuck.”

Louis ran his hands through his hair as he paced back and forth, “We need to call the other lads.”

"How could we have expected something like this? I mean, you do hear about shit like this happening but you don't ever expect it to happen to you." He frowned. "Yes, call them. You'll end up with Zayn's voicemail though, you know how bad he is at answering his phone."

“I’ll call Zayn if you call Liam and Niall. I’ll bet they’re together so you only need to make one call.” Louis told him and sighed. “I’m so angry.”

"Yeah, I'll give them a ring, but you gotta calm down first. Anger isn't going to solve any of our issues or make you feel any better. You can be angry but maybe turn it down a notch?” He suggested as he pulled out his phone. "I'll use the bedroom."

“Alright, though this won't take long if he doesn’t answer.” Louis replied as he took a few deep slow breaths. He kissed Harry’s cheek as he left the room and pulled out his phone.

Louis went into his contacts and pulled up Zayn's number. "You better fucking answer this time."

Unless they were on tour, Zayn was impossible to get ahold of, although, with James, that had gotten a lot better.

“Hel- James Shh... Hello?” Zayn came on the line with the sound of James in the background squealing and laughing.

"Hey, mate." Louis greeted. "Listen, if you have a moment, I've got some news for you. It's important."

“Ah, Yeah... now is good.” Zayn replied. “James is amused with his toy kitchen."

"This isn't good news by the way." Louis sighed and sat on the sofa. "Harry had noticed that he didn't seem to have that much money, well the amount he should have considering how well the band's been doing plus his songwriting. So we called the bank and our guy Frank who confirmed everything. What we should have based off our paychecks and shit, it doesn't reflect what's in the account.” He tried to explain. "Someone hasn't been giving us all our money to put it simply. We should have more than what we do have."
“Are you serious?” Zayn asked. The tone in his voice had suddenly changed. “Son of a... witch.” He groaned. “Louis, I thought something was off but I just assumed I’m shit at maths and blew it off.”

"Out of everyone in the band, Liam's the shit one with numbers and maths. Speaking of Liam though, Harry's calling him and Niall right now to tell them." Louis told him. "Basically what he told to do is to tell you all to get your own people to check it out ASAP. If it comes back the same, we need to hire a private investigator to attempt to track down who's been skimming off of our cheques." He explained. "I know you're overwhelmed with James right now but whenever you do set it up, one of us will watch James. Harry and I are available. Plus, I know that Niall would love to babysit and Liam would probably come with him."

“Yeah, I can call my guy and get him to look at everything. James adores Liam so those two watching him shouldn’t be an issue.” Zayn replied and sighed. “I’ll bet you anything that grease ball Simon is stealing our money. I guarantee it.”

"It's coming from management or the label. It could even be the person writing our cheques." Louis told him. "We'll just have to take everything one step at a time."

“Yeah, I’m not good at patience.” Zayn said taking a deep breath. “I’ll call my guy now and keep you posted if he finds anything.”

James could then be heard in the background beating on the glass balcony door.

“James! Stop doing that pal, you’re gonna break the door.” Zayn complained. “Louis I gotta go before there’s a major accident.”

"Yeah, of course, go and save the little lad." Louis replied and hung up. He sighed and wondered how Harry's conversation was going.

“He’s completely positive? He checked it twice?” Liam asked Harry.

“It’s not the naughty and nice list Liam but yes, he’s positive.” Harry shook his head.

“Wow, okay, wow.” Liam just seemed baffled by the news. “So I guess Niall and I need to have our stuff checked as well then?”

"Yeah, just make an appointment with your financial advisors. It's probably a good thing to do anyway since you're about to get married." Harry suggested. "And if they come to the same conclusion then we wait and see what Zayn's person says and take it from there."

“Right,” Liam replied. “I really hope there’s nothing wrong but at the same time I already know there probably is. If both you and Louis have the same issue there’s gotta be something fishy going on unless it’s a Larry thing.”

"If both Louis and I have the same issue, it's most likely the same with all of our accounts." Harry said. "Anyways, just make sure you get Niall to do the math and then set up a meeting. Louis is calling Zayn about it right now."

“Alright, I will. I’ll let you know whatever we find out. Keep me posted about Zayn?” Liam asked.

"Or you can just check in with him yourself, we have rehearsals on Thursday." Harry reminded.
“Or you could do it...” Liam trailed off. “Ugh, fine, I can. I’m just still cross with him.” Liam explained. “It’s one thing to hurt me with his stupid choices, it’s another thing to hurt an innocent little life with his stupid choices.”

Harry sighed. "You haven't even given Zayn a chance to change." He told Liam. "Having children in your daily life changes you, being a parent changes you. I can't speak from direct experience but I have witnessed it first hand, not with Zayn but with others. You're so quick to judge based on what we know he's like but he's really trying to give this whole thing a proper go. He won't stick with it if he feels he can't do it."

“All I’m saying is that when I’m right, I get to tell all of you that I told you so. I know him really well, I know him better than you three.” Liam said. He then heard Loki barking and saw him at the back door. “I’m being barked at though Haz, we’ll chat later.”

"Right, I’ll let you go. He's probably missing the extra attention due to Niall going to that Drake concert." Harry commented.

"Yeah, Ni was out last night too, meeting the Queen and being all important." Liam laughed and rubbed Loki's head.

"Well, I should let you two go play then. I'll see you tomorrow at rehearsals." Harry smiled.

"See ya." Liam said and hung up.

Harry switched the phone off and fell back onto the bed just as Louis entered the room.

"How'd it go?" Louis asked climbing on the bed.

"Niall's at a Drake concert, they'll talk when he gets home." Harry smiled at Louis. "You?"

"You told him to let Niall do the maths right?" Louis laughed.

"I did." Harry grinned in return.

"Zayn noticed something was off and called Simon a greaseball. I don't think I've ever heard anyone born and raised in this country say that...He's spending way too much time with Americans." Louis joked.

"Be nice and he is, I'm sure he would've been called worse if it wasn't for James being around." Harry told him.

"True," Louis nodded. "He said he'd make the appointment and get Liam and Niall to babysit."

Harry frowned. "You didn't offer us instead?"

"I did, but James really likes Liam." Louis kissed Harry's cheek.

"I wish he liked me the way he likes Liam." Harry sighed.

“Harry, my love, I know you’re feeling upset about some things right now but please please try to perk up. Please?” Louis pouted and playfully wrapped his arms around Harry. “I miss my fun, happy, Hazza.”

"Well, I am excited for Lottie, I know she's super young and she doesn't know what she wants to do yet but she had her first ultrasound appointment today! It went well, and I'm so excited for her," Harry smiled. "Do you think it'll be a girl? Your mum has only had two boys."
“I think the likelihood of it being a girl is high but Harry, we don’t know if she wants to keep it yet. She may give it up for adoption. I don’t want you upset and depressed if that happens.” Louis warned.

"What if...We adopted it? I know you're against the idea, but think about it." Harry said. "Do you really want your first born niece or nephew to be raised by total strangers?" He asked. "Why can't we just...adopt the baby? We'll make it work and be our own little family. After all the shitty stuff that's happened to us in the past few months, I just...I'm so ready for some real happiness."

Louis could feel his heart shattering inside his chest, “Harry, we can't. Management would murder us if you and I tried to adopt any baby, let alone my sister’s baby. Not to mention, that might be a bit too much for her to handle. If she doesn’t want to keep him or her there’s a big chance she doesn’t want it to be her niece or nephew either.”

Louis wrapped his arms and legs around Harry so he couldn’t get up and leave due to being upset. “Baby, I absolutely swear to you that we will be parents one day. I promise with my entire heart that we will have a baby, more than one even. Now isn’t the time though. Please Harry, just try to understand? I’m not trying to hurt you, I’m just trying to be rational.”

Harry could feel the tears building up inside him. He sniffed against Louis' chest. "It's not fucking fair. She didn't know any better and was just having fun and got pregnant, now she doesn't even know she wants it." He mumbled a little. "She wasn't even trying and got pregnant!" He curled into Louis' chest. "It's not fucking fair that we get to live out our dream careers but we can't fucking be together in public or have a fucking family." He felt a few tears fall.

“I'm so sorry Harry. I am, baby. I’d do anything to change all of this for you and for us.” Louis’ eyes were now glistening with his own tears. He hated seeing Harry so upset.

“This isn’t forever though, try to remind yourself of that. As soon as the damn contract is up we’ll fix everything that’s fucked up with our careers. After that, we can come out and then work on adopting or using a surrogate. You have my word.” Louis added as he rocked Harry gently.

"I feel like we're never going to get out of our contract or ever be free. Someone is always going to control us and want to hide us. We have no say over our lives anymore." Harry said as more tears fell.

“No baby. No.” Louis comforted. “We will be free. It will take time but we will be, I don’t have all the details yet but it will happen.”

Louis kept a hold of his younger boyfriend, doing everything he could to comfort him despite having tears of his own. “Please stop crying Hazza. Please? You're breaking my heart.”

"I'm just so upset that we go from one horrible situation to another and I still feel fucking trapped." Harry sniffed and pulled away.

“We'll get through this. Just be patient and keep working with your therapist. If you ever need me to join in on sessions just tell me. Whatever you need to feel better... within reason obviously.” Louis smiled. “Now, do I have to tickle you or will you willingly show me that smile I love?”

"I still have my own sessions, but thank you.” Harry managed half a smile. "I think maybe a hot shower might help me relax." He gently untangled himself from Louis and sat up.

“Go for it. How about I attempt dinner while you shower? I promise not to set the kitchen on fire.” Louis smiled in a cheeky fashion.
"Sure." Harry nodded. "Sounds like a great idea, don't burn the house down." He kissed Louis' lips and smiled.

Harry cried more in the shower due to feeling overwhelmed. First they were kidnapped, then he heard voices and felt so alone and helpless that he wanted to die. He had even attempted suicide a couple of months ago. When it didn't work, he was grateful, he got on the right meds and things seemed to be looking up.

Then he started to feel a need for something more. A real family with Louis, but Louis didn't want that. He wasn't ready, he was still having nightmares. He wanted to wait till he was ready to settle down into fatherhood before having a family.

There was also the matter of management ruining their lives. Now things seemed and felt hopeless.

After Harry felt like he was ready, he washed up and joined Louis for dinner.

After dinner, they worked on some music together. Nothing for the band but it was nice to just create music together for each other, which they spent hours doing before they went to bed.

The following day was an early morning for the lads.

Niall and Liam emailed their financial advisors before their meeting that they all had with their management and label heads about the album and it's direction. They were asking their advisors to check into any money missing and them not getting their full paychecks.

Trisha had arrived early at Zayn’s. James seemed a bit nervous about being left with her but Zayn felt completely comfortable, knowing she could handle it. James being with Trisha allowed Zayn to go to the meeting and then his writing session. She was happy to do it but told him that it needed to end soon as she lived too far to do all this driving every day.

After the meeting about the album, the boys all split up to go write for the rest for the album for the day.

Zayn was paired with someone who was styled in RnB. He wasn't sure why, he'd write something amazing and then the band and the team would reject it because it wasn't the right “sound” for the band.

Louis and Liam were together with Julian in a writing room.

Niall was with some of the McFly guys at one of the lad's house.

Harry wrote with some writers who were newly hired from the label.

He also sent a group text during his small break asking if they could all meet up for dinner at his and Louis house to talk about the matter of the missing money.

They all agreed and Zayn said he'd be a little later due to having to relieve his mum of James but then he'll be over.

When Zayn went back home he enjoyed some time with his mum. It was helpful for him to see her interacting with James. James seemed to like her really well.
Liam and Niall however, took time after working to do a quick FaceTime with Greg and Denise before heading out to meet the boys. It was their anniversary and Liam and Niall wanted to make sure and congratulate them as well as see Theo.

After they finished on their video call, they each took time to call their financial advisors. They filled their advisors in on what was found with Harry and Louis’ accounts and asked that theirs be checked out.

Soon enough it was time to meet up. Niall and Liam were the first to arrive at Louis and Harry's.

"Tell me all the wedding plans." Harry smiled as Niall and Liam showed up at the door.

"Not too much has changed," Niall said walking inside. "Besides the fact that I'm legally taking his name."

"Is that smart? That means management will find out. They’ll kill you." Louis commented as they all stood in the kitchen.

“What can they do after it’s done?” Liam asked.

“Uh... hello...? Larry Stylinson. That’s what they can do. Need I say more?” Harry looked between them both before going back to working on dinner.

Niall looked over at Harry as he sat on the sofa. "They can't do much after the fact," He said. "It's going to be public record. We'll deal with the fallout when it happens but them not knowing gives us an unique advantage right now."

"True, lucky bastards." Louis half grumbled. “Get away with being seen together and shit meanwhile I can’t even look at Harry in public.”

"True." Liam agreed and leaned against the kitchen counter. "And we do feel your pain in some ways, we can't be overly friendly or there'll be questions. We can't be romantic in public but at least we can be seen together and we're grateful for that much."

"Management doesn't like us living together though," Niall added. "They're still annoying us about that."

“You get to do a lot more things than we can at least. Enjoy it.” Harry told them.

“We do. We know we’re blessed that no one in management knows. A lot of times I’m out with Niall doing something and frown remembering that you two can’t even do this much.” Liam said.

“If I could change it all for you two I would. Honestly, I wish all four of us could be out and open. Double dates would be fun.” Niall agreed.

"Yes," Harry smiled. "I would enjoy double dates that we wouldn't have to close down a restaurant for or stay within our homes."

"You have Loki, it's why we prefer going to your place." Louis joked.

“Yes, because Louis won’t let us have a wedding, a baby or a dog. Basically he’s the grumpy old man in the relationship.” Harry added.

"I kinda agree about the dog thing... despite having one." Niall said. "I personally feel it's unfair to always leave him when we have to work. We don't have regular jobs and can’t be there for him as
much as I’d like to.” He explained.

“Loki has his godfather, he’s not upset or sad when we aren’t around. Andy sees to that and if he can’t, my mum or sisters do.” Liam assured Niall. “You big softy.”

"I know, but he does get a little upset when we leave him. He always thinks we're going away for a long time." Niall frowned. "But he does have his family to hang out with till we're home."

"And we don't have anything like that here," Louis told Harry. "We have lots of mates...But no one who'd be willing to take a dog or a puppy for six months or longer. And what about our promo tours? We're so busy that it's not fair, and our families live a bit too far to be willing."

Harry sighed deeply, “Can we talk about something else? Something happy perhaps; though I don’t know if that’s possible.”

"When you and Louis get married, would you do a prenup? Or just not have one?" Niall asked. Liam sighed. "Our lawyer mentioned it'd be a good idea, and I kinda agree..."

"That's happy?" Louis asked.

"I don't know about happy but it'd be nice to know what you two would do." Niall said.

“That’s not what I would call happy but uh...” Harry paused. “Louis and I have just discussed a basic prenup simply stating that everything is to be split evenly. What’s his is his. What’s mine is mine. What’s ours is evenly divided.”

"I'll admit that I was shocked by the idea at first." Louis told them. "Almost felt like I didn't love him or it'd be a typical Hollywood marriage, ya know?" He said. "But the more I thought about it, the more I realized how smart it actually is. If anything ever happens in the future, it saves everyone a big headache. Everyone is entitled to what's theirs and what's ours is to be fairly split."

Harry stopped what he was doing and looked at them. He smiled a little, "I know the idea feels almost mean or that the marriage is doom to fail, but when you both have so much money and assets, it's just the right thing to do. It's like a safety blanket to fall back on." He said before he washed his hands so he could get the plates.

“I get all that.” Niall said. His voice sounded a bit like he was trailing off though. “I know it’s a good idea because of how much we each have but I just don’t like the idea of having one. It bothers me, it always would if it was there.” He frowned deeply and sighed. “You’re right Harry, this isn’t a happy conversation either.”

"Don't worry about it. You had a legitimate concern and I hope we were able to help." Harry smiled more. "I don’t like the idea of having one either but we are far from your average couple. Honestly, just do what we plan to do. Basic. Mine is mine. His is his. Ours is split evenly. If there's ever bad blood in the future, it's good to have it."

“Hey, we don’t have to decide now.” Liam told Niall and rubbed his back. “We’ll figure it out, I promise.”

Niall nodded, “Next conversation?”

“Yes, how about we talk about Zayn since he’s late. No surprise.” Louis suggested.

"He should be here soon. I mean, he had to get James. He has to get him ready to go, bring a ton of
shit with him and then you know that London is bad traffic wise." Niall said. "He did tell us he'd be here late, I'm sure he'll show up soon."

“You seem to have a lot of faith in Zayn when it comes to the parenting thing;” Harry pointed out. “Correct me if I’m wrong.”

"I do have faith, and of course I have my doubts but I believe he deserves a chance to prove himself. When it comes down to it, he deserves the chance to decide if he wants to be a father or not.” Niall explained.

“I agree but I don’t have much, if any, faith.” Louis said.

“Exactly. He loves his freedom too much, he loves partying too much. I can’t see him giving it up for a kid he just met when he couldn’t even give it up for me.” Liam added.

"Might I remind you that you two often partied together, Liam." Niall told him. "And you enjoyed it as much as he did, you still do." He sighed. "If he wants to do the father thing, then he'd have to be okay with putting that stuff on the back burner. It doesn't mean he has to give it up. There's lots of parents who raise kids and still party once in a while. The only difference is they're not stupid about it as parents."

“I just need Zayn to prove to me that he can put James first before I’ll put faith in him.” Liam explained.

“Right. I want Zayn to prove himself to me, I don’t think that’s asking too much.” Louis agreed.

“I agree with that but most of all, I just want James safe, happy and healthy.” Harry added.

"You're not even giving him a chance." Niall argued. "You're not being supportive, even teen mothers get more support than the rest of you seem to be giving him."

“Hey, anything I can do to help you know I will. I support Zayn but I just want to see that he is willing to do what it takes. If James is extremely sick is he willing to tell management off to be there for his son?” Louis defended himself.

“James is my only concern in this, he needs an advocate.” Liam explained.

"I'm sure he will." Niall sighed. "Zayn has stood up to management plenty of times. He's not the type to stand by and let shit happen, especially where it concerns his child. He's not that type of person." He frowned. "He's learning how to be a parent."

“I just want to see more. I’m cautious, I can’t help it.” Harry said.

It was then the doorbell rang.

"You have to give him time to do more, it hasn't even been a week yet." Niall shook his head. "Be cautious all you want but it doesn't change the fact that new parents usually get support and you all aren't doing shit."

"I'll get it." Louis offered.

“I offer support.” Liam whispered to Niall. “I went over and helped him with James when he told Doniya.”

“Look James! It’s Louis!” They all heard Zayn’s voice suddenly.
James went from nervously whimpering to silent as he stared at Louis while holding tightly to Zayn.

“He seems to have an irrational fear of front doors.” Zayn tried to explain as he came inside.

"It just feels like none of you are truly supporting him but you did that, yes. After I pushed for you to, but yes. I'm glad you did." Niall smiled and kissed his lips.

“Did you need help bringing anything in Zayn?” Harry called before walking off to the foyer.

“Actually, help would be great. I brought his little chair and a small bag of his favorite toys.” Zayn said before James shoved his toy lion in his face. “Yes, we brought your lion too.”

"It's only 16° out. Mum said he'd be fine in a warm hoodie and jeans." Zayn said and took the bag of toys off his shoulder.

“She always thinks it’s cold in London.” Louis rolled his eyes as he held the door open and waited for Harry.

“When you get to hang out in places that are hot all year round, London does lose its appeal.” Zayn half agreed.

“Here we are.” Harry smiled coming back in with James chair and toys. “Did you bring food he can eat? I don’t really know what he’s eating or what his schedule is but if you forgot I’m sure I can help you figure something out.”

"I've got it handled." Zayn sighed. "I wouldn't forget to bring his food, I know he has to eat. Mum gave him a late snack though so I don't think he'll be hungry any time soon."

“Not sure why you brought his chair if he’s not going to want to eat.” Louis commented. “Anyway, Liam and Niall are in the kitchen.”

“Dinner is almost ready.” Harry smiled. “Come on James.”

Zayn followed Harry into the kitchen and smiled at Liam and Niall, “Hello.”

“Hey Zayn. Hi James.” Niall grinned as he came over and shook James little hand.

James was not interested in Niall. He was straining his head and pushing at Zayn in order to better see Liam.

"Hey, James." Liam smiled. "Are you hungry?" He asked the little one.

James face lit up as Liam came into his view. He giggled and reached for him causing his lion to fall to the floor.

“Wow Liam, he’s choosing you over his lion. I'll have you know that’s a big deal considering at home he has to have it with him at all times.” Zayn explained as he moved closer to Liam.

“Aw, someone loves his Uncle Liam.” Louis sang as he passed by and ruffled Liam’s hair.

"I wouldn't go as far as calling me an Uncle yet." Liam said as Niall picked up the lion.

"But you'll go as far as giving him a cuddle right?" Niall smiled

“Of course.” Liam caved and took James into his arms.
The lad didn’t attempt to speak at all but it was obvious he was thrilled to be with Liam.

“I don’t mind if you guys call yourselves his uncles. I mean, I think of you all as my brothers.” Zayn replied before smiling at how happy James was.

"I know.” Liam said. "We've all had this conversation a couple of days ago.” He reminded as Harry sat the table.

"Yummy chicken stew." Harry smiled.

“Yes, that sounds amazing.” Niall grinned and started to help.

“I take it you need help with his chair?” Louis asked Zayn.

“Actually, I think I can get it. Would you just check that I did it right once I’m done?” He asked.

While Niall helped Harry pour the stew to the plates, Zayn strapped the booster seat to the chair.

"There. I'm ninety nine percent sure that I've done it right." Zayn smiled.

Liam kept ahold of James but watched curiously as Louis checked his work.

“Impressive Zayn.” Louis nodded.

"He did it right?” Liam blurred out before thinking clearly. “That’s uh... good job Zayn.”

“I just tried to take mental notes on how I took it off the chair at home and then reversed all that.” Zayn explained.

"And it helped that my sister dumbed it down for me, despite it not really being that difficult.” Zayn added. "But thanks.” He smiled. "You ready to eat, James?” He asked going over to the little one.

James gripped onto Liam’s shirt and put his head on Liam’s shoulder as he looked away from Zayn. Harry laughed a bit.

Niall smiled, “That’s so adorable. He really likes you babe.”

Liam forced a smile and rubbed James little back. He liked James but he had to remember not to let himself get too close.

In Liam’s mind Zayn would eventually fail and realize that he had no business trying to raise a kid. James would then go away and Liam didn’t want to be upset when that happened.

“James, pal, Liam can’t hold you. He has to eat.” Zayn tried to explain. “I’m sure he’ll give you a cuddle after though.”

“He’s still a bit young to understand verbal reasoning. I’d either just take him and make him get over whatever tantrum he might throw or have Liam try putting him in his chair.” Louis offered some advice since Niall had gotten onto them all about not being supportive.

“I’ll try putting in the chair, Zayn. It’s not a big deal.” Liam replied when he saw the upset look on Zayn’s face. “At some point though you’re going to have to do things he doesn’t like if you plan to keep him.”

"I know.” Zayn almost rolled his eyes. "I can make myself do things, I do at home all the time. Just
yesterday I had to keep making him mad by taking him away from the balcony door."

"It's okay to not enjoy upsetting him." Niall defended a little. "So long as you don't let him know because he'll use it against you when he's older. At least that's what mum tells Greg with Theo."

“Pretty sure if I “enjoyed upsetting him” I’d be a psychopath or something like that.” Zayn sighed. Liam tickled James’ belly for a moment then sat him down in his booster chair and strapped him in. “There, all done.”

“Now can we eat?” Niall asked. “Is there anything we’ve forgotten? I’m starving.”

“Zayn has to warm up James’ baby food but beyond that, we can eat.” Harry smiled. “But I can do that for you, Zayn if you’d rather eat?” He offered.

"I haven't actually been warming up his food. I just serve it room temperature. I'd never seen Caroline warm up food so I assumed I didn't need to." Zayn looked a little confused and worried. "He's been eating it fine. Should I have warmed it up Harry?"

“No, I just assumed that you would keep a bottle in the fridge after opening it.” Harry said. “Some babies like warm or room temp food and some like it cold; all babes are different. But I can feed him for you if you’d rather just eat?” He offered.

"He always finishes the entire jar." Zayn shrugged. "Mum said he eats like a horse." Zayn then sat on the other side of James.

James looked to Zayn on one side of him then Harry on the other and giggled.

"I don't mind feeding him. Maybe we could just take turns?" Zayn wasn't so sure about asking for help. It felt like the lads didn't like him needing help with the exception of Niall and Harry.

“Oh.” Harry felt disappointed slightly. “Sure.” He nodded and forced a smile.

Upon noticing Harry’s reaction, Zayn quickly spoke again. “But actually, it’d be a nice break, so go ahead and feed him. Everything is in the bag, if you want to help then I’ll happily accept.”

Harry grinned. “Any way I can help, I’d love to.” He said as he went to get James’ bag as everyone began to sit down.

Louis had mixed feelings about Harry helping. On one hand, it might help calm him down because he's getting a baby fix. On the other hand, it could make him crave a baby even more.

During the first part of supper everyone had been talking about their writing sessions and what they wrote about and then things quieted down once that discussion was over.

"So, Tommo or you, Harry, can one of you explain this money thing? It's gotten me worried." Niall spoke up since everyone had gotten quiet.

Louis spoke up as Harry was too distracted by James to even hear the question.

“We just noticed a large portion of money missing, it's not like we're flat out broke or can't pay our bills but given everything we've recently earned between promo and albums sales and then tickets...It just felt like there should be more. So we checked into it and that's when it was confirmed that some of our cheques weren't even deposited and that somehow the money was missing.” He explained.
“Wow.” Niall whispered.

“The rest of us should look into it then.” Liam nodded to himself.

“Yeah, for sure.” Zayn agreed. “I'll double check my accounts tonight and email my guy in the next couple of days. I already know it has to be happening to me as well though. I told you I thought the numbers were wrong.”

“You sure you're just not overspending on drugs, Zayn?” Louis asked.

“I factored that in.” Zayn rolled his eyes.

"If it's happening to the three of you then it's probably happening to us. I may not be the best with maths but I know how to manage my money." Liam spoke and worked to fill his plate with food. “I just haven't taken the time to actually really look at it all.”

“Yeah, we've been too busy planning a wedding,” Niall smiled.

"You won't keep up with drugs if your keeping James, will you?" Now that much Harry had heard.

"If he keeps James and is lighting up around him, I'll murder Zayn myself." Liam told Harry.

"Would you chill? I'd never light up around any kid, especially my own." Zayn felt offended.

"What kind of bloke do you freaking people take him for?!" Niall defended Zayn. "Zayn has done a lot of shitty things and made a lot of bad decisions but getting high while he's in charge of a baby? No. You know he would never..." He shook his head. "He's not an idiot. You know he wouldn't do drugs around James."

"Not around James. I know he's too smart for that," Louis defended himself quickly. "I never meant to imply that at all. I just meant he's been on drugs for the last two years at least and drugs are expensive."

"I didn't mean he was going to do it around James either. I just wanted to know if he'd stop all together if he kept James." Harry frowned. "I meant would he get sober. Liam is the one who acted like he'd give James a hot shot."

Liam looked at Harry. "What the fu-" He stopped himself. "I did not imply that! That is not what I meant." He took full offense. "I would never suggest that...I just didn't want him lighting up in the flat while James was living with him." He sighed, feeling stressed.

Niall frowned and rubbed over Liam's back comfortingly. "Let's all just agree that Zayn isn't the type of guy to light up with his son in the flat."

"If I keep James then he becomes my biggest concern. I'd make sure he was safely with someone else for the night before smoking or even drinking for that matter. Period. End of argument." Zayn put his foot down. "No more arguing in front of James. I don't want or need him stressed out."

"He's fine." Harry said and smiled at James. "He hasn't picked up on it. He's too busy chewing on his lion's face." He laughed a little.

Liam smiled a little and rested his head on Niall's shoulder while watching James.

Louis smiled at them. "Thinking about the day you two will adopt and become daddies?" He teased a little.
"I don't want to be called daddy but yes." Liam replied.

"I've already started researching all of it." Niall grinned.

"Don't let him get food on his lion okay?" Zayn told Harry hoping to not have to listen to Liam talk about having a kid with Niall. They were both still his friends but hearing all that stung.

"His mouth is clean, Zayn. You can always buy a second lion and switch them out when he's not paying attention to wash them." Harry suggested.

"Daddy Payno doesn't want to be daddy?" Louis gasped.

"Its Daddy Direction." Liam playfully corrected. "And I just, I don't know... I like the idea of being a papa more than being a daddy." He shrugged. "Nialler wants to be called Daddy though." He smiled.

"Daddy or Da, even dad is fine. I'm not too picky so long as it's my, our child." Niall said and smiled at Liam. "Harry, you must have a title chosen. What about you Louis?"

"Yes, what do you want our children to call you?" Harry was extremely curious now because at home he refused to discuss these topics.

Louis shrugged. "I'm not picky. Plain old daddy works for me." He said. "Or whatever is daddy or father in their native language would be cool too."

Harry smiled for a brief moment. The last part of Louis' statement told him he'd thought about it at least a little. It was such a small thing but it meant so much to him. So much so that he bit at his tongue to stop tears from prickling his eyes.

"Harry?" Liam asked.

"I'm uh... Yeah... I'm into being called papa. I do love what you said though, Lou. Whatever they say in their native language would be beautiful."

"Agree with that myself, Tommo." Liam replied.

Niall smiled. "I wanna learn the native language actually. It's apart of them and I want them to embrace it still after moving here." He explained.

"That'd be cool." Liam agreed. "Plus learn about their culture and ways so we can continue to help them practice it. Something like that anyway." He said.

Niall leaned over and kissed Liam's lips gently. "I can't wait to start a family with you someday."

"Just their culture or would you do Irish culture as well as our British culture?" Louis was genuinely curious.

"Get a room, love birds." Zayn attempted to joke. Really he just didn't want to see them kissing. He wasn't at a place where it had stopped hurting yet.

James of course just giggled for no apparent reason.

"I'd want to include Irish culture for sure. The Irish have a lot of fun too." Liam smirked.

Niall playfully rolled his eyes. "We'd be living here most of the time so it'd be nice to include the British culture as well and help them feel apart of their new home."
"Oh and Zayn... Technically we're in a room." Liam's smirk widen. "And being in our home, we can do anything."

"Liam." Niall laughed and shook his head. "Don't make our mates uncomfortable."

"Why? Louis and Harry do it to us all the time. We've all walked in on them at least once." Liam asked his husband-to-be.

"Yes, and we've all heard them loads of time." Zayn added.

"I walked in on them during the last promo tour. We were in Germany being interviewed at that hotel and I went to the room where we all were hanging out for the day and I walked in on them..." Niall shook his head.

"I remember that." Zayn spoke up. "You walked back into the interview room and interrupted the interview. You sat on the sofa with Liam and I and you stroked his face, then left." He remembered how annoyed he felt by Niall interrupting them.

"I remember that now." Liam nodded. "You were traumatized, my poor boy." He kissed over Niall's face.

Niall giggled at the kisses which caused James to giggle."I saw and heard more than I wanted to and when I left...I just walked into the wrong room."

"The least you could have done was hang a do not disturb sign." Zayn laughed.

"I suppose we could have." Louis actually agreed. "However, we've heard Zayn and Liam countless times as well. Not to mention the fact I've walked in on Niall having a wank three times since I've known him."

Harry laughed, a bit loudly. "We're all horrible." How had he only just realized how horny they all were all the time and not very cautious.

The mention of Zayn and Liam having sex made Niall feel a little uncomfortable. He didn’t completely have an issue with Liam previously dating Zayn but being reminded that they actually had sex and talking about it felt a little too odd.

"We live together in close quarters, I'd be surprised if we hadn't seen something sexual by this point." Niall laughed. "It's actually really hard for us to be really quiet while we're on the road." He shared. "But people know that we occasionally sleep in the same room and that's bad enough. I can't imagine what management might do when they find out about us."

"How would they find out?" Zayn asked curiously. He may not like them together but he didn't want management to find out either. He wasn't a totally bitter ex.

"When registering for a civil wedding, it's made public in City Hall so they'll catch wind of it at some point." Liam explained.

"We just have to act fast so that what's done is done. There is no denying we are gay if it's public knowledge we’re married. Who knows, maybe it'll open a door for Louis and Harry. I hope it might at least. Keeping your love a secret sucks." Niall said.

"A lot of things suck about the way Simon does things and wants things." Harry said.

"It bothers me that our contact is the most ridiculous thing on the planet, beyond that even. I can't
believe that they coerced us into signing it. You couldn't read it, you couldn't have a parent look at it and you can't have a lawyer look at it. It was either sign or your music life would never happen...To put that kind of pressure on teens? Damn, that's cold." Louis shook his head.

"I can't believe it says that we can't bad mouth Simon even after parting ways. We can't bad mouth him on this planet or in the universe. How crazy is that? For that to be in a real contact." Niall shook his head.

"I'm mostly shocked it was legal for us to sign it at all without parent consent and knowledge of what it said. You know a friend of mine in the states said it never would have been allowed there. Maybe for Louis, since he was older, but not Niall or I for sure." Harry said.

When Harry tried to give James the last bite from one jar he shook his head 'no' and pointed to his bottle.

"It's different for talent shows. I think with talent shows, they're able to get away with it." Zayn said. "But it was quite evil of them to pressure teens like that."

"So you're going public via City Hall. What are you going to do when the media gets ahold of this?" Louis asked Niall and Liam, not wanting to talk about their contract.

"Management will probably call us is and have us say it's just a joke or it's not actually us. Before that happens, I think we'll do a video where we come out to the fans. We'll post it to Twitter and then we do a livestream and answer questions." Niall replied. "That's my thought, but we haven't talked about what we'd actually do when that happens."

"Baby, I love your plan." Liam grinned. "Hashtag ask Niam."

"Sounds like a plan then." Niall smiled and kissed Liam again.

Zayn rolled his eyes. "Just don't snog in front of my kid, he doesn't need to watch two people making out."

"Oh please, snogging is the last thing you need to worry about." Liam shook his head. "Can't have him walk around with a blindfold on, everyone snogs in public. It's everything past snogging you should worry about."

Zayn sighed and handed James his bottle. Sometimes James would hold it himself and other times he seemed to insist Zayn hold it. No telling what he would do tonight with everyone around.

"Depending on what happens with this money thing ,it may not be an issue you have to worry much about at all." Louis realized. "I'd assume them being thieves would change things."

"Yeah, I bet we could use the potential of a very public trial versus them letting us out of our contract fee free to get out easily." Liam agreed.

"Either way...When it comes to us, they lose soon enough." Niall smiled.

"It's going to be crazy the actual day before. We come home from tour, go to City Hall with a couple of witnesses, then catch a flight to Ireland." Liam explained.

"Who are your witnesses?" Harry asked.

"Sean and Andy?" Zayn guessed because they were their best mates.
"Sean and Andy are our best men actually so it's easier to just leave Sean in Ireland and have Andy fly out with us later." Liam explained. "And as for our witnesses, we were hoping that it'd be Tommo and Harry, if you two wouldn't mind?"

"I'd love to." Harry lit up brightly. "Yes times a million!"

James dropped his now empty bottle on the floor and giggled as he pointed at Harry but looked at Liam.

"Someone thinks your excitement is funny Harry." Niall chuckled.

"We'd love to." Louis grinned. "I get it's just a legal thing at City Hall, but we'd be honoured to be your witnesses."

"Great, then we'll just fly to Ireland after we're done." Liam grinned.

"Sounds like a good plan." Louis nodded.

Zayn stayed quiet. He imagined he didn't fit into the wedding at all. He probably wouldn't even get invited after how he'd hurt Liam. Not to mention he had no idea what would be going on with James then.

James turned his head to look at Zayn and smiled at him before hugging his lion again.

A simple little smile, and yet, it made Zayn feel better.

"So who's going to be the flower girl? Ring bearer?" Harry asked.

"My little cousin Isla will be the flower girl." Liam smiled.

"And Theo will be the ring bearer somehow." Niall said. "It's not likely he'll be walking by that time."

"Oh! I know!" Harry exclaimed excitedly. "Put the ring or rings on a chain and then put Theo on a wagon and have someone, probably Denise would be best, pull him down the aisle."

"I don't know that she'd be up for that. I love the idea though." Niall replied.

"We can figure out who would pull the wagon after we figure out the rest of the wedding party." Liam told him.

"I think it's easy to figure out." Niall smiled. He really wanted Harry to be apart of his wedding party and he knew that Liam would probably want Louis to be apart of his.

"Who do you have in mind then?" Liam asked curiously.

"Sean and Harry." Niall replied simply. "I know you very well Mr. Payne so I'm guessing you're thinking about Andy and Louis."

Liam smiled. "This is true. I would love to have you, Tommo." He said looking over at Louis.

"Ah both witness and groomsmen...But never best man. Me heart..." Louis said dramatically clutching his chest.

Liam rolled his eyes. "Aren't you best man at your mother's wedding?"
"Well, yes...That's true." Louis nodded. "But I'd be happy to stand up with you for your wedding."

"Just think Lou, if you ever pop the question you'll get to be a groom!" Zayn interjected before taking a bite of his food. He'd rather discuss their getting married.

James then threw his lion into Harry's lap and reached for Liam across the table with a whimper.

"I never said I wanted to be a groom. Of course I want to marry Harry but that's in the far off future, not right now. I'm so mentally messed up and I just don't feel like it's good timing right now." Louis explained.

"Aw, you want Liam." Harry pouted a little before unstrapping James and passing him over to Liam without even asking Liam if he wanted James or not.

"You look good with a baby in your arms." Niall grinned and ran a finger down James' arm gently.

Zayn twitched uncomfortably. He didn't want to talk about Liam and Niall. He didn't really want to talk about weddings at all, and he certainly didn't want to sit and watch Liam and Niall cuddling up with James.

Honestly, Zayn just desperately wished he could get over Liam. If his heart would move on completely, all of this would be easier to listen to and watch.

James pressed himself against Liam’s chest and held onto his shirt tightly with a smile.

“Weren’t we meant to be talking about the money issue?” He asked. “How did we get so far off topic?”

"There isn't much to say. We talked about it already, we told you what we know and the rest of you are looking into it. We just needed to talk about this privately without anyone overhearing." Louis explained. "We can't trust anyone else with this information, and that includes Lou and Caroline and all of our mates on our team. Seriously, we don't want the wrong people finding out or overhearing anything. If anyone outside the five of us talk about it with someone, we're risking so much more." He finished.

"I agree." Niall nodded. "It might sound mean and they wouldn't knowingly say something but it's best kept to ourselves."

"I wouldn’t risk telling a soul. I’m really angry about it.” Zayn shook his head. “I fuc- I hate our management. They’ve done more than enough damage on all of us for a lifetime. I mean, the kidnapping never would have happened had we all been allowed to be open.”

"Maybe, maybe not. Andy was fired for telling management about Zayn and Liam but he did other things I wasn't fond of. I wanted him gone anyways, this was just a good excuse." Harry shrugged. "Who's to say if he was fired for another reason it still wouldn't have happened?"

“All I’m saying is that in my opinion management is partly to blame for the hell we went through and the scars we still have as a result of that.” Zayn tried to clarify a bit more.

“I think you’re entitled to that opinion. I understand your thinking.” Niall shrugged. “Personally, I try to never think about it though.”

"There is one good thing that has come out of all of this." Louis said. "We were put together as a band and now, we're mates for life. We have each other and that's about the only good thing that has happened... besides our career of course."
"I wish it happened differently, our careers I mean." Liam said. "What we're currently doing is insane. Besides Up All Night, every album has been made on the road whilst touring. We then come home and do a promo tour. We have a small break and then have to go back out on the road and do it all again. It's crazy."

“I will say what we’ve been through together has created this special bond between us. I thought we were all insanely close until that happened. Then we became impossibly closer. I wouldn’t change us being so tight and close. It great to know I will always have four lads who completely understand and support me.” Harry decided to get a little sappy. “I do however, agree with Liam on wishing the career thing happened differently.”

"I wouldn't trade you lads for anything." Niall smiled. "And for now, we just have to stick it out and play our roles. Maybe this missing money stuff will play in our favour, maybe we'll get out of the contract early or so I hope."

Liam leaned over and kissed the side of Niall's head. "Just one day at a time. It's all we can do."

“I just want us to promise one another that no matter when it happens, we’ll make sure the next management team is fine with us being out and together.” Louis said. “I’m tired of hiding that I’m gay and I’m tired of not even being allowed to talk to my incredible boyfriend in public.” So maybe the second part of what Louis said was in hopes to make Harry feel good.

“I’m not sure how my family would feel about me being Bi publicly. I can promise that though because I want being out to be my choice, not some team who thinks they know what’s best for me.” Zayn replied and looked at James who was still comfortably in Liam’s arms, now with heavy eyes.

"I agree," Liam nodded. "I just want to tell the world that I'm getting married to the most beautiful Irish lad there is. I really want to tell people he's mine and I can't wait for the day to be his husband."

Niall smiled and pressed a gentle kiss to Liam's lips. "Me too." He said softly.

"Alright, enough with this sappy talk before I actually cry." Harry said as he rubbed his eyes.

"We're not teens being forced to sign a contract without having a proper chance to read it. We're adults now and we're wiser. We will get what we want this time.” Louis told them.

“Get our own damn lawyers this time to look everything over before we sign anywhere.” Zayn focused on the conversation instead of Liam’s comments.

James yawned and then whimpered as his little hand stretched towards his lion that Harry still held.

Zayn knew instantly what the lad wanted and without thinking really took the lion from Harry’s lap and passed it over the table to James. “There you are, love.”

“Well, that's a bit obvious but yes, I agree with that as well.” Louis nodded.

Harry looked over at Zayn. "You should probably get James home. Poor thing is so tired."

"That's probably a good idea." Liam agreed.

“Yeah, he needs a bath still too. I think I’m getting better at doing that.” Zayn said as he stood. “Li, could hold him while I get everything packed up?”
Niall looked at James in Liam’s arms and his heart melted. James had one hand clutched onto Liam’s shirt. The other hand held his lion and he was completely asleep with a tiny bit of drool making Liam’s shirt a bit damp.

“He’d love to hold him for you.” Niall spoke up. He wasn’t ready for the amazing view to be over yet. It made his heart yearn to see Liam with their baby.

"Yeah, sure. I don't mind." Liam agreed.

"I'll help you two with the clean up then." Harry said as he began to collect dishes. It had been fun tonight with James but watching how in love Niall was with the sight of Liam with James just reminded him that he wasn't going to get that anytime soon.

“I’ll help, let the lovers relax.” Louis said and began to help.

Zayn just busied himself on gathering James few things and getting them to the car.

“I want one.” Niall whispered and almost pouted. “You've no idea what seeing you like this does to my heart, LiLi.”

"I'm pretty sure it's the same feeling I get I see you with Theo." Liam grinned. "I want one too. Maybe since it's such a long process we could look into the beginning steps? At least pick a country and find an agency." He suggested. "Or am I getting ahead of myself?"

“Your aren’t getting ahead of yourself at all.” Niall smiled. “I want to be your husband and I want us to have a baby. I want it badly enough that I’d give up my career for it and you know this was my biggest dream, One Direction I mean.” Niall kissed Liam’s shoulder and then James’ hand. “I’m just so in love with you and I’m ready for... everything.”

"Me too." Liam smiled. "I'm so excited to start a life with you and it feels hard waiting until July to make everything legal between us but I can see our life with a child so easily. You'd always have your guitar out and be singing to them, we'd sing them to sleep at night. It'd be a perfect little life." 

“It really would.” Niall felt so love struck and giddy. “We should offer to babysit one night. No better way to prepare then practice with a real baby.”

James took a deep breath and turned his head so that his little face was now pressed against Liam’s neck.

“I know you aren’t a fan of helping Zayn so much right now but it would be more for us then him. Am I being a bit selfish?” Niall worried.

"Nah, and if I’m being honest some new parents get help from mates and family. When my cousin gave birth, her mom moved in for like a month or two to help her and her husband out. So babysitting one night would be nice of us and it’d be great practice too.” He agreed. "It's not being selfish to want to help a friend."

“I love you Liam James.” Niall smiled and carefully kissed him. “How did I- well I know how I got so lucky but it’s hard to get me head around.”

"Yeah, it doesn't feel real sometimes but you are the best thing that's ever happened to me." Liam smiled.

"As are you to me." Niall sighed contently.
Thoughts? Feelings? Opinions? Dying whenever Niam talk about adoption because that's me.
Thursday

In the kitchen, Harry was fighting hard not to be upset. Life felt so incredibly unfair. He was so frustrated that he felt like crying.

“Babe, please don’t be so cross.” Louis requested as he came up behind Harry. He wanted to hug him from behind and hook his chin over Harry’s shoulder but there was no way that would work with their height difference. Instead, he settled for stretching up on his top toes and kissing Harry’s cheek.

"I’m not cross." Harry shook his head. "Hurt, sad, disappointed, impatient. You're not ready and I am… It's fine. It'll be fine, I'll be fine." He replied as he scrubbed the pot hard.

"Is there anything I can do to make you feel better? Something that doesn't require going against what I'm ready for?" Louis asked with a frown. He was doing his best to be understanding of Harry's feelings. He truly hated Harry being so broken, it actually worried him deeply. At the same time however, he was becoming annoyed with Harry's one track mind.

Harry sighed. "You can help with the dishes like you said you would." He suggested. "Not sure what you can do to make the pain go away." He frowned. "Well, there is something but you're not willing it's hard to accept but I'll get there eventually."

"Harold, do you understand that there is a difference between unwilling and unable?" Louis asked calmly yet pointedly. "Think about those weeks after we were rescued. I wanted and needed to be intimate with you. I needed to be with someone and it be my choice and I needed to know we were okay. You couldn't though. We're you unwilling or unable?"

Harry sighed and looked at Louis. "Unable...but this is different, innit? To me it feels like you're unwilling to get married and adopt babies right now. Look at how fucked up Niall was, and now he and Liam are talking about marriage and babies like nothing even happened." He spoke a little softer, not wanting to risk being overheard by Niall or Liam. He didn't mean it offensively, just in a comparative way.

"Niall didn't try to commit suicide, Harry." Louis gently argued.
"I wasn't trying to actually do that, Louis Tomlinson." Harry shot back harsh yet quietly.

"Doesn't matter if you meant to, I almost lost you. You looked so utterly dead, Harry. My entire world fell apart in that moment. Now all of this, the way you can't think of anything else, it's like an obsession and it's scaring me." Louis shook his head. "I want nothing more then to wake up beside you as your husband every day for the rest our very long lives. I want to have at least four, if not more, children with you. I have it all planned out in my head, I swear it. Im just not there yet. I'm not able to even if you think I am and just won't. For fucks sake!" Louis felt so frustrated now. "You're my everything. Please believe me, Harry. I'm totally committed to you. I'm not saying no, I'm just fucking asking you to wait."

"Of course I'll wait." Harry sighed. "I don't want anyone else. I can't be with anyone besides you. It's just really hard to wait; it's hard seeing our mates get everything I want. Zayn gets a kid when he didn't even want one, Niall and Liam are getting married and talking about adopting. It's really hard to see everyone else get what I desperately want. But it turns out that it's still not my turn so I'll just have to continue to wait."

"One day it will be our turn Harry. I promise, when it is our turn, I will make sure it is everything and more than what you've dreamed of. I don't break my promises with you, ever. " Louis said.

He took a breath and began drying the dishes Harry had washed. "Can you at least just admit you're jealous? I think you'd feel better if you were honest with yourself, and me." Louis tried.

"Of course I'm fucking jealous! I've not been hiding the fact that I'm jealous, it's really quite obvious." Harry shook his head as he finished the last dish and moved on to the glasses.

"You haven't said it out loud though, not until just now." Louis remained calmed.

"Hey, if you two are done fighting, I'm about to leave." Zayn said poping his head into the kitchen. The only thing left to do was get James from Liam and into his seat.

Harry looked at Zayn. "See ya tomorrow then," he smiled politely.

"Yeah, we'll see you tomorrow." Louis nodded.

No one liked seeing Harry and Louis fight. It always worked itself out but it was usually after things got pretty heated.

"Uh, see ya." Zayn nodded and went to Liam and Niall.

"Just give Caroline or Lou a text when you get home. One of them is sure to have options for you." Niall reminded as Liam stood with James still asleep.

"I will, thanks for the advice." He smiled. "Come here James. Time to get you home." Zayn softly spoke as he began to take him from Liam.

Poor James, of course, woke up and burst out into the most heart broken cry ever. He really loved Liam.

Liam frowned a little at James' cry. It hurt a little to hear that.

"If you ever need a babysitter for whatever reason, Niall and I are happy to lend a hand." He offered.
"Yeah, we don't mind helping out a mate. New parents get help all the time, so why not do the same for our friend?" Niall smiled.

Zayn nodded as he cuddled James to his chest for a moment and kissed his curls. "Thank you. That's very helpful." He didn't honestly feel like Liam wanted to help, he assumed it was all Niall and Liam was just making Niall happy. He wasn't complaining, however. It was something he knew he would need at some point.

"Of course," Liam smiled, "we're happy to help."

"Right. Now I just have to get him into his seat, hopefully without him crying." Zayn said.

"He's going to cry a little but the car ride should soothe him." Niall told him.

Zayn sighed and moved James to get his jumper on. The little lad cried while it was happening and continued as Zayn began trying to get him into his seat.

Zayn then did the only thing he knew to try: he began humming the tune of one of his favourite songs. The lyrics weren't age appropriate but the tune itself was nice.

"It's too quiet." Liam said. "I'm going to check on the lover's quarrel, make sure they haven't broken any thing of ours." He told Niall and kissed his cheek. "... or forgotten where they are."

"They better be clothed." Niall told Liam as he left the room.

"Do you need help to your car or anything?" Niall asked Zayn.

"Thanks, but I've got it." He assured. "No need to strain your knee."

"Carrying a bag or two or a car seat isn't going to strain my knee. If anything, lifting semi heavy stuff is good rehab for it." Niall explained. He paused for a moment. "Listen, I know recently we haven't gotten along. While we were being held hostage, you were very unkind to say the least. I can understand your point of view during that time though. When we were safe, there were still bad feelings and I wasn't comfortable being around you, much less alone with you. We did have moments where we tried to rebuild our relationship but then somehow things got off track. Then, James came, but I suppose what I'm trying to say is that I miss my mate. Despite any hard feelings between us that stem from the recent past, I want to learn how to move on from that. And you are invited to the wedding, but I understand if you'd rather not come. It's a little awkward going to your ex's wedding despite remaining friends."

"Wow, Niall..." Zayn said softly.

James was still whimpering but not very loud.

"Thank you for that, it means a lot. I kind of feel you're the only one truly behind me. I don't know why but I'm grateful." Zayn told him and let him take the high chair. "I miss being your mate too, by the way. I'm sorry I was a giant arse."

Niall nodded. "Thank you for that and, like I said, I understand where you were coming from." He said.

"As for helping, we're all supportive, we just show it differently. Harry is more baby-obsessed than ever before so James is kinda like his fix. Louis knows what it takes to raise a child, he helped his mum and Mark a lot growing up with being the oldest out of five children. I think he just wants you to understand that you're in it for life and it's hard work. He also understands the pain of not being
wanted and being left with the latter happening twice in his life. I'm pretty sure he just wants you to make the best decision possible for both you and James. As for Liam, he knows you better than any of us do. I think his attitude just comes from worry for both you and James. He doesn't want you getting in over your head or doing this out of a sense of duty. If you do it out of duty, you'll end up bitter in the long run because it isn't what you truly want. As for myself, I just want to help; everyone deserves a little help. A lot of new parents do get help in the beginning. You have people around you who do want to help and support you, you just have to let us in.”

“Why can’t the rest of them talk to me like you do? Why can't they sit down calmly and tell me all of this?” Zayn asked with a frustrated sigh as they began walking down to the car. “You know I don’t take well to being told off are talked down to. It’s a trigger.”

"They don't mean to trigger you. Getting told off and being bossed around is apart of life, you just have to remember how to deal with your triggers. I know it's difficult but they just worry and we all tend to let our emotions get the best of us when we're worried. It's not intentional. Plus, it's always good to remind us when we're doing stuff that triggers you. It helps us become more aware and not do it as much in the future." Niall explained.

"I can’t remind Liam. I know he’s your fiancé and I don’t mean to be disrespectful but, he hates me at the moment if we’re being honest. I could maybe remind Louis and Harry but I just see Liam biting my head off. He criticizes everything I do right now, I just bite my tongue and put up with it.” Zayn replied.

"Liam doesn't hate you! He's just hurt. You cheated a lot during your relationship with him and it deeply hurt him to find out you weren't the type of person he thought you were. He's hurt and disappointed. He's upset that you couldn't have stayed faithful and that it was more than one time. He worries for James, I think. First James loses his mother, then he is placed with Foster parents while you sort out paternity then he's with you. The longer James is with you, the more he gets attached, and the harder it'll be for both you and James if you decide fatherhood isn't something you want right now." Niall tried to explain.

Zayn frowned. “The last thing I want is to hurt James. He’s mine so there’s a connection between us whether I keep him or not. I just want everyone to trust that whatever I decide, it will be completely based on what I think is best for him. I won’t keep him if I think I can’t be what he needs, I promise.” Zayn sighed and pulled the cover over James before stepping outside. He didn’t need anyone else getting a photo.

"I think Liam worries whether or not you can give up the bad habits in your life for good if you're going to raise a child." Niall said. "I think it's all the drugs. I know you're past tobacco at this point which is great. But all the other bad stuff in your life, I think the others just don't know what to think because you're the type of person who loves a party and going wild. It doesn't seem like you're ready to settle down or, if you do, you'll end up regretting it. And again, it all just comes from a place of worry and love too."

“Can’t I get a sitter and party?” Zayn asked. “Are you telling me parents never have fun?”

James finally stopped crying from inside his car seat under the cover. He now kicked at the cover, anything to keep himself awake.

"I would think that most parents have fun nights out but stay sober because they have to come home to their kid clear headed." Niall shrugged. "Plenty of parents have date nights but I don't think they go out and get drunk. Or, if it's an overnight thing, they don’t come pick up the child hungover because even hungover, you're not alert and clear headed and that's what you need to be if you're going to be a parent. At least that's what I think and what I know I'll do when the time
comes. It's a lot of responsibly and I would never do anything that would cause me to be around my child when I'm not thinking clearly."

“It’s probably why so many parents ditch their children. I know my grandparents would always keep my cousins and I for a weekend when our parents had parties with drinking. I suppose it’s a bit different though, being with a grandparent versus a sitter.” Zayn was mostly thinking out loud as they reached his car and unlocked it. “I’ve no idea what kind of grandparents my parents would be if I kept him.”

"If you don't like how they treat him, then they don't get to be around him. It might cost you your relationship with them but it's all about keeping good people around him." Niall suggested. "Anyways, Liam and I will be happy to babysit but not babysit for you to go get drunk and show up hungover. If you want to party, at least tell us that and we can watch him longer but it's better for him to spend more time with you. Especially after so much change and so many new people in his life lately."

“I'll remember that. I mean, I obviously am wanting to go party at some point but perhaps I can learn to just go and party without getting completely pissed. Maybe just buzzed would do it for me, that way I don’t get a hangover.” Zayn thought as he clicked James’ car seat into the base. “That would be fine right?” He asked and took the high chair to load it.

"If you're not picking him up the same night then sure, I think that works." Niall nodded.

“You’d keep him overnight then?” Zayn asked. He put the nappy bag in the back with James and shut the door.

"Yeah, just don't show up hungover unless you want to get a lecture." Niall warned. "Because if Liam doesn't end up killing you for it, then I might. It's not safe for a child to be with their parent if their parent can't think clearly or is not alert enough due to a hangover. What if you end up falling asleep on the sofa or stuck in the toilet all because of the stupid hangover? It's not safe for James then. In every single thing you do, you have to think about whether it affects James or not. You have to think about how it's going to affect him because everything you do is a ripple effect on that baby's life."

“Right, that’s good.” Zayn nodded. “It’s helpful.”

Inside the car, James began to cry again.

“Shit, I need to get going. He’s really cranky when he’s tired.” Zayn told Niall. “Thanks for the talk, made me feel a bit more normal again. It’s been a while.”

"Anytime you need to talk, I'm here. We both are." Niall encouraged. "Have a good night and I'll see you tomorrow." He said then turned to walk back inside.

When Zayn got home, he gave James a quick bath and got him to sleep before finally calling Caroline.

Much to Zayn’s surprise, she took the news really well and agreed to help him out with James temporarily. Between her and her husband, someone would be around to look after James. The deal was that they'd only do it until Zayn made up his mind about keeping James or not.

Friday
Zayn’s morning was going well, his stress level was much lower than the night before as he prepared a bag for James to bring to Caroline’s.

On the way there, he got a call from one of their managers explaining that rehearsals were cancelled due to a writing session with some other big name artists that he and Harry needed to go to. They weren’t writing in the same groups so it turned out it was going to be an unpredictable day.

Brooklyn was thrilled to see Zayn when they arrived but she was more interested in James. He explained to Caroline the change of plans. Thankfully, she understood and was fine with keeping James longer if needed. James was upset with Zayn leaving but by the time he made it to the writing session he had a text from Caroline with a photo of Brooklyn and James playing together. Feeling comforted by the text, he was able to let go of his worries and put all his focus into writing.

Niall sat on the sofa early that morning. Loki had woken him up early needing to wee and he couldn’t get himself back to sleep. So much was going on and he just had a lot on his mind.

Rehearsals were cancelled so he took some time to look at some fans tweets and even liked a few on twitter before going into his photos. There were so many he wished he could show the fans. Like the one he’d took of Liam holding James who was asleep. It was a new favorite. It made him so much more attracted to Liam, if that was possible.

Liam groaned as he woke up. He was still tired so he didn't open his eyes right away. He blindly reached out for Niall to cuddle him but opened his eyes when he didn't feel his lover.

He pouted for a moment and then climbed out of the bed. After pulling on a pair of joggers, he headed out to their living room.

"NiNi?" He called, yawned a little as he tried to wake up.

Niall heard Liam calling and quickly replied so he wouldn’t worry. “Loki woke up early needing a wee.”

Loki jumped off the sofa and excitedly greeted Liam. Niall however, kept looking at the photo on his phone. The longer he looked, the better it got.

After greeting Loki and showing him lots of love, he walked to the sofa and sat next to Niall and kissed his cheek. "Good morning, love." He smiled. "What are you upto on this fine morning?"

“I was on Twitter. Now I’m looking at a photo I snuck of you.” Niall admitted without actually showing him.

Loki jumped back on the sofa and forced his way into Niall’s lap. That made the phone get knocked out of Niall’s hand and it ended up on the floor.

Niall sighed but placed a loving kiss on the dogs head. "You know it's rude to knock things out of people's hands, right?" He told the dog.

Liam laughed and leaned over to pick up the phone. "Wow, James looks so freakin tiny in my arms." He commented. "It's a nice picture though." He smiled.

“It’s more then nice.” Niall pouted a little and gently took his phone back. “I’ve been staring at it for the last half hour. It’s just, it's incredible and breathtaking and it does things to me."
"Oh?" Liam raised an eyebrow. "And what kind of things are those?" He asked.

For a brief moment Niall bit his lower lip and blushed a little. He then looked up at Liam, "Lets just say I have two things that are my kryptonite now."

Liam raised both eyebrows now. It was an interesting confession but he loved hearing it all the same. "Well, if it's your kryptonite then what are you going to do if we ever babysit James? How would you ever survive?" He smirked a little as he ran his fingers through Niall's hair.

Niall closed his eyes at the touch and hummed, "I could..." He opened his eyes and blushed again. "I could handle myself with him being right there. I think the whole 'elf' thing is the one I can't control. You with kids, fuck Li. It's amazing in ways I can't describe but obviously, with the kid still there I'd be a creep to not have control."

"Well, I was sorta thinking once the kid is gone, what would my little elf do then?" Liam asked as he moved his fingers to trace lines on Niall's neck. "Or how about right now? You've been staring at that photo for a half an hour..."

"Liam..." Niall whimpered and moaned at the same time. He gently moved Loki off his lap. That one single word mixed with having been looking at a photo of Liam had his cock rock solid already. "Mmm, are we ready for... For that?"

Liam frowned a little at the reminder of how strained they'd recently become sexually since his confession on what he did Halloween night last year in Japan. "I'm ready to show you that I'm still the person you know and love, that I'm deeply sorry for what I did."

"Alright then." Niall nodded and carefully moved into Liam's lap. "I think I need you to show me that the trust is still here. This is the perfect way to do that."

Liam smiled and placed his hands on Niall's hips. "I'm sorry for what I did and that it caused you to lose trust in me. I'm ready to show you that I'm never going to hurt you again." He said, then kissed Niall deeply. "Mmm, would you like to move to the bedroom? Or should we have some fun out here?" He asked as he moved to massage Niall's arse with his hands.

"Fuck Li," He whimpered. "I want it right here. Please." He moaned and felt little tingles shoot through his body. "Mmm, don't want Loki watching."

Liam had actually forgotten that Loki was in the room with them. "Loki, go lay down in your bed." He instructed and Loki trotted off to the bedroom to lay in his bed that was mainly used for his day naps.

Liam then began to suck on Niall's collarbone as he continued to massage his arse.

Niall moaned and pressed his bum into Liam's hands. He whimpered at Liam sucking on his neck and begged, "mark me. Please mark me." His hands went to Liam's chest as he rubbed over his nipples before pinching them softly.

Liam sucked harder, making sure to leave his mark. He moaned into the collarbone as he felt Niall pinching his nipples. "Fuck." He mumbled.

He pulled away from the skin and kissed Niall's lips. "Mm. Stand up for a moment, I gotta rid you of these clothes."

"Please." There were far too many clothes between them right now, even with Liam shirtless.
Liam let his hands explore under Niall’s shirt for a moment before taking it off.

After the shirt was discarded, Niall used Liam to help push himself up and then stood balancing on his good leg. He knew he trusted Liam to not let him fall while getting his clothes off.

Liam held onto Niall's hips until he was sure he was steady then carefully pulled Niall's joggers down. He carefully moved the leg out of the joggers and helped Niall place it down on the sofa again.

He then repeated this action with the other leg.

For a moment he stood there naked and Liam stared. He then snapped out of it, slowly helping Niall back down onto his lap. "You good?" He asked softly as he ran his hands over Niall's knees.

"Y-yeah." He nodded. "Knee's good, I promise." Niall bit his lip once again and looked at the bulge in Liam's joggers. "Take those off and call me it again. Please LiLi?"

Liam nodded as he gently removed Niall from his lap.

He stood and removed his joggers, then removed the boxers he had slept in which revealed his hard cock.

"My little, sexy elf." Liam spoke slowly as he sat back down on the sofa.

Niall moaned again hearing it. Being called 'elf' by Liam was his biggest weakness. "I want to be touched, or sucked or something. Please Liam." He gave Liam is sexiest pout. "I'm hard and horny and it's your fault so stop just staring at me."

Liam grinned and moved onto the floor. He stood on his knees in front of Niall and pulled the knees over his shoulders while Niall sat slouched down a little on the sofa. Liam began to lick over his lover's hole once he was sure Niall was comfortable.

Niall held the back of the sofa and moaned loudly, "Li, baby, love when you do that." He let go of the sofa with one hand and wrapped it around his cock. "I've missed this so much."

Liam licked around it a few more times before spitting on the hole itself. "I've missed it too... tasting you." He then slowly began to push his way inside the hole with his tongue.

Niall's breathing grew unsteady as he kept stroking himself. "Yes! Liam, Yes! Open me with your tongue." If he wanted to gain all of his trust back in Liam, he'd have to bottom despite his initial feelings to be topping.

Liam continued to push his tongue in deeper as he pleasured his fiancé. He moved a hand upwards and replaced Niall's hand with his own as Liam began to stroke Niall's cock for him.

With his hand free now, he was able to shove his fingers into Liam's hair. "Baby, please, oh please!" Niall felt so turned on right now. "I need you to fuck me. Liam! Ah, don't make me beg."

Liam quickly but gently pulled his tongue out, replacing them with his fingers to slightly tease him. "How do you want me?" He asked. "Or what are you comfortable with rather?"

"Anything except from behind." He whimpered. He wasn't ready for that mentally and his knee wasn't up for it physically. "On my back is probably the best for me knee. Just, mmm, hurry Liam, please. I'm so fucking horny." He told him and tried to force himself to lay still so his lover could open his hole properly.
Liam nodded and continued to use his fingers to open Niall's hole. Niall wanting sex on his back was still a new thing and they had only done it that way a few times. Liam removed his fingers and opened the side table drawer so he could get the lube. He lubed up his cock and placed the bottle on the table.

He then looked up at Niall. "Alright, you can move now."

Carefully Niall slid off the sofa and laid on his back on the floor. His eyes looked up at Liam with hunger. "I fucking want you Liam James. Christ, I need you."

He split his legs open as wide as he could handle and stroked his hard cock with a moan to tease Liam. "Ready to fuck your elf?" He asked.

Liam bit his lower lip before he hovered over Niall. He kissed Niall's lips, lined himself up and gently pushed inside Niall as he slowly went as deep as he physically could.

Niall's hands quickly reached for Liam's arms. He held them tightly and kept eye contact. This was still new for them. It was important to for him to lock in on Liam so his mind wouldn't wander.

"You're so big. Hell Liam, it feels incredible. I love you baby." Niall whimpered. This is exactly what he needed.

Liam moved slow, partly to gain the trust back and partly because Niall being on his back was a new thing. "Mmm, I love you, my little elf. My baby." He moaned softly.

Niall's cock twitched hard at hearing the pet name. When he felt it tap against Liam's abs, he moaned very loudly. Something about that was very enjoyable. It made getting fucked on his back like this better.

"Yours. All yours Liam. Fucks sake!" Niall whined. "Try going harder."

"You command, my little elf." Liam moaned and began to quicken his movements, going harder with every thrust.

With the faster movements, Niall became a mess quickly. He moaned and even screamed a bit as his eyes stayed locked to Liam's. "More. God, more Liam! I'm so close. Fuck me! Please fuck me!" His voice filled the entire flat and all worries of not trusting Liam were out the window.

Liam grinned, hearing the pleas and fucked into Niall even harder than before. "Fuck. I love you so much." He moaned and began to nibble on Niall's collarbone again.

Niall's back arched and his hands moved to the back of Liam's shoulders where his nails dug in and scratched him. "Yes! Yes! Li-" He couldn't even get his full name out before cumming hard between them. The feeling of his cum getting smeared on Liam's abs in combination with the sheer pleasure of getting fucked by Liam had his orgasm lasting much longer than it had in a very long time, possibly ever.

As Niall's orgasm reached its end, it was Liam's turn to cum hard inside Niall as he screamed his name.

"Mmm, NiNi..." He whimpered out as he came down from his high and pulled out.

"Liam," Niall panted and whined. He felt himself becoming clingy. "Hold me. Please hold me Liam." He rolled onto his side carefully and pulled on Liam to come closer. "That was amazing and I needed it. Liam, I love you."
Liam moved closer to Niall and cuddled into him. He kissed the top of his blonde locks and smiled feeling happier than he had in a long while. "I love you, Niall James."

"Liam James." Niall grinned. "I forgive you. It still hurts that you did that but I forgive you and I trust that you'll never hurt me like that again. I'm sorry I doubted you."

Liam nodded. "It hurts me too. It hurt keeping it from you but the way your mental state was at the time, I was scared to admit it to you and I was scared to lose you. But I'm glad that it's out now and that we're getting married with no secrets between us." He kissed Niall's nose. "I love you more than I have ever loved anyone or anything in my life."

"There is one secret still." Niall admitted. "Sorry, I feel terrible about not telling you. It's a secret I've been dying to tell someone. It's eating me alive."

Liam felt his heart drop a little but nodded anyway. He rubbed over Niall's arm. "What is it?" He asked softly.

With a very serious and somber tone of voice, Niall slowly spoke, "Larry is real." Of course he then burst into laughter.

Liam laughed loudly. "Is it really a secret though? I think it's the worst kept secret. Most fans have it right, bless them. But soon, the world will know that Larry is indeed real and the antis can choke on their words." He paused. "I need to lay off of the Twitterverse for awhile." He shook his head. He leaned over and kissed Niall's lips. "But you know what else is real?" He asked.

"Niam?" Niall giggled. "Oh, the rumors about how your dick is eleven inches?" Niall kissed Liam's lips a few times. "I fucking love you."

"Niam is definitely real. I've confirmed it a couple of times." Liam smirked. Although it was before they were actually together and when they were just friends, he felt it counted now.

"As for my dick being eleven inches, you wanna check for me?" He smirked more.

"Actually, yes." Niall said and sat up a little. "Next time you're hard can we really measure it and find out the exact length?" Niall then remembered something. "Shit, do you know the first time I heard that rumor I came so close to asking Zayn if it was true?"

"You really are One Direction's biggest fan." Liam laughed. "I've never measured me cock before but sure why not. Wait... Seriously?" He felt shocked. "I had no idea you cared... at that time."

"I can't say that I cared like how I do now. In fact, I know I didn't. It was more shock, curiosity, astonishment and uh, maybe a hint of jealousy." Niall admitted. "I'm smaller than you by a few inches but shit, am I glad now that I never asked Zayn that."

"Me too. He probably would have laughed though and walked away thinking it was a joke." Liam laughed. "So..." He said pulling Niall into him a bit more. "Have you ever measured your cock then?"

Niall blushed hard. His face was actually bright red. "Fuck sake, yes." He whimpered a little. "Please don't tell anyone. It's really embarrassing." He whimpered again. "I'm probably the smallest in the band too. I'm four inches and three quarters."

Liam looked at Niall seriously. He suddenly felt tempted to look but he also felt like he shouldn't. "I... I have seen you soft and hard. I've sucked you dry, it just doesn't seem like you're that... size." He said. "But size doesn't matter to me anyway. I love you, small cock and all." He teased.
Niall blushed again and hid his face against Liam, "It's not funny. Perhaps I measured wrong. All I know is that I've seen everyone else's and they're all bigger."

He took a deep breath as his mind began to wonder around other areas of the conversation topic. When it finally occurred to him that Zayn was larger than him as well he felt a pit form in his stomach.

"Perhaps we should change topics. I just remembered you've bottomed for Zayn." Niall tried to explain without using too many details.

"This is true, we've talked about it before." Liam said and ran his fingers along Niall's back. "But also, you should know that I've gotten more pleasure out of bottoming for you than I ever did with him."

"You're positive?" Niall needed reassured. "He's longer and thicker and fuck, why am I describing it?!" Niall groaned. "Just reassure me one more time."

"I am. Everything we do, sexual and non sexual is so much better than it was with him. The first time we had sex, I bottomed and I was excited, as odd as that might sound. It was partly due to my feelings for you, but I knew if I could get off the way I did with you just touching me... I couldn't wait for you to be inside me and when you were, the feeling was incredible. It was beyond anything I've ever felt before." He kissed Niall's head. "It doesn't matter what his dick size is, that's only a small part of the pleasure. The rest is all the emotions that go with it. It's better with you because I'm so in love with you."

Niall smiled, "You're the sweetest man in the world. You bottom almost every time even though you prefer to be on top. You say all the right things to make my heart melt. You're everything." Niall kissed him again and smiled bigger. "You're also really messy, as am I. I don't like it."

"I prefer whatever makes you most comfortable and happy. I want every sexual experience to be a good one for you. Whatever I can do on my part to make that happen, I want to do." Liam grinned. "And yes, we are. Shall we take a shower together, my love?"

"Yes. I need help up though, knee is a bit sore from that uh, exercising." He laughed. "Honestly though, you're important too and I want you to know that. One day, I want to know what your biggest fantasy is with me is and whatever it is, we'll do it." He promised.

Liam stood and helped Niall up. "I tried to be careful of your knee. It's why I had them over my shoulder." He said. "Mmm, but you do look gorgeous covered in my cum, I have to say."

"I enjoyed all of it so the knee was fine." Niall assured him. Looking over at Liam, Niall enjoyed what he saw enough that he had to grab his cock to stop it from getting hard. "Yeah, there was something so incredible to me about feeling meself pressed against your abs. When I came and I felt it getting on you, I just... best orgasm I've had in a long time."

Liam grinned. "Shower, then we'll clean up the floor and have breakfast." He took Niall's hand and lead him to the shower. As he turned it on, Liam said, "I know we have to work tonight but I just want to have the laziest day with you today."

"Well if we weren't working I wouldn't want to do that." Niall replied simply and very carefully got into the shower. Ever since his surgery he had a fear of slipping in the shower and hurting his knee.

"Well what would you wanna do then?" Liam asked as he helped Niall into the shower. He closed the door and wrapped his arms around his lover and kissed his shoulder. He couldn't help himself,
he loved to always have Niall in his arms.

"I'd want to take turns fucking each other." Niall stated very boldly. "If other people can have sex all day, so can we. Why not us? Just because I'm a bit damaged doesn't mean I can't enjoy being crazy when it comes to sex." Niall kissed at Liam's face and neck a few times. "Seriously though, please don't let me fall in here."

"I'd never let you fall." Liam said tightening his grip a little bit. "And for the record, I don't think you're damaged. I've honestly never seen you that way." He kissed Niall's nose then lips. "As for the idea of fucking all day, I really love that idea, let's do it." He smirked a little then giggled at his pun.

"I'd love to do it all day with you though. We have to figure out a position where I can be the top and not make me knee sore." Niall explained.

"When it comes to what position, maybe you can always wear your knee brace for when you top? I honestly don't see them as a turn off and if it helps protect your knee then why not."

"I'm only wearing it when I fuck you then because I hate that stupid thing." Niall sighed.

"You're also going to continue to wear it whilst on stage." He told Niall as he ran his hands over the wet body. "Let's get cleaned up though so we can have some more fun."

"Of course I'll wear it on stage. But will you carry me to the bed when we're done?" Niall giggled.

Liam grinned. "Of course. I wouldn't have it any other way."

"Yes." Niall grinned. "I'm having such a good day. Fawning over the photo I took of you, incredible sex where we worked our trust issues out, showering with you, agreeing to have sex with me all day and now a promise to carry me to bed."

Liam laughed. "We gotta get clean first." He said as he grabbed the body wash. He poured some on Niall's chest and quickly made work of rubbing it in and spreading it as far as he could make it go, then rinsing it off.

"Get clean just to be dirty boys again." He smirked and kept his tight hold on Liam. "Oh, do you still have those toys, baby? I don't remember what all there was."

"We do, I believe they're in the closet. We have dildos and plugs... vibrators... rings... Probably other stuff I'm forgetting." Liam replied as he worked on washing the lower areas of Niall's body.

"I want to try using the toys if you're ready for that." Niall said. "Oh, how would feel about wearing a plug at work tonight? Is that too much of a Larry thing? It is, isn't it? Never mind, I'm sorry." He frowned.

"I'm ready if you're ready. You've used a dildo before but I don't think you've used anything else."

Liam commented as he rinsed Niall off. "And it's not just a Larry thing, it's a sexual thing. We just happen to know more about their sex life than the average person because we live with them most of the time." He explained. "But wearing a plug while trying to write a song would be very interesting."

"I wanna try other stuff today then but no plug for me. I don't think I'll ever be okay with that. The other stuff I'll try with you. You're wearing a plug tonight for sure though." Niall finished with a grin.
"I can't wait." Liam grinned. "Well, you're definitely all clean now, my gorgeous Irish boy." He kissed Niall's forehead. "Why don't you sit down on the seat while I clean myself up?" He suggested.

Niall had forgotten it was there honestly, he'd been too happy getting washed by Liam. "Ok, hurry." Niall said and sat down. "Wash yourself, sexy." Niall smirked.

Liam laughed. "I'll do me best." He grinned and poured some body wash on the bath sponge, beginning to use the bath sponge on his body. He started with his arms and his chest and neck. Then he moved down to his legs and other lower areas, making sure to do so slowly while facing Niall the entire time.

Niall enjoyed the view. He was hard by the time Liam was finished. "Fuck sake Li, I feel like a teenage lad who has just discovered his penis, I'm that horny."

Liam smirked and stood under the shower head as he rinsed him off, letting the water do most of the work. He used his hands to get the rest of the suds off of his body before turning off the water and pushing his wet hair out of his face. "We should take care of that hard on now, don't you think?" He grinned, outstretching a hand for Niall.

"Yes, we really should." Niall grinned. "I need help drying off so I can get my brace on cause I want to fuck you so badly."

He carefully stood and grinned when he saw Liam eyeing his cock. "Gonna let Daddy fuck you?"

"Fuck yes." Liam's grin grew. He opened the door, stepped out and helped Niall out of the shower. He grabbed the extra large towel, quickly making work of drying his lover off. He decided to be a bit of a tease and used the towel to dry off Niall's cock while giving him a very brief handjob at the same time. "There, you're all dry now." He smirked.

"Naughty boy." Niall moaned. "It's not polite to tease daddy." He warned. "You'd better be a good boy. Can you do that? Hmm?"

"But it's so much fun, especially when I'm so hard and horny...I can't wait to be fucked by daddy." Liam playfully pouted. "But I promise I can be a good boy for you. How can I make it up to you?"

"Keep your word. Carry me to bed and help get my brace on." Niall told him. "Though I think I'd also like you to make it up to me by using your mouth on my cock." Niall was very excited, this was the best day he'd had in a while.

"Whatever you want, daddy." Liam nodded. He lifted Niall into his arms and carried him into the bedroom, carefully laying Niall on the bed.

He then noticed Loki watching them and felt a little uneasy. Picking up Loki's favourite toy, he threw it out of the room and closed the door once the dog had gone after it.

"Thank you for that." Niall told him. "I don't like an audience." Liam already knew that though. "Brace now. May have to skip the blow job this round. Daddy is feeling very impatient."

"It's weird having your dog watch you have sex." Liam agreed. He then got the brace from the closet and walked over to Niall. He carefully slipped it on him and buckled it up. "Hope that's not too tight." He said. "What can I do for daddy now?"

"It's perfect." He nodded and stroked himself. "Get the toys. Oh and a ruler! Daddy needs to see
Liam walked back to the closet and grabbed the box of toys. He wasn't sure where a ruler would be. This was still very much Niall's place, despite them living together for a few months now.

"Side table." Niall told Liam seeing the blank look on his face.

Liam smiled and looked inside the side table. He grabbed the ruler and took the bottle of lube out. There was lube inside almost every table in the flat. It was good to always be prepared.

"Daddy's good boy." Niall praised. "I looked up the right way to measure it. You have to go all the way to the very base." He sat up and grabbed Liam's hand to pull him in closer. "Press the end of the ruler into your gut right on top of your cock until you feel it against the pelvic bone. I'll read what it says."

Liam did exactly what he was told and placed the ruler carefully in it's correct position. It felt a little odd in a way, to be measuring himself, but really exciting too since Niall was enjoying himself so much.

Niall's eyes lit up a bit as he leaned in to read the ruler. He was so happy Liam agreed to this. "Fucking hell Liam. You're exactly nine inches. Google says only three percent of the world's population is over eight inches."

"Google Says 'You've really done your research on dick sizes.'" Liam wasn't sure why he felt surprised after their conversation earlier. "But good to know, at least I know you're not being overly dramatic when you tell me how big I feel when I'm inside you."

Niall looked extremely pleased and excited. "You can be big inside daddy later, right now it's my turn to be on top. I think it might be fun to try putting a ring on you." He looked in the box of toys and smiled while seeing everything. "Show Daddy how you put it on yourself."

Liam picked up the green silicone ring and slowly lowered it over his hard cock. He groaned a little due to the pressure but once it was completely on, he grinned at Niall. "Just like that, daddy."

"Well done. Looks so lovely on you." He smiled. "No taking it off. Daddy is going to fuck you and fill you up, then you're going to fuck daddy. Once you make me orgasm again, you can take the ring off and let yourself cum. Do you understand?"

"Yes, daddy." Liam nodded. "I understand. I can't wait… " He bit his lip for a moment then asked. "How does daddy want me?"

Niall wasn't sure. If they were going to have sex over and over, he needed to be mindful not to overuse his knee. "How about... What's a good position where I can stand and fuck you?"

"Well, you can fuck me from behind and I can be over the edge of the bed or I can be on my back on the edge of the bed." Liam suggested. "Which would you rather?"

He wanted to try Liam being bent over the bed but it was a very familiar position and he wasn't sure how Liam would feel about it. "On your back so I can make sure you're a good boy with that big cock."

"Yes, daddy." Liam nodded and moved into position. He spread his legs apart as far he could physically go and played with his cock as he waited on Niall.

Niall moved into position. The brace helped his knee not hurt nearly as much. "I refuse to say
you're right but just know my knee feels good like this." He knew Liam would worry if he didn't
tell him not to.

Niall then grabbed the lube and smeared it over Liam's hole. "No touching yourself now baby, I
don't care how good it feels." He then pushed a finger into Liam and worked on stretching him.

Liam playfully pouted but did as he was told. He even placed his hands behind his head so he
could control himself better. "Mmm, love your fingers, daddy…" He wanted so badly to fuck
himself on them but restrained himself. "Your fingers feel amazing. Best fingers ever."

Niall smiled and added more fingers. He wanted to be certain Liam was stretched properly. "Nice
and open." He smeared the lube onto his cock and added more to Liam's hole. Slowly, he pressed
inside with a loud moan.

Liam moved his arms to his side and gripped the sheets. He moaned loudly. "Fuck… I've missed
this feeling. Never has it ever quite felt so good before. Mmm."

"I missed you too baby. I'm so sorry I made you wait this long." Niall told him as he pressed a kiss
into Liam's inner thigh. "You're always so tight for me. I can honestly say you're the most amazing
sex I've ever had." He kissed Liam's other thigh and began thrusting his hips gently.

"It's okay, I understand… Mmm." Liam moaned louder. "You're the best sex I've ever had too." He
smiled a little as he watched Niall. It was such an amazing view, watching Niall gently work his

Hearing Liam tell him he was the best made him feel so much better. He'd been slightly insecure
about his size ever since he'd allowed himself to think about how much bigger Zayn was.

He moved his hips faster and made himself hit harder with each thrust. He moaned and held Liam's

"Mmm, daddy!" Liam moaned louder. "Fuck me… Fuck me hard. I need you. I need you so bad." He
moaned as he gripped the sheets tighter. "I need my perfect daddy to fuck me hard… to fill me
up."

Niall shouted a bit and let his eyes close as he managed to fuck Liam even harder. "Li! Li, baby, oh
baby!" He whimpered and opened his eyes to see a bead of cum leaking from Liam. "Mmm, fuck,
that ring has your cock so needy baby. Love it so much."

Liam gasped from pleasure as he felt Niall fucking him harder, it had never felt so good before.
"Mmm, my NiNi… I'm so hard. I wanna touch myself… watching you fuck me is such an amazing
sight. I love it so much, I love you so much." He moaned as he closed his eyes for a moment,
taking it all in.

"I love you Liam. Fuck, daddy loves you, LiLi." He groaned and felt his balls tighten. "Beg for my
cum baby. Beg for me. Fuck, Li."

"Mmm, fuck…" Liam moaned and opened his eyes. "I need my daddy to cum inside me. I need to
feel it… It's been too long. I need you. Fuck. I need you. I need to feel you fill me up and I need it
now. Please, please, daddy- NiNi… Please- cum for me."

Niall screamed loudly and came hard into Liam. He then turned his head and sucked hard at Liam's
inner thigh as he rode out the wave of his orgasm. His nails scratched at Liam's legs and he
moaned. "Mmm, mine."
Liam screamed with Niall, feeling desperate to cum but the ring prevented that. He knew he'd get his turn in a few moments so he knew he could be a bit more patient. "Mmm, yours, daddy… NiNi. All yours." He ran his fingers through Niall's hair. "Completely yours, nobody else's." He moaned softly.

Slowly Niall pulled out and helped Liam lower his legs. He smiled at the sight of Liam. A love bite and scratches on his legs, cum dripping out of his bum and his cock rock hard and begging to cum. "Mmm, your turn on top Li. No cumming until after I do."

"Any requests on how you'd like to be positioned?" Liam asked as he caught his breath then sat up. He could feel the cum dripping out of him, a feeling he loved. "Did you want to be on your back again? Or would you want to try riding me? Or something else?" He asked.

"Not riding. Hurts my knee." Niall said. "Whatever you want except that is fine. I promise I trust you again Liam." Niall said and reached down to remove his brace. "I trust you Liam, make me feel good."

"You know I've almost always asked, even before the trust issues." Liam gently reminded. "But on your back then." He smiled. "Up at the top of the bed though." He instructed.

Once Niall was laying there, Liam spread apart his legs and added lube on his own cock then on Niall's hole. He slowly entered Niall but held Niall's good leg up and rested it on his shoulder as he gently began pushing his way inside.

"Ah!" Niall gasped. "Ah, Liam!" He moaned and yet again began to get another erection. "This, this is nice. Like it."

Liam grinned. "You've did this position on me a few times right at the start of us having sex. I've decided it's time for you to know what it feels like." He pushed in further. "Fuck. You're so tight, it hasn't been that long since I stretched you, must've been the warm water. But fuck, I love how you feel." He moaned and picked up the pace a little bit.

"I'm tiny." Niall moaned. "Liam, Liam please fuck me harder. I want… Mm, I want to feel it all. Please."

"And you'll always get what you want, from me at least." Liam said and pushed himself in further. He started to go harder with each thrust as Niall requested, keeping his pace fast and hard just how Niall enjoyed it. "Mmm, my little elf." Liam moaned and licked over Niall's neck.

Niall let out a loud moan as his cock twitched. When it tapped against Liam he screamed from pleasure. "Please! Please! Liam, please!"

Liam moved his head down and sucked a mark into Niall's neck as he continued his hard, fast-paced movements. "Mmm, my little elf. You're tiny indeed but that is what makes you more fun." He smirked a little, then began to lick over Niall's nipples. "Tiny nips for a little elf." He teased.

Niall, without any warning, hit his orgasm and released a small amount of cum. He screamed and clawed at Liam's back again. "Yes! Liam! Liam! Liam!" He screamed loud, long and repeatedly. Liam loved watching Niall orgasm. It was always such a fun sight to watch, not to mention it just made him want to cum himself. "Mmm, Ni, baby… Can I please cum now? Please?" He begged and kissed over Niall's face.

Niall nodded, "Cum for me. Want it on me." He begged. "Please put it on me. Please Liam.
Please." He pouted his lip and arched his back

Liam grinned. It wasn't often that Niall would ask for it so he was definitely going to enjoy this. He gently pulled out and slipped off the ring. "Is your face okay? Or do you just want it on your body?" He asked as he wanked himself. He wanted to be sure he was aiming in a spot Niall was comfortable with.

"If you'll clean me off, I don't care where you put it. Make yourself happy." He told him. "Go ahead Liam. I trust you."

Liam nodded and sat back on his knees. He looked over Niall's naked body and allowed himself to relax and finally cum. "Mmm, fuck! I love my elf." He yelled as he came over Niall's chest and stomach with a string or two landing on his face. "Beautiful boy." He whispered as he looked Niall over. "Kinda tempted to take a photo and have the memory last forever."

"You'll make sure no one else sees it?" Niall asked. Pictures were still a bit of a sore spot. He trusted Liam but still needed to hear him promise due to past trauma.

"Of course." Liam said. "I'd never share any private photos of us, I'd never show anyone. I promise." He ran a hand over Niall's leg comfortingly.

"I know, but the lads sometimes get on your phone for whatever." Niall explained as he reached and got the phone from the side table. "I trust you. Sorry."

"Yeah, but we don't go into each other's photo galleries." Liam reminded. "Not without permission at least." He said and climbed off the bed. He grabbed his phone off the table from where he left it charging. Ignoring his emails and texts that he'd look at later, he opened his camera and took the photo of Niall. "Here." He said as he crawled up the bed and showed Niall the photo. "My sexy elf." He grinned. "For our eyes only, I promise. I'll even change my passcode later if that makes you feel better."

"Yes, do that." Niall said with a blush. "I just, I love it but I don't want anyone else to see. Others have seen enough of me. I only want you to see me." He kissed Liam's cheek and looked at the photo. "I guess I just love you enough to only want to share my body with you."

"I completely understand." Liam kissed Niall's forehead. "I'd never want to do something to make you feel uncomfortable, it's why I end up asking so many questions during sex sometimes." He laughed a little. "But when it's something new for us or something we don't do often, I like to be sure of how you want it done so I don't trigger you or anything like that. I just want to keep you happy." He kissed Niall's cheek. "And I only want my body shared with you as well."

"How about we get cleaned up now and find another place to fuck?" Niall smiled. "Let's do it in every room!"

Liam laughed. "Sure. I'll get a washcloth so I can clean you up." He smiled.

After Liam and Niall got cleaned up, they spent the rest of their day doing just what Niall suggested. They had sex in every room and left a small mess behind that they decided to clean up once they were finished.

They took small naps in between rooms to recharge their energy and were momentarily distracted by Loki wanting out once or twice.
They spent the rest day exploring each other's bodies in every way imaginable, including using the toys. They used the vibrator on each other during their oral sessions which made the experience that much better.

At the end, Niall slipped a plug into Liam and told him he wasn't allowed to take it out until they were both home later. Neither of them knew when they would be as they weren’t going to be writing together.

"Oh by the way,” Liam groaned sitting up. It felt awkward moving with a plug. “I meant to mention this earlier but we got talking about something else instead. If you're so worried about falling in the shower, maybe we should just get a bath mat for the shower floor." Liam suggested.

"Actually, can we get those adhesive ducks? That would stop me from slipping and it would still be fun for kids." Niall explained.

"Sure? But kids wouldn't be using our shower for anything." Liam shrugged.

"When I was little Greg and I would fight to use mum's shower. It's more exciting cause you think it's the grown up shower and... Okay, okay that's true but also I just really want cool duck stickers." Niall pouted a little. He knew Liam would say okay but it was fun to pout to try and get his way. Liam laughed and pulled Niall closer to him, kissing his pout. "If you want ducks, you’ll have them.”

Niall grinned. “Yes! Oh and I'm pretty sure Zayn is seriously considering letting us watch James. We talked a lot on the way out to his car. I was going to tell you this morning but then sex.”

Liam smiled. “I think while Zayn makes his decision he shouldn't be partying or anything like that but maybe that might help him choose so I don't mind.”

“Good.” Niall kissed Liam's lips. “Now go get dressed.”

Chapter End Notes

So...Any guesses on what song Lilo is going to write?
Chapter 10

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

This was meant to be out earlier last week but our lovely editor had wifi issues so this wasn't done until about 3am last night/this morning.

Writing sessions are fun to write!! :P Especially when Lilo write together.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Friday Afternoon

After a long day of writing, Harry was just getting home but he knew that Louis would be leaving shortly to go meet up with Liam in the studio to write for the album.

Louis was working on trying to figure out what to wear when he heard Harry coming in. He needed a comfortable and baggy outfit that still looked decent enough to go to a writing session in.

"Baby?" Harry called as he walked in the house. "You still home?"

"Bedroom closet." Louis shouted as he finally decided on a pair of black joggers. He slipped them on and looked in the mirror to ensure they hid enough visually.

"Too bad we didn't have rehearsals today." Harry pouted. "Would've loved to have seen you try to jump and move around while having the cage on." He grinned at the memory.

Harry had woken up moody so Louis tried to fix it with early morning sex when he had woken up with morning wood but Harry being moody didn't always play in his favour during sex. Harry had decided that Louis had to wear a cock cage for the entire day and that he'd be rewarded later that night.

"I would have faked being sick." Louis replied. He hated wearing a cock cage but fair was fair. Any time Harry wore something for Louis he would return the favor and wear something for Harry.

"We have to work despite being sick." Harry reminded him. "We work through everything, our health doesn't matter to them. Anyways, at least you're going to be with Liam tonight so maybe he'll understand your pain." He teased.

"I could have been like… I don’t know. I could have not moved that much. It's not like you have this on me in hopes it will actually cause me real unbearable pain. Jumping around would cause me much pain." Louis replied and pulled a shirt on.

"Something tells me Niam are probably really tame though. Not to be mean, I just don't picture Niall being up for wild sex after everything." He shrugged. "Not looking to tell Liam I'm caged up anyway. It's a tad embarrassing considering this time it's being done as a punishment of sorts."

“I don’t know, I have a feeling he might surprise you.” Harry shrugged. "Anyways as for
"punishment," I wouldn't call it that. I just didn't feel like sex this morning and you woke up with a boner like you were some horny teenage lad who can't control themselves. I also could have said you ate some bad food and couldn't stay away from the toilet."

"I couldn't control myself. I woke up hard, that isn't my fault. Then you're beside me looking all sexy. I wanted a piece of you." Louis frowned. "Instead you were cranky and locked me up."

"Mmm, well, when I say I'm not in the mood, I'm not in the mood. But it does bring me a sort of sick pleasure knowing you're locked up." Harry smirked. "I promise I'll let you out when you get home tonight, I'll probably be home long before you are anyways."

"You're just very lucky I love you and that we both enjoy lots of public teasing." Louis told him. He bent over to grab his shoes and groaned slightly at the uncomfortable tug on his cock. "Fuck, you'd better be planning a blow job for me."

"I haven't given much thought of exactly how to reward you, maybe a blowjob, maybe something more, something less… We'll see." Harry smirked.

"Evil Styles." Louis shook his head. "At least help me make a quick bite of something to eat before I leave. I don't know how long we'll be."

Harry giggled at the "evil" comment and said. "What would you like? I'm having dinner with Gemma so it'll be a meal for one."

"Just something small. Maybe a cheese toastie?" Louis asked. "Damn it, I'll meet you down there. I have to wee again. That's the worst fucking part of this. Next time you're getting a cage, not a plug." He warned.

“Cheese toastie coming up… And fine by me, I handle myself quite well in cages.” Harry shrugged and turned to walk away towards the kitchen.

Louis took his time in the loo to make sure he didn't hurt himself or make a mess. He then began to head downstairs. On the way he got a text from Lottie saying 'Morning sickness? Try all day sickness. I'm never having another baby Louis.'

Louis frowned. He replied that it would be gone soon and mentioned that he and Harry could come up for a visit this weekend to make her feel better.

He then continued on into the kitchen where Harry was finishing his toastie. "Apparently Lottie has decided she's never having another baby." He told Harry. "I'd like to be more sympathetic than I am but she knows what happens when you have unprotected straight sex." He carefully sat on the sofa.

“Who do you think the baby will look like?” Harry asked with a blissful sigh as he finished up the cheese toastie.

“Hmm, I'd assume they would take after Tommy since he has dark genes, like his eyes and hair, are more dominant. Doesn't matter too much though if she doesn't keep it. We'd never see the baby to know.” Louis shrugged. He watched as Harry moved the toastie from the frying pan to a plate.

Harry sighed, bit his lip then spoke again. “You know, it's almost unfair that there are so many babies around me and it seems none of them are going to be wanted by their biological parents.” He walked over to Louis and gave him his plate.

Louis turned to Harry a bit more. “It isn't about the babies not being wanted, it's about what's best
for them.” He said before he took a bite.

“I know. It's still sort of sad though. Maybe I could just adopt one or both of them. I'd want them and love them and give them the best.” Harry thought out loud.

“No, Harry. We've discussed this, just last night in fact. It's not the right time for us to have a baby. We will one day, but not today.” Louis tried his best not to sigh hopelessly.

“I wouldn't need your permission you know.” He quickly replied, sitting up. “I'm an adult and we still aren't married. I can really do whatever I want.”

Louis rubbed his temples.“Harry, please. I really don't want to argue about something I've promised you in the future. Can't you try to be patient for me? Try to respect my needs?”

Harry frowned. “What about mine? I give up so much for you and for us. When do I get something in return? I matter too.” He stood up and left the room.

A short while later, Louis left to meet up with Liam at the studio and Harry had his dinner with Gemma. It was exactly what Harry needed. Gemma let him vent as much as he wanted. She was careful to be sympathetic while not telling him simply what he wanted to hear.

A couple hours later and Zayn had just arrived at Caroline’s. He'd needed to run to the store before getting James.

“Zayn, hello.” Caroline smiled opening the door.

Zayn had texted her knowing James hated people knocking.

“James is such a sweetheart, Zayn. I honestly enjoyed my time with him.” She gushed as she gave him a quick hug.

“Thanks, I feel like he's got a lot my personality.” Zayn smiled.

“I can see that. Brooke loved him.” She laughed as they walked through the home. “James, look who is here.”

James turned his head upon hearing his name. When he saw Zayn, his face lit up and he squealed loudly before crawling towards him.

“Wow, did you miss me?” Zayn asked him as he bent down and scooped him up. “It’s nice to be missed.”

“He honestly did great but I can tell he missed you.” Caroline told Zayn and began packing James’ things.

Brooklyn smiled watching them but was content to stay playing with her toys.

“I really appreciate you watching him.” Zayn told Caroline as James cuddled into his chest. “I think he likes me. It makes it hard for me to make up my mind.”

“I guess I can understand that a bit.” Caroline replied. “Honestly though, I can't imagine not having my little girl. I know my situation is different though.”

“I don't know. I mean, I want him but being a parent is a bit scary. Well, more than a bit.” Zayn
admitted.

“Sit down.” Caroline told him. “I know you have time, let’s chat.” She moved over to the sofa near where Brooklyn was still quietly playing.

Zayn followed with James and sat near her. He tried to see if James wanted to go play more but the little boy shook his head and stayed close to him.

Caroline smiled as she watched Zayn get comfortable while keeping James secure in his arms. It was very sweet. “Zayn, let’s get real and honest, okay? I think it’s most helpful if I talk to you from the perspective of being a parent.”

Zayn nodded, “That would be great actually. Everyone else just talks to me based on their feelings of me being a shit person cause I fu- messed up with Liam. I want the truth from someone who still cares about me who isn’t my mum or Abbu.”

Caroline nodded and relaxed into the sofa a bit more, “Zayn, you might have messed up but it doesn’t make you a terrible person. I still care about you. If you’re looking for honest input on being a parent to him or not, I’d never let your mistakes determine what I say.”

“I appreciate that.” Zayn replied and began playing with James hair without thinking about it.

“Zayn,” She began. “All parents experience some fear at first. If someone tells you they didn’t, they’re lying. It’s normal to be scared. You work through it though. Whatever worries you gets easier eventually, don’t let fear stop you.”

James smiled and cuddled into Zayn’s chest more. He was getting attached to Zayn.

“I guess that makes me feel better. I thought I was horrible for being afraid.” Zayn replied.

“No, not at all.” Caroline assured. “There’s other things I want to tell you though, so listen to me. I’m not going to sugar coat it, there will absolutely be times where you feel like you’re losing your mind. There will be moments when you are pushed beyond your level of patience. It’s not for the faint of heart. I’ve had days where I’ve sat in the middle of the kitchen floor crying.”

“You?” Zayn couldn’t believe that. “You’re a great mum.”

“Yes, it happens. You have moments where you think you can’t take it anymore.” She told him. “However, being a parent is so rewarding. There’s moments when they learn something new and their face lights up, it’s amazing. When they need comfort and the only thing they want is you, it leaves you feeling the greatest kind of important. You start falling in love with all the little art projects. In fact, they become your favourite gifts.”

Zayn found that hard to believe. He trusted her though.

“You can do this Zayn. I fully believe you are capable of being an amazing father. Really, it just comes down to if you want it.” She certainly was shooting it straight with him. It’s what he felt he needed.

Zayn nodded. “Wow, I’ve not had it worded that way. I do want this though Caroline, I want to be in James’ life. He’s my beta and even though I’ve tried not to get attached, I am. Everyone doubts me though. You’re honestly the first person who seems to full heartedly think I can do this. I guess it makes me want to keep him, in part just to prove them wrong.”

James was now asleep in Zayn’s arms. He’d played hard today.
“Whatever you decide, I’ll support you. Just know that you absolutely can do it.” Caroline smiled. “You should get this little guy home though, he’s in need of a nap.”

Zayn nodded and stood carefully. He got James into his car seat without even waking him. He then told Caroline thank you and said goodbye to her and Brooklyn.

On the way home, James was sleeping peacefully. They were about half way home when the worst smell in world filled the car. Zayn felt as though he was about to puke so, despite his better judgment, he pulled off at a petrol station to take care of the issue.

Zayn honestly wasn’t sure how he managed to get through that nappy change. The contents of James’ nappy had leaked and created a massive mess up his backside.

Once fresh and clean, Zayn went back out to his car and carefully wiped down the car seat while holding James. He then strapped him back in and finished his drive home.

After getting home, James’ nap only lasted long enough for Zayn to get half the dinner mess cleaned.

Zayn tried to comfort him but James didn’t seem phased by the cuddles.

Thinking perhaps James was just tired from the long day of playing, he got him into the bath to prepare him for bed.

Usually James loved the bath but tonight, James cried and screamed the entire time until he was wrapped in a towel and in Zayn's arms.

“You need sleep, don't you James?” Zayn asked him.

James rubbed his face against Zayn’s shirt. His little curls were still wet and clung to his face, making it itchy.

“Come on then. Let's get you a fresh nappy and some pajamas. I'll sing to you after that.” Zayn assured and carried James off to his temporary room. He sang James an Urdu lullaby to help get him settled and before long, he was off to dreamland.

Unbeknownst to Zayn, a photo that a fan managed to snap of him and James at the petrol station was currently going viral across social media.

Earlier Friday

Louis pulled up to the writing session almost fifteen minutes late. He could already hear Liam giving him a hard time as he slowly got out of the car. Driving with this cage on was awful; every time he'd brake, he'd get a little tug.

After slowly walking inside, he figured out where Liam was waiting and made his way there. As he walked in, he spoke, "Yes, I'm late. Yes, I'm sorry."

"Nah, it's fine. I just got here five minutes ago. Traffic," Liam said. "I had a very eventful day to say the least so I'm tired. And maybe in need of an Advil since I forgot to take one before I left."

He said and shifted uncomfortably.

Louis reached into the small bag he'd brought with him and threw Liam a bottle of Aleve. "You do look pretty rough. I didn't want to say anything and be rude though." He answered and slowly walked to the sofa. He carefully sat down with his legs further apart then normal.
Liam caught the bottle and raised an eyebrow at Louis. "Didn't want to be rude? Since when has that stopped you before?" He teased. "Are you alright? For you not to pick on me, something must be wrong."

"I uh," He shifted to put his bag in the floor and winced for a brief second as his eyes shut. "I just didn't wake up correctly, I guess you could say." He finished and worked to get comfortable again. "What's got you worn out? Fiancé give you a long 'honey do list' since rehearsal was canceled?"

"You could say that, but less "honey" and more "to do." Liam said, then paused. "Sorry, that sounded better in my head. Since we didn't have anything to do today work-wise, we spent the day in the house doing each other and experimenting with toys. Speaking of which, how do you fucking sit with a plug in?" He complained as he shifted again.

Louis nodded as he finally understood, laughing when he heard Liam's question. "Ow, shit." He cursed when the cage tugged on him again. "I'm sorry. He actually has you plugged? Never would I have ever guessed that!"

"Yes, I'm sure because of the rape you might think he's not that interesting in bed, but it's the opposite. He wants to try everything and wants to do everything, everywhere. After we finished the last time before needing to eat and come here, he plugged me and said I wasn't allowed to take it out until we were both home. God knows how long that'll be..." He shook his head. "I woke up loaded and Harry wasn't in the mood so I got put in a cage. Oh and not a nice plastic one, this shit is metal." He explained and tapped one of his rings on it so Liam would hear the sound.

Liam winced. "I don't think Niall would ever do that to me, or at least I hope not... Not metal at least. Damn. He must've been in a poor mood this morning to do that to you. Ha, you woke up loaded. Wouldn't that be a great line to a song? 'I woke up beside you loaded'."

"Faster, more upbeat." Louis suggested and tapped his foot to a faster beat so Liam could focus more on the rhythm. "Loaded gun... something about not having control cause I told Harry I couldn't control myself."

Louis shook his head and replied, "He's bitter about Zayn and my sister having a baby and you and Niall getting married. So when I woke up and wanted attention I got shut down, literally and figuratively. We both have a thing for public teasing and slight pain so we owe each other when the other agrees to wear something." Louis explained then thought about the lyric comment. "Hmm, actually what about... 'Waking up beside you I'm a loaded gun'?

Liam nodded and typed into his notepad on his phone. "That's a great starter line." He agreed. "Waking up beside you I'm a loaded gun..." He sang it while trying to find a rhythm that sounded right.

"Faster, more upbeat." Louis suggested and tapped his foot to a faster beat so Liam could focus more on the rhythm. "Loaded gun... something about not having control cause I told Harry I couldn't control myself."

"Hmm..." Liam hummed as he thought on a lyric and reflected on his day with Niall. "How about 'I can't contain this anymore'? Waking up beside you, I'm a loaded gun, I can't contain this anymore. I'm all yours, I got no control.'" He suggested. "I told Niall I was all his, I think sometimes my past with Zayn makes him unsure about things so sometimes I just gotta remind him that I'm all his."
"Zayn probably is sexually intimidating to Nialler, it's understandable. I like that though, that's the chorus. Really peppy beat. Our boys are going to either love us or kill us for this." Louis shook his head and tried to sing along to what Liam was playing.

Liam nodded. "I never thought of it as intimidating, that makes sense. Thanks." He smiled a little. He repeated what they had and tried to sing it faster to a random beat as he was trying to place the music for it. "Powerless… and I don't care if it's obvious. I just can't get enough of you…"

"Something something, eyes are closed. No control." Louis added. He then nodded, "Zayn is more experienced. I worried a lot that I wouldn't be good enough in bed for Harry, even though he was younger. Not to mention, and don't get mad at me for having noticed, Zayn's dick is bigger."

Liam nodded again. "Please don't repeat this to Harry, or at least make sure it stays between the two of you, Niall noticed that as well. He legit brought it up after sex this morning, the first time that is… it seems my Irish boy has a thing for measuring dicks, he has measured his own and he measured mine today. He mentioned how I bottomed for Zayn and how Zayn was bigger. I think today was in part of trying to prove to himself that he could be smaller than Zayn and still please me enough?" He sighed. "I get why he'd feel less compared to Zayn but I really wish he wouldn't." It was then a lyric came to him. "What about the pedals down, my eyes are closed. No control."

"Wait, for real?" Louis asked. "I don't wanna know actual size but is the rumor true?" He wondered. Everyone had. "I won't tell. Last thing you need is for it to get back to Zayn. Niall might never forgive you if he's already concerned with his performance abilities." Louis nodded and sang the lyrics all together. "Perfect chorus."

"Niall measured and I'm not eleven inches so now you know." Liam laughed. He then began to hum the song more, trying to find the beat.

"Bit of a bummer." Louis teased. "Not being that big though I can suggest a cage to Niall." He smirked. "Fucking pronouns. Write it all down with male pronouns and we'll change it before we submit it." He sang the chorus again and then hummed a bit before suggesting "Lost my senses. I'm defenseless. His perfume's holding me ransom."

Liam shook his head with a smile. "Hmm, Niall tasted sweet and sour...Ooh, Sweet and sour, heart devoured… lying here I count the hours. I was legit counting the hours at one point of how long we've been going. We had a few short naps but it was from early this morning probably till like a couple of hours ago."

"Damn, I'm kind of proud of the little Irish lad." Louis smirked. "All I know is that Harry better be planning something good or his payback is gonna suck arse. Love those lyrics though."

Liam laughed. "I kinda am too. He stepped out of his comfort zone a few times and that's always a big step for him. I'm really happy that he's finally taking healthier steps towards feeling better." He smiled. "And I doubt that Harry would make you suffer all day and not give you anything in return."

"You don't know an angry Harold, he's extremely cross with me for not proposing and not letting him adopt. Which reminds me, any chance you two can not talk about having kids when he's around? I'm sorry but he's getting to be more than I can handle. I've honestly considered calling in my secret weapon." Louis sighed. "With my luck, I'll get home and he'll have been gushing to Gemma all evening about marriage and babies and so I won't get a damn thing."

"Yeah, we can definitely be more mindful of that." Liam agreed. "I'll tell Niall when I get home. Sorry that he's giving you a hard time about everything." He frowned a little. "What's your secret
weapon though?" He asked.

"Robin. That man can handle an upset Harry better than anyone I know. I've not a clue what his secret is but he and Harry just mesh well or something. Anne even agrees." Louis explained. "Don't tell I told you, but Robin had to help Anne a few times with getting Harry out from under his bed when he'd been naughty and needed punished."

Liam raised his eyebrows. "Oh… and here I was thinking he was this mature person, even in his teens. Well before I met him teens, I mean." He said. It seemed odd to him for a teenager to do such a thing but Harry was an odd person sometimes. "Anyway… back to the song."

"I've been told he had an extremely mouthy phase. Then would fear the wrath of Anne, run and hide in the only place she couldn't physically get him." Louis shrugged.

"The song though. What's something heterosexual and sexy… Uh… lipstick on a cup?" He thought out loud.

"The straight shit should go at the start of the song." Liam said as he began arranging the lyrics on his phone. "What about stained coffee cup?" He suggested.

"Yes, just that… just a fingerprint of lipsticks not enough. That's sexy and straight, keep the arses happy." Louis nodded. “Sweet, where you lay… still a trace of innocence on the pillowcase.”

“That’s great. We still need one more verse though.” Liam said. “How about ‘taste, on my tongue I don’t wanna wash away the night before.’”

“Brilliant. But it needs more. How about ‘in the heat, where you lay… I could stay right here and burn in it all day?’” Louis sang a bit.

“Perfect.” Liam grinned.

“Alright, lemme see your phone, I wanna read over the lyrics.” Louis smiled. “I hope this song gets approved, we’ve never done a song that’s so obviously sexual.”

Liam passed Louis the phone. “Here. But uh, just don’t look at the photo gallery.”

“Why would I want to look at your dirty photos?” Louis laughed as he began to read over the lyrics but when Liam remained silent he looked up. “Oh, oh… Yeah, no worries. You know I would never actually look at your phone without permission, right?”

“Yeah, but Niall gets worried since we do use each other’s phones often.” Liam told Liam.

“Only to hack Twitter or some shit like that.” Louis said. “But yeah, I don’t want see anything that cannot be erased from my memory.”

After playing with the lyrics for a little bit while Liam worked on a tune, Louis passed the phone. “Good tune that you’re singing, I can’t wait to go into the studio and get it down. We need to have a studio day soon where you and I, plus Julian and Jamie can work on it. Those lads would love this song. But see what you think of the arrangement, I added a bit at the end.”

Liam switched to sitting to his other hip as the first one was feeling sore from sitting on it for so long.

"Stand up for a bit." Louis told him. "If you wanna run to the loo and sort of pleasure yourself with it a little that helps too. I won't judge you, obviously." Louis said and motioned to his crotch.
He then focused on changing the lyrics around. "I think I like that but… maybe reverse the verses?"

Liam stood up. “Thanks, I might just have to do that.” He said and walked around slowly as he read over the lyrics.

“Those verses don’t need to be switched. It sounds better as it is. Plus, the extra bit that you have added at the end really ties the song together, I like it.”

"Too bad this cage can't... Yeah... I can't even get hard. Fuck this damn thing." Louis complained. "The lyrics though, I love them. It's risky, more mature."

"It is. I think the fans will enjoy the change." Liam said. "We're not seemingly innocent teens anymore, we're fucking adults who do fucking adults things like… fucking all damn day and wearing fucking cock cages and anal plugs. I'm just lucky it isn't one that vibrates because I'm sure I would've found a way to turn it on myself whilst just sitting." He sighed and sat on the sofa, but he sat down directly onto the plug causing it shift and for him to gasp. "Shit. Fucking thing." He pouted a little. "Niall would love this little torture. Why do our lads have to be mean to us?" He complained a little.

"I'm tempted to video it for him." Louis teased. "They make some that can be controlled with an app on your cell. Harry and I enjoy those when we get sent apart."

Liam laughed. "I'm sure he'd love it." He shook his head a little with a smile. "Mmm, controlled via mobile sounds… fun. I worry he might have too much fun with it." He laughed a little again. "But it'd be interesting for when we have to go to our separate hotel rooms for a little while on tour. It'd be fun to try."

"Yeah, he won't wear one though will he? I wouldn't blame him. You probably don't use dildos anymore, huh?" He asked. "Sorry if that's too."

"He'd probably never be comfortable with plugs I'm assuming, momentarily forgot on my part. He's more than alright with dildos though. Mostly for using them on me but he's getting better about using them on himself." Liam explained.

"Toys keep things fun. If you ever want some good websites for adult fun things, let me know." Louis said.

"Do we get to be done now though? Liam, I'm sorry but my cock is killing. If Harry won't relieve me, you're helping me hide his body." Louis added

"We don't get to choose when we're done. We can't leave until we've used the entire time that's paid for...but I'll stay and you can go. I'll work on the music aspect. I only have a plug, it's much easier to handle than a cage." He offered.

"You're a saint and I owe you Liam." Louis told him honestly. "It's been a long time since he's caged me for the entire day." He carefully stood and tried to move it around but no matter what he did, it still hurt a little. Maybe it was too tight.

Liam nodded. "I hope you find some relief and hopefully you have a bit of fun. See ya." He said as he stood and walked over to the office type chair, turning on the soundboard.

"Just remember to kind of work it in and out a bit if it's getting too painful." Louis reminded about the plug. "I'll chat with you later though, Payno. Thanks again." Louis said then left.
After what felt like hours of driving, Louis had finally made it back home and inside.

"Harold?" Louis called. "I'm home early."

"Living room." Harry called back. "I take it things went well or they went horrible."

"Well actually, Liam was just understanding and let me leave early." He explained as he took off his shoes and slowly walked in to where Harry was. His hand was now down his joggers and holding the cage to stop it from hurting as much.

"Good to know." Harry said. "Very kind of him." He said. "So tell me about the song."

"It's about waking up with a boner and wanting sex." Louis replied as he slowly sat next to Harry on the sofa.

Harry turned his head to look at Louis and raised an eyebrow suspiciously.

"You were right about Niall, Liam was wearing a plug and struggling a bit. I told him about my predicament and No Control was born." Louis explained and bit his lower lip. "I was nice and gave him tips for dealing with it."

"How kind of you." Harry smiled. "So you two wrote a song about morning wood... I wonder what management and the label will think."

"Eh, they'll accept it if we fight for it." Louis said. "But baby please, it's been all damn day. I really need this cage off."

"I don't know Lou." Harry decided to push. "I think you just want it off because you're desperate to get hard. I don't know that you've learned anything." He purposely relaxed deeper into the sofa.

Louis groaned. "Evil Styles..." He mumbled. "I'm not even desperate to get hard. You put this thing on so tight that I can't move without pain, I just don't want to be in pain anymore. Please, baby? I love you. And I was going to tell you in the morning but we're going to Doncaster for the weekend."

"Ah, and now trying to butter me up with that?" It was all Harry could do to not burst from excitement. "Honestly, I think I'll just loosen it for you and have you sleep in it. I mean, what's really in it for me if I let you out anyway?"

"Fine, I'll strike a deal with you...If you let me out, we'll go to Donny, if you don't, weekend trip with babies and my pregnant teen sister is off." Louis narrowed his eyes. "I'm so done with having this thing on. Please. I just want it off." He begged. "I'll do anything." He knew those were dangerous words but he was desperate.

Harry snapped his head to look at Louis. "Fine, I'll take it off. Let's go." Harry said nothing else as he stood and headed to their room where the key was.

As Louis slowly stood, he took his joggers off and let them fall to the floor. He stepped out of them, took his shirt off and held his crotch while walking to the bedroom. He knew he probably just angered Harry with the threat he made but he was moody now. He woke up hard and instead of attention, he got locked in a tight cage. He wanted it off and he wanted relief.
He slowly walked into the bedroom where Harry was. Feeling a little bad for the threat, he avoided eye contact.

Harry took the key from nightstand and sat on the bed. When Louis was close enough, he stuck the key into the lock and carefully removed the cage.

"There's an ice pack in the freezer if you need it. Just put it in a plastic bag before you put it on your cock please." Harry told him with his eyes nearly burning a hole through Louis.

Louis frowned. "I'm really sorry. I just… I'm really sorry for what I said. I didn't mean it. I was just desperate to get it off. I'm a little moody too. I didn't mean to take it out on you. Please forgive me?"

"Louis William, I put you in that cage for a reason and you have yet to see it." Harry told him harshly. "I was hurting so badly last night, we went to bed angry and without talking through anything. Then I wake up and you're all over me like everything is fine. You showed no respect for my feelings. I wanted you to see that I was hurt. I wanted you to realize it but instead you come home and tease me with a trip then threaten to take it away from me. Again, no consideration for my feelings."

Harry frowned and moved back to be on the bed more. "I want to know that even if we disagree on something that you at least care if I'm hurting. I want you to be willing to talk through our issues and at least find some peace, even if we can't agree."

"I do care. I'm sorry I acted like I didn't and it felt like I don’t respect your feelings. I feel the same way. It's like we're having the same argument again and again without getting any closer to a resolution." Louis sighed. "I know you're jealous of Zayn and of Niall and Liam. They both have what you want and can't have right now. I'm not ready for a family and to get married. I'm not that mentally stable and I would not do anyone any good until I'm stable enough. We have the same argument but you don't seem to care about my feelings either." He frowned. "I'm not ready but you push and you push anyway. It's tiring, I don't want to fight anymore."

"I push because we might as well be married Louis. We live together, we buy things together, we even have a bank account together. Do you understand that I'm deeply hurt? I guess I feel like if you did,you wouldn't threaten me like you did. That's not alright."

Suddenly Harry had tears in his eyes. "I'm so sorry Louis. I swear I am. I do care that you aren't ready. I'm sorry it makes me angry. I wish I wasn't angry and that I knew how to turn those feelings off so badly." He sniffled and wiped his eyes. "Please believe that I don't want you to be hurt by this. I don't want to keep annoying you. I can't help it, even though I want to. Please Louis."

"Of course I care that you're hurting. The fact that we're married in every way possible besides it being legal is part of the reason I just want to wait until I'm stable enough have this big party and all the things that a wedding would require. I'm just not ready to make it legal yet. I want to someday. I do, just not yet. Like I said the other night, please be patient with me. I'll get there. I don't know when, I don't know how long it'll take but it will happen. I promise. I didn't give you that promise ring and not mean what it represents." He sighed and walked over to Harry slowly, wiping away his tears.

"I'm just tired of having the same argument over and over pretty much every day. I love you and that's never going to change. It wasn't right to threaten you like that, I regretted the moment it came out." He blinked to keep himself from crying.

"I know therapy isn't working for this issue. Maybe we should just focus all that anger on something else like music or learning a new instrument or becoming an even more talented..."
songwriter. Maybe you can write songs about how you feel and you'll feel better. Or you could write stuff down in a journal. Mum told me when I was little if I was upset about something and I couldn't stop being upset that it helps to write your feelings out." He suggested. "I am sorry that I hurt you though. I didn't intend to. You know me… speak first regret later…"

Harry could only nod. He didn't want to focus his anger on learning and instrument or writing anything. He knew Louis was only trying to help though so he didn't say anything about that. "Can you at least think about getting back into therapy? You complain that you aren't ready but you aren't doing anything to help yourself." Harry took a deep breath, "I'm sorry I keep annoying you and hurting you. I'm sorry I was moody and cranky and made you stay in that cage all day. I'm sorry your cock is red now and it's hurt and… I'm just sorry for everything, Louis. Can we please just have makeup sex now? I need you."

Louis nodded. Harry had a point. "You're right, I should go back. I'll leave a message in the morning. And yes to make up sex, just gentle make up sex." He laughed a little.

"Our make up sex is almost always gentle." Harry reminded. "I really need you. I want you to top me but I understand if you're too sore. It's my fault." Harry felt himself crying again. Anytime he got overly emotional he’d get a bit needy.

"Well, I meant more gentle considering how sore I am." Louis smiled and pulled Harry into his arms. "It's okay. It'll be okay." He held him.

Harry nodded and sniffled before kissing Louis' lips. "I'll wait for you forever if I have to Louis." Harry whispered. "I love you." He let his hands run over Louis' backside. Harry rubbed Louis' bum softly and kissed his neck before pulling away and stripping.

Louis smiled a little, it helped hearing that. As he watched Harry strip, he crawled backwards to the top of the bed and waited for him to finish.

"Where do you need me?" Harry asked softly as he climbed back on the bed. Yes, he'd rather have Louis taking care of him right now but after having forced Louis into a cage all day, he didn't really deserve that. He'd caused Louis real pain so he was the one who needed taken care of.

"On all fours." Louis replied with a small smile. He grabbed the lube from the night table beside them.

Harry blushed and nodded. "I know I don't normally like real lube but can we use some this time? Do we still have any of the warming kind?"

"It's what I grabbed." Louis said and circled Harry's hole with a finger before slowly starting to work it inside.

Harry moaned a little. He really loved when Louis did this. He was glad that his rape hadn't completely destroyed it for him. "Love this."

"Me too." Louis said and slipped a second finger in. "Fuck, you're so fucking tight." He commented as he began working both fingers now.
"That's because I almost never bottom. It's why you plug me when you're wanting to top." Harry reminded. "Lou, go faster. I want your cock, not your fingers."

Louis picked up the pace and slipped another finger in. He did his best to open Harry as quickly as possible before finally lubing himself up and pushing his cock through the tight hole. "Fuck…" He groaned. "Finally…" He mumbled. He'd been wanting relief all day and now he was finally getting it.

“You feel amazing, boo.” Harry panted. “Please love me. Make love to me, I need you.”

Louis started to move, slow at first but quickly picking up the pace as he moaned loudly and gripped the sides of Harry's hips tightly. "Fuck, you feel so good. Feels so good after all day…” He moaned louder.

Harry whimpered and moaned. "Mmm, m'sorry. So sorry." He dropped his head and let his curls fall into his face. "Oh Louis!"

"I know…” Louis managed out in a moan. "Ah, fuck…” He picked up the pace and went a little harder. "I'm not going to last long…”

"Neither am I." Harry whimpered again as his voice cracked. "Just a bit harder. Wanna cum for you." Only Louis could make him cum untouched.

Louis slammed into Harry even harder than before and moaned. That was all it took for him to cum.

When Harry felt Louis cumming, Harry lost it too. He screamed and threw his head back, "Louis, fuck."

Louis rested his head on Harry's back for a moment before pulling out. "Fuck, that was much needed." He sighed contently as he moved to lay on a dry spot.

"It really was." They needed it for different reasons and they each understood it without discussing it. "I love you Louis. I'm sorry for everything."

Louis nodded. "I love you too, so much. I'm sorry as well." He said as he worked on evening his breath.

Harry cuddled into Louis and wrapped his long arms around him. "Did you and Liam really write a song about waking up with an erection?"

Louis grinned. "We did. It's called "No Control," or at least I think that's what it should be called. We never did decide on a title." He laughed. "We were just sharing stories… I mean him and Niall fucked all day, I woke up with a boner, so the song just came a bit naturally I suppose. He has the lyrics on his phone though. I'll probably have them by morning."

"So I was right about Niall?" Harry smirked. "I told you so.” He almost laughed. He enjoyed getting to tell Louis that. "They're catching up to us it sounds like."

Louis laughed lightly. "Yes, you were. Liam mentioned the last time they had sex before eating and going off to work that Niall put a plug in him and that he isn't allowed to take it out until they're both home later."

"Wow, go Niall." Harry smirked. "I'm impressed. He's taken notes it seems." Harry kissed Louis' cheek. "We're good teachers."
"It also seems that he's a bit intimidated by Liam's past with Zayn. Sexually intimidated, that is." Louis said. "Poor lad. I hope he learns to overcome it. Liam's understanding and all but I do hope Niall learns to get past it. He shouldn't feel haunted by it."

"That's really interesting." Harry hummed. "Did you tell him he needs to make it a point to do things with Niall he never did with Zayn; and to tell Niall they never did?"

"I just told him that the lad probably finds Zayn sexually intimidating. But we know that Zayn and Liam never experimented with kinks and toys, Liam complained to us about it all the time." Louis shrugged. "So today after playing with toys and having fun with really… odd kinks like cock measuring, I think he'll be better about it or at least I hope so, for his sake."

"Cock measuring?" Harry sat up and turned to look at him. "They actually did that? Wait, is that actually a kink?"

"I think it might be to Niall, he's measured his own and now measured Liam." Louis explained. "I mean, at least the lad is branching out and trying new things?" He tried not to laugh. "It's a little odd but hey, if it makes him happy, why not. Kudos to Liam for actually going along with it."

"Why wouldn't Liam? He has nothing to be ashamed of, probably needed two rulers for that massive thing." Harry commented. "I honestly wonder how he walks sometimes, or rides a bike."

"I asked him." Louis smirked. "I said I didn't need to know the actual size but wondered if the rumours that the fans put out there were true and he said he was under that. He mentioned that Niall had brought up Liam bottoming for Zayn and that Niall was smaller than both he and Zayn. He figured that's where the full day of sex came from, trying to prove something to himself or to Liam."

"Probably both." Harry replied. "Niall isn't a very big lad, that can make a lot of guys feel inferior. I know it took mine a while to get big. Remember how embarrassed I was to show you that first time?"

"You were sixteen or seventeen, it's normal for be that size at that age." Louis said. "But yes, I remember. This isn't their first time by far, but maybe now he's just voicing his insecurities?" He said. "Nialler's nineteen. I imagine that he'll stay around the same size but size shouldn't matter. I hope Liam told him that."

"You know what?" Harry smirked. "We should do that next time. You know, just for scientific purposes."

"Measure our cocks? Seriously? I mean, if you want to. I've never cared to know my actual size but I'm alright with doing it for science." Louis nodded

"It's for science." Harry shrugged. "Next time though, right now I'm covered in cum and it's gross."

Louis nodded. "I need a shower too. Though if we want to get any sleep tonight, a separate shower is probably best. We have an early morning."

"I'm dirtier so I'm first. Will you throw the bedding in the wash?" He asked and got up. "No bleach!"

"We have more than one shower in this house!" Louis laughed. "But whoever is out first does the laundry." He said as he slowly sat up.

"Louis," Harry whined. "If it doesn't go in now we won't have dry bedding to sleep on." He rolled
his eyes and began taking the sheets off the bed. "It's always me that puts them in. That's why the rare occasion you do it, you use too much soap or add bleach when you shouldn't." He grumbled.

"We have other sheets to put on, these aren't our only spring sheets. I can put them in the wash when I get out and we can put fresh ones on then." Louis suggested.

"Okay." He sighed. "You're helping though. I'm not the maid." Harry told Louis and stopped what he was doing. He walked to their loo and got into the shower. He wasn't going to walk through the house and get cum all over the floor.

Louis rolled his eyes. Harry was always so overdramatic and controlling when it came to housework. He grabbed the dirty sheets and placed them in a pile in the corner of the room then went to shower. It was time to get clean, then he'd clean up everything else.

Saturday

The following day was not a pleasant morning for Zayn.

“What were you thinking?!” Will shouted into the phone as he answered it

“What?” Zayn was baffled and confused now.

“Less than twenty-four hours later and it’s everywhere. It’s fucking everywhere, Zayn!” Will continued.

“Will, calm down. What is everywhere?” Zayn asked.

“A photograph of you and your little clone. A fan saw you at a petrol station and got a picture, now it’s everywhere.” He explained in a heated tone still. “You were told to keep him hidden.”

“It was an emergency, I wouldn’t have stopped if it wasn’t.” Zayn argued. He didn’t owe Will an explanation outside of that.

“I don’t care, rules are rules. They are there to protect you and others. This baby fiasco is putting your mates reputation at risk as well.” Will stayed stern.

“They’re bound to find out at some point Will. There's no real hiding it from them, they find out everything.” Zayn sighed and began bouncing his knee.

James, who was currently being fed breakfast, simply looked at Zayn curiously before smiling at him.

“No Zayn, the way I set it up no one had to know a thing. Now we have to sort out something to tell people so that eventually this entire thing goes away. They won't stop prodding until they get an explanation.” Will groaned.

Zayn rolled his eyes a bit dramatically causing James to giggle which sent a bit of banana running down his chin. Expertly, Zayn caught it on the spoon though and put it back in James mouth.

“You can't tell them anything until I make up my mind Will. This is still my choice.” Zayn reminded.

“You're right. However, we can restrict you. No leaving your home except for work and medical emergencies until you sort out what you're doing. Don’t. Go. Out.” Will instructed in a dark tone
now. “Stay put and figure out what you’re doing. I want you to give me a decision yesterday. Am I clear?”

“Perfectly.” Zayn gritted through his teeth and hung up.

Zayn then finished feeding James and got him cleaned up before calling Caroline. He invited them over to his place for the playdate instead. Caroline agreed after ensuring Zayn had enough toys to occupy two little ones.

When Caroline arrived, Brooklyn was thrilled to see him but James seemed a bit jealous. Caroline commented on how adorable it was and how it meant James was bonding with Zayn.

The two of them talked and chatted mostly about parenthood. A lot of their conversation was deep and meaningful. Caroline was proving to be the best person for Zayn to talk to and he didn't mind at all.

In fact, by the time she left just before dinner, Zayn felt he'd probably made up his mind. He just wanted a day or two longer to make sure he wasn't going to change it.

"I'm glad we had session today." Niall told Liam as they drove home. "I know we worked out our trust issues but it was good to actually talk through it some more."

"Me too." Liam smiled. "And I can't wait to marry you, July is so far." He pouted a little.

"It really is but there's no other time to do it." Niall reminded. "Trust me, had there been a sooner time, I would have pointed it out but work keeps us so fucking busy." He sighed.

"We have mostly everything figured out, we just need to get as much booked and done before the tour as possible. Oh and while we're on tour, we're going to need someone to oversee things." Liam said.

"Liam, we are not almost done." Niall nearly gasped in a very dramatic fashion. "We have to choose a cake design. We have to choose what it will taste like. We have to choose a dress for your cousin. Everyone needs a fitting. Sean will need to be fit in Ireland and have his numbers sent to whoever is doing the alterations. Oh! Flowers! We have to choose flowers and arrangements!"

“Niall, breathe.” Liam said gently.

Niall took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

“Better?” Liam asked.

“Yes. I’ll talk to Denise later and see if she’d be interested in overseeing Ireland as there isn’t much going on in the England half of things. Just a simple trip to the register's office, then to the airport.” Niall smiled.

“Okay, step one: Sean can buy his suit and get fitted and everything else right there in Ireland. It doesn’t need to be done here in England. The same goes for Isla, her mother can take her to a shop where they live and she can get fitted there. I told her our colours and that it’s going to be a real Irish wedding. She’s going to look dresses up and send them to us so we can go over them together. It should be a dress Isla likes too, that’s why I put her mum in charge of it. Plus the fact that neither of us know anything about dresses.” Liam explained.
Niall nodded. “Right, good point. What about Andy?” He asked. “Is he getting fitted here in London or somewhere else?”

“No idea but does it matter where as long as it gets done?” Liam asked.

“No, I suppose not.” Niall replied. “I was just wondering.”

“We already have our photographer, videographer, a venue for the wedding and reception. We have a date. We should research some vendors for making our cake, then we can make a trip to Ireland to do more bookings.” Liam suggested. "As for flowers, we can just go with daisies; they're pretty.” He was trying to be helpful.

"Just go with?" Niall asked looking almost offended. "Right. Maybe we should just go with the baker down the road for our cake? Perhaps one of those taco trucks or hot dog carts for the catering too yeah?"

"Well, for catering, we have connections for that. I mean, One Direction has their own caterer for tour, maybe Sarah can help us out?" He suggested. "She loves us, she'd keep it out of management's way."

Niall shook his head. "Perhaps it's better if Harry and I plan things. Like the flowers, he understands the importance of the minor details- shit!"


"I'm the girl in this, aren't I?" He frowned. "I'm bridezilla." He looked very upset. "This is all Harry’s fault!"

Liam held back a laugh. "No, baby, you just care about the minor details. I honestly don't know anything about flowers and I'm just very casual about this stuff as it's not really my area. Why don't we have Lou and Harry over for dinner this coming week and Harry can talk you through stuff?" He offered.

“Yes, cause I’m not just going with daisies Liam. Our wedding is important and it’s special and we’re rich. Why not go crazy?” Niall asked. “This is meant to be once in a lifetime event.”

"But they are pretty? Like you." Liam smiled. "I don't know anything about flowers so of course you and Harry handle that. You know Easter is soon, we can book appointments for the Monday after and go to Ireland over Easter. We can spend that Monday touring wedding stuff.” He suggested.

“That works as long as I get some Sean time and some Theo time.” Niall agreed. “Of course, I’ll see Theo if we’re there on Easter.”

“Oh Liam! Oh!” Niall shouted. “We fucking need someone to officiate! We have to find a pro gay preacher, pastor, officiant…”

"Baby, baby, chill. Breathe… What about last names?” Liam thought to change the topic quickly. "Do you wanna keep yours or do you wanna go hyphenated?"

“I want yours.” Niall smiled sweetly. “Niall James Payne. Niall Payne.” He almost giggle. “Besides, your father would probably be upset if we didn’t use Payne. You’re the only hope for that family name.”
"I have cousins who have the same last name." Liam smiled. "But I would love for you to have my name. He'd love it too. So what about career wise? You gonna stay Horan or do Payne?" He asked.

“Well, for now it has to be Horan.” Niall thought. “Gee, that’s a big question.” He frowned for a moment as he thought intensely. “It’d be better to keep Horan as a stage name type thing yeah? Less complicated, not as messy. The fans eventually will know the truth anyway. It might make me Da feel a bit better about me choosing to legally be Payne as well. I know he has Theo but I think he wanted me to carry it on too.”

"Horan is good for stage name. Other artists have done that." Liam nodded. "They've legally changed their last name and kept their former name as a stage name. And the fans will know as soon as we register which is coming up soon… But back to the last names, we could still hyphenate it." He offered.

Niall thought but quickly shook his head, “No, I want to be Niall Payne. No hyphen. I want to truly be yours. Please Liam?” Then he realized, “Wait, did you want to be Liam Horan or Liam Horan-Payne... yeah, no hyphen. Whore-in-Payne.”

Liam laughed. "Funny lad." He laughed more as they finally made it home. "I really would love for you to be Payne, I was just letting you know that it wasn't your only option." He parked the car and leaned over to kiss Niall's lips. "I love you, Niall James Payne."

Niall felt himself getting goosebumps. He lifted his arms to show Liam and blushed slightly. “That’s the name.”

Liam grinned. "It sounds perfect." He kissed him again and turned the car off before stepping out.

"I'm going to go research places in Ireland we can check out over Easter." Niall said once they were inside. "Wanna come help, Loks?" He offered the dog who happily barked in return, making Liam laugh. "I think I might nap on the sofa, I'm a little tired."

Before Niall could properly respond, Liam’s phone began to ring with Louis’ ringtone, 'Dickhead by Kate Nash'.

"Have fun talking to Tommo." Niall laughed as he and Loki headed off to the bedroom to do some research.

Liam swiped to accept the call. "Hey, are you finally free?" He asked as he moved to sit on the sofa. "Or did he make you sleep with it?"

“I’m free but I almost fucked up royally. He was so cross, he honestly told me where the ice pack was if I needed it.” Louis replied. “We worked it out though. Make up sex is great after a day in the cage.”

"Wow, I'm glad you're free. I ended up getting home surprisingly before Niall, he had a lot of fun writing with the lads he was with so I think it was another two or three hours before he arrived home. I did what you suggested though and it was really helpful." Liam said. "Make up sex is great," He agreed. "Ours was on the floor."

“Oh come off it Payno. We both know you two love birds weren’t fighting. If you weren’t fighting, it’s not make up sex.” Louis teased. “Oh and before I forget, Harry’s struggling to believe that we honestly wrote a song about waking up hard and horny so I’m gonna need those lyrics.”

"No, I did something really bad before we were officially together and I recently admitted it to him. We used his therapy sessions for ourselves. Just one or two sessions and yesterday the first time
was about rebuilding the trust and him saying sorry for doubting. So in a way, it was make up sex." Liam explained. He knew it was banter but he felt the need to semi-explain. "Right, the lyrics… I meant to email them but I'll do it now." He said and switched Louis to speaker as he looked up the song in his phone.

“I don’t see a need for him to be sorry about doubting if you’re the one who did something wrong but whatever works for you two I guess.” Louis shrugged. “You know something else, Harry wants to measure us now. He claims it’s for science. Looks like we’re a bad influence on each other.”

"It's complicated." Liam sighed. He copied the lyrics and emailed them to Louis. "You're just now realizing that we're bad influence on each other?" He laughed and turned it off speaker. "I'm surprised you told him that part. But remember, it can't get back to Niall that I told you."

“What can’t get back to Niall?” Niall asked curiously as he was walking through to get a glass of water.

Louis heard this on the phone and began to laugh, “You’re going to get yourself back in a plug if you don’t answer this right.”

"...that the song Louis and I wrote last night was inspired by you. Harry too. Harry had locked Louis up in a cage all day after waking up hard. We fucked all day and I wore a plug half the night so all of that just created a song about morning wood. I didn't want to tell you that I mentioned to Louis that we fucked all day." Liam replied hopeful that was enough.

Niall shook his head, "You two aren't allowed to play together anymore. Management will probably hate it."

"Half truth, slick job pal." Louis praised on the phone where Niall couldn't hear.

Liam smiled. "But we are maturing and it's not like we haven't talked about sex before. This time it's just a bit more obvious. I think we can talk them into it if we promise not to make it a single."

"You two can be in charge of doing that since you wrote it." Niall kissed his cheek and carried on his way.

"Liam, I'm going to have go. Lottie's getting sick again. Mum and Harry are busy with the twins so I need to help. We'll talk later mate."

"I didn't know you were in Doncaster… Have fun." Liam nodded to himself then hung up.

Louis quickly went to the loo where Lottie was and got her a cold wet cloth, "Here, clean your face with this and I'll get you some water to rinse your mouth." Louis told her and tied her hair back better after she took the cloth from him. "You realize Tommy should be here helping with this, right?"

"He's busy with coursework. He offered but I told him to do his school work instead." Lottie replied.

Louis shook his head and got her a paper cup full of water. "Is that what you'll say when the baby has kept you up all night and you're exhausted? For him to just do his school work and not worry about it? Lottie, what about your school work?"

Lottie rolled her eyes. "I still haven't decided if I'm keeping the baby or not. If I am, we can take
turns or something, I don't know. It's not like there's much room here for two extra people." She sighed.

“I love you but you can't keep making excuses for him not to be here." Louis sighed and helped her to her feet. "There's no reason he can't be at the kitchen table doing his studies and just pause to help you. He created this baby too so he needs to help. How he acts now is a big indicator of how he'll act later. That's my opinion at least. I don't want you and this baby hurt."

"He wants to be here but I'd rather not be a distraction, especially when he has a big exam coming up." Lottie said. "He'll come if I ask him to. He's been to all the appointments and carries my bag for me at school. He's been really helpful in other small ways."

Louis sighed. "You need to learn to ask for help more from him. It'd be good for him to be around the little twins anyway. When your baby comes, it will be a distraction and school is no excuse for him not to help just as much, if not more, than you." Louis felt so defensive of Lottie’s he couldn't help it.

"Lou babe, maybe you should go help your mum. I'll help Lottie." Harry poked his head into the loo. He and Jay had heard Louis from down the hall and Harry worried he was stressing Jay out.

Lottie shook her head as Louis left. "That's only if I decide to keep it." She mumbled.

"He means well." Harry attempted to encourage as he took the cloth and wiped off her shirt a little. "Try not to let him stress you out or push you towards a decision."

"Harry." Lottie almost cried. "I don't want to be a teen mum. I'm not ready to give up my freedom. I'm not ready to be a mum. I can't do this. Tommy and I talked and we both think it's best for the baby and ourselves if we give the baby to someone who can really take care of them."

Harry frowned but instantly wrapped his arms around her and kissed her hair, "You don't have to do this sweetheart. No one is making you and no one will love you any less. It's such a massive thing to be willing to give your child a better life. It's selfless and it's beautiful." He rubbed her back and held her for a moment. He could tell she was upset.

"I don't want Louis to be upset with me. He keeps having all these crazy expectations when I already know what it's going to take to raise a child at my age. I've seen mum with my little siblings and I just… I can't do that. I don't want to. I want to hang out with my friends at the mall and shop, spend more than I wanted to but definitely not regretting a single thing I bought." She sniffed. "I think he wants me to keep my baby and raise it as a consequence for being so stupid."

"Oh Lottie, that's not your brother at all. He's not that cruel." Harry frowned and pulled away to look at her. "I do think he wants you both to understand how big this all is but he would never want you to feel punished."

Harry wished so badly that he could take her pain away. He wanted to fix all this. She was pretty much his little sister already and he cared deeply for her. "What if I talk to him? I can tell him what you've decided. You can take care of telling everyone else. I take it Tommy already knows?"

"Would you? Please? I know he's worried and does it out of love but I don't know if I can face him." Lottie bit her lip then groaned as she stuck her head over the toilet again and threw up.

It's a good thing Harry had a strong stomach. After all the times he and Louis would take care of hungover Niall this was nothing.

He got the cloth from before damp again and laid it over the back of her neck. "I'll be right back."
Harry then ran down to the kitchen and began making Lottie tea with lots of lemon. It was a great way to settle a sour stomach if she'd just sip on it.

Louis was so busy holding his little brother in his arms and talking away to him that he almost didn't notice Harry come down.

"Hey, how is she?" Louis asked.

"Getting sick again. I'm gonna make her some lemon tea." Harry replied. "At this point I think she needs to try something other than crackers to settle her stomach."

Louis nodded. "I'm sure she'll try anything at this point but the sickness will pass soon enough."

"Yeah, I agree." Harry said and put a pot of water on the stove to boil. "We were able to talk about things a bit before she got sick again."

Louis nodded and smiled down at his brother. He loved having a little brother but part of him wished it happened when he was growing up so he could be home more. He often wished work didn't get in the way of visiting home.

"Mm? Oh… That's nice that you two talked." Louis smiled looking back at Harry.

"She wants me to talk to you about it all Louis." Harry gently tried to explain. "She thinks you want her keep the baby simply as a consequence for her being, quote, stupid."

"That's not true." Louis frowned. "I just want to make sure she's prepared to do what she has to when she does have the baby, provided that she keeps said baby." He said.

"That's what I'm supposed to talk to you about." Harry explained and took the boiling water off the stove. He added a tea bag and then sat with Louis to wait. "She has her mind made up."

Louis looked down at Harry who sat on the sofa. "Oh. That's good."

"Yeah, Louis," Why did Harry feel nervous? "Uh, she and Tommy have talked and agreed it's better that they don't, uh, keep the baby."

Louis felt a brief moment of pain in his heart but it quickly passed. "That's good." He nodded. "It's the right decision in my opinion. I don't think either of them are ready and seriously willing to give up their freedom to do this. It's what's best."

"Yeah, I told her what a beautiful thing it was. I don't want her to think it makes her a bad person. It actually takes a very special person to be that selfless." Harry chewed on the inside of his lip a bit. He had so much running through his mind now.

"It is." Louis agreed as he walked out of the room with his brother in his arms. "I'm really proud of her and Tommy for choosing adoption. It's a little sad but it is what's best and I respect that. I'm really proud of them." He smiled.

"I feel the same but I also feel really sad too." He frowned and stood. He stopped Louis long enough to kiss Ernie on the cheek. "It doesn't make you really upset to think that your niece or nephew is just going to be out there in the world somewhere?"

"It makes me sad of course, but this isn't my decision. Its Lottie and Tommy's and neither of them are ready for this nor want this. It's just going to make everyone miserable if they choose to keep the baby while not really wanting to keep it in the first place." He said. "We can help find a really
good adoption agency and make sure that the people they choose will treat the little one very well."

"The couple will end up having to sign a confidentiality form. Management doesn't get a say but things will be really bad for your entire family if word gets out. Lottie doesn't need that." Harry sighed and went back to finish up the tea. "I wish I didn't feel so heartbroken because I know it's the right decision for the baby."

"Yes, I agree. Though adoptions aren't made public and couples are usually made to sign a confidentiality agreement regardless." Louis shrugged. "They don't have to know anything about her besides her first name even."

"What if she wants an open adoption though Louis? She's allowed to have that and those have all kinds of options. She could choose to just get photos and updates regularly or she could choose for her and Tommy to get to see the baby regularly. Open adoptions can be intense. It's one reason why I'm not sure I want an open adoption for us when the time comes." Harry said and carefully added lots of fresh lemon juice to the tea.

"Not many adoptive parents agree to an open adoption and it doesn't always last either. I know of parents who start sending updates then just stop. I personally wouldn't want an open adoption. It'd be too confusing for the child in my opinion. If she wants one, great. I think it'll just end up causing more pain." Louis said.

"Well, we're going to make sure to get her a good lawyer for the adoption process then. Whatever she wants for this is what we're going to make sure she gets Louis." Harry wasn't leaving room for discussion.

Harry then gave the tea a stir and kissed Louis' cheek before leaving to go back to Lottie.

Louis rolled his eyes after Harry left.

Of course he'd do anything Lottie wanted and he'd do anything to help. Harry was acting as if he was the better person in this and a better supporter than Louis was. It made him feel uneasy and also concerned because he didn't want children yet and Harry did. If Harry was of proper age, he could do what he wanted anyways. A part of him hoped that Harry didn't bring up adopting Lottie's baby, it felt too odd to think about.

Chapter End Notes

TELL US EVERYTHING YOU LOVE ABOUT THIS CHAPTER.

Getting closer to the exciting stuff (swinging stuff is the exciting stuff to me though I won't post the characters involved until that chapter gets posted which is Chapter 18 or 19)
Chapter 11

I KNOW it feels like a long time but that's just because I posted last Sundays and that makes it for a long week/wait. xD

Plus shit's been happening in my life lately so I've been stressed/busy-ish.

Anyways, in slight spoiler alert but more like trigger alert...Niam (like Larry did in one of the previous books) reenact his rape in attempt to help him "move past it". It wasn't planned. It was something that just came up while writing and I went along with it just to see how it'd turn out. I still have mixed feelings about this being in the chapter and it being almost a copy of what Larry did but anyways, it is what it is. I hope you like it at least. There's a section blocked off with ~~~ thingys to indicate where it starts and ends so you can easily skip that if you don't wish to read that part.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 11

Saturday

At Niall and Liam’s, Niall was trying to get ready for his friend’s Rochelle’s birthday party. It was Disney character themed so he had decided to go as Prince Charming, if Liam would let him that is.

Liam was in the room while Niall attempted to get ready. He kept making comments about how sexy Niall looked or he’d kiss him and Niall would end up getting distracted.

“Would ya please just let me get ready? Prince Charming doesn’t arrive late.” Niall pouted a little as Liam kissed his neck.

“Fashionably late is a thing, you know,” Liam pouted. ”You're finally dressed as a prince and I don't even get to enjoy it. This isn't fair.”

Niall grinned. "If you're awake and I'm sober enough, we can fuck and I'll let you take the costume off of me." He giggled a little.

"We both know you aren't coming home sober enough." Liam stated and dramatically fell onto the bed. "It's fine, I have a hand and a bottle of lube. You go have fun.”

Niall laughed as he stared down at Liam. "That’s not true and you know it.” He reminded Liam. “I don’t like getting drunk without you. But it will be the amazing Prince Charming and whatever you'll be...sex.” He felt so tempted to climb on top of Liam but he didn't want to arrive too late at the party

“I remember.” Liam sighed. "Go have fun babe. Text me a little so I know that you're safe please.” He wouldn't honestly stop Niall from going but it was fun to be a bit of a brat.
Niall climbed onto the bed and kissed all over Liam’s face. “I promise. Plus, we have the app where you can track me.” He ran his fingers through Liam’s hair. “I’ll miss you. I promise I’ll come home buzzed then we can have some fun together.”

Niall turned his head slightly and looked at Liam’s lower body, noticing he was hard. "Of course you are… I can't leave you all hard and having to make yourself feel better." He looked around. "Hmm, where's the toy box again?"

Liam raised an eyebrow. He was trying to get a blowjob before Niall left, now he was slightly curious of what the lad was thinking. "Top shelf in the closet." He answered.

Niall walked to the closet and carefully used a hanger to make the box fall. Sex toys went everywhere on the floor but Niall saw what he wanted. Now he just had to make Liam soft.

"Hey babe, do you suppose your mum ever rides your dad or do you think that's just a gay thing?" Niall asked before walking out of the closet

"Niall what the fuck?!" Liam asked as he sat up. "First of all, why the fuck and second of all… Seriously, what the fuck?" He shook his head. "Why…" He shuddered as the image was now in his brain and he couldn't turn it off, which in turn made his cock go soft, fast.

“Sorry Li, I needed you soft.” Niall explained coming out of the closet with the toy he'd chosen. "You won't fit in it if you're hard." He grinned and showed Liam the cage.

Liam sighed. "I try to get a blowjob from Prince Charming and he decides to lock me in a cage." He frowned. "Not nice."

"Don't pout. It's only for a few hours. Besides, you said Louis wore one for Harry." Niall gave a legitimate pout. "If Louis can handle it, can't you? It's for me after all."

Liam made a face but nodded. "Fine, sure… Just not too tight?"

"I promise." Niall swore. "I just want us to try it. I read they stop you from getting hard even if you're really horny. I want to explore and have fun and… just tell me if you don't want to okay?" Niall got closer to the bed and reminded Liam, "I would never intentionally hurt you or push you past your comfort level. I just want to explore, that's all."

"No, no, it's okay. Harry was in a bad mood and put Louis' on really tight so I'm just saying not too tight but I'm willing to try it. I'm willing to try anything at least once." Liam smiled and lay back onto the bed. "You want me to take my joggers off or is that something you'd rather do?" He smirked.

"Push them down for me. If I do it, you'll get hard again." Niall warned. "I don't want you to get hard cause I don't want this too tight. I'd never make it too tight." He promised.

Liam nodded, pushed his joggers down and kicked them off. He stared up at Niall, this really was a new thing for him. It wasn't something as simple as a ring or a plug for the first time, this was legit a cock cage. It made him feel a little nervous but he trusted Niall.

“Thank you for doing this. I've been thinking about it since you told me about Louis and Harry.” Niall smiled and carefully began getting Liam into the cage.

"Mmm, I think they're a bad influence on us." Liam joked as he watched Niall. "At least my reward is fucking Prince Charming." He smirked. "A very sexy Prince Charming."
"Yes, and your job while I'm gone is to figure out who will be fucking Prince Charming." Niall smiled. "I want a character Liam. It's called roleplay. Okay?"

"Yes, your highness." Liam smirked more. "I will happily figure out who I can be. I think roleplay will be fun." He agreed.

"Good boy. No animals." Niall said and finished locking Liam in. He put the key in his pocket and kissed Liam heated. "Mmm, I have to go now. I love you."

"Yeah, the animal thing is weird." Liam nodded. "Love you too." He told Niall, sighing as he watched him leave.

He waited until he heard the front door close before he sat up and hissed as the cage pulled. It wasn't tight but damn, could it pull a little. He awkwardly got off the bed and looked at his joggers. He wanted his phone but wasn't sure how to reach it since he imagined bending over would be a little difficult.

He thought for a moment and decided to used his foot to lift the joggers and throw them on the bed. "Fuck, that hurt." He complained to himself.

He grabbed his phone from his pocket and moved to lay back on the bed slowly and carefully. Even with the cage not being tight, it felt so awkward.

He looked up Louis' number in the contacts and pressed on the call button. If anyone knew how to handle wearing a cage, it'd be Louis.

For dinner, Zayn did a little research on what food James could probably eat. He got a few recipes and prepared a homemade dinner for him. He cooked infant rice cereal pancakes, cut up some broiled chicken breast into tiny little pieces and topped it all off with tiny bits of fresh cut up strawberry.

Now was the moment of truth. Would James eat it?

"I tried to make something that didn't look repulsive." Zayn told James. "That website Caroline told me about had some good ideas for better food choices for you. I just hope you'll eat it."

James giggled in return as Zayn snapped a bib around his neck.

"Alright, she said to just put a few pieces on your tray and let you try hand feeding yourself." Zayn spoke out loud as he did what Caroline suggested. He'd learned James was a happier baby when he thought he was being spoken to.

Now faced with three new food decisions James eyed them all carefully before looking to Zayn for approval. After a little encouraging nod, James picked up a piece of chicken. It took much longer than Zayn had anticipated but finally James got it into his mouth.

After playing with the bit of food in his mouth for a while, James finally swallowed and smiled brightly at Zayn before going back for more.

Watching James enjoy the chicken made Zayn feel confident. He'd taken Caroline's advice and it had worked out well, James even seemed to enjoy the pancakes.

He ate an entire tiny pancake and lots of chicken before Zayn pushed the strawberries towards him
again, “What about these? They're sweet and yummy.”

James didn't look overly interested but poked at the red pieces anyway. When he finally tried to pick up a piece it squished in his fingers and he gagged. The texture was just too much for him.

Zayn laughed a moment before scooping it onto a little spoon, “Here silly lad, what if you eat it without touching it?”

James looked reluctant and tried to move his head away from Zayn but the fruit got into his mouth anyway. Instantly, he spit it out before gagging again and starting to cry.

“Aw, don't cry. Please?” Zayn begged. “I'm sorry, I just wanted to help. Don't be upset.” He hated when James cried. It made him feel a small bit of panic.

James response was to scream and kick at the tray before trying to turn his body to escape the chair. When he realized he was stuck he looked at Zayn with his tear covered face and made grabby hands at him.


James snuggled hard against Zayn’s chest and cried for a good while before finally settling down.

Louis was now sitting with Harry and Mark. They had decided to sleep at his place tonight since they never did.

When his phone rang, Harry gave him a puzzled look.

Louis showed him it was Liam then answered it and put it on speaker unbeknownst to Liam. "Payno, how’s it hanging?"

"I'm not hanging, which is the issue… It seems like we really do influence each other! Niall fucking put me in a cage. After I told him this morning that Harry did it to you, I get it done to me and he gets to go party while I'm home with this thing on and fuck, it's awkward. How do you even move in this thing?” Liam rambled as he complained.

Louis, Harry and Mark all laughed loudly. "Shit Liam, I'm sorry. I had no idea you'd say that.” He apologized about having him on speaker. "Dad and Harry both just heard you."

"And this night keeps getting better and better…” Liam mumbled. "Think you could give me some tips… you know, off speaker." He sighed.

"Yeah, sure thing." Louis replied and took him off speaker.

"Tip number one, don't piss the Irish lad off next time." Harry shouted as Louis got up and left.

"You know I've been really open with Dad about my sexuality since he's questioning things but I really didn't want him to have those visuals. I'm sorry I put you on speaker.” Louis told him.

"I shouldn't have just rambled off like that. I knew you were visiting this weekend.” Liam frowned to himself. "Niall went to Rochelle's birthday party and it's Disney or costume themed or something… Anyways, he went as Prince Charming and it turned me on. Honestly, all I wanted
was a blowjob before he left and it turned into him caging me. My joggers were on the floor with my phone in the pocket. Retrieving them was not a pleasant experience."

"You have to move like a female in heels, wearing a mini skirt. Keep your legs close together, short steps, and with how big you are hold onto the cage so it doesn't tug." Louis advised. "He got the idea from us?"

"Thank you, I'll remember that." Liam nodded. "Yeah, remember when I told him this morning when you called that Harry caged you for a day? He seemed to like the idea. It's only for a few hours while he's at the party. He wants to roleplay now. He's Prince Charming of course and I have to think of a character. Oh, how do I get off things like the bed or the sofa? Like sitting up and down? And what if I have to wee?" He asked.

"Honestly those things will suck no matter what you do. The wee part is so messy." Louis told him. "Which princess are you thinking about?"

"Princess? I don't know. I was thinking maybe another prince. But he just said character so I can be anyone really." Liam shrugged a little.

"Harry! What matched Prince Charming?" Louis yelled into the other room.

"Snow White!" Harry called back, he felt curious to know what Liam and Louis were talking about.

"You're Snow White." Louis told Liam. "There's lots of costume shops around you. Start calling."

"Right… Well, I should let you go back to your dad and Harry. Sorry again for rambling like that right off." Liam told him.

After Liam hung up the phone, he looked up costume places around town. When he saw that one was open and had the Snow White dress in-stock, he slowly climbed out of bed and put his joggers on. It was going to be weird to drive with a cock cage.

And it was. Despite being loose, he found stopping at traffic lights to hurt.

He got in and out of the shop as quickly as he could without causing too much pain to himself.

He drove back home and put the costume on. He looked at himself in the mirror and it seemed odd to see himself in a dress but he reminded himself that he'd do anything once and that it really was just a piece of clothing. He told himself that in some places, it wasn't weird for a guy to wear a dress.

He sighed a little. He felt bored without Niall. They'd rarely been apart, so even with Loki around he felt a bit lonely.

Eventually, he heard the door open and Niall calling out “I’m home! Where is my sexy… well I don’t know what you are yet… Liam, where are you?"

"Bedroom." Liam called, feeling very awkward as he sat on the bed and tried to look sexy.

When Niall walked into the bedroom his eyes went wide, "Holy shit, Liam. You-you're… a princess?"

"I feel weird… and I thought maybe Prince Eric, but technically Snow White and Prince Charming are a thing so I thought Snow White made more sense…” Liam explained.
"Prince Charming is Cinderella, isn't it?" Niall asked. "Either way, limiting you to Disney was a big mistake. Next time I'll just say any character and you can be Batman."

"You didn't limit me to Disney, you just said character. With you being Charming, I went with Snow White. I could've done Cinderella or Sleeping Beauty, but I'm not much of a beauty." Liam tried to joke despite feeling a little awkward. Roleplay was new, all of this was very new to him. "If I'm Batman next time, does that make you my Robin?" He smirked.

"You are a beauty. I'd adore being your Robin. Now, please take off that dress. Go throw on a button up and your Clark Kent glasses. The trousers can be skipped cause I can tell you're a bit sore."

Liam nodded and slipped off the dress. "It's so annoying driving with a cage, no wonder Louis was late." He commented as he slowly made his way into their closet.

"So then you don't wanna use a cage again? I'm fine if that's what you want." Niall said. "I just- I don't know what my problem is. I want to explore everything."

"I didn't say that." Liam frowned a little as he looked for his shirt. "It's annoying driving with it on because it pulls at every stop you make. I don't mind it that much, it's a little annoying but I'm getting used to it." He said as he found his shirt, pulling it off the hanger and slipping it on. "I'm up for trying anything once, you know I haven't done any kink exploring or anything else like that before. I'm just like you, I want to try everything." He said while he searched for the box that he knew had his glasses.

"You haven't ever explored kinks? But you had that whole box of toys while dating Zayn." Niall asked as he took his shoes off carefully. He knee was sore from being on it all night.

"Yeah, don't you remember our conversation about this? I'm sure we had it at some point but as a reminder, no, Zayn and I never explored anything. He was never interested in any kinks and he wasn't interested in using toys either. He just wanted sex, nothing more." Liam explained as he found the box on the bottom shelf.

Niall smiled and pulled the key from his trousers before taking them off. He had needed a reminder. "I've been thinking, I don't mind wearing the cage if you want. I still don't want a plug though."

"I understand if you don't ever want to try plugs." Liam said as he pulled out his glasses. "But maybe it could help replacing a bad memory with a new one?" He suggested. "I'll continue to support you no matter decision you make." He put his glasses on and buttoned up his shirt as he slowly walked out of the closet. "Clark Kent at your service, your Highness."

Niall grinned, "So much better. Fuck." He loved Liam dressed up a bit. "Mmm, let's get that cage off Mr. Kent." This was a much better roleplay.

"I'll go lay down then." Liam smiled and walked over to the bed. He sat down carefully and laid down so that his back was on the bed but the rest of his body was hanging off of it. "Since I've been good, what do I get as a reward, your Highness?"

"I was thinking I might give you that blowjob now." Niall told him with his best royal sounding voice. He used the key to unlock the cage and then carefully took the plastic restraint off Liam. "Poor thing. It's red a bit. You definitely deserve a blow job from your Prince."

Liam made a sound of relief as the cage came off. "I think that would definitely make me feel
better. There's not much better than a blowjob from a gorgeous prince such as yourself."

"I assume you'll return the favor?" Niall smirked climbing onto the bed. "Mmm, your cock is already getting hard for me. Such a horny reporter."

"Why of course, your Highness. I would never not return a favour, especially to the lovely Prince Charming." Liam grinned. "I'm so fucking horny, I'm in front of a beautiful prince who wants to suck on me cock… Dreams do come true."

Niall grinned. This was a million times better then Snow White. He leaned down and licked a stripe from the base of Liam's cock to his tip. He sucked the tip into his mouth and sucked on it gently before pulling away and blowing across it.

Liam shivered slightly from the extreme pleasure. "Oh… Prince Charming, you're so talented." He moaned softly. "Feels amazing."

Niall smiled and took the tip of Liam back into his mouth. He sucked on him for a while before trying to take him all the way down his throat. This, of course, didn't turn out well. Niall gagged and pulled back to collect himself. "Oops. You're massive Clark."

"Go slow, Charming, only take as much as you're able." Liam ran his fingers through Niall's hair. "I'm almost nine inches, you know." He smirked a little.

"You're a bit too proud of that." Niall chuckled and went back to licking at the red areas on Liam's cock. When he noticed Liam leaking cum, he started focusing his attention there.

Liam laughed a little but it quickly turned into a moan when Niall started licking the leaking cum. "Oh, Charming… Love your tongue." He tried to stay still but Niall's tongue felt amazing.

Niall tried to pin Liam's hips down with his hands as he sucked at the massive cock. He moaned around it and bobbed his head carefully. He could feel his briefs getting wet now from his own cum.

Liam moaned a little louder. "Shit, fuck… So fucking talented and feels so amazing. Who knew princes would give the best blowjobs?" He hummed.

"And to think, you're the first this Prince has given one." It was just part of the act but Liam really was his first and only blow job. "You taste amazing. So sweet with just a hint of saltiness."

"Mmm. And your mouth feels so good on me cock. No one else compares." Liam moaned. "You're a pretty talented prince to be so good at them on your first try."

Liam always loved Niall's blowjobs, though he got better with every try.

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"Mmm, I'm good but you're smart. Remember that line about replacing a bad memory? I think I wanna try that with you. If I can't trust Clark Kent to take care of me, then who can I trust?" Niall asked. He was scared honestly but he wanted to try. He wanted to move past his fears.

Liam grinned. "There isn't anyone safer than Superman, or Batman for that matter." He told him and played a bit with Niall's hair. "I'll always keep you safe and anytime you want to try it, we can. Whenever you feel brave enough to get to that point." He paused for a moment. "May I give the prince a kiss?"
Niall nodded and kissed Liam passionately. "I'm ready now. I just need everything to be very slow paced. Princes are fragile." Niall said the last bit just to stay in character but they both knew Liam would understand.

Liam nodded. "I'll go get one." He said then kissed Niall's forehead. "I'll make sure to take extra special care of you, my prince." He smiled and walked slowly with his hard leaking cock to the closet to get a plug.


Liam blushed slightly at his misunderstanding. "Oops… Sorry." He said. "I need you too so lay down and I'll find the lube."

"Are you understanding me?" Niall frowned. "Liam, I want you to… we need a table."

Liam paused for a moment to think then it clicked. He swallowed. Why did he suddenly feel nervous about this? This wasn't exactly what he meant by replacing bad memory with a good one. He just wanted Niall to try the plug and focus on the fact that he was him that was doing it and not some sick freak.

But this is what Niall seemed to want and he couldn't say no to that. He wouldn't.

Liam nodded. "Sorry, I wasn't understanding." He spoke softly. "I get it now. Uhm, there's a medium sized square table in the guest room, would that work?" He asked.

"Yeah." Niall nodded nervously. "Can I not be a prince for this? I'm sorry but I want to do this before I chicken out and I can't do this as a prince. I promise we can have sex with the prince outfit later. I- I'm scared Liam but I need this." Niall told him in a soft voice.

Liam walked over to Niall and rubbed his arms. "I'm not going to hurt you. I'll stretch you and then I'll put a plug in you. But I'll talk the entire time just focus on my voice, focus on me. It's okay to be scared and if you need a break, we can do that. If you want to stop, just say stop and we will." He tried to comfort his lover. He took Niall's hands in his own and kissed them lightly.

"What about how he had my wrists tied down?" Niall asked. He knew it didn't matter if he did this now or later, he would be scared whenever. It made more sense to just do it and get it over with. He wanted to explore so many things and these fears were keeping him from it all. "You have to take my trousers off too. Remember?"

"Uhm, I think we have string in the kitchen. I can tie it to the leg of the table? And you'll have to put your trousers on for me to take them off." Liam said calmly, focusing on reenacting the rape helped him to go soft again which helped him not leak all across the bedroom floor.

Niall nodded, "No, wait." He shook his head. "Stupid plug has to go in first and then the trousers go back on." He kept his eyes locked on Liam and Liam's body to help him stay brave and calm. "At least no one will be watching this time."

"Right." Liam nodded, the memory slowly coming back to him.

He had done his best not to think about all that had happened to them. It would come across his mind now and then but it didn't haunt him like it used to.

"No one will be watching unless it helps to have that part too and we could use a camera?" He suggested. "But whatever you want and whatever you're comfortable with. I'll get the stuff… Do
you want to be waiting in there or how do we do this exactly?"

"No camera cause I already know I'm going to cry. Which doesn't mean I want you to stop by the way, I'll say stop if I want you to." Niall told him.

He then sat and thought for a moment. "You go set everything up. I'll wait here. We'll put the plug in here and then go out, over there to actually do it. That way it will feel more real. I hope this works. I'm tired of being scared."

Liam sat down next to Niall and took his hand. "None of us were there for when the plug went in but I remember when I heard the details of how it happened and I haven't forgotten. I love you. If you really want to do everything as it was before then you need to be tied to the table and have the plug put in that way. I can give you a few minutes to adjust as when it happened you had to wait overnight I think, then I'll take it out and I'll enter from behind. If you want to do this and erase the bad memory, I think it should be done that way." He tried to be careful with how he explained things. "But like I've said, it's up to you of course how you want things done."

Niall took a deep breath. The scariest part was having his hands tied. He couldn't push Liam away if he needed to. He would have to completely trust Liam with his entire life basically.

Niall picked up his hands and showed Liam how they were trembling the way they were when he was kidnapped. He was that scared. Still, this needed to happen.

"You're right. I'm scared and I wish I didn't need this but I do need this. I'm trusting you. Anything you think is best, just do it. Make it just as it happened before Liam because I need to move on and if this goes wrong, I'll never be able to." Niall spoke softly.

Liam kissed Niall's hands. "All you have to say is stop and I will stop. I'll stop moving then I'll pull out as gently but as fast as I can. I know it's scary but for this to be able to help you, it has to be the same as before." He kissed Niall's lips, then around his face. "How about I leave you here, I'll set up the room then I'll come back for you. We can put the plug in, give you a few minutes then take it out and I'll enter you from behind. I'll go slow and I'll be gentle. I won't hurt you." He rubbed his fingers over Niall's hands.

"It has to be just as before?" Niall asked. "As close as possible right?" He bit his lip but let Liam keep ahold of his shaking hands.

"Yes..." Liam said. "But if I go rough... What if that makes things worse for you?" He whispered.

"No, I wasn't thinking about that." He shook his head. "M- M- the guy, he used his fingers, then a dildo and then the plug."

"Oh, right." Liam nodded. "So you want my fingers, then a dildo, then the plug?" He asked to be sure. "You've already conquered my fingers and dildos so two out of three isn't so bad." He tried to put a positive spin on it.

"If it has to be the same, then yes. That's how I want it cause I was strapped down for all of it." Niall sighed. "The r-rape part... you saw it so just- just copy all of it. The hand job too."

Liam nodded. "Right, that was part of the whole thing." He said. He took a deep breath and let it slowly. "Alright, I'll go ahead and set up the room." He kissed Niall's hands then he kissed over his face and then finally his lips. "I love you. So much." He whispered.

"I love you Liam. Thank you for helping me. You've always helped me. I couldn't do this with anyone else." Niall told him. "Just try to hurry okay?"
Liam nodded. "Of course." He smiled and stood. He walked into the closet to gather the toys then left the room.

He was so nervous for what was about to happen, this was not how he expected the night to go. One second Prince Charming was sucking his cock as Clark Kent, the next Niall wants to relive his rape in attempt to get over it.

He quickly gathered all that he needed and walked into the guest bedroom. He moved some furniture around so the table was in the middle of the room.

When he finished he looked around, he had string and he had the toys. He couldn't remember if lube was used originally or not so he brought it anyway.

Once he was certain everything was set up, he walked back to the bedroom. "NiNi?" He said softly. "It's ready."

Niall, who now had his trousers on, looked up at him. His voice cracked, "Okay, I think I'm ready." He stood and took a deep breath. "Do you have to say those horrible things he said too? Can you just say sweet things instead?"

"I personally would rather not say horrible things, let's go with sweet so we can replace the horrible." Liam gave a comforting smile. He walked up to him and kissed him deeply. "I love you so much. You're the bravest person I know." He whispered.

Niall smiled and nodded again. "Let's do it." His hands were still shaking and he knew the worst was yet to come but he was sure he wanted this.

Liam bit his lip and took Niall's hand, "We can do this. Remember, all you need to do is say stop and I will." He reminded Niall as they walked down the hall. A couple more steps and they were at the door of the guest room where Liam had set up. He looked over at Niall. "Ready?" He asked.

Niall couldn't speak so he nodded. He was afraid he'd start crying already if he spoke.

'This is Liam. It's just Liam. That's it. This is good. Don't worry.' Niall told himself as he focused on breathing nice and calm.

He looked up at Liam as they went in the room and kissed his lips briefly before stopping and letting Liam direct things.

Liam placed a hand on Niall's back and gently pushed him towards the table before pushing Niall over the table so that his face was on the side of it. Then, Liam took his right arm and tied it up with string. "Is this too tight? I can make them looser." He whispered.

"He had it tight." Niall whispered. "It's fine." He gulped and made sure to keep his breathing steady. "The lights, it's too bright."

Liam nodded. "I'll do your other arm and then turn off the lights. I can turn on a lamp? I kinda need to see what I'm doing." He spoke soft as he moved to work on tying the other wrist.

"Yeah," Niall nodded and swallowed. "Want the lamp." The lamp would be dimmer and less intimidating for him. "I'm okay."

Liam nodded. He finished tying Niall's wrists and turned on the lamp. He then walked over and turned off the lights. He swallowed and walked over to Niall, placing his hands on Niall's hips. He pushed his joggers and briefs down to the floor. He took a breath and reached down for the lube.
"I'm going to work on stretching you now, okay baby?" He said as he ran a hand over Niall's back a bit.

"Okay." His voice squeaked. "Just keep talking to me." He requested and forced himself to keep his eyes open. "Lube, he used it."

"Okay." Liam said and poured some on Niall’s hole and then his own fingers. "I'm going to put a finger in now, just one, like I've done many times. Just remember it's my finger and it's me doing this." He explained as he gently and slowly worked to push his finger inside the tight hole. Niall was tense, and for good reason too. "Just try to relax." He ran his free hand over Niall's back. "It's just me."

"Four months." Niall repeated. "Four months. Husband." He closed his eyes for a moment but got scared and opened them again. "Faster. Want it over."

"Right." Liam nodded. He worked the three fingers in and out as quickly as he could without causing too much pain, or at least that is what he hoped for. Soon enough, he pulled them out. "Alright, I'm going to lube up the dildo now, and then use it on you." He explained as he lubed up the toy. "It's just as we've done before, we've placed with dildos before." He reminded as he put the toy at Niall's entrance. "You've used them on me, which was a lot of fun." He smiled at the memories as he gently pushed it in.

Niall again nodded. "Trust you. Trust Liam." He whimpered. His bottom lip puckered out but he managed not to cry. They'd done this before so it wasn't scary so much as it was just difficult to stomach right now.

"I'm never going to hurt you." Liam reminded. "I love you." He told Niall as he pushed the dildo in and out a couple of times. "You were nervous the first time so you watched me use a dildo on meself before you were finally comfortable with it. It was honestly really hot having you watch me. I loved every moment of it."

"Remember." He whispered. It had been very interesting to watch. Watching had helped a lot though. "Love you. Love Liam." He couldn't even get his mind around how much he loved him now, for helping him with this.

"And I love my Niall." Liam said and placed a kiss on Niall's back. He went a little faster with the dildo as he felt Niall relax more. "Even then, I knew I loved you, my perfect boy." He smiled a little to himself. "No one can ever compare to you."

Niall smiled. Even going through this, hearing Liam say that made him smile. He'd been doubting himself so much and that helped.

He had to go through with the rest of this though. Everything else was the hard part. He could get through it though. Yes, it was scary but he had faith in Liam.

"Ready. Please." He requested. His shaking hands trembled a bit harder but his mind wasn't changing.

Liam slowly pulled the dildo out. "Next part is the plug…you're definitely open enough." He said and sat the dildo down. He picked up the plug and coated it with lube. He took a deep breath. "I love you and you're amazing and so brave. I'm so lucky to get to call you mine." Liam explained as he lifted the plug and gently pushed it into the hole.

Niall's hand pulled at the ropes for a moment as a single sob escaped his lips. "Liam." He
whimpered. He tried to hang on and not cry but tears began to tickle the corner of his eyes and threaten to fall.

"It's okay, love." Liam kissed along Niall's back. "I promise you it's okay. It's gonna hurt for a couple of minutes, just until you adjust, but remember this is me. I'm not hurting you. I love you. I love you so much." Liam held back tears of his own. It hurt to see Niall upset like this.

"I love you." He whimpered in reply. "Trying so hard... to relax." He breathed. "Hate it. Hate the p-plug." His bottom lip quivered but he quickly bit on it to stop himself from crying.

"It feels weird, I know." Liam nodded. "Uhm, next part is you standing against the wall while I give you a handjob. I know we didn't talk about that part but I remember now that's what happened next." He explained as he undid the strings.

Niall nodded. He was actually relieved to get a break from the table. He needed it. He needed something easier to handle so he could relax. If he could just relax, the plug wouldn't hurt as bad.

"Kiss first." He almost begged as he stood up and nearly fell into Liam's waiting arms. "It's almost done right? Halfway there?"

Liam wrapped his arms around Niall and kissed him deeply. "We're almost done, love. Handjob then fuck. Just focus on me." He smiled. "We're almost there and you're doing so well. I'm so fucking proud of you." He kissed Niall's head.

Niall nodded and let Liam move him to the wall. There weren't any chains but Niall knew to keep his hands up when Liam placed them on the wall above his head.

Liam took Niall's soft cock in his hand and began to pump it. "Just look at me, I'm the one that's touching you, making you hard." He said softly as he stroked the cock and squeezed it lightly a few times.

Niall nodded and kept his eyes on Liam. This was easy. It was the man he loved, stroking his cock. It felt amazing and it was wonderful to watch.

Liam grinned. "I love teasing you. I love when you want nothing more than to fuck me and you want a blowjob but instead I tease you with a simple little handjob." He worked the cock up and down with his hand, rubbing over the head with his thumb. The entire time he kept his eyes locked with Niall. "I wonder... if you marry an Irishman, does the luck of the Irish rub off on you?" He smirked.

Niall smiled. How did Liam know exactly what to say? "Yeah, our kids too." He breathed and started to moan a little. "Shit." He still hated the plug but his cock feeling so good helped him forget about it a little.

Liam squeezed the cock a little harder when he heard Niall moan. "Good to know." He bit his lip. "No sound is sexier than that of an Irishman moaning, in my opinion at least. But then again, I'm a little biased. I have the sexiest Irishman right in front of me." He ran his thumb across the slit and used the dripping pre-cum as lube so he could stroke faster.

Niall gasped feeling the pace speed up. "Li-" He felt his hips start pulsing and shaking in his hands relaxed a little. "Ah! Liam!"

"My sexy little Irishman..." Liam squeezed a little more, noticing how relaxed Niall was becoming. "My little elf. I can't wait to be inside of you soon. I love how you feel."
That was the magic word. Niall went from feeling good to cumming near instantly upon hearing Liam call him 'elf'. It was just what he needed. "Oh fuck you and that word."

Liam grinned and removed his hand that was now covered in Niall's cum from the softening cock. "I know your body well, my love. I know all the right things to say to make you cum. And you are a cute little elf, too." He kissed Niall's lips before licking the cum off of his hand. He didn't mind the taste that much and he didn't want to delay things for Niall, not when they were so close to the end of this.

"So use it for this next part, okay?" Niall whispered and swallowed a lump in his throat. His hands were already shaking again. "I'm so scared Liam but I'm so ready."

Liam nodded. "Of course." He said and took Niall's hands in his own. "Just remember that it's me, alright? I'll keep doing what I've been doing but try to remember that you're safe, no one is going to hurt you." He kissed Niall's lips and lead him back to the table to tie his wrists again.

"I promise I'll remember. I'm sorry in advance." He told Liam. "Just- just talk me through it. Your voice h-helps."

"Nothing to be sorry about. I just want you to try to keep that in the front your mind but I understand if you have moments where you freak out. You can always say stop and I will." He reminded. "Alright, I'm going to take the plug out now, babe. It might hurt just a little but the more relaxed you are, the less it will by hurt."

Niall took a few deep breaths to try and make himself stay relaxed. He didn't want it to hurt when the plug came out.

Liam rubbed Niall's back with one hand as he took out the plug with the other. "I'm going to lube myself up, then I'm going to push inside." He explained.

Niall whimpered and nodded as a tear rolled down his face. This was almost over.

Liam quickly got himself lubed up. He got hard after giving Niall the handjob. He swallowed then lined himself up. "Alright, I'm going to push in now… Remember, it's just me." He said and started to push himself in, slowly at first so Niall could adjust as he went deeper and deeper.

The tears rolled down Niall's face as Liam entered him. His hands shakily pulled at the ropes. "Liam." His voice cracked.

Liam groaned softly at the tightness. It felt really good. "My little sexy elf..." He rubbed Niall's back as he pushed himself the rest of the way in. "Do you want a moment before I start moving?" He asked and ran his hands over Niall's arse.

"N-no, just do it. Need it done." Niall begged and choked back a cry. "Liam, please."

Liam nodded. "Alright." He said and started to move. "Try to relax, it's only me." He kissed along Niall's back and rubbed over Niall's arse with his hands. "Fuck, you feel amazing." He moaned as he picked up the pace a little. "Not to mention that you look amazing as well. I love you so much, Niall James."

"Love you Liam." Niall's voice cracked. More tears rolled down his face and his legs shook. "I'm sorry." He sniffled and stopped fighting his tears.

He knew this was only Liam. He knew this was love and not rape. He knew it all. It still emotionally hurt though.
"Don't be sorry. You have nothing to be sorry for." Liam told him. "And you're allowed to tell me to stop if it gets to be too much." He knew he said that a lot already but with as emotional as this was, he felt it was good to be reminded a lot.

He rubbed over Niall's arse. "My sexy tiny elf. You're all mine. Next time, we're totally putting elf ears on you... that would be fun." He grinned, then moaned a little louder as he found his pace and started going a little faster.

Of course that was Niall's magic word. It relaxed him enough that he could focus on Liam making him feel good despite still crying. "Elf ears." Niall nodded.

"Maybe we could look into a sexy costume to go with it? Tight shorts... A little hat... maybe a little collar." He moaned as he started to go harder. "My love. My sexy Irish elf. You feel amazing. I fucking love how you feel."

Niall nodded. He loved the idea of dressing up as an elf for Liam. He was still crying though. He just wanted this to be over so he could move on. "Love bite. My shoulder." He requested. It was a better way to reenact being bitten.

"Right." Liam said. He wasn't sure if that was something Niall wanted or not so he didn't mention it. He leaned forward and he could see a little scar from where he was previously bitten. It had broken the skin a little and it definitely left a nasty looking bruise. He kissed over the spot for a moment then sucked a love bite into the spot. "Mm, so close. You're so tight... Always wondered how it'd feel fucking you from behind. Always been a little curious." He admitted. He ran a hand along Niall's back, then reached around front to grab Niall's cock as previously done during the rape.

Niall yelled for a moment and pulled at the ropes but then remembered it was Liam and relaxed. This was just Liam and they were making love. This was something that should be fun and beautiful. Besides all that, it honestly felt incredible. Liam knew how to make it feel good. "Harder. Liam harder." He pushed. He wanted to cum and truly erase everything.

Liam smiled a little at Niall being hard. This time it was from the pleasure he brought and not from some sick freak. "NiNi..." Liam moaned as he placed his hands on Niall's hips and slammed into the lad harder and harder with each thrust, it only took a couple more until he came yelling Niall's name.

He took a moment to catch his breath before he reached for Niall's hard cock and began to stroke it. With the actual sex part over, Niall was able to relax and focus on the second hand job. Thankfully, he was already close so it only took a few short minutes to get him cumming while crying out Liam's name desperately.

"That's my boy." Liam praised. "So fucking proud of you." He mumbled as he kissed along Niall's back. Liam quickly cleaned up his hand with his mouth then turned his attention to Niall. "I'm going to pull out now." He told him and then gently pulled out and quickly undid Niall's tied wrists.

The second his wrists were free Niall spun around and clung to Liam. He cried into his chest, tears of relief. It was finally over and he had survived. "My Liam. Liam. I did it. Liam. It's over."

Liam held him close. "It is." He kissed Niall's head. "I love you so much. I'm so incredibly proud that you decided to do this." He rubbed over Niall's arms and rocked him a little.

"I don't ever want my hands tied down again, okay?" He asked. He kept his arms around Liam and
kissed at his chest. "Next time I just want normal sex from behind, okay? No more… this. I don't want this ever again. Never, okay? No more ropes. We can do like doggy style or whatever it's called, but not all this."

Liam nodded. "I'd never do something you're uncomfortable with and I'd never be comfortable with tying you down. I did all of this because it's what you said you needed and I'm happy to provide it for you. But I do understand if you're never truly comfortable with being taken from behind. It would be nice to try it the right way next time though." He kissed Niall's cheek. "And it is called doggy style."

"I honestly think I can handle you from behind now. It did feel good. I just never want you from behind like this again. Never with my hands tied and never over a table. Perhaps over the bed, but I'd rather just stick to doggy style for now. Get comfortable there first."

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Niall took a deep breath and rested his head on Liam's chest. "I'm tired Liam. I want to be the little spoon and sleep now."

"You don't want a shower first?" Liam asked him. "Shower, then sleep?" He suggested.

"Will you wash me?" He frowned. "Liam, I'm tired." The party and then this mentally intense sex session was a lot of wear on his little body. "Please?"

"Don't I always?" Liam smiled. "If we don't shower now, we'll feel gross in the morning." He said and stood and scooped Niall up into his arms. "I'll always take care of you."

"My knee hurts too." He pouted. "It's gonna really hurt come morning."

"Take a painkiller tonight and then we'll ice it in the morning with that crazy ice machine you bought for it." Liam said as they made their way to the bedroom where Loki was asleep in the middle of the bed.

He walked into the loo and walked into the shower, where he sat Niall on the bench.

"So we don't have work tomorrow?" Niall was too tired to really remember. "My body doesn't do stress well."

"I know. It's why you're always sick on tour the most out of all of us." Liam said as he turned on the shower. "And no, we don't. There's stuff Monday but not tomorrow. We can just lay around all day and watch golf." He offered.

"Perfect." He yawned and laid his head on the wall of the shower. His eyes were heavy and his body felt weak from exhaustion. He was thankful for a fiance that took such good care of him.

Liam wasn't a fan of golf but Niall was and after tonight, the least he could do was watch some golf.

Liam washed off his own hands first, then a quick rinse of his body. He finally started on Niall's while he was half asleep against the wall.

Soon he was finished. He turned off the water and picked Niall back up. He carefully stepped out of the shower and dried them both off before heading back to the bedroom.

Niall yawned and whimpered as he was laid in the bed. "Loki!" He weakly called. "Daddy isn't in
bed yet and I need something to cuddle."

Loki, who was already on the bed stood, stretched out then walked over to Niall and cuddled against him.

"Alright, you lay here and rest. I'm going to clean up a bit but you have Loki until I come back." Liam smiled and kissed Niall's head.

"I love you Liam James." Niall yawned and wrapped his arms around Loki. He closed his eyes and let sleep take him away.

Chapter End Notes

Anyways, this will be posted to Wattpad and Tumblr later on this week!

P.S. We've also made a new tumblr that's a NSFW tumblr, just to be on the safe side with all of tumblrs "new" rules about copyright, ya know never what is or isn't safe for when it comes to sharing edits and visuals and things. I'll share the link as soon as it's finished! Shouldn't be much longer
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

HIII
I should have posted this LAST WEEK BUT I had like doc appointments plus a vet appointment for the dog, poor fluff ball (promise that's not his name LOL) suffers from allergies and now a minor ear infection. Doc said it wasn't a full blown infection so that's good but he still has drops to do for 10 days...Have you tried giving a dog ear drops? Not fun!

Anyways, enough of my ramblings...It's almost 1.30am...and I just...wanna say SORRY!!! If I take too long don't be afraid to come after me via social media or in the comments and beg for a new chapter to be posted. xD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sunday

The following morning was a rather lazy Sunday morning for Louis and Harry at Mark's. They planned to go visit Jay, Dan and the kids later in the afternoon but would have breakfast and spend time with Mark in the morning.

Mark was just finished loading the dishwasher after breakfast when his phone dinged. He pulled it out of his pocket and saw that he had a text.

'Hey there, are you free tonight? Maybe we can do dinner and drinks?' Read the text. It was from Jack, a man he had a met at the gay bar that Louis suggested he go to. He had gone earlier this week and really seemed to hit it off with Jack so the pair exchanged numbers.

"Louis! Harry!" Mark said walking into the living room where the young couple sat watching telly. "What do you say when a guy texts you for dinner and drinks? What is dinner and drinks? Is that code for sex?"

Louis nearly spit his tea out, causing Harry to chuckle softly. "Mark, have I told you how much I'm enjoying you being bi?"

"Dad, I… back up, who is he?" Louis needed to know.

"Not recently." Mark smiled at Harry then looked to Louis. "His name is Jack, I met him at the bar you suggested earlier this week. We exchanged numbers and we've chatted a little but he just texted me asking me if I'm free for dinner and drinks later… What does that mean?" He asked, sitting next to Louis and showing him the phone.

Harry smiled fondly as Louis read through their text.

"He's into you for sure." Louis commented. "Ah, yeah he's not mentioned anything sexual, so I'm going to say it's probably legit. Prepare for a nice dinner and drinks but obviously don't be surprised if things venture towards sex."
"If he seems one track minded for sex, then run." Harry added.

Mark smiled for a moment, happy it seemed legit but as he let his mind wander, he frowned. "I don't know anything about gay sex." Mark explained. "I don't know how to use any toys or anything like that… I've never even given a blowjob to another man, or even a handjob." He shook his head. "What if he doesn't like that I don't know anything?"

"First, wow. Second, we talked about gay sex dad." Louis reminded.

"You absolutely have to be upfront and honest about it being your first time." Harry told Mark. "It's important. If he doesn't understand, he isn't worth your time."

"Yes, I remember." Mark said. "But there is a difference between talking about it and actually doing it." He sighed. "But that makes sense, that he wouldn't be worth it." He nodded. "Oh fuck. How do I reply to him?"

Louis rolled his eyes and typed on his dad's phone, 'I'd love to. Where did you want to meet?' He then looked at his dad and gave him the phone, "There. You know a lot of this is just like with a girl, only I think you're the girl this time."

"It's been many years since I properly dated, son." Mark reminded. "A lot has changed." He sighed a little. When his phone dinged again, he looked at his phone. "Villa Romanas." He read. "Italian… That place is casual. Casual is good." He nodded to himself. "But what do I wear? This is a date!"

Harry laughed again. He couldn't seem to help it. "We'll help you. Queer eye for the bi guy."

"Really, Harold?" Louis shook his head.

"It's funny." Harry defended.

"He also said it was for around six tonight. So that leaves a few hours to find a proper outfit." Mark nodded to himself. He then looked at Harry. "I'm going to need help."

"You've asked the right guy for help. I'm much more fashionable than your son." Harry told him. "Come on. Louis, you can help so long as your suggestions match."

"I know you dress better than Louis which is why I asked you over him." Mark smiled and stood.

Louis shook his head but with a soft smile. It was kind of fun to watch his dad freak out over a date. "I can't promise anything but I'll try." He stood.

Harry took Mark's hand and pulled him off to his room where he began looking through everything in his closet.

He pulled out a few pieces of clothing and began throwing together a few outfit choices. "I really need to schedule a time that I can get into a full disguise and take you shopping."

"Well, it probably doesn't help that I haven't been shopping for myself in quite a number of years." Mark said sitting on the edge of the bed while Louis decided to head to the top of the bed and stretch out. "You don't even like shopping. You used to go when the girls begged you when Mum would be busy or working and they usually bribed you with going to see a film after." Louis recalled.

"I'll work out a time to help you with your wardrobe." Harry promised Mark. "I hated shopping
when I was younger but it's fun now."

"Because you like to pretend you're some famous model instead of a famous singer from a boyband." Louis teased.

Harry blushed a little. It might have been true, he adored photoshoots. He enjoyed them more than any of the others in the band. "Well, Gucci is on my bucket list."

"I'm sure one day it'll happen." Mark encouraged. "And you're a big name, I wouldn't be surprised if they came to you one day."

Harry smiled brightly, "You're one of my favorite people." He hugged him briefly, then turned and handed him an outfit. "Go try this on and let me see."

Mark nodded. "Thanks, you're one of mine too." He smiled. He took the outfit and headed into the loo to try it on.

"You fit into my family so well, like you were always apart of it." Louis smiled down at Harry. "Funny enough, I'm still not technically a part of it though." Harry grinned almost sarcastically. "Even funnier is that your mum calls me her son sometimes and I'm not even engaged to her son."

Louis rolled his eyes. "Just because it isn't formal doesn't mean it's not true. And my mum calls the other lads son too." He reminded Harry. "You know that my mom considers the other lads family as well even though we're not related or married." He sighed. He just wanted a nice moment and now it was ruined by their differences.

What Louis said had really hurt Harry's feelings. It was special to him the Jay called him her son. To him he was different because Louis loved him. Louis had just taken all that away.

"Yeah, uh, just let your dad know I'll be outside getting some fresh air." He said and bit back tears in his eyes. "Dust in here or something is making my allergies crazy." He added and quickly left.

Louis sighed and followed him. "Obviously it means something completely different and more meaningful when it comes to you." He called as he chased after Harry. "I wasn't trying to be mean or hurtful!"

Harry now had tears in his eyes. "You're only saying that because I'm upset." He wiped the tears from his eyes with his shirt. "My mum calls you her son and only you. You know that."

"I am not just saying that because you're upset. I didn't think you'd get upset when I said that, I thought you'd just shrug it off and continue on because you know it's different for you." Louis sighed. "I'm sorry that it hurt but I didn't say it to intentionally hurt you."

"It's hard to know when all I have is words from you." Harry told him and sniffled. "There's nothing physical that shows a commitment to me."

"There is the promise ring that I gave you last year and since when do you not want to take my word on something?" Louis asked, feeling hurt by the statement.

"You got me this ring forever ago." He frowned. "When you gave it to me you made me feel like we're be married in a year or two. Now here I am, still not even engaged Louis." Harry took a deep breath and turned to look at Mark walking into the room. "Those shoes are awful with that outfit."

"Do my feelings not fucking matter then?" Louis told as Harry as he walked back into the room.
He rolled his eyes and shook his head. "I'm going to go for a walk, you two have fun." He said then turned to walk down the stairs.

Mark quickly grabbed ahold of Louis' arm. "Both of you, stop." It was a dad tone and it made Harry uncomfortable. "You two are the last people I'd expect to be fighting."

Louis sighed. "I just need to go for a walk to cool off so I can mumble my frustrations in peace to myself." He replied. "We've been fighting a lot lately though. He wants to get engaged, get married and adopt babies and I do not feel ready for that. He's impatient but I don't feel ready after all the shit we've been through these past few months. Getting abducted and then the trial and then the photos leaking, it's a lot to process. Just because he's ready for more after a few months doesn't mean that I am."

"Should I try to talk to him?" Mark asked. He wanted to help. "I hate you two fighting over something like that."

"If you want, you can try, though it feels like talking to a brick wall because nothing changes." Louis frowned more.

"Does anything change on your side?" Mark asked. "You're asking him to move but are you moving?" He needed to be sure before he went and made Harry feel like he was being lectured.

"He made a point of saying that I feel like this but I haven't done anything to help myself so I emailed my therapist and I see her Tuesday. He knows that. I told him I was making an appointment and I told him when I got the email back when it was." Louis said. "I don't know if you consider that 'moving'?"

"Have you considered a gift that shows your commitment? Not a ring, he'd take that wrong. Something else though. Something that shows you want a wedding and kids with him." Mark commented. "Something to think about on your part, ok?"

"Seems a bit childish." Louis said. "I gave him a promise ring before shit happened. Once shit happened, I just needed time to recover. I need more than a few months and I hardly believe a gift will change anything." He shook his head. "He should believe my word that I want it someday and that for now I just want to focus on my health." He sighed. "But whatever, I just need to get away." He said and then headed downstairs.

"Son, relationships are made up of two people. You can't expect one person to change and not the other. You take your time though, I'll occupy Harry." Mark then shook his head and went back into his room.

Mark walked back into the room and sat down on the bed next to Harry.

"I've heard Louis' version where he feels haunted still by the past which isn't surprising considering it's only been a few short months since everything's happened. I can understand that it might take a long time for his mind to be in the right place to be able to mentally and emotionally handle more in a relationship." He explained carefully. "Now, what's your side? It isn't like you two to be in a serious fight, nor for it to carry over into a family weekend."

Harry had been looking at more clothes but now he sighed and sat on the bed. "Mark, do you know what Louis and I were doing when we were kidnapped?" He asked calmly.

"He told me it was a normal night at home for the two of you and the cut on your head was caused from slipping in the shower. I'm unclear of whether that part was from being taken or not, can't
"It was a normal night." Harry agreed. "He was meant to be putting dinner in the oven I think. It was something with dinner. I was in the shower. Everything was normal. We were even at home."

Harry took a deep breath as he remembered what he could from that night. "Then, in one second, I slipped and everything went black. In one second life as I, as we knew it, was taken away. A few days later, I had a gun pointed at my head. Had I fought at all, my life would have been taken away permanently. Fast forward a few weeks and I almost killed myself, which honestly wasn't my intention."

Mark nodded. "I remember getting that phone call from Louis; I've never heard him so scared or so upset before. It was a scary moment for sure." He sniffed a little. It was hard and very emotional for both families. "So what does this have to do with you pressuring Louis despite him repeatedly saying he doesn't feel ready and that it's too soon after everything for him?" He asked.

Harry shook his head. He felt like no one understood his side and this was his chance to voice it. He just worried that he would somehow screw up and things would be wrong still.

"Life can be taken away in a second, tomorrow isn't promised. So why wait to do something that you already know you want to do? Why hold off and risk something happening and that thing never being able to happen?" Harry asked.

"We could be kidnapped again tomorrow or die in a car wreck today. One of us would have to live the rest of our life knowing that what we wanted never happened. Yeah Mark, I'm jealous of everyone else around me getting the things I want. Yes, I'm angry I can't have those things. Most of all though, I think maybe I'm scared that I'll never have those things."

"You're allowed to be scared and it's perfectly understandable but have you told Louis this? Exactly this? It might help things and you know he's a man of his word. I know he wants to marry you someday but if he's not right mentally or emotionally, then what kind of husband or father will be he end up being? Not a very good one. I can understand that you want to seize the moment but you're moving fast and he seems to want to take things slow. So maybe sit down and listen to each other and find a happy medium? Someway to meet in the middle?" Mark suggested.

"Louis doesn't want to meet in middle. He wants me to completely understand his side and he wants me to be thrilled with his side." Harry sighed. "Why bother explaining anything to him when he won't give a damn? He doesn't care how I feel or what I think. He's too focused on himself despite relationships consisting of two people."

"I think it's because you come off really strong and he feels pressured so he's probably just reacting from that." Mark tried to explain what he understood from with the short conversation with Louis. "It seems like he isn't feeling like his feelings are being heard and it seems that you feel the same way about yours. Maybe you two should have a joint therapy session?" He suggested. "Someone to help you explain your feelings to each other and help you find a happy medium."

"I speak with a therapist regularly anyway. I have no issues having a joint session with him Mark but you know as well as I do that Louis is a very stubborn lad. A therapist telling him to respect my feelings isn't going to make it happen." Harry told him. "I just need to have a therapy session alone where I get her to help me accept that I'm never going to be his husband and we're never going to have kids together."

Mark frowned. "You shouldn't say that, there's nothing more my boy wants than to marry you. When we talk, he says he can't wait to do it someday. He's not ready right now because of his
mental and emotional state. He adores you, but what good is he to you and a child if he can't take care of himself?"

Harry shook his head, "I appreciate you trying to help Mark but, once again, no one cares about my feelings. It's all about Louis and what's fair to him."

Harry stood up and went to the closet. He grabbed a pair of Mark's shoes and brought them to him. "Here, wear these. Don't forget to shower before you actually go through."

Harry then sighed deeply again and went off to the guest room he and Louis had been in.

Zayn tried for an hour to settle James down but nothing worked. He’d called his mum for advice but he had already tried everything she suggested. He sent both Harry and Caroline text as well but never heard back.

It was at that point Zayn became desperate and did the only other thing he could think to do. He called Liam. James loved Liam.

“Hello?” A voice answered the call. It wasn't Liam however.

“Uh, Niall? Did I call you by mistake?” Zayn asked confused as James now screamed in his cot.

“No, Liam’s taking Loki out. What's wrong with James?” Niall could hear the lad screaming and felt worried.

“I don't know. He was great until dinner. I made him a meal from scratch instead of feeding him jar food. Caroline suggested it. He loved it except for the strawberries. He gagged just touching them and has been fussy ever since. I can't calm him down.” Zayn explained.

“Ah, and since he loves Liam you were hoping he'd come try to soothe him?” Niall asked as he stood from where he'd been sitting on the sofa.

“Uh, yeah. I don't want to cause any issues or anything though. I'm just desperate, I guess. Even me mum couldn't suggest anything that helped.” Zayn told Niall, hoping he wouldn't think poorly of him.

“Wow, not even your mum?” Niall asked. “I'm not sure if Liam would even help then but I'm sure he'd be willing to try. I'll tell him now and make sure you get a text to open the door. Don't need James scared any further.”

“Thank you. I know it may not help but just trying would be amazing. Tell him thanks.” Zayn quickly replied as he grabbed James’ lion and tried to get him to cuddle it.

“You're welcome. Bye Z.” Niall told him then hung up.

Just as Niall was hanging up Liam walked in hearing the last bit, “Z? Zayn called?”

“Yes,” Niall nodded handing him his cell. “He needs your help with James. He said he can’t settle him down. Said he even tried phoning his mum.”

“Why me?” Liam almost whined. “I love James but shouldn’t he be taking care of him? He wants this right?”

“Liam, all parents need help sometimes. I think it’s good he’s willing to ask for help. It shows he
cares more about James then his pride.” Niall pushed and began to pet Loki who was now in his lap.

Liam sighed and paced a little as he thought all this through, “Ok, yeah, I’ll help.” He caved. “I’m not going without you though. I don’t want to be alone with him right now. I might say something rude that I’ll regret later.”

Niall gave a little smile, “I’ll go with you. I’d love to help and besides, seeing you with a baby is heaven.”

Liam couldn’t help but shake his head and chuckle, “You’re as bad as a fangirl, Niall James.”

The pair got ready and made the drive to Zayn’s place. Niall was sure to text Zayn on the way up so James wouldn’t get even more upset.

When Zayn pulled the door open for them, they instantly heard James screaming. Zayn looked really upset and flustered.

“I sat him down to answer the door but nothing makes him stop crying. I gave him his lion. I put him in the bath. I cuddled. I sang. I don’t know what else to do.” Zayn told them in an exasperated tone.

“Alright, I’m not sure what good I’ll be but I can try.” Liam nodded as he quickly slipped off his coat. He followed Liam into the next room and found James amongst his toys on the floor crying.

Niall watched as James looked up at Liam with a tear covered face. The little one instantly stretched his hands for Liam but his tears never let up.

“It’s Liam pal, you love Liam.” Zayn tried as Liam picked him up.

James kept crying but clutched on Liam’s shirt tightly and pressed his face against his chest.

“Shhh, it’s alright James. Just relax.” Liam soothed as he swayed around a little and held James close. He let his face rest against James head and kept himself calm.

James’ wails turned quieter and a moment later he was simply whimpering on Liam’s chest.

“Finally, his throat has to be sore now.” Zayn sighed and fell onto his sofa.

Niall just watched his fiance. It was beautiful and it made a piece of him yearn for the day he’d get to watch Liam and their baby.

“I’m gonna try taking him into his room. See if the dark will help him at least get tired enough to sleep a bit.” Liam finally said. “You alright to wait Niall?”

“Yeah, of course.” Niall nodded as he forced himself to stop staring. “Zayn and I can chat.”

Liam nodded and walked off to James little room. Niall however sat near Zayn.

“He’s my hero. I was starting to go a little crazy. I don't understand it Niall but James loves him.” Zayn told Niall. “Shit, I need to clean up the kitchen and try to feed myself.”

“Come on then, I’ll help.” Niall smiled and helped him stand up. “Looks like you could use a little help.”

“No, I'm fine. I mean, I don't mind you helping. I don't need it though. I just have a headache from
the screaming. No problem.” Zayn quickly defended.

Niall sighed as he followed Zayn who took off quickly to the kitchen. He suddenly seemed to have a burst of energy as he went to the sink and started washing dishes.

“You know, I really do have this under control. I'm sorry I called and bothered you guys.” Zayn said scrubbing furiously on a cutting board.

“Woah, Zayn, relax.” Niall quickly tried to stop him. “You didn't bother us. If I offended you, I apologise.” He frowned and stood next to him. He took the board from Zayn’s hand and rinsed it.

“You didn't offended me I just…” Zayn wasn't sure how to word it. “I can do this Niall. I can take care of everything. I can clean and care for my beta and…”

Niall suddenly smiled with a rather large and goofy grin. “You called him your beta. That’s ‘son’ right?”

Zayn sighed, “Yeah, yes, that's what he is. My son.” He stopped cleaning and dried his hands before leaning against the counter. “No one thinks I can do this Niall but I can and I'm pretty sure I want to.”

Then suddenly Niall was hugging him.

“No, stop. I haven't for sure decided. I just, I'm ninety five percent there. I don't want people thinking I require help though. Everyone doubts me as it Niall, if I keep him but need help, everyone will be angry with me.” Zayn tried to explain.

Niall backed away and forced himself to lean against the cabinet. “Yeah, okay, I won't say anything to anyone since you don't know for sure. I think you’re capable though Zayn, I don't doubt you. I’m sure it's normal to need help sometimes too. It doesn't mean your not able to be his… Abby?”

“Abbu or Abba.” Zayn couldn't help but laugh. “I'm sorry, I just want people to have faith in me. It would make this easier. I understand why they can't though.”

Niall nodded, “Don't worry about anyone else, worry about what's best for you and James. You’ll make the right call and you’ll have my support no matter what.”

“Yes, but everyone else will hate me.” He sighed. “I just have to weigh it all outl.”

Niall wanted to speak up and argue with Zayn but Liam was coming back now and Niall had agreed not to say anything.

“Okay, he's asleep. Wasn't too hard to get him there. We’ll stick around for a bit and make sure he stays asleep though.” Liam said and he stood by Niall.

“I wonder what had him so upset.” Zayn shook his head. “Hopefully it was just a one night thing.”

“It’s hard to tell. Maybe stress from missing his mum?” Niall shrugged.

Liam nodded to agree but then noticed the plate with little pancakes on it. “Did you seriously give him pancakes? Zayn he can't have that yet, he's too small.” Liam scolded.

“No wonder he screamed and cried. Flour, eggs, milk. Zayn, cow's milk can make him really ill!” Liam continued.
“What? No! Liam stop.” Zayn shook his head. He felt a mix of anger and sadness. “I made them with baby cereal and baby formula. The website said it was fine so long as I made the pieces really tiny.”

Niall put a hand on Liam’s chest to stop him silently. He then looked at Zayn. “Website?”

“Yeah, Caroline gave me lots of reliable websites and I took my time reading them. He's old enough to try solid foods in small bites. The ingredients just have to be kept simple.” Zayn explained though all he wanted to do was tell Liam off.

“Did he like them?” Niall asked curiously.

Liam stayed quiet. He felt like an idiot but there was no way he was going to tell Zayn sorry. Zayn didn't really deserve that from him right now, that's how he felt.

“Yeah, he loved them. He ate the chicken best though. The strawberries completely freaked him out, he almost vomited.” Zayn turned away from them and went back to his dishes. He didn't want to look at Liam right now.

“That's… good.” Liam awkwardly said. “Just make sure you're sticking to what they say. You should really ask his doctor but I'm assuming he doesn't have one.”

“No,” Zayn shook his head. “I mean I'll obviously get him one.”

“Liam,” Niall gently encouraged.

Liam took a deep breath and looked to Niall for a moment. The look on his face told Liam he needed to relax.

“Sorry, just have to look out for James. I feel it's what I need to do anyway.” Liam replied and heard the boy whimpering. “I'll go back.”

Liam left the room again to tend to James and Zayn glanced at Niall, “That's what I mean.”

“I know, he was a bit much just then. Don't let him or anyone else make your mind up for you though. Do what you're going to do for you and for James.” Niall held strong to his advice from before.

“Yeah, I will.”

An hour later, James had finally stayed asleep long enough that Liam felt comfortable leaving. Of course, Niall gently scolded Liam on the way home. He reminded Liam to be kind to Zayn and tried to point out where he'd been improving. Liam pretended to listen and in the end assured Niall that he would try harder.

Monday

Niall has an early morning as he had a few appointments set up at jewellers to look at getting Liam's wedding band. Liam had a writing session with Zayn scheduled for early that afternoon but he wanted to be up while Niall was awake.

"So you know what to look for?” Liam asked as he sipped his coffee on the sofa next to Niall.

Niall rolled his eyes. "Yes, love. I know exactly what you want, now relax… You're meeting Zayn
"I have coffee, that's enough. It's my friend." Liam grinned.

"And I'm marrying a weirdo." Niall laughed and kissed Liam's cheek then his lips. "I'm meeting the girls at the first appointment. We can't be seen driving together, it'd be weird."

"I don't know why I'm writing with Zayn when it's not going to make the album, nothing he writes ever goes on any albums." Liam sighed.

"Management is probably just holding out hope. Try your best." Niall encouraged. "Oh, and find out how James is for me. Hopefully he didn't wake up again after we left."

Niall grabbed his keys and wallet then bent down to tell Loki goodbye. "Be a good boy for daddy this morning." He said and stood.

"Maybe, but he can't write stuff that we can actually sing. We may have slightly more freedom but he doesn't write for the band like he's supposed to." Liam frowned. "Anyway, have fun."

"Stop being negative." Niall instructed and kissed him one more time. He was excited about getting to spend time ring shopping with Liam's sisters but nervous about finding the right ring. "Be nice to Zayn, please."

"I'd rather stay home and sleep." Liam frowned. "I wonder if I can pretend I ate some bad food and I live on the toilet now."

Niall laughed. "I should go, don't want to keep your sisters waiting. But take the morning to sleep please. You won't do well writing if you're sleepy and grumpy."

"But coffee?" Liam said.

"It takes more than one cup to keep you awake." Niall smiled. He kissed Liam's head. "I love you. Stay positive." He said and left.

Niall was slightly nervous about picking out a ring for Liam. Liam had given input into what styles he liked and what would be nice to have since Niall wasn't sure what he was looking for.

He walked into the store and smiled seeing Ruth and Nicola. "Hey."

"Hey!" Ruth smiled big and hugged him.

"We're so excited you asked for our help. We loved Zayn but had they gotten married, we never would have been asked for help." Nicola told Niall. "With you, we're getting to help."

"And it means a lot to us." Ruth added.

Niall grinned. "Yeah, Liam told me what he wanted- well, I shouldn't say wanted. He didn't want me to feel like I don't know what to look for so he showed me stuff online that he liked to give me ideas. And it's exciting to have you two help, who better to help than the two that know him the best?" He said as he started looking over the rings.

"Well, Andy would argue he knows him better." Ruth laughed.

"What does Liam say he likes?" Nicola asked as she looked in some of the cases.

"He said that he doesn't want something too crazy. The stuff he showed me had really nice designs
on it with small diamonds and subtle details. He likes the simple things. He definitely wants a white gold band though, he's not much of a gold person."

"So nothing with a lot of bling." Nicola hummed. "I can't imagine he'd hate anything you chose though."

"He's completely smitten with you, like I've never seen before." Ruth agreed.

Niall found himself blushing a bit. "Thank you, I've never been with a lad before him. It just came naturally and I've never felt this way about anyone. He's the love of my life. He's the only person I've ever truly felt safe with."

The girls both cooed a little. Niall and Liam were adorable.

"Oh, what about something like these? White gold with a black design?" Ruth pointed out

Is it white gold or silver? I can never tell the difference." Niall replied. "It's nice though."

"Well this row says silver, the other says white gold. I wouldn't do silver, white gold is better." Nicola replied.

"I think these are nice but I don't know if any of them really stand out for Liam. I feel like you're going to know when you see the one." Ruth told Niall and kept looking.

"What kind of ring are you wearing Niall?" Nicola asked curiously as she too kept looking.

"Oh, it's a Claddagh ring." Niall replied with smile. "So I can wear it and have the public think I'm single and looking when I'm actually not."

"Clever." Ruth smiled, she knew all about Claddagh rings. "Good for Liam."

"Those are the type of rings where it changes meaning based on how it's worn, right?" Nicola asked.

"Yeah, there are four meanings. Right now, I have it on me right hand with the point of the heart towards the fingertips so it means I'm single and I might be looking for love. If it's toward the wrist, I'm in a relationship. If it’s on the left ring finger towards the fingertips, it means I'm engaged. Finally, if it's on the left towards the wrist, I'm married so Liam will just adjust the ring on our wedding day." He explained.

"Aw, that's seriously so sweet." Nicola beamed.

"It is. Liam is a true romantic." Ruth laughed.

"He asked me brother to help him pick it, it meant a lot to Greg. Liam honestly did a fantastic job and the proposal was perfect." He grinned. "Christmas day in Ireland and it was a rare snowy day, I'll never forget it."

"Ultra romantic." Ruth gushed.

"So proud of him." Nicola smiled. "Did you want to keep looking here or move on to another shop?"

"I'm not really seeing anything that screams Liam. Unless you two see something, it might be time to move on?" Niall suggested.
"Yeah, let's go. There's a shop down the way that has a much bigger selection of men's jewelry. I bet they'll have better options." Ruth nodded and walked to the door where she held it open.

"I have to know Niall, has he tried to talk you into making Loki a part of the wedding yet?" Nicola asked as he walked out of the shop with him.

"He has but he failed. I almost said yes to wedding photos but I don't want Loki flying to Ireland just to be there for a couple of days and then fly home. It's not worth the stress it's would put on him. And we wouldn't be there on either occasion to pick him up so he probably wouldn't like it very much." Niall answered. "Though I have thought of getting engagement photos done and having Loki included in them."

"I love that idea." Nicola smiled.

"You know, everyone who watches Loki normally when Liam's away will be at the wedding. You guys need to start looking at kennels unless Andy's mum would keep him." Ruth pointed out.

"Not everyone. A mate of mine that Loki knows and loves is going to watch him. We've got it all sorted." Niall grinned.

"Good." Ruth smiled. "Oh, Liam said to make sure we were asking how your knee was."

"Yes, and we've been instructed to make sure you're taking it easy." Nicola smiled and held open a door. It was adorable how her brother fussed over Niall.

"I'm wearing my brace. I usually wear it if I'm going to be on my feet a lot. I'm still doing rehab so it's good to have the extra support. It's quite comfortable too so I'm fine. Thanks for asking." He smiled and stepped into the store.

"He babies you a lot with your knee, doesn't he?" Ruth asked. "It probably is a good sign that he'll make a great dad."

"Only if they're interested. Don't push things like that." Nicola told her sister as they ventured towards a display case. "We know Liam wants kids but Niall might not and that's fine."

"I want kids. We've been talking about it a lot lately." Niall told them. "We've looked into countries that accept gay adoption and looking at what the first steps are. It's a long process so we're just doing the basic stuff right now."

The girls looked extremely excited. They were thrilled to hear this news. "That's wonderful." Nicola beamed.

"Make sure you tell our parents, I think mum's a bit worried Liam won't have kids. You know with Zayn it was clear none were wanted." Ruth said.

"I can't picture Zayn as a dad anyway. He's not the fatherly type and he said once before it was a burden he didn't want." Nicola recalled.

"Liam didn't tell either of you?" Niall asked.

"Tell us what?" Ruth asked.

"One of Zayn's one night stands came back to haunt him." Niall explained. "His name is James and he's almost a year old."
"Almost a year? But that means Zayn…" Nicola trailed off.

"Yeah, Liam wasn't happy when he found out. He was hurt that Zayn wasn't the person he thought he was." Niall explained. "But onto happier topics like… I'm taking your last name, legally." He told the girls.

"Wow." Ruth felt a bit stuck on the baby thing.

"Niall Payne? Really?" Nicola asked.

"Yeah, Niall Payne. There's a lot of men in my family with the same last name. With having an older brother who has a son, I feel like I can get away with it." Niall grinned.

"I’m so happy for you to be a Payne." Ruth grinned.

"Too bad you couldn't just design a Batman ring for Liam." Nicola joked. "He'd lose his mind over that."

"That's a brilliant idea, Nic." Niall said.

"I was kidding..." Nicola said.

"Oh my god, seriously?" Ruth giggled. "That'd be perfect though, Nikki. Imagine his face when Niall is up there and suddenly his wedding ring is Batman. He'd probably cry."

"Yeah, he would love it." Nicola agreed.

Niall had decided the second Nicola mentioned it and was currently waiting to talk with a designer.

"You have to." Nicola grinned and took a step back when someone came over to help them.

Niall explained to the man that he wanted a white gold band and he gave Liam's ring size. He then explained that he wanted the bat symbol on the ring, all the way around it and in between he wanted small diamonds.

He wasn't sure of an exact kart size until he was shown photos as reference. He picked out one of the smaller ones. The guy then sketched out a quick and basic idea of what Niall was asking for.

"That's fucking perfect." Niall grinned. He looked at the girls. "What do you think?" He asked.

"It's so him." Ruth smiled, being careful with her words.

"I can't agree enough." Nicola beamed. "I just want to see his face when he sees it."

"It's perfect. It's definitely beyond perfect." Niall grinned.

"I'll do the drawings up digitally and send them to you. If you approve, I'll start working on the ring." The man explained to Niall. "I'll just need your information." He said and handed Niall a form. "The bottom half is for you to fill out."

Niall filled it out, signed it and handed it back.

There was a down payment required before any work could be done so once that was paid, Niall and the girls left.

"I have all day free if you two wanted to do something else." Niall offered them as they left.
“How about some early lunch?” Nicola suggested.

“Pretty sure that’s called “brunch”’” Ruth teased, causing Niall to laugh.

“Sounds good.” Niall smiled and nodded.

“You’re not worried about being seen with us?” Nicola asked.

“Nah, we have a good cover story. If anyone asks, I’ll just tell them that reason.” Niall smiled.

“I know a great place not far from here but we should drive there.” Ruth said. She didn’t want Niall walking too far on his knee, even if he had the brace on.

“Great, text me the place and I’ll meet you two there.” Niall smiled and headed back to his car.

While Niall grabbed brunch with Liam’s sisters, Liam was stuck at the studio in a writing room with Zayn listening to the lad grumble about how he didn’t want to write.

"Fuck sake." Zayn grumbled loudly as he walked around the small room holding a notepad. "I don't know why they make me do these sessions Liam. They never like what I've written, they only like what you four write."

"You just can't really write pop music." Liam shrugged. They were stuck in a writing room for most of the afternoon until about 4pm. They were currently taking a break as they weren't getting anywhere. "It's not your fault that One Direction isn't your style of music, it's just what was given to you and you need to make the best of it." He said as he was texting Niall and his sisters. They were currently in a group chat together talking about random things and teasing Liam about the ring that Niall bought him.

"So then is that your advice for every time life gives you something outside of your plan?" Zayn curiously wondered as he fell into a chair.

He'd been making One Direction the best experience he could. He loved One Direction. It was the sound he didn't like and being with Modest, there was no way to change the sound.

"The label and management like our sound the way it is. I’ll admit with every album we do, we get more freedom but it's never going to be the way you want." Liam said. "You like R&B, reggae and blues which just doesn't mix with the band's overall sound." He explained. "And as for anytime life gives me something out of my plan, I really do just make the best out of the situation I've been given." He shrugged again. "Maybe one day we can have a couple of bonus tracks or free tracks that include your type of sound. It's just hard to picture One Direction singing those type of songs. You write great stuff but part of being as great songwriter is being able to write more than one type of style and genre."

"I can write more than one style." Zayn rolled his eyes. "I just feel strongly that we need to do something that sounds different every now and then. It helps bring in new fans from different music styles."

"True but there's also why fix what isn't broken? We can't just do a 180 and change completely. There should be a build up and then we should give the fans a free song and see what they think of the new sound." He sighed as he felt his phone buzz again. It was a selfie of Niall with his sisters and they were doing ridiculous faces. It made him smile.
He then turned his attention back to Zayn. "If you can write other stuff, write what you're supposed to and write a pop song."

"What about a pop song that has an R&B inspired feel? Just a little taste of something." Zayn suggested. "Maybe I'll write something like that and see what they think."

Zayn sighed and looked around the room. "Do you think they'll let us order food yet? I'm starved. I can't write anything hungry."

"If you're hungry, go take a break for food. I'll stay. I already ate before I came considering it was an afternoon session." Liam said. "Oh and before I forget again, how's James doing?" He asked.

"He's doing well, he didn't wake at all last night after you two left." Zayn replied.

“Well, I'm glad it all worked out.” Liam smiled. "You seem like you're finally getting the hang of this parenting thing. I never thought I'd see the day honestly, you always told me you never wanted kids."

"I didn't." Zayn told him honestly. "I never wanted kids, Li. I still don't see myself married. I think-I think maybe I can see myself as a parent though. As James' abba."

"That's good, I'm glad. You seem happy, which is nice because you're usually miserable." Lam said.

"It's honestly strange still Liam, but James makes me happy in a way I've never felt before. When he sees me and gets excited, it makes me feel good. He doesn't care about anything I've done. He just cares that I'm there right then.” Zayn hoped Liam would honestly listen how Niall did instead of judging him so quickly.

"Just wait until he's a teenager." Liam laughed. "Then he'll judge you about everything." He teased.

"Fuck, a teenager." Zayn shook his head. "I'm not ready to think about that. I've only just accepted that a little baby is mine. Kind of wish I would have been there from the start. That way I would know more and I wouldn't feel guilty." He started playing with the hem of shirt as he thought.

"Not your fault." Liam told him. "I know you would've liked to have known, but maybe you can at least find out who his doctor is? The one that already knows him? That way you can get all caught up."

"I'm not sure how to do that." Zayn admitted. "I'm sure if I Google it I'll figure it out though."

Zayn pulled out his phone and checked his text from Caroline. She hadn't said anything but she sent him a photo of James asleep on the floor near a sleeping Brooklyn.

"Do you really think I can be a good abbu?" Zayn wanted to know honestly. His eyes stayed glued on the photo of James. "Are you still mad at me for hurting you or do you just really think I'd fuck James up?"

"I'm always going to be a little pissed off that you cheated throughout our entire relationship, you're not the person I thought you were." He paused. "I'm just surprised I never caught you doing any of it." He sighed. "And whether or not you can be a good father to James, I honestly have no idea. You seem to be managing so far, but it's only going to become more challenging as he grows up, especially because he'll have a bit of a spotlight on him due to who we are." Liam explained.

"You're not a good person, or at least you weren't. But whatever, what's done is done and I'm with someone who actually cares now and I'm getting married a few months. I've never been happier."
"Liam, I really am sorry for messing up. I don't say that to change things. There's no changing them, I know. I'm just saying it because I know I was wrong. I know it's completely my fault. I want to take ownership of it. The same way I want to take ownership of being James' abba. I think I can be a better person." Zayn tried to tell him. It all seemed awkward and uncomfortable.

Liam frowned. "When I first learned about James, it was the first and only time I thought what if we were still together? This would still be the way I found out but now, there's a little baby involved. There are consequences to your actions, Zayn. But now there's a child in your life and what you do and say and how you act- everything reflects on your parenting style and the life of that baby. If you could cheat on me for almost two years during which time you told me you loved me and you wanted to be together forever, I kinda question your ability to be a good parent. But even though I question it, it doesn't mean that I'm not here for James, nor does it mean that I won't help you." He tried to explain.

As his phone buzzed, Liam picked it up and decided to change the subject. "Niall's picking out my wedding ring today and asked my sisters for help. Afterwards, they decided to just hang out together. At first, I thought it was great, now they're telling stories that don't need to be told." Liam laughed as he texted Niall back, telling him his plans for lunch and that he missed him a lot. He then put his phone back into his pocket.

Zayn decided to let what Liam said go for now and went with the change of topic. "Do you want to come with me to get food?"

"Yeah. I'll just watch you eat, maybe steal a chip or two." He smiled. "I may be on a healthier diet now but I can cheat a little, I won't get in trouble if Niall doesn't know." He smirked.

"Aren't you a naughty fiance?" Zayn teased. "Come on, I'll drive." He went to the door and held it open for Liam. "Oh, have they told him the story yet about catching you trying on their bras to see what boobs might feel like?"

"Mm, he knows that one because I told him when I was really drunk once." Liam laughed. "Niall can get on with anyone but this would be his first time alone with the girls and I was a little curious about how they'd all get on. They're talking about the wedding, adoption, and how happy mum will be to have grandbabies and now embarrassing stories so it's nice to see them having fun. It makes me really excited for the future." He grinned as they walked down the hall.

"Kind of crazy how your mum's only concerns with me was marriage and kids. Now you're planning those things with someone before she even has to worry." Zayn tried to act like he was completely happy and accepting of things. He needed to be happy and accepting so maybe if he pretended for awhile, he would be eventually.

"Everyone in your family was concerned with you being a father someday because I didn't want kids. Now I have a kid and you're with someone else. Lucky for them, you both want to be dad's."

"Honestly, it wasn't the marriage part that bothered her, she just knew how much I wanted kids and didn't think I should have to give that up." Liam clarified. "Everyone believed I shouldn't have to sacrifice something I really wanted just so we could continue to be together. It really is crazy how fast life changes, innit?" He shook his head a little.

"Does it ever drive you crazy?" Zayn asked. "One day you wake up with your life pretty much figured out and the next day everything is different. Things seemed to have disappeared and you just aren't supposed to be afraid of the changes."

"Whoever said you can't be afraid of changes is an idiot." Liam said as they reached the front
doors. "Life is full of changes and yes, you just need to accept and go with it but you can totally be afraid of what's happening or what's going on. It's perfectly reasonable to have a big change happen or coming and be afraid of what that does in your life."

Zayn held the door open for Liam and walked with him to the car park where he left his car. "That's a bit like what Caroline said. Only her comments were directed at parenting."

Liam smiled. "She's a wise woman, you're lucky to have her." He said as Zayn unlocked his car and they both climbed in. It made him realize that the last time he was in Zayn's car was their last date night which was the night he was taken.

"You okay?" Zayn asked and he noticed a funny look on Liam's face and started the car. He looked around thinking something might smell funny. All he saw was one of James shoes. "Shit, Caroline and I were looking for that this morning. I thought he had to have pulled it off at home. He's okay without it though Liam. It's just a shoe. Don't look so upset."

"What? Uh no… I was just thinking back to the last time I was actually in your car. I never even thought about it until I sat down and I remembered the last time I was actually in a car of yours was the last time we went out, our last date night…" Liam trailed off a little. "It's funny how you don't think about the memories for a long while, then all of sudden a bunch of little things appear and you feel like you're constantly reminded of all the bad shit that's happened to us." He said quietly. He thought back to the weekend when Niall asked him to reenact his rape. It seemed to help Niall, but it affected Liam more than he was willing to admit.

It was so emotional for both of them but having to repeat everything and tie Niall up had been bothering him since that night. He hadn't spoken to Niall about it though since Niall had seemed almost lighter since that night and he didn't want to ruin that high.

"I know what you mean." Zayn nodded and spoke softly. He could tell Liam was really upset. It made him sad. It made him want to hug Liam and assure him that everything was okay. They weren't at that level though.

"It's what the maintenance therapy is for. A session once a month if we want in case little things like this suddenly bother us." Awkwardly he put a hand on Liam's shoulder. "Would you feel better if we took your car Li? The last thing I want is for you to be uncomfortable or upset."

"Maybe I should take my own advice… try replacing a bad memory with a good one." Liam said. "It's fine. It's more than just that but maintenance therapy sounds like a good idea. Maybe I should schedule a session." He sighed a little. "And as for James' shoe, it's fine. He's inside all day so I'm sure he'll be fine without it."

"Hey mate, I'm all for interesting ways of providing self therapy but you really should schedule a session if you're flashing back like that." It looked like he'd had a little flashback anyway. "Whatever I can do to help, let me know." He nodded and finally started the car. "I have no fear for James when he's with Caroline or me mum though. So I'm sure he's fine without one shoe. He seems to hate them anyway."

"Yeah, I've been doing a lot better until recently. Niall and I talk a lot about it whenever either of us feel triggered or whatever but…" Liam trailed off again. "Anyway, therapy sounds like a good idea again so thanks for that idea. How have you been doing?"

"I know we are far from close now but just so you know, if you ever need to talk about anything, I'm here. Nothing would ever stop me from being an ear if you needed it, Liam." He said.
"Me though?" He sighed and drove down the road. "I haven't done any therapy for a long time. Doesn't feel necessary right now. Shit, with James I stay too busy to be depressed or angry or anything like I was feeling. I get triggered when I'm told what to do still but I can control those feelings."

Liam nodded. "I appreciate that. Thanks." He half smiled. "You do realize like 100% of our job and well, any job unless you're the boss, is being told what to do? That has to be difficult to handle."

"Yeah, most of the day to day people have learned to word themselves better with me. Everyone else I just deal with it the best I can. It's hard but I make myself think about happy things. Not much therapy could do differently." He shrugged and pulled into the restaurant car park.

"Yeah, well, that's good that you can deal with it." Liam smiled. He was quiet for a moment and being in the car made him remember the good times he and Zayn had in the car, their mini day road trips which then caused him to remember their break up and how terrible it ended.

"Uhm, on a different note… I know we've briefly discussed our break up and how badly it went down before but I do want to say that it was unfair to just end things like that with you after us only having had sex like twice post hell. We both said that we didn't feel anything for each other after so we just ended things, but that's not entirely the case, I mean." He sighed as he tried to get his thoughts in order. "It was but before what happened, we had issues that we couldn't seem to work out." He frowned. "I never told you the real reason that everything changed. I didn't suddenly out of the blue just stop having feelings for you, things happened and it just died slowly but the sad thing is that neither one of us realized it was dying until it was too late."

Zayn shook his head, "No, stop. I don't want to know." He already had it in his head that it was all his fault. "I- Not here, not now, not like this. You can tell me whatever the real reason is but just wait okay? I need you to wait. I'm not ready to hear it."

Liam nodded. "Sorry. I just started thinking about it after I started to think about the good times we've had in this car and I felt the need to talk to you about it and to be honest with you. I can wait until you feel ready to talk about it, I won't push you."

"Liam, I'm honestly happy that you're happy but I'm still hurting from the break up." Zayn admitted. "I won't go into detail but just understand that I'm not- I've accepted it but I haven't healed yet. I think I need to try to heal at least a little more before you tell me. I obviously can only guess at what you need to say but I think either way, it's just going to hurt to hear it right now." Zayn hoped he was coming across as respectful still. "I promise I'll tell you when I'm ready to know. It's important to get those things off your chest, I know. So one day, I promise you can. Just not today."

Liam sighed and nodded again. "A lot of things that I thought I'd put past me or learned how to live with have been bothering me again. Our relationship is one of them; how we handled things after we were rescued and how we broke up, it was just really… bad. I feel this need to explain my reasoning for how I was acting and why, but I don't want to push you. I'll just keep it to myself for now." He paused as a thought crossed his mind. "If you're still healing, does it bother you to see Niall and I together?" He asked, the question came out quieter than he meant it too.

Zayn took a deep breath. If he wanted things to be better with Liam, maybe he needed to keep with this honesty thing. "Sometimes." He couldn't look at Liam but at least he was being honest. "Mostly just when you guys talk about your wedding or adopting kids. I try to ignore it. I’m sorry if it comes off as me being rude."
"I don't think Niall notices much, or at least he hasn't said anything to me." Liam shrugged. "Louis already said to be mindful around Harry when talking about babies and wedding stuff just cause he wants that stuff and Louis isn't ready yet. And if it bothers you, we won't talk about it much around you either. So that basically leaves Louis... well, within the band at least." He frowned a little.

"Don't feel pressured or anything, I'm not a child. If there are other things to talk about, that might be nice though." Zayn told him. "I know I really fucked up and I hurt you a lot, but thanks for understanding. You really don't have to and it means a lot." Zayn gave him a smile just in time for his stomach to growl loudly.

"We're honestly just really excited and happy, it's hard not to talk about what you're excited about." Liam nodded. "But we'll try to tone down the wedding and baby talk, promise. We should probably feed you, so let's go inside."

Later that day, Zayn was now getting home with James. He had a runny nose and was terribly fussy. After cleaning his nose again, Zayn pulled him out of the carseat and got his spring clothes off.

“Alright mate, let's go in the kitchen and give you some of this infant Tylenol. Caroline said it should help you feel a bit better." Zayn told him and carried him off.

James just clung to Zayn’s shirt and whimpered. He sneezed and instantly wiped his face against Zayn.

“Ah, gross.” Zayn whined. There were some things he'd just never get used to. That was gross no matter how you looked at it.

“Here lad, sit here for just a quick second.” Zayn told him and sat him on the floor. He groaned when James shrieked and clutched onto his leg.

“I'm sorry.” Zayn told him as he worked as quickly as he could to get the medicine into a syringe. Thankfully, Caroline gave him one when she gave him the Tylenol.

“Okay, I'm ready.” Zayn told James as he ensured the the purple liquid inside the tube was at the correct marker. “Come here James.” He said lifting him back into his arms.

James clenched tighter to Zayn this time. He continued to cry and flop his head around.

“Relax please, James?” He begged. “You could choke if I give you this while you're crying.” Zayn bounced the little one in his arms and hummed a bit of a song for him.

Once he relaxed enough, Zayn took the syringe and popped the end into James’ mouth. He pushed the bottom and filled his mouth with the liquid, then waited to see if James would swallow.

Much to Zayn’s relief, James seemed to enjoy the medicine. He took it all and even bit at the syringe.

“That should help.” Zayn told him while thinking ‘I hope.’ “I doubt you're going to let me put you down so how about we go cuddle on the sofa until dinner. Maybe we can find some cartoons to distract you.”

The two of them sat cuddled up for an hour before Zayn was interrupted by his mum calling, “Hi mum.”
“Hi beta. I just wanted to call and see how things went last night with James after you called.” She explained.

Zayn tried to readjust James in his lap but this made the little one cry and fight to get back where he'd been before with the side of his face on Zayn's chest.

“Well, I ended up calling Liam. He and Niall came over and helped me. Actually, Liam did most of the work. James adores him. He was able to get him put to sleep for the night.” Zayn told her and rubbed James back softly.

“Still fussy though I can hear. Is he teething maybe?” She asked.

“I don't think so. Caroline was watching him earlier and said she thought he had a cold. His nose is runny and he's sneezing a lot. I asked her if she knew of anything I could give him for it and she gave me some infant Tylenol.”

“Poor lad. I'm glad you thought to ask about medicine though. No matter what’s causing the cold, the Tylenol should help.” Trisha replied.

“Do you suppose sitting with him in the loo while the hot shower runs would help? I know it helps me when I have a cold before I need to sing but he's so young.” Zayn asked. “He won't let me put him down for a second so we've been cuddling on the sofa for an hour. I just wanted him to feel better.”

“Zayn,” Trisha replied, her voice sounded a bit different now. “Wow, you really sound like an Abbu. I feel so proud honestly.”

“Really?” Zayn was very taken back. “Why? I'm just trying to do the right thing for him, that and help him get better. It's killing me how miserable he is.”

“That's why beta. You've done everything right with his cold. You’re asking the right questions and even feeling sympathy for him.” Trisha explained. “Zayn, my beta, I'm sure now that whatever you do for him will be for all the right reasons. One day, whenever you're ready, you'll be an amazing abbu.”

“That uh, that means a lot to me.” Zayn replied softly. “Almost everyone has no faith in me. I can do it mum and I want to prove it to everyone. Hearing that you have faith in me just makes me that much more confident.”

“So then… You've decided?” She asked cautious. She could almost hear it in his voice but needed for him to confirm it.

“Yeah, I want to be his Abba. I want to keep him. I… I love him mum.” Zayn admitted. It was the first time he'd said it aloud.

“I won't tell anyone. I'll let you do all that when you're ready. Just know I love you both very much. My beta and pota.” Trisha sounded so happy.

“I love you mum.” Zayn smiled. “I'm gonna go and see if I can get him to drink a little juice or something.”

“Alright, keep in touch and give him kisses.”

“I will. Bye, mum.” Zayn laughed then hung up once she said her goodbye.
“Well, sounds like I'm not as incompetent with you as my mates lead me to believe.” Zayn told James.

James just sighed. He made no attempted to reply.

“I wish you talked. I know I've heard you squeal, cry and giggle but I want to know what your voice really sounds like. I want you to really talk and babble how Brooklyn does. When will you do that?” Zayn asked him and rubbed his back soothingly.

James again didn't reply; not that Zayn honestly expected him too. He did however sneeze and then cough a few times following the sneeze.

“You're congested, aren't you beta?” Zayn frowned. He could tell the little lad was physically hurting now. “Come on, let's try the shower thing. I'll sit on the floor and hold you in my lap.”

Zayn then carefully got up and went to the loo where he set them up with a hot shower to steam the room. James cried while Zayn was setting it all up but stopped once he was back in Zayn’s lap being cuddled.

Zayn was actually enjoying all this cuddling with James. It helped Zayn feel a connection to his beta. James being clingy made him feel needed as well. It wasn't often anymore that Zayn felt needed.

Completely alone and completely silent, Zayn spoke to James, almost nervously. “I’m your Abba. Do you know that means dada?”

James looked up at him but never spoke.

“Maybe one day you'll call me abba. I actually think I’d like that, to be your abba and for you be my beta. I think I'm keeping you. I hope you're alright with that.” Zayn then finally allowed himself to kiss James’ cheek.

James smiled softly and sighed before laying on Zayn’s chest. He then took to chewing on his hand while the steam did it's work.

Chapter End Notes

I'll try and remember to post a new chapter Saturday!

Also, please review! Comment your thoughts and feelings and all that good stuff (or not good stuff), just...let us know what you think. Don't be shy to comment!
Chapter 13

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

I suck. I'm sorry. It's just been busy life the past few weeks and in between has been headaches then Thanksgiving (Canadian Thanksgiving) and then my dad's birthday.

And again between all of that, I just haven't felt well. Sinus stuff. I got put on a prescription nose spray for allergies, which has been drying me out, then I took Advil sinus for some sinus headaches and now my ears are popping...I can't win.

Sorry for rambling. Just wanted you to understand that stuffs been going on. Not intentionally ignoring not posting.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tuesday

It was early in the morning, earlier than Louis wanted to be up. He was at the offices his therapist worked out of.

He didn't want to be seen by anyone so it was arranged that he'd meet Michelle in the conference room on the floor level below her office.

He sat in the room an assistant had directed him to with Alberto to keep him company.

Louis waited at a long conference table that had many chairs around it. "I get to talk about my feelings then go write feelings, how convenient." He told his security guard and friend as he spun around in an office chair.

"I suppose feelings can be important. That's what they say, anyway. They're not always fun to talk about, though." Alberto replied. "You're obviously here for a reason though. I mean, it's something you wanted."

"It is. I came because I'm still having issues and Harry is annoying the fuck out of me to the point where I purposely fell asleep on the sofa last night when we got in. He thinks I just passed out from driving and being busy over the weekend. I just wanted to avoid talking to him. We never say anything nice anymore and we end up in the same old shit argument. Dad told me Harry's side since they talked and, while I understand it, I don't get why he can't understand mine too." He sighed. "Sorry, you're not the therapist in this situation."

"It's okay, I'm a friend." He shrugged.

Then there was a knock on the door. A moment later Michelle popped her head in with a smile, "Louis? Are you ready?"

"Yeah, Alberto was just keeping company as I waited." Louis said and sat up straighter.

"I'll wait outside." Alberto smiled and stood. He walked out of the room, closing the doors behind
"You gave me a basic rundown of why you wanted to meet again but would you like to tell me in detail now that we're in person?" She asked as she pulled up a seat near him and turned her notebook to a blank page.

Louis sighed. "It's hard to explain exactly. I just feel angry a lot of the time. I'm also not sleeping, mostly from still having nightmares. They did die down for awhile but now they've come back and they're worse. I'm like dreaming of stuff they could have done rather than what they have done. It doesn't help that Harry and I aren't on the same page anymore when it comes to our relationship but the nightmares still happened before that started. I want to slow down and enjoy life before settling down. I want to learn how to overcome this anger I feel that I have, and to sleep without getting haunted by the past." He frowned.

"I'm worried about touring again. When we were rescued, we had to go straight back to work and it was a couple of months of touring but now it's time to tour again and it's a full fledged tour. No one's sleeps well on tour because we're constantly writing and recording or doing promo for something." He sighed again. "I don't feel okay and I don't know how to fix or live with that." He finished.

"Okay, deep breath." She told him calmly. "We certainly will work on anger management. As for the nightmares, we'll take those one step at a time as well. Determine what might be causing them and then figure out hot to resolve that." She smiled.

"My first response to all of it is stress. Stress can cause all kinds of issues, especially when you have a history of PTSD. You have work stress. Trauma stress. Harry stress. Not sleeping well stress. Anger, of course, causes stress too."

Louis took a deep breath. "I should have come back sooner but I really wanted to believe I could handle it on me own. But when Harry and I were fighting the other night, he said something like I might say I still have issues but I'm not doing anything to help myself." He said and played with his hoodie strings. "As soon as I heard it, I knew he was right so I made the appointment."

"I'm glad you did. It sounds like you have things you need to work through and I can help Louis. I'm proud you called." She smiled.

"Let's start with the anger for today. Tell me what makes you feel anger?" She needed to see if he even knew.

"Work, but that's usual anger. More recently, it's been family. My little sister, well the eldest of the girls who is only sixteen, is pregnant. Our mum had me at eighteen so I just thought she'd know to be careful and smarter but they're kids and they got caught up… Shit happens, I guess."

"My dad recently came out to me and Harry as bisexual or gay, I don't think he really knows for sure… But part of me feels angry that he had to hide himself for so long. I understand why people do that and especially that generation, but a small part of me felt cross that I couldn't tell or that when I came out to my family that he didn't tell me that he was attracted to men in that way."

"It's just been in the back of me mind since he confessed. I'm angry that my mates and I were abducted for some revenge plot. I'm angry that I don't feel like myself anymore and I'm angry that Harry and I are constantly fighting the same ridiculous fight day in, day out." Louis explained.

"Okay." She nodded. "The issue with your dad you need to talk with him about and tell him how you feel." She pulled a blank sheet of paper from her notebook and began writing on it. "The first
thing we are going to work on is recognizing that you're angry. The second thing we are going to work on is stopping you from being so angry. This is a process Louis and these are just the beginning steps."

She gave the paper with the first two steps written on it. "You're able to look back and see what has made you angry. Some of those things we can work today on resolving, like talking to your dad. The important thing for prevention is following the steps: recognize and stop."

Louis nodded. "Looking back is the easy part, when you're in the heat of the moment it's hard to recognize anything but recognize and stopping… I will definitely try to be more self aware."

"All this week and next, I want you to work on recognizing when you're angry. When you do, stop. Stop mid-sentence. Stop moving. If anything, the only thing you should say is simply 'I'm angry.' In these two weeks, if you find yourself doing well with those two, go ahead and try the third step. That step is space. You stop what you're doing and then you give yourself space to be alone the best you can. So the idea is that you recognize your anger, stop for a moment to collect yourself, then walk away to have a moment alone." She smiled at him. "I think this will be great for your anger issues. It would be even better if you kept a diary for all of it, write down every situation."

Louis nodded. "Sounds simple enough." He told her with a small smile. For the first time in a long while, he felt like he had hope that things would get better.

"Make sure you bring the diary to our next session. We can go over all your notes on what happened. It should be very insightful." She smiled back.

"You have a few things to do. Can you handle it all? Talk to your dad. Get a notebook and keep notes of recognizing your anger, stopping and, if you're ready for it, moving to a space where you're alone. Oh, I also want you to find something that relieves stress for you and do that. Let's see if less stress helps the nightmares."

Louis nodded. "There's plenty of empty notebooks laying around the house for songwriting so I can use one of those," He agreed. "But yes, I'll work on these. Thank you."

"You're welcome. We're going to get you through all of this, no worries." She smiled. "If you and Harry ever want some group sessions to help you talk through things, let me know. I know he still sees Carrie. She or I would be happy to help you work through the issues affecting your relationship."

Louis nodded. "I think that's needed, a joint session some point soon. I avoided going to bed with him last night just because I felt so annoyed and angry. I really want to get better and not feel like this anymore."

"It certainly sounds like it would be healthiest for a joint session then. Why don't you also work on making a list of things you feel yourself and Harry need to work on in order for your relationship to be better? Make sure you aren't just putting down things he needs to work on, look at yourself too." She said.

"Sounds like a good idea to me. I can try and do that." Louis agreed.

"Good. Talk to Harry about going back to couples therapy. If he's up for it, then schedule that. We can do those via Skype if needed. I know Harry prefers Skype sessions now with Carrie." She said and made some more notes. "It would probably be good for Harry to make the same list of things to work on. Both of you having that at a first session would be helpful into seeing what you both honestly think of the relationship."
"Right, I'll mention that to him." Louis said. "Skype might work but we'll figure it out." He sighed and ran a hand through his hair. He felt tired from sleeping on the sofa all night and the nightmares.

She watched his body language and knew he was exhausted. "Another priority is going to be your sleep. We have a lot to work on with you, Louis. The important thing to note is that it's all fixable."

"For the first time in a long while, I think I finally believe that could be true. I have a little hope that things will start getting better now." Louis told her.

"They will. Hold onto that hope. That and do your homework." She smiled and pointed at the paper where he now had notes of everything he needed to do.

Louis found himself nodding again. "Yeah, I'll do me best." He said as he picked up the paper, glancing over it. "I do the homework for sure."

"Good. Some people don't." She explained. She then glanced at the clock. "We have about five more minutes of there's anything else you want to talk about. The first sessions always go so fast."

Louis was silent for a moment as he tried to think of anything he might want to share or talk about but his mind drew a blank. "No, I can't think of anything right now. Thank you." He smiled.

"You're welcome. I think we have a good plan formulated." She smiled at him stood. "Email me if Harry agrees to couples therapy and we'll set it up okay?"

Louis stood. "I will, I'll ask him tonight after the writing session we have with the other lads." He said.

"Sounds good. I'll see you next time unless something comes up before then." She shook his hand and then held open the door for him.

"I'll see you then." Louis said as he turned to Alberto. "I'm finished now but I need to get to the studio."

"I drove you here, so I'll drive you there and you can ride home with Harry?" Alberto suggested.

"Oh joy..." Louis said sarcastically and rolled his eyes. "Maybe if I don't talk, we won't fight." He sighed as they began walking.

"Because that's healthy." Alberto sarcastically commented. "You two need to work your shit out. If there's no Larry, then love is lie."

Louis shook his head a little. "We just need to work our shit out which is why I'm asking Harry if we can do a joint session together. We each have to a list on how to make our relationship better and bring it to the first session we have together. So that's a step at least." He shrugged as he pressed the down button for the lifts.

"Do you think he'll agree? Dale hasn't said anything about having to take Harry to therapy." He and Dale hung out a lot; mostly because Harry and Louis were always together and so they were always together. "All I really know Louis, is that you and Harry being in love means a lot to a lot of people. I think I'm speaking for those people when I say you'd better not let things fall apart."

"Harry prefers Skype sessions." Louis explained as the doors opened and taking a step inside. "He likes doing it from the comfort of inside a safe space whereas I prefer in person." He told him. "I don't think either of us wants to break up, we just want very different things at the moment so we're
trying to work through it the best we can. I don't plan on letting it fall apart that easily."

"Good. I'll kick both of your arses if it gets destroyed and that's all I'm saying about that." Alberto replied.

"Oh I know, I believe you." Louis laughed a little.

"You want to wait inside while I make sure there aren't any possible fans around in the car park?" Alberto asked.

"Yes, that'd be great." He said as the doors opened and he stepped off the lift with Alberto.

Alberto nodded and went outside to have a look around. There were a few older gentlemen having a smoke but they didn't seem like a threat so he went back inside. "Three men having a smoke but no one else in sight."

Louis pulled up his hoodie. "Alright, let's get out of here before I'm late and Liam gives me shit for it." He said, then walked outside.

Together they walked to the car and got in. It was straight to the writing session after that.

"Do you want me to walk you or anything?" Alberto asked once they arrived. "Oh and call if you decide you need a ride home."

"Nah, I'm fine. It doesn't matter if I'm seen walking into a studio." Louis said. "But I appreciate the offer, both offers. I will call if I need a ride, hopefully I won't." He smiled and hopped out of the car.

He walked into the studio where he texted Niall asking what room they were meeting in. After he got the reply, he headed to the room.

When he walked in, he saw that he was the last one to arrive. "Sorry if I'm late, I was at therapy." He said and sat next to Liam.

"Well, I half wondered if Harry had you tied up or locked up maybe I should say… somewhere and he would just continue to deny everything." Liam teased.

"Gee, thanks, mate." Louis shot him a look. "You're worried I'm tied up somewhere and yet here you are; sat with our mates and relaxing."

"I was going to give it twenty four hours first before I decided to look for you." Liam smirked as Niall laughed.

"Seriously? What if I was seriously injured or something? What if I was dying and it was all your fault because you decided to wait." Louis asked Liam.

"But you're clearly alive and well… for now, that is. Who knows what Harry might do to you in your sleep." Liam grinned.

Louis rolled his eyes. "You clearly do not care." He stuck out his tongue.

"Ew, no one wants to see that, Tommo. Who knows where it's been."

Zayn strolled in as Louis was shaking his head at Liam.
"Zaynie Boo, you decided to join us after all." Harry cooed teasingly.

"Cute, Styles." Zayn shook his head and gave him the finger, which Harry returned. "I had to drop a wee one off with Caroline and she had a lot of questions since he was sick yesterday."

"Aw, he was sick?" Niall frowned.

"How sick? Is he alright to be around other kids? What did Caroline think? How was he feeling today? Babies should have at least one quiet day after being sick the night before, even if they're feeling better. Is he feeling better?" Harry asked.

Niall who was leaning against Liam looked up at him. "Is it just me or is that the fastest he's ever spoken? I don't think I've ever heard him ask so many questions in one breath before."

"You're right." Liam nodded. "But not surprising when it's about babies, especially James."

"Woah, Harry, slow down." Zayn shook his head and sat next to Harry. "I called the after hours nurses line. She said it sounded like was just a little cold. She also asked what all I'd done for him so far and said I had done everything right. She said I didn't need to worry about isolating him and Caroline was fine with that since it was a nurses advice and not just my own opinion." Zayn explained and sat his bag down. "Besides, James woke up so much better today. No runny nose. No sneezing. He wasn't even cranky. Caroline said I did really well caring for him."

"Congrats, you made it through the first cold and you're still alive. Just wait for the time he throws up on you." Louis told Zayn.

"Ew, seriously. I just ate before I came, I don't need to think about baby puke at the moment." Niall made a face that reflected how his stomach turned a little.

Liam wrapped his arms around Niall. "Happy thoughts." He encouraged. "And would ya stop being gross?" He shook his head at Louis who's only response was to stick his tongue out again.

"I'm really happy James is feeling better, that's good to hear. Sounds like you did a good job." Liam praised.

"Thanks. You know, I even called mum. She said it was fine to sit in the loo with the hot shower on, like a sauna. So James and I had a really good cuddle. I think he enjoyed just being close to me." Zayn found himself smiling. "I uh, I enjoyed it too."

"Aww." Niall smiled.

"Smart move." Harry nodded.

"So where's Julian and them?" Louis asked.

"We're supposed to start without them, Jamie is with another artist last minute but he'll be here a little later. Julian and John are in a meeting and will be here after." Niall explained.

"Fun. A day of being locked up with you batshit crazy lads in an attempt to write some fun pop songs." Louis nodded.

"You're… more sarcastic than usual. You okay?" Liam asked him.

"Just tired and stressed. More nightmares so I haven't really been sleeping." Louis replied.

"I know the feeling." Liam frowned. "If you need something or company if Harry isn't around, you
can come visit us." He offered.

“Yeah for sure, you’re more than welcome to crash our place if you need a change of scenery too, sometimes that helps.” Niall agreed.

"Thanks." Louis smiled.

"You didn't tell me you were having nightmares." Harry frowned.

"Uh, in attempt to stay happy and focused while locked up together…” Liam interjected. "Zayn said something yesterday that inspired what could possibly be lyrics. It gave me an idea to a start of a song, I changed a word or two to give it better flow…”

“Yes, I did.” Louis said softly. He remembered telling Harry the night he had his cockcage on but maybe Harry was too busy sobbing about his own feelings to listen.

“Oh? I inspired something?” Zayn asked.

“Yeah, Niall and I worked on it last night just a little.” Liam smiled. “Before we were distracted.”

Louis shook his head and smiled at them. He wanted to make a remark about Snow White and Prince Charming but he wouldn’t do that in front of Zayn.

“Shut up.” Liam said reading Louis’ thoughts.

Louis giggled. “I didn’t even say anything and I won’t. Promise.”

“Focus.” Niall encouraged and rubbed Liam’s knee.

“Right, so what we have so far is “We're only getting older, baby and I've been thinking about it lately, does it ever drive you crazy, just how fast the night changes?”” Liam sang a little.

“Everything that you've ever dreamed of, disappearing when you wake up but there's nothing to be afraid of even when the night changes it will never change me and you.”

“I think that when the “you” is sung it should be a falsetto.” Niall said. “But Liam isn’t sure.”

"What I said yesterday prompted all that?” Zayn asked in surprise. He remembered saying a lot of those things, just in a different way. "Wow Liam."

"Yeah, it inspired a line. When Niall saw me working on it, I mentioned what I had said back to you and he said it'd be a pretty great lyric so so all that this just happened." Liam replied.

"Liam, sing the last line in then do the "you" in falsetto." Harry said.

"But there's nothing to be afraid of even when the night changes it will never change me and you." Liam sung did was asked of him.

"Your fiance is completely right." Harry agreed..

"Yes, but Harry I’d like to hear you sing it. Just how Liam did but in your own register." Zayn suggested.

“Besides you, Liam’s the best for falsetto but okay.” Harry shrugged and sang the last part of the song and sang the “you” in falsetto.

“I think it sounds best with Liam.” Louis said.
“Me too.” Harry agreed. “What about ‘moon is breaking through her hair, she's heading for something that she won't forget. Having no regrets is all that she really wants.’” He suggested.

“I like that, Liam write that down.” Louis told him.

Liam looked down at Niall who at the notebook in his lap. “I’ve got it.” He said as he wrote it down.

"Sort of sounds like…” Zayn paused to find the right words. "... like she's looking to go party and stop being so innocent. Almost like a girl trying to come of age."

"Nothing wrong with that, it makes for a good song. A song that can be about a girl and us not have to be shitty at the fact we wanted to use male pronouns." Louis shrugged.

"Hmm, what about something like, ‘Going out tonight. Changes into something red. Her mother doesn't like that kind of dress.’” Niall offered.

Harry nodded, "It needs a line after that, just the three sounds funny."

"So say something about how the dress is showing too much. That's a reason a mum wouldn't like her dress." Zayn attempt to be helpful.

"So like, ‘Going out tonight changes into something red, her mother doesn't like that kind of dress, everything she never had she's showing off.’” Niall suggested

"Yes! Fuckin brilliant, Niall." Zayn nodded. It wasn't often in the writing process that people understood what Zayn wanted in a lyric. That was mostly because his style was so different.

"Let me see what you have, Payno." Louis said and sat next to him. "Oh, okay here, add 'Driving too fast' before the bit Harry suggested."

"What about, ‘Chasing it tonight, doubts are running 'round her head, He's waiting, hides behind a fag.’” Louis paused. "Wait, can't say that." He laughed a little. "That sounded really bad." He shook his head. "Damn language barriers."

Niall laughed. “That really did sound bad. It’s almost as bad as the headline ‘Zayn Malik vows to ditch the fags’”

“What’s wrong with that headline?” Zayn asked.

“Think of it from the western point of view.” Niall said. “Fag doesn’t mean there what it means here.”

“Oh right…” Zayn nodded and chuckled.

“Anyway, back to the song.” Harry said keeping them on track.

"It doesn't flow, anyway. The word, I mean.” Zayn thought. "Does the American word flow better you think? Hides behind a cigarette? Still needs another line to keep with the four line pattern."

"Heart is beating loud, and she doesn't want it to stop." Harry filled in. "I think that works really nicely."

"I agree." Liam nodded. "Still needs a bridge. Something to tie it all together." He tapped on the notebook. "We could repeat the start of that verse?"
"'Going out tonight changes into something red, her mother doesn't like that kind of dress. Everything she…’ Wait," Harry stopped himself. "Just change the last line. Something that reflects the song being about coming of age like Zayn said."

"So…" Liam tried to think.

"Something about losing your innocence?" Niall asked.

"Reminds her of the missing piece of innocence she lost." Louis suggested. "That’s how I feel most days at least."

"I know what you mean." Niall frowned a little, causing Liam to kiss his head which made him smile a little.

"You lads do realize this song is basically about a girl going out and having sex, yeah?" Zayn asked. "That's how it feels anyway."

"Yeah, that much is kind of obvious." Liam laughed.

"So now we have a song about waking up with a hard cock and a song about a girl getting fucked. Very heterosexual of us." Louis sasssed proudly.

The others laughed. Zayn didn't, he sat there feeling confused. "We have a song about waking up with a boner?" He asked.

"Yes, go on Louis. Enlighten Zayn." Liam nearly laughed.

"Yes, Lou. Let's hear it." Harry smirked.

Louis shook his head. "I woke up hard and Harry was mad at me and so Liam and I wrote a little song called “No Control”. Though I think there was more to story with how it came to be written, wasn't there Liam?"

"Oh there is, because half of the song came from the fact that you were in a cock cage all day." Liam smirked.

"Not what I meant." Louis laughed.

"And Zayn doesn't need to hear about my sex life." Liam told him.

Zayn who had been smiling at Louis getting out in a cage suddenly stopped. "Yeah, uh, good point Liam." He rubbed the back of his neck and stood. "I'm just gonna call and check on James now."

"Lou, think more next time." Harry frowned. "It's probably awkward to hear about your ex’s sex life when they're with someone new, mates or not."

"It's fine Haz." Zayn grumbled a little and left the room.

"Didn't sound like it was fine." Niall pointed out. "New rule, no talk of Liam and I's sex life around Zayn. That was just fucking awkward."

Liam nodded. He knew it was more than it just being awkward due to his and Zayn's conversation the day before. He hadn't told Niall about it because he was insecure about Liam's past with Zayn as it was. Liam wasn't going to add that by telling Niall that Zayn hadn't completely healed from their break up and have Niall take it the wrong way.
"Agreed." Liam said.

"Good point. Sorry, Liam. I forgot for a moment. I'll do me best to be more careful in the future and think more who is in the room." Louis told him.

"Thanks. It'd be a little weird to be sharing my sex life details when my ex is still around." Liam shared.

"Got it, so tell me… If you're Snow White now does that mean you're going to adopt seven little dwarfs?" Louis teased. Zayn wasn't in the room so it wasn't an issue.

Liam then was swiftly smacked in the shoulder. "What is with you telling Louis all about our sex life?" He obviously wasn't truly angry, perhaps just a little embarrassed.

"Ow." Liam pouted, pretending it hurt.

"Louis isn't any better about it either." Harry added. "This is why they can't play together for awhile." He laughed.

"You're the one that put me in a cock cage and left. I just called for tips… then the other stuff just came out. He's the one that suggested Snow White! I was totally going to do Prince Eric but he got it in me head that I had to be Snow White." Liam explained.

"Oh so that's what that was about… " Harry said remembering the question of who went with Prince Charming.

"First of all, Snow White was the worst idea ever Louis. I'm still not healed from seeing Liam dressed that way." Niall shook his head.

"Second, you, Liam James, were the one who gave me the idea for the cage so don't complain. You also assured me it was fine." Niall added.

"Excuse me, I'm stuck on the part where innocent Niall put Liam in a cock cage." Harry laughed.

"It was fine! It is fine!" Liam sighed. "I only called him to ask for tips on how to move with the damned thing on and how to wee with it. I've never had one before so I simply wanted to some advice on how to move without hurting myself too much." He explained.

"I'm not that innocent, Styles. I've been experimenting." Niall said.

"On Liam." Louis laughed. "I still find it hard to believe sweet little innocent Niall is becoming quite the dom. I mean, first it's sex all day, then you plug up Liam, then you cage him a day or two later. Then the roleplay shit. Quite the kinky bastard you're becoming. I'm very proud."

Liam shook his head as he felt himself blushing. It was one thing to chat a little about it but to hear it listed off like that, he couldn't control it when his face started to heat up.

"I made him change too." Niall told Louis. "I had him be Clark Kent. So much better then fucking Snow White, literally."

"We didn't actually have sex in the roleplay though so I don't know if it still counts. Maybe it does, I don't know." Liam shrugged.

"It counts. Why not have sex with Prince Charming though?" Harry asked.

"Clark Kent was getting a blowjob from Prince Charming, then we changed our minds part way
through and did something else." Niall replied.

"Fair enough." Harry nodded. "But next time, stick with it. At least finish the blowjob in character. Poor, Superman… left all hard." He laughed.

"So does this mean next time you'll fuck as Batman and Robin? Who gets to be Robin?" Louis grinned. It was fun picking on them slightly. It was a little strange how open the four of them were with their sex lives lately but it was all in good fun. There no judgement so it was always a fun conversation.

"Niall is not being Batman. Does that answer your question?" Liam asked with a grin.

"I don’t understand what the big deal is? It's not like you two don't do crazy stuff in bed. Why is it strange when I do it with Liam?" Niall asked. "You guys use toys and fuck all day and roleplay. I don't tease you about being innocent."

"You're the innocent one, Nialler." Louis explained. "We all have our roles to play, you know with Zayn being the dark, handsome, mysterious one. I'm the one that everyone knows, I'm the funny one. Liam's Daddy Direction. Harry didn't want to be a frontman, but they turned him into one anyways and he’s the one that all the straight horny teenage girls lust after. But it's just funny because you're not as innocent as you seem or people think you seem, rather."

"And because you're new to gay sex, in a way. I mean, you didn't have the best introduction to it and honestly, you two are this cute fluffy type of couple who just love to cuddle and kiss and just be really fucking cute. So it's a little fun to tease when you two are doing the crazy kinky stuff because you kind of don't seem to be the type." Harry added.

"Harry and I have always gone to the extremes since not long after we got comfortable with each other sexually. And also, we're your mates we have to tease you about everything, sex included." Louis said. "And it's also fun to give you tips and advice."

"I guess I'm just feeling insecure or… What's the word… Inadequate?" Niall asked Liam.

"Uh, inadequate? You have no reason to feel that way, I assure you. Maybe having people we can be a little open with about our sex life would be helpful though. Hear from someone else what is normal and what isn't." Liam just wanted to help.

"It should be awkward to talk about that part of our lives but I guess after what we went through, it's not a big deal. You can talk with us anytime. We'll reassure you or advise you as best we can. Right Boo Bear?" Harry questioned Louis.

"Exactly." Louis nodded. "We've lived through the worst part of our lives together and we're surviving it together. We witnessed each other go through hell and none of us will forget what happened. I think it's made talking about sex, and our sex lives in general, a little less awkward for sure."

"It might be a little weird when you initially think about it," Harry said. "But if you think of all that we've gone through, we're really just here for you guys. I know for you Niall, gay sex is a new thing and I remember the excitement of being comfortable enough to try everything. If we can offer you tips and advice to make the ride, no pun intended," He paused to laugh, "a little more enjoyable so you don't repeat the painful mistakes we did when we experimented with stuff, we're happy to talk to you two about your sex lives. Whether you want to ask questions or just talk about a specific thing, feel free."
"And I know for you Liam, you and Zayn didn't do anything really besides just plain old boring sex so you're new to the toys and kinks too. As your best mate and older brother, it's my duty to share my knowledge with you." Louis smiled.

"Thanks. I guess that might be helpful." Niall agreed. "You'll just have to be nice if I get embarrassed."

"Of course we will." Louis smiled.

"I have a question. I don't know if I'm crossing a line or not though." Liam spoke up. "Just, tell me if it's too much but, did you two have to like do anything to completely move past the... You know, what that guy did to you that night Harry?" He didn't want to use the word 'rape'.

Harry bit his lip. "It’s personal in some ways, but if it can be helpful to you…" He said softly.

"Uhm, there came a moment where I just wanted sex from Louis but I couldn't stop remembering that night whenever we would get intimate like that. I told him I wanted to replace the bad memory with a good one and I had him fuck me the same way as he did. I had him use the same language as well, mostly just calling me baby boy. It was really hard to get through at first but as we went, on it became easier. As strange as it sounds, it did help and since then, we've been able to have sex as we did before." He explained.

"Really?" Niall seemed completely fascinated.

"It helped you as well Louis? You didn't feel strange or bad or anything?" Liam wanted, no needed to know.

"Yeah, it definitely helped us get back to the start." Harry nodded.

"In a way, yeah... I was a little scared the first time because I didn't want to do anything to hurt him. He'd been hurt so much already, I couldn't live with myself if I did anything to cause him pain, even accidentally. But in the end, it was more for him than for me. It was what he needed so I was happy to provide." Louis explained. "It helped him so there wasn't anything for me to feel bad about."

Liam nodded, taking it all in.

"That's actually what stopped us from roleplaying. I've not been able to do that same position with him. Hell, it took a long time to be able to receive at all. I couldn't completely move past it. Then we redid everything except using loving words and- I feel like a weight shifted off me." Niall smiled brightly. "It's like- it's like that's what I needed in order to be free."

"I can definitely relate to the being free part and honestly being taken from the back is a really great position. It's really different than the others and feels the best in my opinion." Harry shrugged. "So hopefully, in time, you can learn to enjoy it. It's nice to be free sexually and not have restrictions."

"It really is." Niall agreed.

"You alright there Payno? Busy thinking about getting your boy the best way?" Louis teased and laughed when Niall's face flushed red.

At that moment Zayn came back into the room. He looked a bit emotional as he came in and sat down. "Sorry it took so long." He spoke softly.
Liam gave Louis the finger in response to the question.

Louis laughed. "Put that thing away, I don't know where it's been." He teased.

Niall shook his head.

"You alright, Zayn?" Harry asked, noticing he seemed different.

"Y-yeah. He just, he got upset when Caroline put me on speaker and he heard my voice. He started crying and trying to take the phone away from her." Zayn explained. "Why does that make me want to run and like, give him a cuddle?"

"He misses you." Harry grinned. "And you being his Abba makes you wanna go give him a cuddle to make him feel better. It's normal."

"Oh." Zayn wasn't sure if he should feel happy or relieved or something else. "I'm sorry lads, It just upset me hearing him cry like that."

"It means that you've bonded." Louis said. "Like seriously bonded. He misses you and you reacted to that, it's normal."

Zayn smiled and wiped the tears out of his eyes. "Thanks, I thought I might be going crazy. I've never done this stuff before, obviously."

"Of course." Harry smiled and leaned over to give Zayn a quick hug. "It's all normal, natural parenting stuff. You're not crazy, I promise."

Niall then heard his phone ding, he had a text from Greg. "Speaking of babies, Greg wants to know if we can still do next Tuesday for babysitting Theo while he and Denise are at their mate's wedding here in London." He said looking up at Liam.

"Theo's coming?" Harry perked up.

Louis inwardly groaned then shot Liam a look. He'd told Liam about Harry's obsession but apparently he hadn't told Niall.

"Yeah, you're welcome over for a cuddle. If Liam says we can still look after him anyway." Niall smiled.

"Yeah, of course we can." Liam quickly replied. "The only thing I have going on is writing with Louis that day but the time is undecided so Louis can always come over after Greg and Denise pick up Theo." He suggested.

"I want to see Theo." Harry told them again.

"Harold, they know. Relax." Louis told him. He was obviously getting upset so he stopped like Michelle had told him to. He knew she'd said the next step was to give himself space but he didn't feel ready, not here.

"It's an all day thing." Niall reminded. "They plan to have part of the day to themselves, then go to the wedding so you're both welcome over anytime. Anytime you and Louis feel inspired to write, Harry can help me with Theo and you and Louis can go to the bedroom or guest room or whenever." He suggested.

"Thank you." Harry smiled. "I get so happy around babies."
"Hey, you can visit James and help me anytime." Zayn offered.

Okay, now Louis was ready for space. "I'm gonna go outside, get some air."

"Okay, don't be too long. We still have to figure out the melody and title of this song." Zayn said.

Harry frowned as he watched Louis stand. "You want company?" He offered.

"I just need a few minutes to myself. I'll try to be mindful of the time and come back to help." Louis told everyone.

"I'm going to mess around with some ideas on me guitar." Niall said to no one in particular and sat up from leaning against Liam.

"Do you mind if I follow you out? I just want to grab something from the car." Liam asked and stood. "I promise not to stick around and crowd you."

"Sure. Oh and the song… Night Changes." Louis said. "'Does it ever drove you crazy, just how fast the night changes.' We say that a lot so I think the title should be Night Changes." He said and headed for the door.

Liam stood and kissed Niall's head. "I'll be right back."

Niall nodded. "You're with Louis so I'm not sure whether or not that’s true." He teased making Harry laugh

"We'll behave, Nialler. Promise." Louis smiled and headed out the door with Liam behind him.

"Okay, please don't be cross with me." Liam said now that they were alone. "I'm so sorry I didn't make sure Niall knew not to bring up babies around Harry. I swear I'll tell him when we leave."

Louis took a deep breath as they walked down the hall. "You forgot to tell Niall, it's okay. Shit happens." He shrugged. "Better late than never, I suppose. And I do love Theo, he's adorable. But the more Harry is around babies, the more we talk about it and the more we fight about it. It's just a headache I don't need." He said as they turned and headed down another hall that lead to the back door.

"I'll do me best. I'm so sorry." Liam frowned. "Would it help if I begged Harry to work on wedding stuff with Niall? Put him on a wedding mindset instead of babies? I just want to help."

"He's upset and jealous about the marriage and babies. He wants it, I'm not ready for it yet. It's just a constant conflict. Maybe if he did help Niall with wedding stuff, it would help him release some of that pent up energy." He thought aloud as he reached the door and pressed against it to open it.

He walked outside with Liam and pulled out his cigarette pack.

"You smoke days? Since when? Does Harry know?" Liam asked. "Do I need to cover for you?"

"No, because today is when I finally cave and smoke when I can't take the shit anymore." Louis said and put the cigarette under his shirt with his lighter to light it up. After he took his first puff and let it out, he looked to Liam. "It'd be nice to have a cover for today. Between therapy and how I'm currently feeling, I'd just rather not hear it from him, if you don't mind."

"I have spearmint gum in the car, that will cover your breath. Your clothes, tell him you were talking to someone who was smoking." Liam sighed. "You're going to have to tell him though." He
shook his head and went off to his car to get the gum.

When Liam came back, he handed it to Louis. "I'll go in and comment how the lady saying hello to us reeked of cigarette smoke. That should help you."

Louis took it. "I will, just not today. Michelle give me homework and part of it is talking to Harry about couples therapy with her and Carrie or just Carrie, I don't remember which now." He said. "And we have to list what we feel needs work in our relationship, each of us need do it separately. But anyway, I'm just glad you and Niall are okay. Oh and thanks for the gum, I owe ya one."

"No problem." Liam told him. "I'm gonna go make sure those three aren't going baby crazy in there. Zayn getting attached isn't helping Harry." Liam gave Louis a pat on the shoulder then went inside.

After awhile, Louis returned to find Julian and the others there.

Together they worked out the melody for the song and a few other things.

After writing, Harry had plans to meet up with friends. He gave Louis the keys to his car so Louis could drive himself home.

It was a lonely night for Louis at home while Harry spent time with friends. He felt bored and wasn't in the mood for songwriting so he started to Google how to adopt a puppy or a dog.

Liam spent the night clubbing with some public friends of his while Niall stayed home and cuddled Loki. He was still learning how to be okay being left alone but Liam texted him a lot which seemed to help.

Wednesday.

The next day, Liam had therapy early and he met with Michelle the same way Louis had his appointment set up with her.

“So, Liam, catch me up. What's been going on with you since I last saw you?” Michelle asked him with a friendly smile and pulled out the notebook she kept for Liam.

“Niall and I are a lot more serious now. I asked him Christmas Day to marry me when we were in Ireland visiting his family. I had his brother help me pick out a ring.” Liam smiled.


“Thanks.” Liam grinned. “We've had our issues sexually but it's mostly because it's new to him. He couldn't do doggy style for sex because of his rape. Same goes for plugs, it's associated with his rape so he finds it difficult to overcome it. When I suggested to him that we replace his bad memory with a good memory, I meant for him to let me try and use a plug on him if he ever felt up to trying that.” He explained. “But instead he took it another way and asked if we could reenact his rape and I... did to him for the most part what Mac, the bloke that raped him, did to him so that he'd feel better. The crazy thing is that he says it made him feel better because it was me who was doing it and he feels freer almost because of it. But the real crazy thing is, I feel so bad. It just really bothered me. He cried through it because it was emotionally taxing on him but honestly, I just felt like shit after and I still do.” He frowned.
Michelle nodded. “First of all, I know how awkward it can be for someone to open up about their sex life to someone else, especially in therapy so good for you for taking control of yourself and recognizing that there is an issue.”

“Thanks.” Liam said quietly.

They then went on to talk about everything that's been bothering Liam lately, including his flashing back when he was with Zayn.

Michelle promised to help him and they set up a plan for going forward.

After therapy, it was another writing session with all the lads. Liam was feeling a bit drained so he honestly wasn't interested in a writing session but he didn't have choice.

To make the day even less enjoyable, Louis and Harry came in hardly speaking to one another and Zayn was late again, blaming James for crying when he left him with Caroline.

“Zayn, why don't you leave earlier next time?” Harry suggested. “So that way when he's upset you have some extra time to spend with him.”

“Yeah, I'll try that.” Zayn nodded and sat next to Harry.

“So Niall, what's Liam's ring like?” Harry asked.

“I can't tell you in front of him.” Niall laughed. “But he might legit pass out from excitement.”

“Now I'm curious.” Liam pouted.

“Well, did you get him silver or gold?” Harry asked.

“He doesn't like gold so I went with white gold which is his favourite. And that's all I'm saying in front of him.” Niall said.

“Good. I just wanted to make sure if you did get gold you went to the right place so you wouldn't end up with a fool's gold wedding band. It happens to people more often than you think.” Harry said.

“That might be good for a song something about falling for your fool's gold… Like about a relationship where you're aware of a romantic partner's empty love but wanting to continue the relationship anyway, despite feeling used.” Niall suggested.

“That's good. I mean the definition of Fool's Gold is "something you think will be very pleasant and successful but is not”.’” Louis nodded.

Then the other writers that they were spending time with today came in. They spent the majority of their time getting the lyrics down. It was difficult to get it to be perfect to everyone's liking but it got there eventually.

When their session was over, Zayn was the first to leave and the others really didn't know how to feel about it.

"Is it bothering anyone else how Zayn seems to have bonded with James overnight but still hasn't said wether he's made up his mind or not?” Louis asked.

"Yeah, he's rushing to go see him but- it's just not very Zayn-like or… I don't know. It's all odd."
Harry agreed.

"It's one thing to bond but it's another thing to actually want to raise a child. It's a lifelong commitment." Liam shrugged. "It's a heavy choice but you can't tell me you wouldn't do the same thing, rushing to pick up your kid after work was done."

"And I think Zayn still has some time too. He probably just wants to be sure he can do this long term." Niall agreed.

"I just hope he's thinking about everything that comes later. James won't stay little, he'll get bigger and get into things. He'll make messes and talk back and slam doors. If he's like Zayn, he'll have a temper too." Louis pointed out.

"Exactly. I think we just don't want him to say he's keeping James simply because he's pretty easy right now." Harry nodded to agree with Louis.

"Yeah, true enough." Niall agreed.

"He's probably just scared. Who wouldn't be? He has to choose whether to raise his son or give him up. And if you're not usually a baby person like Zayn used to be, it's a harder choice." Liam explained.

"Well, whoever talks to him next just make sure he's considering the future. I want what's best for James and I'm still not convinced the best is Zayn." Louis said simply. "Not to be mean, just honest."

Liam nodded. "I agree."

"I think Zayn can do it. People can change." Niall defended a little.

"People can change. I agree with you, Ni. I just don't know if he will and this time his not changing would affect an innocent life who has already been through some bad stuff." Louis said.

"I want him to change, he's capable of changing. I just don't want James to get hurt. So long as he doesn't hurt James, I'll be fine." Harry resolved.

"I've told him that, he gets it." Niall said.

"I've told him the same thing as well. He understands that and is trying to decide if what's best for James is him or not. It's a hard choice." Liam frowned a little.

Louis nodded. For the moment he felt satisfied.

"Well, I guess just let us know if he says anything to you guys." Harry shrugged. "We'll see you in a couple of days, if we don't hear from you before then."

"Yeah, we really need to get going anyways. We're registering at City Hall for the wedding… well, for the legal part of the wedding." Niall smiled. "Today is the day where change happens. I'm sure management will hear about it at some point and then we're… I don't even know. But it will be public knowledge so it'd be hard to spin it. It's not like the contract we signed says we're not allowed to date, it's not their fault they thought we were all straight. And honestly, how did anyone think that Louis was straight? No offence, I mean that in a good way." He laughed a little.

“It was probably due the fact that he had a girlfriend at the time.” Liam laughed.
“Oh yeah, oops, forgot about Hannah.” Niall nodded.

"But then I admitted to myself who I really was and now I’m extremely gay.” Louis smiled proudly.

"Titles aren't that important to me anymore, I know who I love." Harry shrugged and then gave Niall a hug before hugging Liam. "Good luck registering lads."

"Next time we're together with drinks, remind me I owe you both a toast.” Louis winked.

“Speaking of toasts, we’d really like you both to give one at the wedding.” Liam said.

“I thought we weren’t going to allow Louis to speak.” Niall laughed.

“That’d be wise.” Harry smiled.

“It’d be a fun memory.” Liam grinned.

“Mm, okay. Just be sober first please.” Niall teased.

“I’ll share every embarrassing moment we’ve ever shared together.” Louis smirked.

“Our family will be there! Don’t go too crazy.” Liam smiled.

“I’ll keep him in check, don’t worry.” Harry nodded.

“Good.” Niall nodded.

“Good luck, and congrats again. I’m really happy for the both of you.” Louis smiled.

“Thank you.” Niall smiled.

“Yeah, this is the best time of our lives, right now.” Liam grinned.

“So sappy.” Louis playfully rolled his eyes. “See ya tomorrow.” He smiled and left with Harry.

"Ready for this?” Niall asked Liam as he picked up his guitar case. Something about bringing his guitar from home made it easier to figure out melodies and everything else.

"A tiny bit scared of management and the label but fuck them, this is our life. They don't get to control if we get married or not." Liam nodded and headed out with Niall.

Chapter End Notes

Would love to hear your thoughts! Excited for the Niam meeting with management and the label?
Chapter 14

Chapter by larryslove

Chapter Notes

Sorry! Allergies...Headaches...all around not feeling like doing anything, especially fiction wise...Here it is!! Enjoy the chapter. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wednesday

When Zayn made it to Caroline's, he got out of his car and quickly went to the door. He had missed James terribly today and wanted to hold him. While he stood on the doorstep, he typed out a text to send to Caroline so James wouldn't get scared of someone knocking at the door. After sending the text, he waited for her to come to the door.

Caroline appeared moments later with James in her arms. As she opened the door, the wee one started to cry and reach for Zayn the second he saw him.

Caroline stepped aside so Zayn could walk in. "He calmed down a few minutes after you left. Once I was able to get him distracted, it was easy." She smiled. "He's been good all day."

James sniffled against Zayn's neck.

"Always such sweet boy for Caroline, aren't you?" Zayn asked James. Of course, James didn't respond. "So when he cries like that, when I come back I mean, is that him forgetting he missed me or something? I'd think he'd be happy to see me but he cries."

"It’s actually separation anxiety. When he sees you, it’s like ‘oh yeah, you left and I missed you. I'm happy you're back but never do that again.’ They get over it in time. It might take James a little longer due to his past. But of course, that all depends if you're keeping him."

Zayn smiled and kissed James cheek, "About that, I've made up my mind. Mum knows, I just want one more day before I call my lawyer and tell the lads. I guess I just want to enjoy things before telling everyone makes life crazy." Zayn explained.

"Oh?" Caroline said. "And would that decision be you keeping him instead of giving him up?" Zayn's smile gave everything away.

Zayn nodded and almost blushed a little. "I can't explain it Caroline. Something about him needing me when he was sick changed everything."

James finally seemed to be over his tears and sat up in Zayn's arms. He touched Zayn's face and smiled at him.

Zayn smiled back and kissed James' little hand. "I'm his abba and I always want to be his abba." He added. "Something about looking at him and knowing he's my son suddenly makes me happy even though I still struggle to know what I'm doing."
Caroline grinned. "That's great! I have to admit, I didn't have that much faith in you but I've seen you grow and really step up. I'm so proud of you. But this also means you need to hire a full time nanny who is willing to go on tour with you." She told him. "I do have a job beyond dressing you lads."

"I know I do. I have to talk to management about it first. They'll want a say, you know that." Zayn quickly told her. "I promise I'll find someone soon."

Caroline nodded. "Good and I'm proud of you for stepping up." She told him.

"We had a good time today." Caroline smiled. "But why don't you come early tomorrow so that if he makes a fuss you won't be late?" She suggested and sat down on the sofa.

"Yeah, Harry suggested the same thing actually." Zayn nodded, sitting beside her with James on his lap. "I'll try to be early so I won't be late for rehearsals." He sighed. "I haven't a clue what I'm doing."

"No one does." Caroline laughed. "But I am here for you, as are a lot of other people."

"I know. I do… It's just, how do people do this forever? Does it get any easier as they grow up?" Zayn asked. "I want to keep him, I do, I just don’t want to screw him up."

"You lean on people around you to help you when you need it. As Brooklyn’s gotten older, I wouldn’t say it’s gotten easier but there are new challenges. So it’s not easier or harder, it’s just a new set of circumstances." Caroline explained.

Zayn nodded. "You know, I never wanted to be an a father. I told Liam I wasn't interested in being married and having kids. I still don't think I want to be married but I love James. I feel proud to be his abba, his daddy." He admitted. "Does that make any sense?"

James looked at Caroline and pointed towards Brooklyn on the floor who was giggling at a toy.

“It makes complete sense.” Caroline smiled. “Some people think they don’t want it, then they get it and change their minds. It happens in parenting too. There are a lot of hard moments like ‘why did I choose this life?’ But then you have a sweet moment and you’re like ‘This is why.’”

"I didn't choose this though. I mean, I guess I did in a way but I didn't choose it how most people do. Like Liam and Niall aren't even married yet and they have plans for kids. I didn't plan on ever having them, then James just kind of fell into my lap.” Zayn attempted to explain what he was thinking. He then followed James' finger pointing and laughed, "Is our little friend being silly? You like her?"

"You're choosing him now and by spending time with him. You feel you can't let him go and you just want to keep him around, no matter how hard the future might be." Caroline said.

"That's exactly it." Zayn quickly nodded. He loved how Caroline was so easy to talk to and how she understood him. "My only real struggle is that almost no one has any faith in me. Even now that the lads are being nicer, they still don't honestly think I can do it."

"Because you never wanted this and because you don't like being tied down. You're a real party boy; you get high and you drink a lot. They probably just can't see you willingly giving that up long-term." Caroline explained.

"I guess I just feel like I can still have fun as long as I'm making sure James is taken care of first, like with a sitter or my parents. They used to go out to parties when my sisters and I were younger."
I remember because my daada and daadi would keep us and we'd be bored as- you know." Zayn caught himself.

He then noticed Brooklyn crawling his way and wanting attention.

"Hello sweetheart. Uncle Zayn hasn't been paying you much attention anymore, have I? We’ve gotta fix that." Zayn told Brooklyn and moved to the floor so he could safely hold both her and James.

"Daada and daadi. What do those words mean? I haven't heard you use it before." Caroline asked.

"Grandpa and grandma." Zayn smiled.

"I made the decision that I wouldn't heavily go out and party once I became a mum. I might have a glass of champagne but that's about it, even if we weren't going to be coming straight back home." Caroline explained. "But I also don't like being away from her overnight, it's too hard." She frowned a little.

Zayn nodded. "It's not like I plan to be who I was. I just- I think if I am how my parents were, I'll be okay. They'd give themselves a night off every once and while. Abbu always said it was good for his mental health because I was challenge." He laughed a little. "Suppose I'll know what that's like in a few years."

Caroline nodded. "I don't even want to think about that age. Why can't they just stay cute and little forever." She pouted.

Zayn kissed Brooklyn's cheek, then James'. It made them both giggle and he laughed at them. "If you figure out a way to make that happen, let me know."

"Would you mind getting a picture of me with both of them? My beta and goddaughter. I know you aren't going to show anyone." Zayn asked and gave them both a little squeeze so they'd giggle again.

Caroline smiled. "Of course." She grabbed her phone, took the photo and smiled at the result. "Super cute." She said and showed Zayn the photo.

"Text that to me." He smiled and kissed James cheek again.

The little lad turned in Zayn's arms and yawned directly in his face before laying his head on Zayn shoulder and whimpering pathetically as he pointed to his lion which was out of reach.

"Formula breath. Lovely." Zayn spoke in a sarcastic tone. "I guess I should go so he can get his afternoon nap on the ride home." He then looked at Brooklyn, "I love you Brookie. Go see mummy now, Uncle Zayn has to go."

"Yeah, he didn't want to sleep earlier when Brooke did." Caroline told him as she sent Zayn the photo. "Well, I'll see you tomorrow. Remember to come early so you won't be late." She reminded and picked up James' nappy bag. "I already have it ready for you." She smiled

"I won't forget." Zayn said and let Caroline take Brooklyn. He stood up and got James into his little seat. "Thanks again for helping me, I owe you." Zayn told her and gave James his lion before taking the nappy bag and heading to the door.

_Thursday_
The following morning, Zayn had just finished feeding both himself and James’ breakfast. They'd both had some mixed fruit. Zayn had made himself some eggs but had made more little pancakes for James.

“Was that good?” Zayn asked cleaning his mouth and hands off. “You didn't touch the strawberries again.”

James smiled at Zayn and made grabby hands for him.

“Alright, come here.” Zayn told him and picked him up. He'd gotten so much better at not feeling awkward when talking to James. Seeing Caroline with Brooklyn helped. Zayn thought James talking back would help more though.

“What do you want to do now? We have time before I have rehearsal.” Zayn told him. “Do you want to play with your little kitchen?”

James grabbed Zayn’s shirt with both hands.

“What is it beta?” Zayn asked. He felt strange using that word but he wanted to get used to it. “Here, let's sit on the floor with your toys.”

Zayn sat on the floor carefully and sat James right in front of him but facing his toys. James crawled just a short distance from Zayn and grabbed some of his One Direction teddy bears.

“Who'd you get?” Zayn asked. He was working on playing with James more and being comfortable with doing that.

James smiled and handed Zayn his own bear. He smiled and then showed Zayn the other two bears. He had Liam’s and Harry’s.

Zayn, trying to encourage some talking, pointed to one of the bears, “That’s Liam. Can you say Liam; maybe LiLi?”

James didn't reply. He sat Liam’s bear down and held up Harry’s.


James didn't repeat it though. He pointed to the bear Zayn’s held instead.

“This one? This is Abba.” Zayn explained. “That's when Abba was younger. Will you say Abba? Abba.”

James smiled and pointed to Zayn before giggling and crawling into his lap.

“Yes, I'm Abba. At least you’re learning that's my name.” Zayn told him. “Where’s Niall and Louis?”

James shook his head no and took the bear out of Zayn’s hands. He hugged it and smiled.

“You just want Abba's bear?” Zayn asked. He smiled when James crawled into his lap. “Do want to cuddle?”

James didn't reply however. He just stayed comfortably in Zayn’s lap and played with the bear.

A short time later, James still wasn't interested in doing anything other than playing while sitting in Zayn’s lap.
“I need to call my lawyer and tell him I’m keeping you.” Zayn remembered. “I need to put you down so I can do that.”

When Zayn moved the baby from his lap however, it did not go over well. James burst into tears and turned to crawl back into his lap.

“Come on, just for a moment.” Zayn told him as he tried to hold him back while getting up.

James cried louder and reached for him.

“Okay, okay, I can try to call him while holding you. You just have to be quiet so I can hear him.” Zayn told him and picked him up. “No more tears now, I’m holding you.”

It took James a moment to stop but when he did, he put his head on Zayn’s shoulder and grabbed his shirt. James loved to hold onto shirts.

“Good lad. Just be calm now.” Zayn told him and grabbed his phone. He dialed the number and held the phone to his ear with his free hand.

"Zayn Malik! You have good news for me I hope?" His lawyer, Vince, spoke into the phone.

"I do." Zayn smiled and bounced James a little. "I've made up my mind. I thought about it a lot and got some input from other people and I've decided."

"Decided? You said this was good news so I'm going to assume that you're not going to keep the… wee one." Vince said. "It'd really be the best choice for your career."

"Uh," Zayn swallowed hard. That comment certainly made this awkward. "Vince, I'm keeping him. I can't even stomach the idea of letting him go and never seeing him again."

He turned his face and kissed James forehead making him smile. James bounced the bear against Zayn's arm and laughed a bit, obviously happy he'd gotten his way with being held.

Vince sighed and shook his head. "There's always open adoption but you never change your mind so I'm not going to waste any more on energy on you and this situation. But we do have to get you legally declared his father. I'll draw up the paperwork and get a date for court."

"For someone who is paid to be on my side, you sure are showing your opposition." Zayn declared. It was a little bit triggering.

"Just get with my team before actually setting a date in stone. I know you already know that but I have to say it." Zayn added and took a deep, slow breath. "The sooner you can do it, the happier James and I will be though."

"Oh that's cute, you think I'm on your side. You don't pay me, Malik." Vince crackled. "I'm paid by your label and to help support their best interests regarding their artists and bands, this isn't what is best for them nor for your career. Unfortunately, the law is on your side." He sighed and rubbed his forehead. "I know I have to look at your schedule before setting date, it is the obvious thing to do. I wasn't born yesterday. I actually know how to do my job, unlike you." He said then hung up.

Had Zayn not been holding James he would have yelled or screamed or broken something. James was in his arms happily laughing however.

"You have no idea how badly I want to lose my temper right now or…” Zayn shook his head and stopped talking to James. It probably wasn't good to say things like that to him.
"Let's just go ahead and get you to Caroline's. I've got a long drive to rehearsal today and maybe some alone time in the car is what I need to relax." Zayn finally told James.

James quickly shoved the teddy bear into Zayn's face and laughed louder.

It wasn't exactly helpful to Zayn right then but he managed to ignore his urge to be visibly upset by it. "How about abba let's you take this and your lion today? Maybe it'll help you not be as sad."

Zayn let out a few more breaths before getting James’ outside stuff on and getting James into his seat. James wasn’t happy about that at first because he’d rather be held. Instead of letting his anger get to him, Zayn started singing in urdu which made James quiet as he listened to the new language he was slowly getting used to hearing.

While dropping James off at Caroline’s and dealing with his meltdown, Zayn felt more frustrated with than anything today since he still had some left over residual anger from the phone call with the lawyer. He gave Caroline the quick rundown of how the call went and she did her best to help with getting James to let Zayn leave so he wouldn’t be late for work.

Afterwards, he went on his way to rehearsals. This time their space was being moved out of town in attempt to avoid fans. Zayn didn't expect it to work, the stalkers always knew their whereabouts and it bothered him greatly, especially since he has James now.

He was both excited and nervous to tell the others at rehearsals that he was going to keep James. He felt that he was making the right decision, despite what Vince thought.

It took over an hour to get there. When he arrived, there were fans there. There wasn't anyway they could have known where to go so soon so obviously management tipped them off to let them know where they'd all be. It wasn't the first time and he knew it wouldn't be the last.

He smiled and waved as he walked inside the building.

"Liam, I think you may want to help your fiance. His trousers seem to be having a wardrobe malfunction." Harry pointed out.

"It's probably Liam's fault anyway." Louis added with a laugh.

The four hadn't seen Zayn come in yet.

"Well, I don't know who started it, but look at them! It's obvious that they were having some morning fun." Harry teased.

Liam looked over at Niall who was chatting with their band. He looked him over then realized that Niall never did his fly up.

Liam bit his lip. "We were in a rush while leaving this morning… and yes it was completely my fault." He smirked a little. "I regret nothing. Nothing is better than morning sex while also being slightly aware you have to be at work on time."

"I dare you to go a fix his fly right now without a word in front of the band." Louis smirked.

"See, this is why you two are meant to be grounded from one another." Harry tried to keep a straight face but he couldn't. "Oh hell, I dare you to too. Go!"
Zayn could hear all this and decided to hang back where he felt none of them would spot him.

Liam grinned. "I'll take that dare." He nodded and walked over to Niall was standing with the band.

"Hey, Liam." Josh greeted as Liam moved to stand in front of Niall.

Niall raised an eyebrow. "What's up?" He asked.

"More like what's down…" Liam cryptically explained and reached forward with his hands. With one hand on the waist of Niall's jeans then with the other on his zipper, he pulled it up.

Niall's eyes suddenly went particularly wide. A blush covered his face and he gasped before he even truly realized what was happening.

Of course, it occurred to him what the issue was a second later when he looked down. "L-Liam," he stuttered. "Ah, thanks."

"Anytime." Liam said trying to hide his smirk but failing. He then headed back over to Louis and Harry. "I'll take any dare, I have no issues with them." Liam told them. "We're going to be found out soon enough anyway. Why not have a little flirty fun in the meantime?" He shrugged.

"Does that mean when you're found out I can dare you to suck him off someplace public and you will?" Louis laughed.

"That's enough, you." Harry warned.

A few feet away they heard Emma, an intern, say, "Zayn, we'll be starting soon. Stop standing over in the corner and get ready."

Liam was about to answer when he heard Zayn's name being mentioned. He flushed a little.

"How long have you been here?" He asked walking over to Zayn.

"Too long." Zayn sighed in a slightly agitated tone. He was feeling a bit frustrated again. It was mostly from having been told what to do but also a little because of what he'd heard.

"Sorry, I would have stopped if I had known you were around." Liam frowned a little.

"Zayner!" Louis smiled. "How's the wee one?" He asked.

"Made any decisions yet? Time's almost up right? Or?" Harry asked as Niall came over.

Louis smirked.

"I know you were behind that." Niall told him and shook his head. He then smiled at Zayn.

"Morning." He greeted.

"Hey lads," He swallowed and grinned. "James is good. Very clingy this morning so dropping him off was another battle but I let him bring my teddy bear, the one from the One Direction set. I think that and my being early helped."

"That's good." Harry smiled.

"Have you made a decision?" Louis asked, repeating Harry's question.

Zayn smiled, "Yeah, actually I have." He rubbed his hands together and smiled a bit bigger. "I'm
keeping him. I love him too much to let him be adopted."

"That great." Harry grinned.

"Of course you love him, but can you raise him? This isn't something you can quit if it gets too hard, Zayn.‖ Louis told him.

"There's a difference between love and what's best for the child.‖ Liam said.

"He said he's keeping him." Niall stepped in with an upset tone. He shot Liam a look before going and hugging Zayn. "I'm happy for you and I know you wouldn't be making this decision if you didn't have faith that you can be his Abby forever."

"Abbu." Zayn laughed. Niall never got it right but he found it funny. "Thank you Niall. That means a lot."

"I know, I just like to make up words so let me have this." Niall laughed. "But really, congratulations."

"Liam is right." Louis said. "I support you as long as you understand this is a lifelong commitment."

"He knows that." Harry sighed. "Congrats, Zayn. I'm really happy for you."

"Me too. At least you have us to help." Liam said.

"I know it's for life, Louis." Zayn replied. "I'm nervous for some of the years to come but I'm sure I want this and I'm sure I can be a good abbu."

"Of course you can." Niall nodded supportively.

"I just really do hope you guys are still willing to help like you said you would. I mean I know you will Harry, I'm just not sure if the rest of you still will." Zayn explained.

"I said I'd support you if you understood what it means to be a father… Which you do, which means I do." Louis explained. What part of his earlier statement didn't Zayn understand?

"Didn't I just say you have us to help you?" Liam asked confused. "We're going to help you." He said.

"And I honestly don't understand why you wouldn't think that I wouldn't help." Niall frowned, feeling a bit hurt by the accusation.

"I'm sorry. I guess I'm just anxious about a few things." Zayn told them. "Please don't be cross for my being nervous."

"If it's about James, then you can lean on us." Harry offered.

"Lads! Stop your gossiping and get over here. Soundcheck rehearsals first, then your dance rehearsals. And Niall, really? Jeans today?" They heard a manager yell.

"Sorry… I slept in and I was in a rush to get here on time." Niall explained.

"Did you have good dreams at least?" Louis asked.

Niall blushed, "Yeah, wonderful."
Liam purposely bumped into Louis as a subtle way of asking him to stop.

"Do you not keep extra sweats in your bag still Li? They'd be big on Niall but he'd be more comfortable." Zayn offered.

"Oh, or he could just dance in his pants." Harry smirked.

"Yeah, that'd be a lovely sight, don't you agree Liam?" Louis smirked at him.

Niall's blush deepened.

Liam shook his head. "Niall can do whatever he wants. If he wants my joggers then he can have them."

"Does that mean you're going to strip for us?" Harry teased. Even if he and Louis were having problems, there was nothing like good banter that brought them back together.

"What is with you two? Are you hoping for a show or something?" Liam asked shaking his head.

"Been there, not doing it again." Niall said simply. "Talking about our sex life with you is one thing I surprisingly don't mind, but I'm not letting you watch."

"You know what I realized on my drive here today?" Zayn randomly asked in a desperate attempt to change the subject. "We never rehearse for rain conditions."

"Just having some fun, mate." Louis shrugged.

"Just stop talking. Get your in ears and shit on and come over here, please." Their manager sighed. "It's like working with teenage girls, all you five want to do is stand around and chat instead of working." He shook his head.

"Sorry." Louis said. "I was just having some fun, didn't mean to distract us further." He said and went to get his in ears and mic pack on.

"I'll just change when it's time to do all the movement stuff." Niall told Liam and went to get ready.

Zayn however was at his limit of being told what to do. "You know what?" He looked to their manager. "I'm standing right here until you ask me to get ready. There's no reason you can't word yourself politely. I'm an adult, not a child. I always do my best to ask you for help or whatever. You though, you always just demand. This entire team of people has been told it's a trigger yet you all still lack enough courtesy to just ask me nicely. It's not even about me being an artist. It's about me being human and having a genuine need that no one respects."

"Maybe if you didn't act like a child, just stood there and gossiped, I wouldn't have to resort to treating you like one." Their manager said as Harry and Liam got ready. "I know it's a trigger, but you lads don't ever listen and we have a lot to do so please spare me the lecture on your trigger. Most of the time we do ask nicely until all you want to do is stand around and do nothing like a teenager. Oh and you work for us, so it's your job to do as you're told. Unless you don't want to have a job, I suggest you just get the fuck ready."

"Zayn, it's okay. Just- will you come get ready with me?" Louis asked him. Being the oldest he still had that mindset of needing to take care everyone and protect them.

"Nowhere in our contracts does it say anything about having to put up with and endure mental
abuse.” Niall reminded their manager. "You're nothing without the five of us."

Niall’s comments made Liam's eyes go wide.

"I miss Paul." Harry frowned. "I hope he feels better soon." Paul hadn't been around lately due to having the flu that he caught from his kids.

"So you don't have to deal with me, I get it. And your contacts say that we control you and that you have to listen to us. So please, spare me the headache and just do as you're told... please. If you keep this up, I'll have PR plan something special for you and Perrie." He warned.

"Now you're just being an arse." Louis shouted. "We all have PTSD and if you want us to do things then don't be a fucking dick about it. The only person stopping rehearsal now is you and that 'I'm Jesus Christ' mentality you have. Fuck sake! We have the power to request a new tour manager and I'm not opposed to it. Modest has a lot of tour managers so you aren't anything special."

"Wow, what an awesome rehearsal." Lance, another crew member grumbled. "Just fucking say sorry so we can get today over with. At this rate we'll all be here till midnight."

"Fine. Whatever... I'm sorry." The manager sighed. "No wonder Paul is the only one willing to work you five on a regular basis. Look. I'm sorry I haven't been "sensitive" to your little PTSD needs, can we please just get on with the fucking rehearsals? We've used up enough time."

"Paul is the only one we listen to without question because he took the time to earn our respect." Harry explained in a very calm tone. "Kindness gets you much further with people. Paul understands that, whereas no one else does. It isn't about him being the only one willing to work with us, it's about him being the only person we enjoy working with."

"Well said." Liam nodded and then turned to finish getting ready.

"Paul treats everyone with kindness, you should take notes." Josh shook his head. Normally he didn't say anything but the lads were his friends and he understood the importance of good mental health.

"Thank you Joshua." Louis gave him a smile and then took Zayn's hand and lead him to go get ready.

"You want to go far in your career? Respect your artist. Hard to be successful if no one will work with you." Niall advised one more thing then walked away.

"Fine." The manager fought an eye roll. "I'm sorry and I'll be nicer. Can we please get on with this so we don't have to stay later?"

"Let's just get the day over with, lads." Liam said. "The sooner we work, the sooner we get out of here."

"Fine." Niall sighed and took his spot at his mic that was beside Liam.

Zayn decided to keep his mouth shut and just go stand in his spot. He'd honestly come scary close to physically reprimanding their asshole of a tour manager. Louis had been the only thing to stop him.

"I'm ready." Harry casually spoke and got into place.
Finally, after a long and tedious day, Niall had just changed into his jeans again and walked back out. "I really do hope Paul feels better soon." He

"Maybe we can just request a new manager for now." Liam suggested.

"It won't work. Modest isn't going to go out of their way to find someone else when it's only temporary. They're all dicks, Paul is the only one with a heart." Louis reminded them.

"This is true." Harry frowned.

Zayn was about to say something when he got a text from Caroline saying she'll give Zayn his suit for the Asian Awards when he picks up James.

"Shit." Zayn groaned.

"What's up?" Louis asked.

"I didn't look at my full calendar today and I forgot I had the Asian Awards tonight." Zayn sighed as he realized he needed a sitter for James.

"Oh. So who will watch James?" Harry asked hopeful it'd be him.

"Well, Niall you said that if needed you and Liam could do it. Right? Please?" Zayn felt desperate.

"We'd all do it, any of us." Harry felt the need to add.

Louis sighed.

"I'd love to keep up with him for you Zayn. It's no problem." Liam agreed.

"He adores Liam so it should fun." Niall grinned. "I have a play cot already but if you could bring his favorite toys along with whatever else we'll need?"

"Yeah, of course. I'll pack his toys, nappies, wipes, food, and clothes. Am I forgetting anything Harry?" Zayn turned to look at him. He knew Harry would know if there was something else he'd need for James staying so late.

"Maybe a dummy?" Harry suggested with a shrug. "It sounds like you got it covered. I have a therapy session in a couple of hours so I should head home." He said and quickly left.

"Sorry." Liam frowned at Louis.

"Eh, I'm growing used to it. See ya tomorrow." Louis told them. "Oh and I know you have your vet appointment with Loki and it's only the vets but you might wanna do something with that sex hair you still have. I know what you two did during our one brief break of the day." He smirked and went to wait by the doors until Harry had been gone for a few minutes. They weren't allowed to exit the building together.

Niall shook his head. They had snogged heavily in the stalls of the loo like a couple of secondary school students but he didn't realize that Louis had noticed them. He shouldn't have been surprised, Louis notices everything.

"Great, I'll bring him by just after his dinner. He'll be quieter and should fall asleep around eight." Zayn said.

"Great." Niall said digging into Liam's pockets to get the car keys. "I'm going to go walk out with
Tommo. I'll wait in the car, don't be too long. It is an hour drive back and we have Loki's appointment." He said and did a quick glance. No one was paying any attention to them so he leaned up and kissed Liam's cheek quickly, then went to the doors to walk out with Louis.

"Hey, just so you know, you don't have to feel awkward about asking for my help, okay? I know things right now are awkward but I do like James so it's no problem." Liam told Zayn.

"Thanks. I just know a lot of people seem a bit against my choice so it makes me nervous to ask." Zayn sighed.

"Did you uh- want me to say something to the others about the jokes and things in front of you? I tried to play it off the other night like I wasn't comfortable with it when you're around but I don't think they took my seriously." Liam frowned. He honestly wanted to help Zayn heal from the break up as best he could. The sooner Zayn did, the better it would be for Liam himself.

"You already told them and they seemed to get it. I just didn't make myself noticed when I came in so it's my own fault. As for Niall dancing in his pants and all of that, it was just banter and they always get carried away. I didn't really pay attention to it. It's fine." Zayn shrugged.

Alright, I just want to help best I can. You're still my friend so I don't like that you're hurting." Liam told him. "Anything I can do to help you with that, just let me know."

"Thank you for the offer but I'll be fine. I shouldn't have been standing within ear shot or I should have made myself noticed known. Just less wedding and baby talk, like I said before. It will make things easier." Zayn said. He wasn't sure if he was lying or not. He wasn't sure anything would make it easier or if he'd ever stop hurting. "Anyway, your boy is waiting for you and I need to pick up James. I'll text you when I'm on my way over." He forced a small smile.

"Yeah, tell him Uncle Liam and Uncle Niall can't wait to see him." Now that Zayn was keeping James he was fine with being 'Uncle Liam'.

"I will. Later." Zayn nodded and left.

Liam collected his things and went out to the car where Niall was waiting. "Sorry for the wait."

"It's fine, we still have time to make it home and make it to the appointment." Niall said. "What was so important that couldn't wait until later or tomorrow?" He asked curiously as he started the car. "I just didn't really want you two to talk a lot when I didn't want to risk traffic on the way home." He explained pulling out of the car park.

He made sure to be aware of the fans behind the barriers, he didn't want anyone to sneak out in front of the car and get hurt.

Once they were out of sight, he relaxed a little.

"I just wanted to reiterate that he doesn't have to feel awkward about asking me, or us, for help. I can see why he'd be nervous, with me being his ex and with me being cross for what he did. I'm not against helping with James though, I was just telling him that." Liam explained. He omitted the part about Zayn still being hung up on him, Niall was self conscious enough.

Niall nodded. "Ah, well that was nice of you." He smiled. "I know I get weird about Zayn sometimes but I'm really glad you two are still able to remain mates at least."

"I'll tell you who I'm concerned about: Harry." Liam said. "Did you see how rejected he looked when Zayn asked us? Fuck, I felt terrible."
"I know." Niall frowned. "I know you've told me no baby talk around him but that look of absolute rejection? I feel like a shit person. When I offered our babysitting services, I didn't mean that Harry and Louis couldn't do it either. Poor Harry. This is why he needs to hang out with Theo when we have him."

"Why don’t we invite him over tonight? Oh, you could say your knee is really hurting and we need him. That would make him feel better, being needed to help with a baby. It would give Louis a break too. He needs a break." Liam suggested.

"I love that idea." Niall grinned. "I love your mind. So when James gets dropped off, we'll call Harry. Harry will tell you to pamper me, to focus on me and how I'm feeling and he'll help with James. Between tonight and Theo, he should be a bit happier. Just remind Louis not to ruin Harry's good mood when he gets home."

"Oh, good point." Liam nodded. "We’re doing Louis a favor though so he should be willing to take our advice for when Harry comes home."

Liam then smirked. "Should we return the banter and advise Louis to fuck him in a strange way when he goes home?"

"Definitely." Niall grinned. "He did want you to blow me in public after we came out so let's advise him to do something strange. But what would they consider strange..?"

"Hmm," Liam thought carefully. "We could tell Louis to dress like a girl? Wasn’t Harry openly Bi in school?"

"That could work, I like that idea. But we have to get Harry to text us a photo just to make sure Louis did the follow through." Niall suggested.

"They’ll want something in return though. I mean, they shouldn’t after Louis’ grand idea to have me dress as Snow White but we both know they will." Liam didn’t mind but he wasn’t sure how Niall felt about it.

"Also true… It's hard to predict what they'd do to us but they started this." Niall laughed. "I'm fine with it."

"Good. I mean, good that your fine with it." Liam clarified. "It’s a bit strange but I like having another gay couple to talk to and joke with about that part of our lives."

"Yeah, me too." Niall agreed. "I still find it odd how fucking comfortable we are with discussing our sex lives with them but it's nice to banter with them as well. I will admit that I enjoyed the dare that Louis gave you this morning."

"Did you?" Liam smirked. He was pleasantly surprised. "That’s fascinating. I wonder what else you’d let me get away with in front of others who know about is."

"I don't mind living a little dangerously. It was just refreshing not having to be careful about what we do or how we even fucking look at each other. All this waiting on management finding out is making me slightly anxious. I kind of don't even care what happens between now and then. But as for what I'll let you get away with, I suppose you'll just have to test and find out." He smirked.

"I plan to now that I know." Liam grinned. "Can’t wait to actually, I’m already thinking of ideas.” Liam was certainly going to have fun with this. “It’ll just get better once we’re out, love. Focus on that.”
Niall nodded. "It's only been a few months for us, I can't imagine what it's been like for Harry and Louis over these past three years." He signed a little. "Anyway, onto happier subjects like I was thinking about how according to the vet's office you are Loki's only parent. Could we get me added as an owner too?" He asked.

"Aw, of course love." Liam replied and kissed his cheek. "Absolutely, we'll add you. Oh and don't be upset or anything but Andy is listed as well. I had to in case something happened to him while we were on tour."

"Yeah, I already figured that." Niall smiled. "It's good to have an emergency contact listed so I'm glad he's there too." He said. After a moment of silence, he briefly looked at Liam before turning his eyes back to the road. "So what are these ideas of yours that you mentioned earlier?"

“Well, it’s a bit tame but for starters, I want to snog you in front of Louis and Harry. They started this so they can be first for it to happen in front of.” Liam smiled, thinking on it a little. “I can see it, is sitting there on a sofa and I pull you onto my lap to straddle me. We kiss a little, then start making out heavy and heated. Just when I can feel you're desperate for more, I'll call you my elf.”

Niall bit his lip and moaned a little. It didn't matter the context most of the time, whenever he heard Liam call him his elf, it always turned him on a little. He focused on driving so his mind wouldn't wander.

"They've done worse in front of us. Hell, they've come close to sex in front of us before someone reminds them that there's an audience." He shook his head. "But that's a great start." He nodded.

“So you’d be up for going to that level eventually, giving them a taste of their own medicine?” Liam asked while trying to ignore the erection he’d given himself. “Fuck, if Louis wants to watch a blowjob we could make him,” he laughed.

Niall laughed. "I'd love to give them a taste of their own medicine. I'm just ready to stop being so nervous and a little scared of anything new we try. And honestly, it's just Louis and Harry, I'm completely comfortable talking to them about our sex life so why not snog in front of them to the extremes that they do to us?" He shrugged. "I'm up for it."

“Would you ever let us fuck where they're sure to walk in and see? That’s something else they’ve done to us.” Liam asked trying hard not to think too much on it as he shifted in his seat uncomfortably.

"It's something they have done to us before if I remember correctly… It was when we were just fooling around and not actually together. But they scarred me for life that one time in Germany so I am definitely comfortable with getting my revenge." Niall replied.

“I really like this sexually bold you, it’s a big turn on.” Liam admitted. “I sort of can’t wait to go at it with you in front of friends; later on in life, perhaps we’ll do it in places where anyone could accidentally see. Who knows?” He licked his lips and shifted again.

Niall grinned. "I don't mind a little public but we do have to remember that we're in the spotlight and things end up online. It depends on what you're comfortable with.” He said and bit his lip as he noticed Liam's erection wasn't going away. "I can help with that if you want. I can pull over and we can switch, you drive and I give you head… that is if you can drive without crashing while I suck you.”

Liam’s mouth fell open a bit. “You’d do that? I- I mean I know we’re on country roads but you don’t mind?” He swallowed hard and bit his lower lip. “I think I can handle doing both, driving and
getting head. I want to try anyway. Lots of places to pull over if it starts to get too much.”

Niall slowed the car down a bit as he pulled over to the side of the road. "I told you, I'm open to trying everything. Plus, it's really exciting." He leaned over and kissed Liam's lips then got out of the car to switch.

Once they switched places, Liam adjusted the front seat so that Niall could move his head without too much trouble or the space being too tight. Liam pulled his joggers and his boxers half way down causing his hard cock to spring free against his stomach. Niall licked his lips and immediately placed his mouth on the hard cock.

“Fuck, you’ve no idea how exciting this is.” Liam moaned a little and put the car into drive. “God, you’re sucking me off while I’m driving. This is the wildest thing I’ve ever done.”

Niall held back a laugh and worked on Liam's cock. He bobbed his head up and down while he allowed his tongue to run along the sides of his cock. He slipped a hand between Liam's legs, gently ran it upwards towards Liam's crotch area and lightly squeezed one of his balls in his hand.

Liam moaned again. He wanted to close his eyes but he couldn’t. “Ni, baby, that’s so good.” He whimpered a little and grabbed a handful of Niall’s hair with one hand.

This action caused Niall to moan around Liam's cock. He loved having Liam's hands in his hair, it always felt amazing. He tried to take more but he choked and he pulled back up. He used his free hand to rub the exposed area of Liam's cock.

“Ah, don’t hurt yourself but please, do that again.” Liam requested. He really enjoyed hearing Niall choke on his length. “You’re so fucking sexy.” He praised and kept trying to steal a few looks down while driving.

Niall internally grinned, he loved hearing Liam's praises. He sometimes wondered if he did a good enough job when it came to blowjobs as Liam's been the only bloke he's ever blown.

He sucked a little harder, then lowered his head down more so that he was choking on Liam's cock. He moaned around the cock as he pulled up so he could focus on the head.

Liam’s hand moved to push Niall’s jeans down a little. He rubbed and massaged over his bum gently and kept moaning while he drove. “Fuck sake, I’m not gonna last long.”

Niall moaned, feeling Liam's touches. He remembered that he still had one of Liam's balls in his hand, that he never removed it, so he gently squeezed it again and pulled off the cock so he could lick it instead.

He ran his tongue along the slit, tasting the pre-cum and moaned. "Fuck, I love how you taste so much." He said and placed his mouth back on the cock as he began to bob his head up and down again.

“Fuck Niall.” Liam shouted a bit. “You’re swallowing, yeah?” His voice was shaking and he was borderline speeding now. “Shit.”

Niall paused for a moment and gently squeezed Liam's cock, hoping he understood that it meant yes, then went back to sucking on Liam's cock.

Liam’s voice grew into a higher pitch until he finally screamed and came hard. “Fuck! Fuck! Nia-“
He couldn’t even say his full name. It was too hard to orgasm, drive and shout at the same time.

Niall swallowed as much as he could. He didn't have the best gag reflex but he tried to work past that. He choked a little with cum dripping down the corners of his mouth, finished swallowing and licked his lips.

"Fuck, that was fun." He smiled and began to lick Liam clean.

“You have no idea.” Liam panted. “My God. I think I like fooling around when there’s a risk element involved.” He smiled. “We passed a car and she didn’t see anything but my face and I don’t know, it was exciting.”

Niall grinned. "I've never had so much fun blowing you before, we really need to do this more often. I'm actually surprised I didn't get hard meself but I guess I was so focused on you and pleasuring you that I never gave myself the chance," He leaned over and kissed Liam's cheek. "If you lift up a bit, I can pull your pants and joggers back up for you." He offered.

“What? You don’t like the view of your fiancé driving your car half naked?” Liam teased. “My little elf, doesn’t like looking at my massive cock. I’m hurt.” Liam teased. “Naughty elf.”

Niall bit his lip. "Tease." He playfully glared as he felt himself getting hard. It was that damn nickname, it could turn his cock from soft to hard in little time. "But honestly, it is a really nice view… Nothing else like it." He smiled. "Fuck, it's so annoying getting hard in jeans." He complained.

"Push them down." It wasn’t a request. “Let papa see how hard you’re getting.” Liam said, giving himself a name since he didn’t yet have a sexual pet name. “Be a good boy now.”

"Yes, papa." Niall nodded as he undid his jeans and pushed them half way down. "Anything for you." He smiled sweetly and repeated his actions with his briefs. "I'm so hard, do I get a turn being sucked?" He asked with a small pout.

“No, all the way to your ankles.” Liam smirked but kept his more dominant tone.

Niall raised his eyebrows, he was not expecting that. "Yes, papa." He nodded and pushed his jeans and briefs down to his ankles. "What would you like me to do now, papa?" He asked.

“Just a second.” Liam told him and pulled his phone out. He snapped a photo of Niall sitting in the passenger seat nearly nude. “Fuck yes.” He grinned bigger.

“I’m not stopping this car Niall James.” He said using a dad tone. “So, do want to have a wank while papa watches or do you deserve a hand job?”

Niall whined. He wanted a blowjob. It was only fair considering he gave Liam one. He nodded. "I gave papa a really good blowjob, he came hard." He grinned. "Can I please have a hand job? Papa wouldn't be able to watch that well if I wanked meself."

“Tell you what baby boy, you can have a hand job now and get fucked anyway you want later or you can have a blowjob now and get put in a cage when we get home.” Liam was so proud of himself.

Niall found himself pouting a little as he weighed the options. "I'll still go with the handjob, papa." He nodded. "Promise to behave.” He squirmed a little in his seat. The air was a little cool and he had a hard exposed cock that hadn't been touched yet, not even by himself. "Please touch me?"
Also, J-Lynn posted a new fic, solo, I think it's a slave/master fic. Idk. I wasn't paying attention. xD

But go check out her works.
Chapter 15

Chapter by CrypticFondness, larryslove

Chapter Notes

So what do you think? What do you think will happen next?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Yes, baby.” Liam nearly cooed and wrapped his hand around Niall’s cock. They weren’t far from home now but Liam didn’t think he’d need that much time. Niall was already leaking and he’d just started pumping.

"Fuck." Niall moaned and thrust into Liam's hand a bit. "Mmm, feels amazing. I love papa's touch. Best touches given by papa." He moaned louder as his head went back a little.

“You can be louder than that little one.” Liam teased in a fake disappointed tone. He did however move his hand faster, only pausing to tease his tip.

"Ah fuck!” Niall yelled. "Fuck..." He moaned loudly. "I love your hand, papa." He moaned as he attempted to fuck Liam's hand. "Mmm, so close, so close. Ah..." He breathed heavier.

Liam smirked as he quickly whipped the car into their car park. He threw it into park and leaned over as fast as he could. His lips around around Niall’s cock and he sucked hard.

Niall gasped at the feeling of Liam’s hand being replaced by his mouth. He moved one hand that he now realized had been tightly gripping the seat belt strap and shoved his fingers into Liam's hair. "Shit, Liam...Papa." He moaned loud and gripped onto Liam's hair tighter. It was a short lived pleasure as moments later he came hard into Liam's mouth too overcome with pleasure and surprise to get any more words out.

Liam quickly sucked down everything Niall had to offer. He then moved back with a loud ‘pop’. “Mmm, papa’s boy taste yummy.” Liam praised and kissed him so Niall would taste himself.

Niall moaned into Liam's mouth as he wrapped his arms around Liam's neck he only pulled back when he needed to breathe. "Shit, we need to do that more often." He said as he attempted to catch his breath. He rested his forehead against Liam's and smiled softly.

“That picture I took,” Liam reminding. “I’m censoring your bits and texting it to Louis.” He smiled proudly. “You looked so hot and then the added risk of being caught was insane. I fucking love you.”

Niall laughed. "I'm sure he'll love the semi nude photo of me." He shook his head. "I fucking love you too and you realize that we just snogged in the car while sitting in the carpark where anyone could’ve caught us? Kinda fun not completely caring anymore.” He giggled.

“Yes, I’m aware. It’s why I did it.” Liam grinned. “Perhaps I want to get caught so it can all come out. Once it’s done it’s done.” He shrugged.

"Let's do it then." Niall agreed. "I am tired of all of this...hiding. I know with Louis and Harry, it's
not as easy for them because when got found out, we were young and we were scared into signing
shit and agreeing to shit that they didn't want just so it wouldn't affect our careers, their careers I
mean.” He paused for a moment.

"I'm not scared of coming out. I came out to my family and while not everyone was happy with
what I had to say, I said it and it was freeing in a way to actually say it out loud to someone besides
you and the lads. I want this and I honestly think if we put it out there ourselves, management can't
say anything, they can't make up anything. If we kiss or hold hands or snog in public and it ends up
in the Sun or the Mirror...Horrible, horrible companies but for once we could turn the tables on
them and for once be in control.” He explained.

“Wouldn’t it need to be something more than a snog though?” Liam wondered. “They can claim
look a likes or photoshop with a snog. We’d need something... with fans who would catch us and
record it. Harder to fake video.”

"True..." Niall thought a moment. "We have work tomorrow morning. Fans will be there. We could
full on snog in front of them. No one can claim it was fake if we did it that way." He suggested.

Liam thought, “I’d rather do it away from the studio and such. I know that sounds silly but if we’re
going to do this let’s really do it. Out in total public somewhere. Oh and... I think we need Harry,
Louis and yes, Zayn to give us their blessing first.”

"Good point. This affects them as well." Niall nodded. "We can talk about it in the morning with
them and see what if they agree. We have to pick the perfect spot where we'll get noticed by fans
so in the late afternoonish when school's out for sure if we want to get the most attention."

“Find a Starbucks near a secondary school around two thirty or three on a weekday then?” Liam
asked. He then saw the time. “Shit, we need to go baby.”

Niall nodded and climbed out of the car with Liam. "I think it's best if it's tomorrow, the sooner the
better, given that we have the others blessings and Starbucks sounds great to me." He said as they
walked inside.

"Sounds like a plan, I hope." Liam nodded.

When they got inside, Niall frowned realizing he had cum on his jeans, he quickly changed into a
different pair of trousers then used the mouthwash quickly to get the leftover cum out of his
mouth. He didn't have time to brush his teeth.

"Loki's ready and I used Listerine so fresh breath instead of cum breath." Liam said as he held Loki
who had his leash and harness on already.

"Ready then?" Niall asked. "Do we have to take anything?"

"Just the dog." Liam joked.

Niall laughed. "Alright, I'll drive but you get Loks buckled in first." He said as they walked out.

"Will do. Oh and I texted Louis the photo while I was waiting on you." Liam smirked.

"Oh lovely." Niall laughed again and locked the door behind them.

Louis now sat on the sofa at home relaxing. Harry was in the other room making himself a
smoothie. Louis was about to shout and see if Harry would make enough for him when his phone alerted him to a text.

The text was from Liam. When he clicked to view it he saw a photo of Niall looking completely nude from the waist down with a devil emoji barely covering his bits. The caption simply read, ‘Niam road head. Top that Larry.’

When Harry heard Louis shout, he stopped everything he was doing and headed into the living room where he noticed Louis had landed. "Baby? What's wrong?" He asked worried going up to him.

"Fucking that!" Louis yelled pointing at his phone that now lay on the floor. "I did not need to see that. Oh my god...I am never going to unsee that." He shook his head. "Fucking Niam and fuck Liam. I'm going to kill him when I see him. I'm going to murder both of them because that, fucking that was uncalled for." He shook his head.


"Good for them for having sex while on the road, it's a lot of fun, I know but really...Was that photo really necessary?” Louis asked.

“After the shit we were giving them?” Harry questioned. “I honestly think it was. Besides, I know you probably don’t see it but they’re both really into this... whatever this is. Us being open about sex and the teasing and shit. Maybe it’s just because of where Niall is right now but Louis, they really like it.”

Louis sighed a little. Harry was right.

"Yeah, true. They do seem to enjoy it. And honestly, it's been more fun than I thought it'd be.” Louis nodded. "Are you into it? Do you enjoy this weird thing the four of us have going on?"

“It feels a bit naughty.” Harry replied as he sat next to Louis; smoothie in hand. “I like that it feels naughty. I enjoy how wrong it almost feels. At the same time I think it isn’t wrong for us because of what we went through together. We’re closer than most people because of that so I think it’s okay to talk about all that. I think it’s oddly comforting.”

"I agree. And I know we have other friends and are mates with couples who are gay or whatever but I've never felt more comfortable discussing our sex life to anyone else, not that I have... well you know what I mean.” He smiled a little. "Uhm, do you have a moment? I'd really like to share with you about my therapy session I had the other day...I have some homework and part of it is talking talking to you." He wasn't sure why he felt nervous.

“Oh, sure.” Harry nodded nervously. “You can talk to me about anything. You know that.”

Louis had recently felt that that wasn't true but he wasn't going to pick a fight. He bit his lip for a moment then looked at Harry. "So when I get angry, I have to keep a record of it in a book. I'm supposed to write down everything that I'm feeling. If I start to feel angry, I'm to try and stop and recognize that I am angry then if I can, just walk away and remove myself from the situation so I can cool down and not fight.” He explained. "So if I walk away or say I'm going out sometimes it's just so I can calm down and not blow up.”

“Oh, okay.” Harry nodded. “That actually sounds like it would be helpful. And please know, I’m really proud of you for going.”
Louis smiled a little. "Thank you." He said. "Another part of my homework is working on a list of things that I think you and I need to work on in our relationship." He paused. "And she suggested that we have a joint session with her and Michelle and that you make the same list and then we can go over it together in therapy and talk about it."

Harry nodded slowly. "Yeah, if it will help then of course." He looked a bit sad. "I want us to be okay Louis. Anything I can do to make that happen I will. I’ve felt like shit with us being so strained."

"Me too." Louis frowned. "I miss you and I hate us being this way. I don't feel like meself. I mean I haven't in a long time but since we started fighting more, it's been worse. You're apart of who I am and I just really miss you." He sniffed.

Harry put his drink on the coffee table and pulled Louis into his arms. "I’m really sorry boo bear. I know this isn't my fault entirely but a big part of it is.” He kissed over the side of Louis’ face. “I promise I’ll be better and work on us.”

Louis nodded and held Harry close. "I'm really sorry too." He said softly. "I'm sorry that I always let my anger out on you instead of truly listening. I'm sorry for my part in everything." He kissed Harry's cheek and pulled back to look at him. "Michelle mentioned that my nightmares were mostly a stress trigger; too much stress can cause them to return, I guess. There's work stress, there's family stress, there's us fighting stress...And me feeling angry about shit doesn't help the stress either." He explained.

"We’ll get through it. We will. I promise Louis.” He sniffled. “I love you and I can’t lose you. Just promise me you aren’t leaving. Please promise me."

"I promise I won't leave Hazza." Louis nodded. "I can't ever leave you. You're the one for me, I knew that the second I started to fall in love with you." He said and leaned forward to gently kiss Harry's lips. "Nothing can ever make me leave you." He told him. "I love you too much. We'll figure the shit out. We always do."

Harry nodded and pulled Louis’ small frame into his lap. He remember how upset he’d been when he hit his growth spurt and was no longer able to properly be the little spoon. He’d loved his place as the smaller one. He’d quickly learned however that being the bigger one was amazing as well.

“You’re mine.” Harry whispered. “My small bean, as the fans say. I fucking love you so much.”

Louis rested his head on Harry's chest. "And I love you." He smiled softly.

He remembered when Harry first started cuddling him like this, at first he didn't like it and would playfully fight Harry whenever he did it but then he accepted it and realized it was the best feeling in the world to be snuggled up to his boyfriend like this.

Moments like this didn’t seem to happen often. Quiet pieces of time where they were all alone together. “I love you Louis.” He couldn’t seem to stop saying it. “I’m so sorry.”

"I know, baby." Louis nodded. "I am too." He was quiet for a moment and allowed himself to relax in Harry's arms more. "I admitted to Michelle something that I want to tell you too..." He spoke breaking the silence.

"When my dad admitted that he liked men as well, as happy as I was for him, part of me felt angry that I never knew that he felt that way. When I came out, my family was really supportive which is more than most people get and I'm grateful, I am; but if he liked men as well then why even after I
came out, did he never tell me..." He sniffed a little. "I understand hiding yourself and denial but when your son tells you he's gay and he's terrified of how to handle himself in the world because it'll be so much harder now...Why didn't he say anything then?" He frowned. "I know he'll have his reasons I'm sure but I can't help but feel a little bit angry about it." He sighed. "So my homework on that is to call him and talk about it."

“I just wonder if he was scared of being into guys. He seems like he still isn’t completely sure that it’s okay to like men. That’s the vibe I get anyway.” Harry shrugged. “I’m positive you two will work things out though.”

Louis nodded. "Yeah, just not really sure how to bring it up. I obviously don't want to make him feel like complete shit by saying that's how I feel, but I know we have to talk about it soon. Before next therapy session anyway, which is in a couple of weeks." He said and started to trace with his finger over some of Harry's tattoos.

“Ask him when he knew then ask why he didn’t tell you.” Harry said casually. “Try not to overthink it.” He kissed Louis’ cheek and watched his fingers. “Do you have a favorite?”

"Good idea and I have a couple of favourites..." Louis smiled. "I love the birds on your chest and I love the anchor that's over here..." He said and traced it. "And of course the rose too." He said as he moved his fingers further up Harry's arms to trace it.

“I like my butterfly if we’re just talking about the looks and quality. The meanings though, I think the rose or maybe... no probably the rose.” He settled. “On you, where do I begin? The compass, the dagger, fuck, I really love the ‘oops’.”

"Oh yeah, the oops...It goes with your Hi, to me those are the most special. I mean it's kind of corny in a way but they're some of the more special tattoos.” Louis said as he looked over his arms. "I really love my skateboarding dude too." He nodded. "And then having "The Rouge" on my ankles, it was a little painful there but I love writing my memories - our memories - in the form of tattoos." He looked up at Harry. "Just no tats on your pretty face or head." He teased a little and stroked Harry's cheek.

“I’d never.” Harry laughed. “I’d love to see you tattoo ‘property of Harry’ on your arse though.” He laughed louder.

Louis laughed. "Yeah, I don't think I want that tattoo'd but feel free to use anything washable and just write it on." He smiled then lifted his head as an idea struck him. "What if you do that? Like write it on, just use a sharpie and we can send it to Liam and Niall?" He suggested. "They sent us a photo of a semi-nude Niall, it's our turn now to do something to them." He smirked.

“I love that idea. Can I use my colored sharpies and make it cool?” He asked. “He did tell us to top that. So we have to do it right boo bear.”

"Yes." Louis grinned and climbed off of Harry. "Do it in rainbows, baby. Make it look awesome. I'll be in the bedroom?” He felt excited.

Harry grinned happily then ran off to the office where he kept his box of multi colored sharpies. He came running into the bedroom moments later and almost moaned at the sight of Louis’ naked and waiting bum.

“I’m writing this on your arse and then we’re going into the sunroom. We’ll make it look like you're outside.” Harry said.
Louis giggled and wiggled his arse a little. "I can't wait." He smiled. He was feeling the happiest he had in a long time and this time in was in partly thanks to Niam and this thing they had where they had to one up the other. "I don't think they'll do anything outside...This is how we win." He laughed.

"Exactly, though I have a feeling they'll surprise us." Harry hummed and climbed onto the bed. Carefully in Black he wrote out ‘Property of: Harry Styles’ in the best penmanship he could. He then took the colors for the rainbow flag and made a heart with them; red at the top and purple at the bottom.

"Fuck Lou, this is sick." He giggled. "If you ever willingly get this tattoo I want it to look just like this." He snapped a photo to show Louis. "We aren’t censoring this photo either.”

"Damned straight we’re not." Louis agreed and turned around. He stood on his knees and looked at the photo. "If it looked like this, then yeah, I’d probably get one. It looks fuckin sick." He grinned and kissed Harry's lips. "So to the sunroom then?" He asked as he climbed off the bed.

"Yes, I want you to stand in the doorway to the outside. I’ll get a close up shot and it’ll look like you're out in the yard.” Harry grinned and got off the bed. He grabbed Louis’ wrist and pulled him towards the door. "It’s a bit risky but not really. No one ever bothers us and the only people who might see are the neighbors.”

Louis let himself be dragged by Harry to their sunroom. "Mmm, I want us to fuck outside, we have bushes and fences high enough and the neighbours are too old to really know how famous we are.” He shrugged. "I think it's a...calculated risk." He smirked.

"So we actually send them a video of us fucking outside?" Louis grinned. "I love that idea so much. You have a gorgeous and brilliant mind. I fucking love you so much."

"Not right now but later; if we need to.” Harry explained. “For now Niall is getting this photo with the caption, ‘Your move Niam’.

Harry quickly took the photo and assured it was perfect. He then showed Louis and let him watch him send it.

Louis nodded. "I understood what you meant, I'm just excited for if that day ever comes." He smiled as he watched Harry send the photo. "You know I think I really would like a tat saying that I'm your property with a rainbow heart at some point." He told Harry. "But right now, i just want you to fuck me." He grinned a devilish grin.

“One day I’ll draw this again and then an artist can tattoo over my work.” Harry said as he turned the camera on and pressed the record button. He then aimed it out into the yard before turning back to Louis.

“Mmm, tell me what you want Louis.” Harry moaned and pressed himself against Louis’ backside. They were out of view of the camera but could clearly be heard.

Louis moaned softly. "I want you, babycakes. I want you to fuck me. I need you so bad." He moaned again a little louder this time. "I want to feel all of you."

“Needy. So needy.” Harry tisked. “Where do you want it? You want it here in the sunroom or should we go up to our room? Perhaps the office or kitchen counter?” Harry was being more verbal on purpose.

"Always needy. I love your cock buried in my arse..." Louis told him. "Mm, not the bedroom - too
boring. Office could be fun but too far, as is the kitchen and I need you now. I want it right here in the sunroom...Maybe outside?” He made his voice whiny and needy.

“Mmm, what a kinky twink.” Harry groaned. “Go on then. Go out there and wait for me. Stroke your pretty cock for me while you wait.”

"Yes, sir." Louis bit his lip and walked across the room and headed outside. He stood outside the doorway and started to stroke his semi hard cock. "Mmm, I hope you're not too long." He moaned as he began to get harder.

“I’ll take even longer if you don’t get yourself out there.” Harry warned. “Now.” He warned and began to undress. “All the way out where the neighbors might see.”

"Yes, sir, sorry, sir." Louis took a few steps backwards until his feet hit the grass and he took one more step. He looked around and he could see the houses around them. Louis and Harry had a high fence with a lot of tall bushes for privacy but they had at least one neighbour with a high balcony that would be able to see. They were a sweet elderly couple. "I hope we don't give them a heart attack.” He joked to himself.

Harry finished undressing then following Louis to the spot he stood in the yard. “So fucking sexy.” He moaned. “We don’t have lube though and I refuse to hurt you. So what are you going to do love?”

"Mmm, I could fetch the lube for you?" Louis suggested. "Or I don't go anywhere and you use your spit. It's just as good." He shrugged a little and let his eyes wander over Harry's naked frame. "You're so fucking hot. How did you end up mine?"

“Spit.” Harry nodded. He preferred it honestly. So much so that he’d told Adam before he raped him. They hadn’t used spit much since but he was ready for it.

“Suck my fingers. Make them wet so I can stretch you.” Harry told him. He was perfectly unphased being nude outside. Hell, he’d once stripped at a party of Ed’s.

Louis grinned and stepped close to Harry. He placed his mouth on Harry's fingers and sucked on them hard. He used his tongue to lick over the fingers a bit as another hand went back to his cock. He was turned on already. He and Harry hadn't had any proper sexual fun in a long time.

Harry pulled his fingers away and bent Louis over a bench. He carefully slipped a finger in and then a second. At some point he dipped down and licked at Louis' hole to help as well.

Louis moaned loudly. "Fuck, yes! I've fucking missed this." He moaned. "Mmm, missed your touches and fuck it feels amazing." 

"Not too loud." Harry reminded. He then slapped Louis' arse hard and pulled away. "Get my cock wet. Be quick. I want to fuck you."

"Right." Louis said having to remember they were outside. He moaned softly at the slap, it felt great.

He quickly turned around and began sucking on Harry's hard cock. He wrapped his tongue around the cock for a moment then pulled back. He then licked around Harry's cock and spat on it a couple of times before wanking it a little to make sure he got all of it wet.

Louis quickly turned back around and leaned over the bench. "Mmm, I want you to wreck me. Make it so that every little movement I do during dance rehearsals tomorrow remind me of you." He smirked a little to himself.

"Mmm, you want everyone to know you've had your tiny little bum used hmm?" He asked and pressed in slowly with a deep groaned. "Fuck Lou."

"Fuck, yes." Louis moaned. He meant it in one more than one way, partly he was answering Harry's question and the other half was expression of how good it felt to have Harry back inside him. It'd been too long. "Mmm, fuck, Harold." He gripped the bench tightly.

"Love when you call me that." Harry grunted and dug his finger nails into Louis' hips. "Uh! Ah!" Harry tried to keep quiet. "Mine. You're mine. All mine."

Louis moaned as he tilted his head back. "All yours, completely. Fuck." He groaned. It was hard to keep quiet and not shout for the world to know that Harry was his and pleased him so well. "Mmm, Harold...Love you." He mumbled a little. "I belong to you. My arse even says so." He smirked to himself a little.

Harry smacked Louis' arse again and then drilled into him harder. Then bench below them moved and rocked with each thrust but Harry just kept drilling into him. "Mine."

Louis wanted to be loud but being outside they couldn't be so he bit his lip instead and let out a strained moan.

With Harry's strength growing with each thrust, Louis wasn't sure how he'd handle tomorrow at work even taking an Advil wouldn't be enough. He'd just have to power through it.

"Oh, Harold..." Louis moaned. "I'm yours, all yours... forever. Fuck, this feels incredible. You feel incredible." He groaned. "Can I touch myself?" He asked in a strained voice as his cock leaked onto the grass below them.

"Do it baby. Fuck your hand. Go on. Such a slut for me. Only me." Harry groaned. "Gonna make yourself cum? Show me how big of a whore you are for my cock Louis?"

Louis moaned at the words and reached down to grab his cock. He used his pre-cum as lube and began with fast strokes. "Mmm, I'm such a fucking whore for your cock. I can't get enough of it." He moaned again and thrusted into his hand.

"That's it. You're so close now. Squeezing around me. So desperate to prove who you belong to." Harry encouraged. "Cum baby. Do it for me. Make a mess out here when anyone could see you."

That was all Louis needed to let himself go. With a quiet shout he came with some going over his hand and stomach but most went onto the grass below him. "I belong to you." He whispered and placed his head on the stone bench. "Only you."

Harry kept fucking into Louis. Him cumming out in public was exciting. Yes, it was the backyard but that didn't matter. "Right there. So close now." Harry groaned.

A short time later Harry finally came hard. His body shook and he whimpered softly to stop from being loud.

A few moments after he pulled out and quickly lifted Louis into his arms. He kissed his lips and moaned. "My porn star."
Louis laughed. "Mmm, and I suppose you're the other porno star? Or the director who tests all the models first?" He smirked a little and rested his head against Harry's chest. "I love you. I might already be sore but fuck, it was worth it. Felt beyond words could describe."

"Mmm, I test the models and keep the good ones for myself." Harry smirked. "Let's go turn the camera off and get you in a bath."

"Mhm." Louis nodded and slowly stood. He winced a little but grinned. He loved it so much. "We need to do it outside more often...so much fun."

"Next time we'll do it under the stars." Harry promised and went inside. He let Louis grab his phone. "Perfect video but, has Niall text back?"

Louis checked his phone. "Niall did text back..." He said and opened the message. "Oh wow..." His eyes widen a bit. It was a photo of Niall laying on a bed with his upper body and some of his face covered in cum. "The other night Liam was all about how shy Niall was and how much he wanted to keep things private, like photo sharing wise." He explained and handed Harry the phone.

"So then Liam is the one into all this and Niall is just a sweetheart following along. Maybe anyway." Harry replied. "We gotta get that video turned into a quick little thirty second clip for them."

"Maybe but I'm sure we'll find out if it's mutual or not after we send the clip." Louis laughed then groaned. The laughing hurt a little. "Do the video in the tub, babes." He smiled and headed down the hall to their bedroom, still walking slow.

"I will." Harry promised. "Let's go."

Friday -

Louis had woken up the next morning feeling sore but he took some Advil and had an early morning relaxation in the tub which seemed to ease it some. He couldn't walk straight though which made Harry either giggle or smirk.

"I'm sorry I can't drive you to work. Want me to call Niall and Liam? Or Alberto? Maybe they could drive you so you don't have to drive yourself and...hurt further." Harry suggested as he cleaned up breakfast.

They still had their differences but they were both trying to work on focusing on the things they currently agreed on rather than focusing on what they didn't and strain things further. They had therapy on Monday so they were going to try and get through the weekend on a good note.

"Call Liam." Louis replied. "They'll love me sore from sex probably. Sex talk seems to be our new thing. It's making each of us connect stronger and in new and exciting ways sexually so why not keep it going?"

Harry smiled and nodded. "Alright, you rest and I'll make the call." He said and leaned over their breakfast bar counter to kiss Louis' lips.

He walked to the bedroom to take his cell off the charger, he pulled up Liam's number in the contacts and pressed the button to call him.

"Harold, how's it going mate?" Liam asked as picked up the phone.
Niall stood beside Liam with a frown. "You promised me a pre-rehearsal blow job. Tell Harry you can't talk now."

"Fine, then you talk to him." Liam handed Niall the phone and pulled down the lads joggers.

"Hey, Harry. What's up?" Niall asked and gasped a little feeling Liam's mouth on him. A blow job while talking on the phone was going to be a bit of a challenge.

"Wow, no holding back anything anymore hmm?" Harry almost laughed having heard everything.

"Nah, all four of us know we love it." Niall moaned. "Did you uhhh need something?"

"We do; that much is obvious. I'm, I was just calling to see if you lads can give Louis a ride today." Harry replied. "He's a bit, well a lot sore from getting fucked yesterday." Why censor anything now?

"Ye-yeah." Niall struggled to get out. "No problem. We saw the video, obviously...Having sent back the close up of Liam fu- fucking me." He moaned again as Liam did something with his tongue. "Fuck, I love your tongue. Mmm."

Harry could only chuckle a little. It was so intriguing to hear Niall being sexual. In a strange way it made Harry feel happy though. Niall deserved this. He and Louis were just helping to ensure Niall got what he deserved.

"That's great. We both appreciate it." Harry finally replied. "Just text him when you're on the way. Oh and tell Payno to try sucking on your balls too, a bit harder then he would your cock. Feels great."

"LiLi, Harry says to suck on my balls harder then my cock." Niall said looking down at Liam who then did as requested and Niall expressed a long and satisfying moan. "Mmm, we'll b-be there as soon as we're do-ne." He tried to get out a sentence before he completely lost his mind in pleasure.

"Told you." Harry smiled proudly. "Enjoy your orgasm. See you later. Oh and when he's finished kiss Liam on the cheek for me. It's a thank you for taking good care of my favorite Irishman." Harry said. He then listened to Niall try to moan a reply and then hung up.

Niall hung up and moaned louder. He dug his fingers into Liam's hair. "So fucking close, your mouth is fucking magic I fucking swear." He breathed heavier.

Liam bobbed his head faster and began to deep throat Niall. He massaged his balls with one hand and with the other twinked his nipples.

Niall moaned louder, everything felt so amazing.

"Shit, LiLi... I..." He couldn't even finish the sentence before releasing himself into Liam's mouth as he felt his head fall back and his grip tighten on Liam's hair. "Mm, love you, Liam James."

"Mmm, Niall James." Liam moaned after coming off Niall's cock. "So tasty my love. You enjoyed Harry's advice for me?"

"Yes! Shit. It was...an incredible feeling. Him being on the line was exciting as well." Niall said releasing his grip on Liam's hair. "You should go to work with blowjob hair." He giggled and kissed Liam's cheek. "That was from Harry by the way. He said it's a thank you for taking care of his favourite Irishman."
Liam laughed and shook his head. "This thing about being open about our sex life has its benefits. We just learned something new thanks to it. Harry sounds a bit proud of himself for it too." Liam stood up properly and kissed Niall.

"What did he actually call for anyway?" Liam wondered as he adjusted his clothes but left his hair alone for Niall. He then went and got himself a pair of socks from the drawer and started putting them on.

Niall leaned down and pulled up his pants and joggers. "The video clip they sent us was from yesterday and apparently Louis was fucked so hard that he can't even drive himself to work." He laughed a little. "So after you're done brushing your teeth we'll go pick him up."

"That was really clever honestly. This friendly battle to one up each other is getting interesting. I mean, one of the biggest kept secret in the music industry had sex outside in their backyard. Anyone could have heard them. Their neighbors might have seen. Then to film it and edit it into that forty five second clip. It was rather genius." Liam finished getting his shoes on then went into the loo. "I'm sure Louis is thrilled with why he's so sore though. My best mate got taken care of so of course I don't mind helping him."

Niall smiled. "It really is quite fun and I love how it helps us find new things to do." He said and sat on the bed. "Oh so for asking the others if we can come out on our own, we can ask Louis in the car and then the other two when we get there."

"That's a great idea." Liam mumbled as he brushed his teeth. His mumbling made him spit toothpaste on the mirror.

His spot out the toothpaste and rinsed his mouth with water then looked at Niall who was shaking his head. "I'll clean it. Don't worry dad."

"Good boy." Niall grinned and watched Liam clean the mirror off. "Very good. Now, it's still over an hour to get there and we have to pick up Louis." He said and pulled out his phone to text Louis that they was on their way.

"Let's take the country roads again, less stopping and potholes." Niall suggested. "Oh and do you want to drive or no?"

"Why not make the ride a little bumpy for Louis?" Liam smirked as he pocketed his wallet. "Every bump he groans and we get to tease him about his outdoor sex capade."

Liam grabbed his duffle bag and went to the kitchen where he quickly put a few bottles of water in it. "Wait, is it because of your knee? We won't take the city roads if it's because your knee is sore and in that case I'm driving."

Niall walked over and kissed Liam sweetly. "I love how much you love and care for me...and worry about my knee. But I assure you, it's not because of my knee. I was just trying to be considerate. But you're idea of teasing him is much more fun." He smirked.

Liam smiled. He enjoyed Niall's way of being so grateful for everything Liam did. Zayn hasn't ever been like that. He'd known Zayn had cared but Zayn never showed it.

"You really are my perfect match." Liam assured. "Let's get going though. You drive and maybe we'll also tease Louis about having to watch me give you road head on the way." He laughed.

Niall crackled. "Love that idea but it'd just our luck he'd be into it." He teased and grabbed his keys. He then leaned down to kiss Loki goodbye. "Bye, babes. We'll be back later and you'll have a
small human for company later too." He explained to Loki.

"Bye Loki." Liam gave him a rub and then walked out of the house. As he got into the car he wondered outline, "I know Loki has been around James a little but never for very long or when James is playing on the floor. Do you suppose they'll get on okay?"

Liam clicked his seatbelt into the buckle and then sighed, "We've got a good boy but Zayn's little one seems a bit jumpy and sensitive. He must get it from whoever his mummy was."

Niall thought for a moment as he got his seatbelt on. "We'll see how it goes. We'll just have to keep an eye on them and if James gets upset Loki will just have to spend some time in the bedroom but we also have the baby whisperer coming over so maybe...Harry will find a balance."

"Right, I forgot about Harry. We need to tell Lou about it in the car. Explain we're going to help him out and give Harry a baby fix. That way he owes us." Liam commented. "Just remember to act like your knee is pretty sore today that way it will make sense tonight when I tell him that I need his help."

"Right." Niall nodded as they pulled out of the car park and headed out onto the road heading towards Harry and Louis'. "Shouldn't be hard to fake it when we have dance rehearsals today... though we don't dance as much as we just jump around on stage." He laughed. "Well, besides the formation during What Makes You Beautiful and we hardly need to practice that. Oh, remember when you and Zayn pulled his trousers down? That was funny. Pretty sure GodBlessZiam was trending for hours."

"We need to try some of that shit again." Liam grinned. "In rehearsal it wouldn't be a big deal to pull everything down. Hmm, probably should ask Louis first. I wouldn't want to trigger him; having his bits out for all to see."

"Good point. I also remember when you two ripped his shirt open. Man, those times were fun. I could barely sing without laughing." Niall laughed again. "Though, if we do that to him...are we really ready to deal with whatever he decides to unleash on us?" He asked.

"Niall, if the others are okay with it I'm gonna make you straddle my lap and snog me in public. That means I'll have a nine inch boner in public. Let them do their worst." Liam commented. "Remind me, we all need to sit and lay out our limits. Because of what we've been through we need to be careful not to trigger one another. Actually, we should consider what Zayn's triggers are too. I mean, who knows, us being so open in front of him might trigger things." Liam thought. It was a subtle way to push Zayn's needs without saying they had talked.

"First off, I love that idea of me straddling you and snogging the shit out of you...and having everyone see your boner." Niall grinned. "Though, I'm not sure if Starbucks is the most appropriate place for it? Or am I overthinking that?" He asked. "Well, we know what some of each other's triggers are...I think. It's quite obvious that Zayn doesn't like to be ordered around, I mean it's nothing new but it's worse now since everything that has happened. Not sure about Harry and Louis though. It's something for the five of us to talk about for sure." He nodded as they pulled up to Harry's and Louis' house with Harry's car was already gone and Louis' remaining.

Liam sent Louis a text that they had arrived and then looked to Niall, "I meant sex related triggers love. Like, I bet if we tried to baby Harry he'd flip."

"Oh." Niall nodded. "Yeah, probably." He nodded as he parked and texted Louis that they were here. "We should have them over for dinner sometime soon so we can talk about what lines not to cross and what's off limits." He said as he saw Louis limp out of the house.
"Wow, Harry got him good." Liam commented. As Louis climbed in he smiled at him, "Lou, I had no idea you're such a power bottom."

"Really, Liam? After all these years you haven't figured out that I love getting fucked hard?" Louis groaned as he tried to get comfortable then he reached for his seatbelt and put it on. "But having brought it up...Which are you? I'm just going to assume top based off of the photos you've sent." He asked as Niall drove down the driveway and headed out to the streets in the direction of where they were headed for work.

"I've never sat and watched a video of just exactly how much you take from Harry. I knew you were a bottom but I just, was surprised I suppose." Liam defended. "I do prefer to top but with Niall I'm more often on bottom. I've only just recently started being on top so much. Niall had some issues to get over before he could bottom."

"Ah, well... Congratulations." Louis smiled and groaned when they had to stop at a traffic light. Niall snickered.

Louis shook his head. "So Niall, how you enjoying the bottom life these days?" He asked.

"Every since Liam helped me work past my issues it's been great. No more anxiety about what I might remember." Niall smiled and drove. "Don't get me wrong. I still really love getting to fuck Liam but it's very enjoyable to be on bottom now as well."

"That's great, Nialler." Louis smiled as Niall drove forward. "Happy to hear you're enjoying yourself. You deserve all the fun, both of you." He said. "And actually...Since we started this little game of ours, Harry and I have been getting along more often. The issues are still there of course but we're trying to avoid them until therapy on Monday. I mean yesterday in the backyard was all inspired by you...to one up you."

"I'm glad we can help. Sex can be therapy. I mean, I never told you all but... Liam, that day you walked in on me wanking soon before you and Zayn broke up? I was wanking because Carrie told me to. She didn't use those words exactly but she wanted me to allow myself to be sexual again." Niall admitted.

"I... broke up with Zayn later that day." Liam told Niall. "Actually, and I know how this sounds so let me finish first...But you were part of the reason that I broke up with him. You and I had become so close and when I saw you wanking something in me just changed and I realized that I really liked you in a more than friendship type of way." He explained.

"Shit!" Louis exclaimed from the back. He'd been a bit forgotten back there. "That's how it happened? Fucking hell Liam! Does Zayn know that? I'm so telling Harry!"

Niall, who felt a bit speechless looked at Louis in the mirror and then looked at Liam. How did he even try to reply to that?

Liam jumped forgetting Louis was there. "Fuck, Louis! Did you have to yell?" He shook his head. "And no, Zayn doesn't know. It was a really shit break up..." Which wasn't entirely true but no one needed to know that right now. "Just... don't tell Zayn. I'll tell him eventually but he's happy at the moment so why ruin it." He shrugged.

"So that's what made you... Infatuated at first? Is that why... Japan happened?" Niall asked softly.

Louis picked up on how deep this was but not that it was something extra personal. "What happened in Japan? Is that the first time you guys fucked? It is right cause Niall actually drank that
"At first yeah...I think that was the reason. But my feelings deepened for you so quickly as time continued to go on." Liam replied softly and nodded. "And Louis, no, that wasn't the first time we fucked. I just got really drunk when we headed back to the room."

"This is gonna need talked about in therapy." Niall told him. "I'm not cross but, it's just another piece to a puzzle that I didn't know even exist."

"Oh..." Louis got quiet when Niall brought up therapy. "Didn't know it was a sensitive thing."

Liam frowned a little.

"Sorry, Lou. It was probably best to discuss it later but we have James later so I just wanted to talk about it briefly while we were on the subject." Niall explained.

"No problem. I won't repeat any of this." Louis said being serious.

"Speaking of James...We had an idea that Niall could pretend his knee is bothering him today and when James comes over later I call Harry and ask for his help so he can get his baby fix." Liam changed the subject.

"If that's alright with you? You said things were good for the moment. He just looked so devastated yesterday when he wasn't chosen to babysit. We just wanted to cheer him up." Niall told Louis.

"I'm a bit nervous it could make the fever worse but honestly it's a risk I'm willing to take. Sometimes a good baby cuddle is all he needs and if he thinks he's needed that's even better." Louis replied. "It would be helpful to have some alone time as well. I have therapy homework I need time for."

"Great." Niall smiled. "We were trying to make it better for the both of you, trying to help a bit."

"Speaking of helping..." Liam said and turned to look at Louis. "Niall and I don't want to wait for management to figure it out. We want to go somewhere public and have a proper snog session. We understand that what we do affects not just us but the rest you as well. We want to clear it with everyone first to sort of get their blessings so to speak..."

"Wait," Louis tried to process it all. "So, you're asking our permission to come out?" He needed to clarify. "That's, big."

Niall nodded. "We are...We had the idea to turn the tables on management. We go public before they find out. This way they can't make up or deny shit about us. No more hiding...If that's alright?"

"Obviously we'll ask Harry and Zayn when we get there but since you're here now..." Liam said.

"Yeah, yes. I mean, only if the others agree. That could be huge in helping Harry and I too. It'll also keep them from focusing on us investigating this money issue." Louis replied quickly. "Just keep in mind, they can give you hell as punishment."

"True, but it's not like fake girlfriends or shit like that would work once we're clearly out." Niall said.

"We've faced hell...And I know what management has done to you. But it's not like they can keep us from getting married and if we're seen in public snogging somewhere with Niall straddled in my
lap and me having a nine inch boner from it, then there's not much they can say to deny that or to not let us post a coming out video, but it'll be in all the media in no time. We'll go to a place where a lot of people would be gathered." Liam said.

"I honestly love the idea; admittedly for a few selfish reasons. It's genius though. I only consent if the others do though; Zayn included." Louis replied. He then gasped again as they hit another pothole.

Niall laughed at Louis' reaction to the pothole.

"Of course we wouldn't do it if it wasn't unanimous." Liam explained.

"We'll be there soon." Niall grinned.

"Thank God..." Louis groaned. "You two are having too much fun laughing at my pain. Wait can you two even relate to this? Ever been fucked hard enough to cause the other not to walk properly?" He asked curiously.

"Niall's first time bottoming for me." Liam openly admitted.

"That's different Liam." Niall rolled his eyes.

"Yes, Mr. Nine inches it is different." Louis agreed.

"There's been times where I've felt sore...But I can still walk normally." Liam said.

"Same with me. We haven't gone that hard yet. I think we both have this internal fear of hurting each other instead of pleasing each other so we go hard but not that hard." Niall told Louis.

"And that lads is why you have a safe word. You should always have one. Some couples have two. One for a warning and one to stop. Harry and I often roleplay in some fashion and we've been together long enough that we just have one. Our word is butterfly. It always had been. Even before we'd ever had sex the first time," Louis replied. "And now you know where that tattoo comes from on his tummy."

"I thought he was just being cheesy and was trying to say that you give him butterflies?" Niall laughed a little.

"I do tend to say if he wants to me stop all he has to do is say so." Liam shrugged.

"But this makes sense, and doesn't kill the mood. It just means to go a little less hard." Niall pointed out. "Or to completely stop. It'd be good to have."

"True." Liam agreed.

"Ah, young love." Louis grinned. "So precious. I think your safe word should be...Larry for stopping. What better way to get turned off than by thinking of your mates?" He teased. "Unless we turn you on?" He laughed.

"How about Zayn as the stop word." Niall laughed. "If he doesn't go soft then I'll know there's a problem." It was meant to be a joke and mostly because Niall didn't want to talk about if Louis and Harry helped give him ideas and thus turn him on.

Liam laughed. "I promise I'd go soft, but it's not half as bad as you making me picture my parents having sex to make me go soft when you wanted to cage me."
"Oh shit." Louis shook his head. "That's too far, little Irish. Honestly, that's just horrid. But you also never answered my question." He smirked. "Don't think distracting me will work."

"Leave him alone. Obviously, he has me and he doesn't need to get turned on by you two." Liam shook his head.

"Oi! What do you have that we don't?" Louis playfully shot back.

"Dont act like you don't enjoy it Liam." Niall rolled his eyes. "I wouldn't say we are turned on by you two so much as it just turns us on talking about it with you both and... It's hard to explain." He sighed. "I don't want to fuck either of you but I enjoy the banter and I enjoy sharing the details and photos... And the video."

"To be fair, we've enjoyed the photos. Like I wouldn't say we are turned on or anything like that but we have fun too." Louis nodded awkwardly.

"Yeah, it is pretty fun." Liam agreed.

Niall grinned as he came up to the building and had to go over a speed bump. "Unfortunately for you, Tommo... there are stairs going up to the front door."

"Ah, fuck." Louis cursed at the bump. He then whimpered, "Payno help me. Please?"

"Sure. Can't leave you standard in my fiance's car all day." Liam said as Niall parked. "Don't forget to smile for the fans." He told Louis with a smirk and undid his buckle. He headed to the back where he helped Louis out of the vehicle.

"Liam, can't you act like you're being an idiot and carry me?" Louis said as soon as he noticed the fans looking concerned and suspicious.

"I'm honestly fine if you want to." Niall assured. "See, Basil's down here. He won't mind walking with me."

Liam nodded. "Okay." He felt a little nervous but it's not like Niall hadn't walked around the fans barricaded before. Basil was around so he made himself relax.

Louis and Liam of them had gotten great at being idiots for fans when they needed distracting from Louis and Harry's sex life or life in general.

The two of the played around for a moment before Louis playfully hopped onto Liam's back. He whimpered quietly and hung onto Liam tightly. "I'm fine." He said feeling Liam tense up. "Just go."

Liam smiled at the fans and then jogged for the stairs. As he passed by Basil he told him, "Stick close to Niall's please? His knee is killing him." Liam then kept on up the stairs.

"Such a sweet fiance you are. Making sure he's looked after." Louis cooed. "But tell me the truth now, how into this are you two actually?"

"It's fun. A few days ago he wanted me to change my passcode so no one would see his naked photos on my phone then he gives me the okay to send an the uncensored photo of him getting fucked by me. I think it's good for us... making us feel less nervous about it all and more alive. I mean I got the best road head yesterday and we've discovered that it's quite thrilling to do stuff in public with a small risk of getting caught." He explained as they reached the doors.
Paddy was there waiting so he opened the door for him. "You and Harry should be more careful when you have work the next day." He teased Louis as Liam laughed.

"So then, do you suppose it helps with him not worrying so much about being better than Zaynie?" Louis asked after flipping Paddy off. "Like he said in the car about therapy sometimes being sex?"

"Sex is like therapy in a way." Liam said as they walked inside. He gently got Louis to the ground and on his feet then pulled him gently to the corner of the room where they could talk without being overhead. "I did a really bad thing in Japan when I was drunk and Niall was passed out. And later after I admitted what I did, sex helped us work through our issues. As for if it helps him get past my history with Zayn...I think it does. I think the game we have going added with the fact that Zayn and I were just pure sex and nothing more... sexually speaking. We never did any kinks or played with toys. It was something he wasn't interested in. I think that Niall enjoys learning with me about the side of gay sex I didn't experience with Zayn and obviously he's never experienced at all." He tried to explain.

"Well now, that just reassured that this is a good thing we have going on." Louis smiled.

"Liam, we're still on right?" Zayn asked coming in the door. "Oh and check it out, I'm early today!"

Liam smiled at Louis then heard Zayn. "Yes, Zayn. It's still good. Just let us know when you're on your way." He said then turned his attention back to Louis.

"Quick question. I forgot to ask you earlier...Niall brought up the time that Zayn and I pulled Harry's trousers down on stage on our way to see you. And he kinda wants to do it again because you know." He was careful with his words as Zayn was still standing there. "But we don't want to do anything that might trigger him. Do you think he'll be bothered by it?" He asked.

"Oh, uh... I'm not sure. Let me tease him about it and tell you what I think based on his reply okay?" Louis asked.

"Li!" Niall called out hobbling over to a bench.

"Fucking hell, two of you can't walk today?" They heard someone complained.

"It's quite obvious what happened to Louis." Zayn laughed a little as Liam ran over to Niall.

"Ni? You okay?" Liam frowned and put on his best worry face which was easy when he pretended this situation was real. "What's wrong?" He asked sitting next to Niall.

"Knee is killing me and I forgot me bag in the car." He whined. "I need my meds."

"Spending too much time on your knees?" Louis had to tease as Harry joined them.

"You alright Ni?" He asked. He hadn't heard anything but he'd seen Niall limp in and then Liam rush to him.

"I'll go get it for you. Just rest here. Harry, can you sit with him and keep his mind off the pain?" Liam asked as he stood and searched his pockets for his keys.

Niall shook his head at Louis' comment. "No, I'm pretty sure that was you yesterday. And I'm sure you know that it was Liam on his knees earlier, not me." He smirked a little.

Zayn's eyes simply went wide for a moment. "I don't want to know. If I'm needed I'll be over there stretching." He then walked away.
Niall sighed. "Sorry, Zayn!" He frowned a little.

Liam stopped on his way out to speak with Zayn for a moment. "Sorry, you know how Louis gets carried away...and Niall's the same way. They'll get the hang of being careful around you soon enough."

"I know. It's okay." Zayn shrugged. "I just don't want to hear that. It doesn't really help."

"Just don't walk away. I don't want the band to feel pulled apart. Change the subject or something. It might help them take a hint." Liam suggested and gave his shoulder a pat as he walked out the door.

Zayn sighed and walked back over, "So uh, Ni, what day did you say you were keeping Theo? I thought it might be fun to bring James over to say hello."

"Oh, that would be fun." Harry grinned. He'd get to have two babies in one day.

Louis internally rolled his eyes but refused to start anything.

"Yeah, they're only a month apart. Theo's a month younger I believe. He's currently nine months." Niall smiled. "I'll double check with Liam and my brother too of course but it should be okay. Theo is going thru the same thing right now as James is in terms of separation anxiety which is why they thought it'd be nice for him to spend time with me and Liam."

"I bet Denise and Greg show Theo a lot of photos and videos of you and Liam so he doesn't forget you." Harry commented.

"Yes, but there are cardboard cutouts of us in his room too. Kinda creepy." Niall nodded.

"James did a little better today. Caroline figured out to have me sneak out while James was distracted." Zayn tried to pull the conversation away from Niall and Liam.

"Clever." Harry told him.

"Here Ni, still think you need a pill? The doctor told you to make sure you're only taking them when you really really need it." Liam said coming back now.

"It's feeling a bit better. Maybe just some aspirins instead and not doing too much of the movement stuff today. I can still learn by watching." He said as Liam sat next to him.

"It's really sweet how worried you get." Harry smiled.

"Well, I am very much in love with him so that's where it comes from and obviously I wouldn't want him in pain either way." Liam smiled and gave Niall a couple of aspirins with a bottle of water.

"Oh, and since we're all here, we have a favour to ask...sort of." Liam said. "Niall and I don't want to wait for management to find out about us via someone noticing something in City Hall and it getting leaked...We want to go to a public place and have a real proper snog session where people can see us and take photos, videos."

"You ending up with a nine inch boner..." Louis smirked.

"Louis!" Harry scolded. "Remember who all is here."

"Sorry, Zayn. I'll work harder on keeping my comments to myself with you around." Louis said.
"Thank you." Zayn said.

"All of you have to be in agreement. What we do..." Niall said looking at them all. "Affects the band and affects you. We want to be done hiding and this could take pressure off of the Larry stuff by people thinking they had the wrong couple." He explained. "But honestly, we want this a lot but only if it's okay with the rest of you."

"Uh, yeah." Zayn swallowed and nodded. "It doesn't bother me. Go for it." He looked uncomfortable but tried to hide it.

"I'm fine if Harry is." Louis nodded and looked to him.

Harry took a breath and seemed deep in thought. He didn't know how he felt about it honestly. "Yeah, uh, it's fine I guess. There's positive reasons to do it. Just remember things can go really wrong." Honestly he was just jealous.

"We talked to Louis about it in the car." Liam said. "We know it can be hell. We just figure we could turn the tables on management and be the ones in control for a change. There's a benefit to them not knowing about us first." He explained.

"So are you all sure? Like a hundred percent? This could blow back on you all too, management could punish us by making it worse for you three." Niall wanted to be sure.

"I'm sure. You two deserve it. You ended up being lucky that management hasn't found out." Louis told them.

"You have more of a chance to turn things than we did." Zayn said softly. "Honestly, go for it."

"Go for it. Good luck." Harry smiled. "Just make it really amazing for us."

"We will. We'll be sure there's fans around to record it." Niall promised.

"Go to Hyde Park if you're looking for a public space." Louis suggested.

"Lads! Less gossip, more work please." Their manager told them. "Niall? What's the verdict? Can you do something or not?"

"I think I'm just going to sit and watch for a bit. Rest. I can do something once the aspirins kick in." Niall said.

"If you're in pain make sure to tell one of us at least." Liam told him.

"Of course." Niall smiled then leaned in to whisper in Liam's ear. "Now go wiggle your arse so I can have some proper entertainment." He smirked a little.

Throughout rehearsal Niall pretended to be in pain. At some point he even got up to please their manager but made it look like he was fighting pain.

Then at the end Louis spoke up since he was in on the scheme and knew Harry well, "Zayn, with Niall being in so much are you sure it's still the best idea for Liam and Niall to keep James. Maybe you should fake sick."

"What? You know faking sick won't get me out of tonight. Besides, Liam will tell me if he can't handle it." Zayn replied and kept walking over to his bag.

Harry had heard this and looked to Niall who was at sipping on some water, "You two would
actually say something if you couldn't properly care for James while your knee is sore right?"

"Of course." Niall said. "I'm sure once I'm home for a bit and I ice it... It'll feel better."

"How's this...If Nialler isn't feeling better then I can call you in for back up? I'm not that experienced with babysitting babies yet so I definitely wouldn't want to be by myself in it." Liam suggested to Harry. While it was true he hadn't had much experience, he'd been around James enough to know what he was doing but at the end of the day it was all part of his and Niall's master plan.

"That's a great idea. You wouldn't mind being on call in case we need it, would ya?" Niall asked Harry.

"Of course not." Harry tried to play it cool. "That'd be okay right Zayn?" Harry wanted his Blessing too so that everything was covered.

"You really feel the need to ask me that?" Zayn questioned. "I don't mind at all. I only asked Liam because James adores him and I'm hoping to lessen his anxiety tonight when I leave. I'd trust any of the four of you though."

"'N'aww. Thanks, mate." Louis smiled.

Liam looked at Niall and sat next to him. "How're you feeling?" He asked with a hint of worry still in his voice.

"Stable." Niall told him and quickly winked. He didn't want Harry to catch on but he also didn't want Liam to honestly worry. "Hopefully I can use my icing machine and it will be fine for tonight. Probably slept funny."

Louis made a face as he held back on making a comment since Zayn was around. He smirked as he then pulled out his phone and sent a text to Niall. 'Did you really sleep the wrong way or did you just ride Liam too hard last night?' He asked in his message and sent it.

"Do you need help going down the stairs?" Liam offered. He knew Niall was fine but kept things up for appearance sake in front of Harry.

Niall looked at his text and shook his head then replied to Liam, "Sure, Louis could help too is Harry hadn't fucked him to the Moon last night." Nothing to keep him from talking about Larry out loud.

Louis made a face as he held back a comment. "I have many things to say to the two of you in the car."

"I can help you, Ni." Harry offered. "Zayn can help Louis back to your car." He said grabbed his stuff.

Liam grabbed his and Niall's bags then stood and helped Niall to his feet.

"I love how you always know just how to take care of me." Niall told Liam.

"Yeah, I don't mind helping." Zayn said and walked over to Louis. "Maybe don't fuck him so hard when there's a lot of work the next day."

"I can fuck my boyfriend whenever and wherever thank you." Harry said to Zayn as he and Liam wrapped an arm around Niall's waist.
"I didn't say anything about where...damn, what weird thing did you two do?" Zayn asked as Louis climbed onto Zayn's back.

"Giddy up!" He smirked as he hung onto Zayn's shoulders.

"Backyard, filmed it too if you'd like to see." Harry boasted.

"With a temporary tattoo created by Mr. Styles on my arse." Louis giggled.

"It said 'Property of Harry Styles' with a rainbow heart" Niall added.

"I..." Zayn shook his head. "I don't even want to know how you know that but I have a feeling."

Louis dug his knees into Zayn's sides. "So help me...I will drop you." Zayn warned him.

"You're no fun." Louis pouted. "Liam would play."

"Liam also doesn't have a wee one he's constantly carrying around. I'm going to have an old man spine if he doesn't start walking soon." Zayn commented. "You aren't exactly light either Tommo."

Louis frowned. "But I'm not fat."

"Of course not, baby." Harry said.

"It's just all that extra muscle." Niall told him as Basil and Alberto opened the doors and they walked through. "You're still fit."

"I wasn't saying you were fat. I just simply was implying that you're equally as heavy or heavier than my beta." Zayn said and shook his head. "Equally as dramatic too it seems."

Liam laughed. "It's Louis, what'd you expect?" He shook his head as he carefully walked down the steps as Harry and him held onto Niall.

They carefully helped him into the front seat while Zayn just dropped Louis into the back.

"Ow. Fuck." Louis groaned.

"You alright there, Tommo?" Niall asked.

"I'll live. I think.." Louis groaned again and sat up straight so he could put his seatbelt on.

"Sorry." Zayn laughed a little then looked at Liam. "I'll text you when I'm on my way." He told him.

"Sure." Liam nodded.

"Give him a kiss from Uncle Harry in case they don't need me and I don't get to see him." Harry told Zayn.

He of course just laughed, "I will."

Louis simply sighed. He really hoped caring for him tonight would help. If it did he'd be in Liam and Niall's debt.

"Promise you'll call if your knee still hurts?" Harry confirmed with Niall. "Yes, I promise." Niall smiled. "Now, go home or whatever is you're going to do. Relax. Go for a swim in your pool or
"something." He shrugged.

"And wait for the drama that's about to happen unfold..." Louis said with a manic laugh then started coughing.

"We'll text you after it's done." Liam promised. "That way you hear it from us first."

"Just make sure you spare me details." Zayn sighed and then waved goodbye before walking off.

Liam then got into the car and got his seatbelt on.

"You know things would be much less awkward if you and Zayn could get along and stop trying to act like nothing happened between you." Louis told Liam.

Liam then started the car. "We're not acting as if nothing happened, it's just awkward for him to hear details or jokes about my sex life." He then put the car into drive and headed down the road.

"Snogging is not sex, Liam." Louis said pointedly.

"I'm well aware of that, Louis." Liam sighed. "He's just..." He stopped himself. If Niall had a mini freak out over being the reason that he and Zayn broke up then he wouldn't react well to Zayn not being over them completely yet. "Just doesn't need to hear about it. How would you feel if you were friends with an ex and had mutual mates who constantly made sexual references and jokes about his sex life with a new partner? You can be over a person but it can still be awkward to hear about certain details."

"Fair enough. Still think you both need to get over it though." He rolled his eyes.

"I'm not exactly crazy about Zayn knowing details either though. It's a bit embarrassing." Niall told Louis. "We need to hurry and get him home though babe. Lots to do before tonight."

"I know." Liam nodded. "And get over what? I'm over him. I have no feelings towards him anymore besides that of friendship." He explained as they drove.

"It's annoying that the location was changed and now it's an hour out of town." Niall complained.

"Maybe you could give me head again to pass the time?" Liam smirked.

"What? Lads I'm right here." Louis complained a bit. "You wouldn't really... With me right here?"

Chapter End Notes

I want to let you all know that Larryslove has decided to quit writing. She doesn't have the heart for it anymore. This also means I've been left completely on my own with writing. I plan to finish this for you all but as she's left me with so much work on my own it will take longer then originally planned. I'm sorry everyone but this sucks for me too.

Please be patient as I work to not give up and let you guys have this amazing story.
Niall grinned. "I'd be happy to...Maybe the audience in the back can give me some pointers as I go along." He giggled a bit and placed a hand on Liam's leg, slowly moved it up to the top of his joggers.

He wasn't really going to, but he was going to have fun teasing Louis.

Louis' eyes went wide. "No! I'm not allowed to watch porn without Harry!" He tried to stop them. "We haven't discussed details of what's okay and what's not okay yet either. You could get me into trouble and that's not something I need right now."

Niall laughed and pulled away his hand. "Calm down, we were just kidding."

"And we promise we'd never do anything to get you in trouble." Liam added.

"But having brought it up, what is okay for you and what isn't? Obviously doing sexual stuff in person in front of each other probably isn't okay." Niall said.

"Probably?" Liam raised an eyebrow.

"Well, I do plan to snog your face off in front of them at some point..." Niall said. "And then you'll get hard and that's slightly sexual?"

"I'm not actually against acts of sex in front of each other. Harry and I just have strict rules about things. No watching porn without each other. No strip clubs without consent from each other. The only person he can kiss on the lips that he isn't related to is Ed. There's a few more as well." Louis tried to explain. He saw no reason not to be open.

"Well, honestly, I wouldn't be against it either...?" Liam said the sentence coming out softer than intended. "I personally think it'd be fun. It's not like we're fucking each other, cause that's just weird-"

"Yeah, out of everything - that's weird." Niall laughed. "But it could be fun. I'm willing to try it sometime if they are." He shrugged.

"Yeah, sharing is a limit for sure but I don't honestly see why watching each other would be different than porn. Give each other tips or ideas. Especially the cute Irish one who is still learning." Louis forced a laugh and shrugged. "I'm not sure how Harry would feel but considering our past I'd bet money he'd feel the same or even more relaxed."

Niall blushed at being called the 'cute Irish one' but nodded. "That would be fun." He smiled. "It's not as if we haven't already seen other naked a dozen times by now. Living on the road for years things happen." He shrugged.

"I'm still learning in some ways too so tips or ideas would be very helpful." Liam nodded. "Like on the phone this morning Harry suggested that I suck Niall's balls during the blowjob."

"And it felt amazing." Niall grinned.

"You both would shit twice and die if you knew where he learned that." Louis laughed. "There's so
much you lads don't know. You think you have us figured out and perhaps you do have post-hell us figured out but you've no idea about us before hell. I miss it a bit."

"Maybe once you two have your issues worked out, you can slowly ease back into it. I mean, you used a cage so that's a start right?" Niall said. "Or what would be considered a start for you two?" He asked curiously.

"Now I'm curious about pre-hell. We know you two were weird and kinky as shit but the details of course are uncertain." Liam said.

Louis replied, "I just wonder if all this with you lads could get us back there." Louis then smirked remembering some things. "Its stuff that's a bit top secret for... Reasons."

"Reasons?" Niall asked. "What reasons? You can share with us, we have no one to tell."

"And we're learning like you two once were...So help a mate out." Liam told him.

"I promise to avoid potholes." Niall added.

"Do NOT, I repeat do NOT, tell Harry I'm telling you both this." Louis began. "Two words. Ed. Sheeran."

Both lads jaws dropped and Liam had to remind himself to focus on the road.

"Uhm...What?" Niall asked.

"Did you all have a three-way or was it some drunken night?" Liam asked curiously. "You and Harry have been together since the dawn of One Direction."

"We were drunk... The first time." Louis explained.

"The first time?" Niall asked.

"Yeah, I mean, we've never fucked him and he's never fucked us but we've done everything else I think. That's where Harry learned about sucking on the balls and it's also why Harry is allowed to kiss him. That and it's a big reason why Ed constantly jokes about being in love with him. You thought Larry was the best kept secret. Larry is nothing in the grand scheme of things." Louis sighed as his mind wondered back. "I don't share when it comes to actual intercourse but everything else, I guess we just find it exciting and fun. Ed has a very talented mouth too so it's enjoyable."

"Wow." Liam whispered. "Larry is the worst kept secret in my opinion. It's kind of obvious to everyone except those who buy the bullshit."

"I wouldn't want to share Liam with anyone else I think. I mean obviously I don't mind what we do but I think we all can agree that we just touch ourselves and our partners." Niall said.

He honestly wasn't sure what it'd be like when things got to that level between the four of them but it was really fun and exciting.

"But I'm assuming in these last few months post-hell you three haven't done anything with each other? Is that something you miss?" Liam asked.

"We haven't. Harry's only seen him once actually at Lou's book launch." Louis explained. "I miss that. I miss how before we'd pay to be disguised and then we'd go out on dates; sometimes fuck in a
public loo or something. I miss how he was like Niall is now. Harry was always so hungry for it. He couldn't get enough. Now, he likes sex but it's not the same. There's no drive."

"Well maybe my excitement and curiosity can help? You've already said we inspired you two yesterday to fuck in the backyard so that's something at least?" Niall felt bad for Louis. He honestly wanted to help in any way he could.

"Maybe therapy will help but maybe what the four of us are doing might help. Why don't you two come over tomorrow night since we have James tonight for some pizza and pints? We can chat about our limits and triggers and sex in general." Liam suggested.

"Yeah, let's plan for that. We can talk about all of our rules and limits. Set boundaries with this thing we have going." Louis agreed. "We'll provide the notebook to write everything down. You provide the booze."

"We'll provide all the pints. I have plenty." Niall grinned.

"We both can have a copy of the list so we can remind ourselves of what not to do." Liam agreed with Louis' plan. "We're almost at your house now, by the way."

"Oh, okay." Louis nodded. "It's all a plan. You lads will call Harry for help later right?"

"Yes, we'll call after he arrives so it looks real." Niall promised.

"Perfect. It's all planned then. Have fun coming out. Don't be shy." Louis instructed.

Niall giggled. "We will. I'm going to be straddling him on a park bench so it should be fun."

"But before that, we'll just make ourselves recognizable." Liam added. "Some hand holding a few kisses maybe then the hardcore snogging."

"You lads feel safe enough? You don't need Basil or someone?" Louis wanted to be certain. "Just, at least promise to abort the mission if the crowd gets dangerous."

"We want it to be captured on video, so we didn't want a lot of interference, but maybe we should text Basil and Paddy." Niall frowned the more the thought about it. He never liked the crowds.

"What if there's an event going on that you're not aware about? Hyde Park does them all the time. I only suggested it because I thought you two would be safe with Basil and Paddy there. You seriously didn't think of that?" Louis asked.

"Relax. Both of you. I'll call them. We'll plan for them to be close enough to see but out of sight. I don't want them in trouble for our actions." Liam agreed they were needed.

He pulled up to Louis and Harry's and sent a text to them both quickly. He didn't say what they needed; only that they needed them right away. "There, we'll be safe now."

"Good. Now I can rest easy." Louis said as Harry opened the front door and came out to meet them.

Harry opened the back door and smiled at Louis. "I won't make you limp all to the door."

"You're so good to me." Louis smiled as he climbed out of the car with Harry's help. "We're going over to Niall and Liam's tomorrow night for some pizza and drinks."

"Looking forward to it already." Harry smiled and scooped Louis up in his arms. "Thank you for taking him today. I'm sure he'll feel better enough to drive himself tomorrow."
"It's not a problem. What are mates for?" Liam smiled. "Oh and we'll call if Niall isn't any better so don't make plans."

"I won't. Later lovers." Harry smiled. He then continued on helping Louis inside.

On the way to the park, Niall and Liam chatted about tonight with James and were hopeful that Loki and James would get along.

They also went over their plan one more time and once arrived, they explained their plan to Basil and Paddy who weren't thrilled with it being so public but understood their reasons and genuinely wanted to help.

They let Liam and Niall go ahead in the park, following from a short distance behind them.

Liam took Niall's hand. "We can go to the cafe, pick up a drink, walk around, maybe even some fan photos... then you on me and the whole world knowing." Liam grinned.

"I'm so excited, of course but fuck. I feel nervous too." Niall said as he held Liam's hand a little tighter.

"You're fine with the world seeing my cock hard for you through me sweats?" Liam needed to be sure. "What if you get hard?" He added as they walked towards the cafe.

People were already starting to notice them but no one had actually said anything or came up to them yet. It wouldn't take long.

"I don't mind people seeing how I turn you on." Niall grinned. "Or vice versa. I don't mind if I get hard, it just proves what you do to me so easily." He kissed Liam's cheek.

"So when we get noticed and someone actually comes up to us, we just say we're together? Do we get everything over with and mention the engagement as well?" Niall asked.

"If people ask before the snog we just laugh and call it a day date. Make them think it's a bit funny and that we are in a good mood so they'll stick around. After the snog when people start asking questions as they will we can be more honest." Liam decided. "We're in love. We're together. Uh, if we announce the engagement however the legal ceremony will need moved up. I don't want management somehow getting their fingers into that."

"Mmm, it's already announced in the register's office and it had to announced so many days before the legal part of the wedding but I believe once it's done...We can move up the date if needed." Niall suggested. "We can do it anytime. Seriously, we can do it as soon as Monday. Harry's going to lose his shit when we tell him." He laughed a little.

"Alright then. We announce the engagement and take care of the legal bit Monday. No is told though. Only the witnesses know until after the ceremony in Ireland. Deal?" Liam asked as the finally reached the cafe.

That's when someone was finally brave enough to say hello to them. She didn't actually stick around to talk or take a picture but in passing she simply said, "Hi Liam. Hi Niall. Can't wait for tour."
"Thanks, love." Liam smiled at the fan.

"What about our family? If they find out we made it legal early and didn't tell them...Your mum will cry." Niall told him in a low voice. "And I want one of those giant chocolate chip biscuits."

"That's why I don't want anyone to know." Liam tried to explain. He didn't want to hurt feelings but he didn't want to wait and risk something going wrong. "Louis and Harry will witness it and then be sworn to secrecy."

Liam smiled at Niall's request and laughed a little, "You can have anything you want love. I'll take care of you."

"Hi, wow. Hi. Sorry, how can I help you?" The cashier stuttered as they reached her. "I can't even believe this."

Niall chuckled while Liam smiled. "It's alright." Liam smiled at her. "One of those giant chocolate chip biscuits, please. And a bottle of water for me." He looked at Niall. "You want anything, babe?" He asked.

The cashier eyed them a bit funny but tried to stay professional.

"Can I get one of those Pomegranate-Berry smoothies?" Niall knew he'd need something wash it down with.

"Sure." She nodded.

As Liam took out his wallet to pay he could sense people behind him. Niall sensed it too and turned around.

"Hello ladies." He grinned. The idea was to be friendly and in a good mood so people wouldn't feel shy about being in their business.

"Hi, we're sorry to bother you but can we please get a photo?" One of the girls asked.

"Aw, you aren't bothering us. If we wanted privacy we wouldn't have come here." Niall laughed as Liam finally turned around.

"Oh, hello." Liam had been too busy talking to the cashier to have even noticed the fans Niall was talking to.

As the cashier was getting Niall's drink ready, Niall and Liam took a photo with their fans.

"Uhm, I don't mean to bring up the past or anything like that..." The first girl stumbled a bit. "But if you're holding hands, does that mean you've taken a few steps back in your recovery or...is it something else?" She asked a little hopeful.

"You're entitled to your privacy of course and you totally don't have to tell us anything but we just want to know if you're okay or not." The second girl explained.

Niall smiled. He didn't want them to think it was asking too much. Normally he liked his privacy but there were two things he was ready to be open about. One, who he loved. Two, his mental health.
"My recovery is actually going really well. Liam is just my safe place." Niall explained. "He always will be and I have no interest in changing that."

"He's come a very long way. It's really impressive. See, we're just on a hot date so I thought holding his hand was appropriate." Liam smiled brightly.

"Wait, what? Date? As in...date-date?" The third girl tried to process the information her and her friends just heard.

"Does that mean you're boyfriends now?" The first girl asked trying to contain her excitement and trying not to get her hopes up too high in case for some reason Niall meant something else.

Niall gave an obvious wink just before Liam hugged him near obnoxiously.

Thankfully their order was ready before either of them had to give a proper response.

"Sorry, just give us a bit to enjoy our snack then we can chat more. Promise," Niall told them. "We'd love to hang out a bit and meet more of you but I'm craving something sweet."

"Yeah, yeah...Enjoy your hot date...Whatever that means." The second girl smiled. "Thank you for the photo." She said and walked them walk away.

"Were you recording that?" They could hear the girls talking amongst themselves as they walked further from them.

"Oh my god." Niall said once they were out of earshot. "I thought that one girl was going to pass out." He laughed a little.

"That was...fun." Liam grinned and wrapped an arm around Niall's waist.

"Just wait, it gets better." Niall laughed and then bit into his biscuit. "Can't wait. I gotta eat fast."

Liam kissed Niall on the head and then walked with him to a nice open and populated area where a large bench was. "This is perfect."

"Don't eat too fast, love." Liam said. "Don't want you to get an upset stomach." He said and sat down with him.

Niall broke the biscuit in half. "Want some?" He offered.

Liam held his mouth open for Niall to feed him. He wasn't going to hold back on this. If they were coming out they were coming all out.

Niall grinned and fed Liam a piece. He could notice the same girls from earlier plus a couple more filming them.

"There are benefits to being with you. You'll share your food with me." Liam laughed.

Niall laughed with him. "I can put that in my vows, you'll be the only person I'll share food with." He smiled and took a bite of the biscuit.

"We both know that isn't true." Liam laughed. "When we have kids you'll share with them and I'll come last. Of course, I won't mind."
Liam glanced around and smiled more when he saw the crowd of people forming distantly around them.

"I mostly just meant a certain extent of mine hated to share his food." Liam explained. "I wish you could see through my eyes and see how much better you are than him."

Niall smiled and leaned over, kissing Liam's lips softly. "No offense, but he sounds like a shit boyfriend. Why did you stay with him for so long?" He asked curiously as he took a another bite.

"I don't know. I was blind I guess. Looking back, we had good times but there was more bad than good. I didn't really know what love should be until you came into my life." Liam admitted.

There was something so raw and pure about this moment. Something so exposed and beautiful. Liam would never forget it.

"I know you doubt yourself. I know you compare yourself to Zayn but Niall, my love, no one could come close to you. You're so perfect and you have nothing to be doubtful about. I know it isn't something you can just turn off but I promise you, I will be right here by your side assuring you every moment of every day that you are the one; the best one." Liam whispered and let their foreheads touch. "Now finish that God damn sweet so I can snog you and prove what I say is true."

Niall sniffed a little to keep from crying in public, especially now as people were filming. He put the sweet in the bag and leaned up, kissing Liam sweetly. "I love you. I love you so much. I don't know how I ended up with being called yours but it's something I'm thankful for everyday." He smiled. "I can finish it later. Now, let's really prove what we are to one another to everyone right here, right now."

Liam smiled from ear to ear, "I love you more than you will ever know. Mine forever." He then pulled Niall to his feet and directed him onto his lap; sideways for now. "Kiss me little elf. Show them what our love looks like."

Niall moaned softly hearing that word. "You want me hard in public." He smirked a little and kissed Liam deeply as his arms wrapped around Liam's neck.

"Mmm, yes I do. We can be hard together. Just be glad I don't plan to make you cum yourself in front of everyone with that word alone." Liam smirked and kissed him back hard.

At first it was just a passionate kiss but Liam never could tame himself very well so he pulled Niall onto his lap, now straddling him. "That's better. Give them a show baby. Grind down on me. Show them how you control me and my big dick." He whispered.

"This is so much more comfortable." Niall grinned as he let his fingers find their way into Liam's hair. He grinded down into Liam's crotch, slow at first, but then he moved a little quicker. "Fuck, I am so riding you tonight." He moaned into Liam's ear. He quickly made his way back to Liam's lips as he continued to grind down on Liam.

"Fuck, you better." Liam moaned softly and resisted the urge to spank Niall right then. "Shit, if we don't stop I honestly am going to cum. I'm sorry. There's just, people and the excitement and... Ah, baby stop moving your hips. Me cock is starting to leak."

Niall pulled back. "Let's go home and finish you off, shall we? We still have plenty of time." He smirked as he picked up the bag with his biscuit in it and stood, revealing his hard on. He noticed the wet spot on Liam's joggers and smiled. He reached his hand out for Liam. "Let's go home and finish our fun."
"We told the fans we'd speak to them though." Liam felt torn. He wanted nothing more than to have his cock ridden right now but he also wanted to talk to people and make sure the message was loud and clear.

"Think of it this way, we either stand there and speak with them as they stare at our hard on's and barely hear a word we say...I mean, we're hard. We're really going to go talk to them while you're fucking leaking?" Niall laughed a little. He thought for a moment. "Short chat, make sure they understand we're together, boyfriends, then I go home and ride you." He suggested.

"Deal, I mean, no reason to stop now and make it look like it was an accident." Liam shrugged "Besides, these joggers are big so it's not insanely obvious."

Liam stood slowly and adjusted himself a bit. He then grabbed his water and took a drink before waving to some of the girls watching and kissing Niall's lips again. "Turn your ring the right way love. We aren't hiding the engagement anymore."

Niall turned his ring the right way. "We already said we weren't here for privacy." He shrugged. He took Liam's hand as they headed over.

"H-Hi." One of the girls they saw previously said. There was a bit of a larger crowd now.

"So are you two together?" Another fan asked. "Or...Just sleeping with each other? Or?"

"More than all of that. We dated for a bit." Niall explained. "Well, for a month for like all of November, then on Christmas Day when it was snowing and we were in Ireland...Liam proposed and of course I said yes." He loved telling the story.

There were various "awws" heard from the group.

"Can we see the ring?" A new fan asked speaking up.

Niall was very proud to hold out his hand and show off the ring. "He went with Greg to pick it out. Even asked me da for permission."

"It was perfect." Liam smiled and kissed Niall's temple. "What do you all think of Niall Payne?"

There were a few squeals. "Oh my god, really? So is it going to be kept Horan for like music stuff and then Payne for legal stuff? Or how are you doing it?"

"Keeping Horan as like a stage name type of thing, so that business side doesn't have to change a lot." Niall explained.

"It's so pretty." A girl said speaking of the ring. "Liam, you have great taste."

"But it's one of that Irish style type of engagement rings. I can't remember the name it though." The girl beside her said.

"Claddagh ring, there are a quite a number of ways to wear it, but the way I wear it right now means that you're engaged. I wore it earlier saying I was single or it just meant friendship." Niall shrugged.

"We don't want hide anymore. We don't care what will happen as a result of our coming out. We stayed a complete secret until now so there was nothing legal stopping us from telling everyone."
Liam worded himself the way he did on purpose. He hoped the smarter fans would pick up on how it was a clue for Larry.

"There was something legal stopping you?" A fan asked confused.

"Not really. It's a bit hard to explain." Niall said. "But there was just a few reasons why we couldn't come out earlier but now we're choosing to come out and deal with whatever happens as a result." He explained.

"So does this mean we can expect random kisses on stage?" Another fan asked.

"We can't guarantee anything at the moment. While there was no contract against Niall and I stating we couldn't be open and honest about being in love there are contracts that state we have to do as management says. Even saying that will probably get me into trouble. There's so much you all don't know yet but eventually you will. Just know that Niall and I are very much real no matter what make come out in the days following this. Anything discounting us in the next few days might look like us and I can assure you it won't be us." Liam was trying to cover everything before leaving the park. He wanted no room for error or for management to claim this was fake.

"Fuck Modest!" A fan suddenly said a little loudly. "They are seriously the worst management ever and it sucks that you're stuck with them for all this annoying reasons." She sighed. "At least you get to come out and say you're engaged and together and shit. Hopefully we can expect more of that in the future."

"Maybe, who knows. Niall and I just became closer after what happened to us and then we decided we'd try dating and after a month I knew...I knew what I wanted." Liam said. "I knew I wanted him forever and I already knew him as we've been friends for so long so the whole 'getting to know the person' thing didn't need to happen."

"Can I take a picture of the ring?" A fan asked. "And maybe just one more? Like you holding your hand up so it's proof it is you and is on your finger? There's so many people who like to pick apart everything and won't accept the nice things."

"Of course." Niall nodded.

Liam made it a point to kiss Niall's cheek for the photo.

"We'd love it if you all would spread around the photos and videos of Niall and I announcing the truth but perhaps consider keeping what we've said about management to yourselves. Other people will be dramatically affect more than they already are if you don't." It was another clue for Larry.

The group of fans were then asking for selfies after a few them agreed to Liam and Niall's request.

"Group shot because we have to go." Niall said as he and Liam got everyone gathered into a group and had Paddy take a photo of them.

"You mean go home and fuck." A fan grinned after the photo was taken. "Might wanna consider releasing the sex tape sometime soon."  

Niall couldn't help but laugh. "Wrong couple." It was Louis and Harry who made sex tapes.

"That was way too obvious." Liam whispered as they made their way back towards the car. "They'll appreciate it though."
"Had to give something obvious for the slow ones." Niall whispered back with a small smirk. "But I just can't wait to go home and fucking ride you. We still have enough time before Zayn drops off James, I think." He said looking at the time on his phone. "Yes, we do have enough time to fuck, maybe eat, and then drop off." He grinned as they drew closer to the car.

"I can't wait for you to ride me." Liam nearly laughed. "I don't know why I got so hard so fast. Maybe it being a bit of a performance got me? Either way, you should text everyone that it's done while I try not to speed."

Niall climbed into the car and sent a message in their group chat saying it was done.

"Maybe you just have a thing for people watching? You seemed pretty into the idea of Louis and Harry watching. Or maybe it's because you're a performer so when you have a performance done for you... You really love it." Niall smiled and rested his hand on Liam's thigh. "Oh and as soon as we're home... You're putting a ring on. I don't want you cumming right away."

Liam goaned. He wasn't a fan a rings. He knew Niall wouldn’t torture him for too long though. “I enjoyed watching there video. It made me want to fuck you hard like that.” Liam admitted. “I like the idea of being watched in person by them as well; I just worry that it’s wrong. I mean, people do stuff like that all the time I know but, maybe because I wasn’t raised that way?”

"Who's raised to watch each other have sex?" Niall laughed. "Not the way you meant it. I know..." He smiled. "I mean, it's not wrong to like to be watched, not if everyone is consenting which is how I feel about it. It's not like we're having sex with each other, we only fuck our lovers but we can learn to have some fun and learn about more ways to please each other." He rubbed Liam's thigh. "Let's just see how it goes the first time we're being watched in person by them, see how you feel when you're in the moment. I honestly don't see it as wrong when we all want this and it's just to learn how to please each other better and for them maybe help them get back on track."

“Yeah, you’re right. We can talk about it more tomorrow though.” Liam agreed. “Oh! Tell Louis and Harry we dropped some good hints for them.”

“How long do you think till management sees and contacts us?” Liam asked.

"We'll probably get a phone call tonight or tomorrow." Niall said. "They'll want us to come in for a meeting, I'm sure...and they'll want it asap. Problem is, the register's office doesn't open until 8am on Monday. We have to delay the meeting until we can get married. We shouldn't delay at all. We need to do it in the morning before work." He thought for a moment. "Tomorrow I-Well, we have therapy then I have rehab for my knee. You're writing with Louis. I'm not doing anything else after rehab though. Sunday, I'm going to Liverpool for the footie match. You don't have plans that day but maybe we should say that you're planning to write with Harry at his house that way it's still work related but they don't know because it's not in studio."

“Or, we can skip something tomorrow in order to get it done? Aren’t they open for a while on Saturday? No? I’m clueless. You tell me what to do and I will.” Liam replied and kept on with his drive. “Driving hard isn’t fun unless you’re blowing me.”

Niall laughed a little. "I looked up the times and they're closed on weekends. We just need to stall management somehow or we figure out a way to get in and get married this weekend. Maybe they're open for people who want to get married." He said. "After I ride you senseless...I will call them." He explained and ran his hand over Liam's crotch. He rubbed him a little through his joggers, hoping to help with the pressure. "We'll be home soon enough. I'd rather you cum in my
hole than you cum in my mouth.”

“I know. I’d rather cum there too.” Liam replied. “Maybe you’ll be limping because of your arse instead of your knee for...”

Liam’s phone began to ring.

“Shit, that’s Roo. Answer it please. I bet we’re already trending and this is her call to ask what we were thinking.” Liam sighed.

Niall picked up Liam's phone that was in the holder beside the steering wheel.

He swiped to answer it and placed it on speaker.

"Hey, we're both here. Liam's driving." Niall answered.

“Niall, Liam, you guys are blowing up like a California wildfire!” She exclaimed. “And Liam, that snog, mum and dad are going to see that!”

And that was all it took for Liam to go soft. He pouted a little to himself.

"Yeah, we just planned this yesterday and as for the snog...They don't have to watch the video." He shrugged.

"We just didn't want to wait for management to find out." Niall explained. "We figure we come out on our own terms before they can do any damage to us."

“I can respect that but... I’m just shocked and worried now. You guys have three trends right now. Harry and Louis have one too.” They heard her sigh. “Congratulations Niam. Niam is real. Oh and my favorite, Holy Shit Niam.”

“What’s on Louis and Harry’s?” Niall wanted to know.

“Modest have Larry in the closet.” She told them.

"We're going to get fucked over for the Larry one." Liam sighed.

"Oh, there's one more trend..#WrongCouple." Ruth added.

"That was fun to say." Niall grinned. "So much trouble will come from it."

"You said when you were dating which means Sophia was fake for at least the last few months." Ruth grinned to herself.

“Well, right now we’re just gonna wait and see what they hit us with. I’ll keep you updated okay Roo?” Liam was anxious to get off the phone because they were pulling into the car park.

"Alright, good luck." Ruth said and hung up.

"We'll talk later but I'm still horny as fuck and I still want to fucking ride you." Niall told Liam.

“Thank you for waiting till she hung up.” Liam replied as they pulled into a parking space. He shut off the engine and frowned. “I need help getting my cock hard again.”

"Of course. I understand." Niall nodded. "And I can definitely help with that." Niall grinned. "But inside where we can be comfortable. It's not that difficult to make you hard. Sometimes it's difficult
on making you hold off a little longer until I'm done my fun." He said and climbed out of the car.

Liam nodded and got out of the car. Together they went in and said hello to Loki briefly before going to the bedroom.

"Sex. I need sex. I need you. Your arse." Liam said as he stripped.

Niall smiled and quickly stripped out of his clothes. "I definitely need to learn how to wear less." He said as he pulled his boxers down.

He kept his knee brace on just because he planned to ride Liam.

Finally naked he crawled onto the bed. "My body is yours, I need help getting hard too." He pouted then an idea. "69?" He suggested. "Just till we're hard and then I ride you. Oh and am I still sexy in my knee brace?" He suddenly frowned.

"Even though I can say one word and have you hard?" Liam smirked as he laid down and spread his legs. "Come here gorgeous. Get comfortable."

Niall smiled. "Just wanna do something different... make you work for it." He said and crawled over to Liam. He kissed his lips for a moment then got into position and immediately took took the soft cock into his hands, rubbing it over and licking it before taking it into his mouth to make it hard.

Liam moaned and quickly placed Niall's cock into his mouth. Something about this felt good yet awkward. Perhaps it would feel better when they were both hard.

Niall was getting hard already from Liam. He then smiled as he remembered the advice from Harry this morning. He leaned forward a little morning and sucked on one of Liam's balls, knowing how good it felt made him feel harder.

"Ah," Lim groaned. He tried to do the same to Niall but he couldn't figure out how to. It was starting to frustrate him more than feel good. "Ni, baby please. I just want to be inside your bum."

Once Liam was hard, Niall popped off the cock and turned around. "I'll grab the lube." He said and reached over to get it as they had left it on Liam's side the night before.

"I'll lube you up then you can be inside me all you want while I fuck your brains out." Niall grinned.

Liam grinned and rubbed his hands over Niall's body where he could reach. "Mmm, faster. I wanted to get off earlier and couldn't. Then my buzz was killed. Now I'm still waiting."

Niall moaned at the touches. It felt so good. He crawled back down to between Liam's legs and was about to lube Liam up when he remembered something. "I need to be stretched more if I'm riding you, right? I know we fucked last night but..." He trailed off wondering if he'd be able to take it all without more stretching.

And so Liam had to wait even longer. "Right, I'm sorry. I'm just... Horny Niall. I'm so horny." Liam sat up a bit and grabbed the lube. "Just turn around and stay on all fours."

"I'm sorry." Niall sighed a little and got into position. "Should have planned better." He frowned a little. "I just want to ride you." He found himself pouting.

"I... It's fine. I'm just getting frustrated. Niall, next time you get me hard in public we aren't
stopping until I cum." Liam sighed. "Forgive me if I'm a bit... Quick okay?"

"Of course. And I promise to make you wet your trousers in public." Niall said then paused. "Sorry that wouldn't have helped. I'll just shut up and let you work." He said and focused on the feeling of Liam's fingers stretching him.

Liam quickly lубed his fingers and prepared Niall's hole. He wasn't sure what had him so frustrated and upset. He was probably just sexually frustrated. He'd feel better after sex and he knew it.

Liam quickly entered two fingers and began to stretch Niall.

It was the first time Niall had taken two at once but he knew he'd be fine because he was still slightly open from last night.

Niall gasped at the new feeling. "Mm, LiLi." He moaned. "Feels good." He fucked back on Liam's fingers a bit.

"Fuck." Liam groaned as he watched. It just made him want Niall's cock even more.

He then inserted a third finger and made sure Niall was open enough to take his cock while riding.

Liam then pulled his fingers out. "Fuck. I just want that hole of yours so badly." He groaned.

"Then lay down and get comfortable." Niall said as he moved back on the bed a bit.

Liam did what he was told quickly. "You ready for this?" Liam asked holding his cock. "You've got me going mad waiting for this baby. You've honestly no idea."

"It'll be worth it." Niall said as he stood up on the bed. He made his way over to Liam and with Liam's steady hand to help hold him up, Niall slowly lowered himself down on the cock. "Fucking hell." He moaned loudly.

Liam shouted loudly. His back arched and he then whimpered, "Finally! Yes Ni!" He grabbed his hips and began using his strength to move Niall quickly so it would feel good.

Niall gasped. "Mmm, haven't been fucked like this in so long." He moaned louder as he placed his hands on Liam's chest to steady himself. "Fuck. I need your cock buried inside me like this more often." He smiled down at Liam used his fingers to play with his nipples as he started to move himself with Liam at the same pace.

Liam forced Niall to bounce harder on his cock. His voice bounced off the walls he was so loud. "Fuck! Just like that. Harder baby. Come on my elf. Fuck down on that big dick."

Niall moaned louder. He loved being called elf so much.

"Oh fuck." He groaned and made his bounces harder. "Mm, LiLi, you gonna make my limp so I don't have to pretend?" He smirked and flickered Liam's nipples with his fingers.

"Fuck yes. Fuck baby. Ride my cock. Ride it baby. Christ, I'm so horny. Gonna cum soon!" Liam kept shouting. He'd made himself so worked up that now he couldn't hardly contain himself.

"Mmm, but it feels so good. So soon." Niall attempted to get a sentence out as he continued to bounce on Liam and now leak onto Liam's chest and stomach. "You look good covered in my cum." He grinned and attempted to go harder.

"Cum all over me then. Make a mess beautiful." Liam encouraged. "Fuck, oh fuck, oh Ni-" He
gasped hard. "Baby! I'm ready. Wanna cum with you!"

Niall grinned and nodded. He closed his eyes for a moment as he focused on all the good feelings he was getting from Liam's cock being buried deep inside him. It was seriously the best feeling.

Niall let out a short gasp as he felt it coming. "Mm, now." He mumbled and screamed Liam's name as he came hard across Liam's chest and stomach.

Liam filled Niall's hole with cum and cum sprayed over his chest. Liam's mind swirled and fuzzed from the height of his orgasm. "Mmm, ah, mmm, Ni." Was all he could really say as he helped Niall off his cock.

Niall moaned softly and buried his face in Liam's neck. "I love you so much." He said as he tried to regain his breath.

"When you are able... think you can take the brace off for me? I can't move right now...maybe I won't have to fake sick for Harry after all."

"I'll take care of you. Don't worry. I just need time." Liam said as he worked to catch his breath. "Mmm, it was intense and, I just need to lay here a moment."

"That's why I said when you're able." Niall kissed Liam's neck. "Today was a good day. Busy as fuck and still so much more to do when I don't feel like doing anything for the rest of the night." He laughed.

"Yes, and we're out. Niall we're out. Baby I don't have worry about someone seeing anymore. It doesn't matter. I... I can't believe we did that." Liam laughed and after a moment got Niall's brace off.

Niall laughed with him. "Oh my god... We're so dead but I so don't fucking care." He shook his head. "Mm, I'm going to be your husband soon. I can't believe it. Our plan... everything working. Liam, my LiLi, you're a fucking genius."

"As are you." He sighed. "But right now, you need a pain pill and a hot bath. I don't want James concerned or something. Zayn said he's sensitive." Liam said and slowly sat up. "Meds first. Be right back."

Liam took one last look at Niall. He was beautiful and not just because he was covered in cum. Niall was more than beautiful actually but he didn't have a word for it. "Love you." He whispered then left the room.

Zayn had just finished feeding James and was letting him play as he packed the nappy bag.

"Lots of nappies, dummy, James has his lion on him, I've got the wipes, extra clothes, and I'll put his pjs on before I leave." He listed things aloud in effort to help see if he was missing something. ".And James' favourite toys in the other bag. Mm, am I forgetting something?"

James who was playing on the floor with his Zayn's bear squealed loudly. His little feet kicked happily making a toy orange roll across the floor and tap against Zayn's shoe.

For whatever reason this made James giggle. James then got himself onto all fours. He bit down one of the teddy bears ears and then took off slowly crawling towards Zayn.
"Hi, buddy." Zayn smiled and threw the toy back towards James.

James didn't bother following the toy. Instead he kept going to Zayn. When he reached his feet he sat on his bum and took the teddy out of his mouth. He then held it up to show Zayn with a big smile on his face.

"I see. Very nice." Zayn smiled. "You ready to go see Uncle Liam and Niall?" He asked. "I should get you changed now while you're in a good mood." He said and picked James up.

When James was picked up his bear fell and he squealed then pushed away from Zayn the best he could.

"Ah!" He shouted. "Ah!" It was the closest He'd come to a word at all.

"Ah? Ah what?" Zayn asked and looked around. "Oh the bear. Okay." He said and picked up. "Here." He said handing it to James and walking to James' room.

When James was picked up his bear fell and he squealed then pushed away from Zayn the best he could.

"Ah!" He shouted. "Ah!" It was the closest He'd come to a word at all.

"What?" Zayn suddenly smiled. "You're trying to be talk!" That's how Zayn took it. "What's Ah? What are you wanting?"

James whimpered and reached for the bear on the floor.

"Oh! Abba's bear?" Zayn asked. "I really hope 'ah' is you trying to say my name. That would be amazing." He kissed James' cheek and grabbed the bear for him.

James giggled and hugged the bear.

"Your lion and those bears are your favorite toys hmm?" Zayn asked and continued on to his makeshift room.

"Damn, I need to fix this room for you. Why didn't I think that?" Zayn nearly gasped. "Don't tell anyone okay? They'd all say it's a sign."

Zayn then heard his phone ding in his pocket so he sat James in the travel cot and looked at it. It was a list of stuff to pack.

"Dammit. Forgot the bottle and food." Zayn frowned. "I'll grab that after I change your clothes." He said to James then put away his phone and grabbed the pjs he wanted. "I'm going to get you better pjs soon. Marvel stuff. Iron Man and Barman. You know that Liam is totally Robin." He talked away to James.

James just made grabby hands at him. He smiled and made a soft coo'ing sound.

"I'll hold you. Hold on." Zayn laugh then finished setting the table up to change him.

"Liam's favourite is Batman but he's not good at being Batman." Zayn said pulling the side of the cot up so the side turned into a table then he laid James down.

He made quick work of changing his nappy then into pjs.

After that was done, he sat James in the cot again and looked through some of James' warmer
James snatched his lion away from Zayn and hugged it to his chest before cuddling against Zayn. He loved to cuddle and he was getting very attached to Zayn. That meant Zayn was the person he wanted to cuddle with most.

Zayn smiled and kissed James' head. "Alright, next are your trainers then I will grab the food, then we should be good to go." He told James.

He then headed out to the kitchen and got James' shoes on then headed to the kitchen where he grabbed the bottle and food.

"Next up...car seat." Zayn smiled after putting away the food in the bag.

James was fine until he was actually buckled into the seat and the cover was pulled down. Now he couldn't see. It made him whine.

"I know beta. Just a few more days probably and then management will have figured out telling everyone about you." Zayn assured.

James didn't care about that though. All he cared about was that he wanted to see. So while he didn't cry he did give a very dramatic and angry grunt.

"I get it. I do. I feel the same way." Zayn told him and stood with the car seat. He grabbed the bags and headed out the door.

He quickly got James' seat buckled in in the backseat then he got into the drivers side and headed to Liam's.

When they arrived sometime later Zayn sent Liam a text so he'd have the door open and ready.

As they walked down the hall Liam stood at the door and could hear James' grunting from his seat.

"Is that him doing that?" Liam asked amused. He stepped aside and let Zayn in then closed and locked the door. When he turned around Loki was wiggling around Zayn's feet and trying to smell the carseat.

"Yeah, he's pissed because I have the cover down." Zayn explained.

"Hey, Loki." He smiled and tried to pet the dog but he jumped out of the way instead.

"Hey, Zayn. You look nice." Niall commented on Zayn's suit from his spot on the sofa.

"Loki, be nice." Liam encouraged. "It hasn't been that long since you've seen Zayn."

The second Zayn sat James' carrier down it all became clear however. Loki wasn't trying to see Zayn. All he wanted was the baby.

Liam watched as Loki managed to shove his head under the blanket to have a look at James.

This of course made James giggle and squeal delightedly.
"Thank you, Niall." Zayn replied to the compliment. "And Loki just never liked me that much. I'm not offended." He shrugged.

"I think they're going to get along just fine, babe." Niall commented as his phone dinged. He looked at the text he received. "And I really wish Nic would calm down. I think she's more excited that we're out than we are." He laughed.

"Yeah, I haven't seen anything. Haven't checked anything in awhile but I'm sure it's crazy right now." Zayn commented.

Liam went over and gently pulled Loki away from the carrier, "I'm thrilled Nicola is excited. I think everyone is." Liam then lifted the cover and smiled at James.

James instantly lit up and squealed happily as his arms and legs began to move excitedly.

"Apparently he's thrilled to see you Uncle Liam." Zayn laughed and carried his bags in to the sofa where Niall was.

"Nappy bag has everything. Nappies, food, extra clothes and all of that stuff." Zayn explained. "Other bag has all his favourite toys."

Liam quickly got James out of his car seat and sat him on the floor where Loki sniffed him then jumped around.

"Careful Loki. He's a baby. Don't knock him over." Niall warned.

James seemed amused and entertained however. He'd not ever gotten to be around Loki like this before. It was fun.

"Oh, Liam, he doesn't sleep without his lion. If he wakes up and it's not there he go ape shit. He might be that way with my 1D bear but I'm not sure. Oh and I've been laying him down as close to eight thirty as I can get." Zayn tried to go over a mental list. "If he wakes up angry he could be hungry. He didn't drink a full bottle earlier."

"I think Loki's just excited. He's never been around humans this small." Liam said and took off James' jacket and hoodie.

Niall nodded. "Got it. And we'll text you if we need something. Otherwise, I think we got it."

"Wait," Liam paused and stood up. He ran over Zayn's comment again. "He sleeps with the lion? Like, you put it in the bed with him?"

"Yeah?" Zayn said heading back to the door. "He refuses to calm down otherwise. Why?"

Liam sighed and followed after Zayn, "That's dangerous. Have you ever heard of sids? Babies should sleep alone in the crib and on their backs."

"They're allowed to roll themselves over Li." Niall added.

"Either way, he shouldn't have his lion with him." Liam wasn't trying to be mean but he was trying to look out for James.

Zayn sighed. "Then good luck trying to get him to sleep without it then. If he does sleep, I'll bet he'll be grumpy in the morning and you won't have to deal with that." He shook his head. "From what I've read, SIDS can happen with or without a stuffed animal in a cot. It's called Sudden Infant
Death for a reason."

"I'm only trying to look out for James. That's it. I promise." Liam frowned. He truly wasn't trying to start anything. "Were you going to say goodbye to him or just sneak out? If you're sneaking now is perfect thanks to Loki."

"I know and thank you for that." Zayn said then nodded. "Sneaking out worked before so I'll keep trying it for now. I'll text when I'm on my way back." He said then unlocked the door and left.

"Li, I don't know why I was worried about Loki with James. They love each other. See?" Niall smiled.

Loki ran and grabbed one of his rope bones and brought it to James; dropping it in his lap.

Liam laughed, "He has his own toys Loki. So sweet but so silly." He then walked over and took the rope bone from James as Niall opened the toy bag

Liam threw Loki's toy across the room then picked James up and walked over to the sofa where Niall was.

He sat James on the floor in front of them and looked at Niall. "How're you feeling, love?" He asked moving some fallen hair out of Niall's eyes.

"Bum is better but honestly, it's still just sore enough that having Harry around would be truly helpful." Niall admitted. "I know you're better than Zayn but you're still learning too and there's only so much I can do while resting my bum."

Niall took some of the toys out and put them on the floor at James feet. "There you are lad. Proper toys to play with."

"Alright, I'll give Harry a call." Liam kissed Niall's cheek.

James was more interested in Loki who was now licking his face causing him to giggle than his toys.

Harry was sitting on the sofa with Louis. He was trying not to look at his phone too much but it was hard. Between wanting Liam or Niall to call and people messaging him about everything going viral online it was hard to stay away from his phone.

A moment later and his phone rang. He sighed and looked at it, figuring it was another person asking about Liam and Niall.

"It's Liam!" Harry said excitedly.


"Hey, Li." Harry grinned as he answered the phone.

"Harry, hey! I was worried you'd be busy and wouldn't answer my call." He said despite knowing that wasn't true. "James is doing great but I honestly would like your help. Niall rode me a bit too hard after the park thing and, basically he's not much help from his spot on the sofa."

Harry grinned. "He should have known better than to have ridden you when his knee was already sore." He shook his head.

"I'm sure it was well worth it." Louis laughed.
"But I'll be happy to help. I can come right over." Harry said.

"Thanks. It wasn't all his fault though. I got so frustrated with waiting that when I finally got him I was holding his hips and forcing him to go harder. That and I think I was frustrated because he wanted to try doing a sixty nine and it didn't work out." He sighed.

"Either way, I'm still learning about kids so I'd love for you to teach me some stuff. That and be here incase something goes wrong." Liam explained. "I'd just feel better with you around since Niall is down."

"Maybe we can teach you two how to sixty-nine better as well." Harry laughed.

"I'm down for that." Louis agreed.

"But I'll leave now. I was ready just in case." He smiled.

Liam smiled and said goodbye to Harry. He then walked back to where he'd left Niall and James.

"Harry is on his way. He was ready just in case," Liam laughed. "Did he noticed Z left yet?"

"I don't think so. He's having a lot of fun with Loki." Niall smiled. "And of course Harry was.... I have expect nothing less." He laughed.

"Just think though. This is what our lives could feel like in the future. You and I watching our baby play with Loki." Liam smiled. "It's a fun thought."

"It is." Niall grinned. "But do you think we could handle our careers plus a kid?" He asked.

It would take time to sort it out but yeah. I mean, there's two of us. Zayn thinks he can do it alone." Liam reasoned.

James was now on all fours and trying to crawl after Loki who was still jumping around; now with one of James' toys in his mouth.

James giggled loudly at seeing Loki with his toy.

Niall laughed. "Loki! Play with your own toys, silly pup."

"Well, James is clearly having a blast. At least we know that Loki likes babies." Liam smiled.

"Do you think if we get married before management find out we could adopt?" Niall asked.

"Don't go all Harry on me." Liam laughed. "I want kids with you and I want them sooner rather than later but love, can we focus on the wedding first?"

With how they had come out Liam now needed for them to focus everything on that first. It was important that they focus on it so that nothing went wrong.

"Yes, sorry." Niall nodded. "We just need to do our best to avoid management this weekend. When they call, we just have to arrange for the meeting to take place after the fact. So like Monday after rehearsals because we can go before rehearsals to get married. We should talk to Harry about it tonight."

"I agree. As I've said before though, tell me what to do and I'll do it." Liam smiled. "Shit!"

Liam quickly stood up and ran for James who had finally reached Loki's food and water dish.
"James, pal, you're a person. That's puppy food." Liam said quickly picking him up. "You aren't a puppy."

Niall laughed. "Shit, that tells us that we need to pay attention but you know a dog's month is cleaner than a human's scientific fact."

"If anything it proves we need Harry's help." Liam said moving James back to sit in front of them and to where Loki was waiting.

"True." Niall nodded. "At least Harry won't have any sexual comments to make around James."

"Ah!" James shouted. He then kicked his feet a bit and looked around. "Ah!" He shouted again, this time a bit angry.

"Well, he obviously doesn't like that." Niall frowned.

"Well, he can't just go drink out of the Loki's dish." Liam sighed.

"Give him his bottle, maybe he's hungry." Niall shrugged.

Liam got a bottle and the can of formula from the nappy bag. "How many ounces should I make?"

"Uh..." Niall trailed off. "I'd say eight but then Zayn said he just didn't take it all. Where's Harry?"

"Should be here any minute now but come to think of it...Maybe now that you carried him from one side of the room to the other, he's just noticed that his dad is gone." Niall suggested. "Could be that or he could be hungry. Hell if I know." He shrugged as the door opened and Harry walked in. "Sorry, I texted but neither of you answered. I didn't think the door was unlocked but I tested it and it was."

"Niall’s phone is on the charger and mine’s on silent for James." Liam frowned. “Probably should have made it vibrate.”

"Did you not relock the door?" Niall asked.

"I guess not?" Liam replied.

Niall swiftly smacked Liam in the arm. "Anyone could have walked in Liam! Are you serious?" It was a major trigger point for him.

"Ah!" James shouted louder from the floor. He'd seen Harry but Harry is not who he wanted. "Ah! Ah! Ah!"

"Sorry! I'm sorry." Liam frowned

Harry locked the door behind him. "It's locked now. You can relax and nothing happened anyway, take comfort in that instead of what could have." He tried to help Niall.

He slipped his shoes off then sat on the floor beside James.

"I was just most concerned about James sleeping with his stuffed lion and I thought I did it but I guess not." Liam explained. "I'll do better next time. I promise."

"I... It's fine." Niall sighed. James was a good distraction right now.

The little one crawled into Harry's lap and looked at him with an upset face, "Ah."
"We think he means Zayn. We aren't sure." Liam explained. "He only just started it.

"Abba?" Harry asked James sweetly.

"Ah." He tried to repeat then turned in Harry's lap and pointed towards the bears.

"Liam, hand me the bears, either he wants them or he wants to tell us something with them." Harry told him.

"How do you know that based on a sound and a point?" Liam asked dumbfounded as he gathered the five bears and sat them next to Harry.

"Because clearly the only word he can say is Ah! And then he pointed to the bears. Plus he sounded upset. Babies can be smarter than you give them credit for." Harry explained

James reached to the bears and grabbed one. He worked very hard to turn it in his hands until he saw the front of the bear.

"Uncle Louis?" Harry asked curiously. Was he a piece of the puzzle.

James however shook his head no and dropped the bear on the other side of Harry.

"I don't get this." Liam complained.

"Just be quiet and let the baby whisperer do his job." Niall said in a hushed tone.

James picked up another bear and again worked to get it turned. It was obvious he was still learning to manipulate things in his hands.

"Who is this one?" Harry asked helping him.

James smiled and looked directly at Niall then back to bear before looking at Niall again and laughing.

"Really is Zayn's kid. Connecting that old photo of you to you sitting here now takes a lot of intelligence." Harry shook his head as he turned the bear to show Niall and Liam that James had been right.

"It's the blonde hair. At least I'm cuter now." Niall commented.

"Wow. Smart baby..." Liam shook his head.

James stretched his hand towards Niall to give him the bear.

"Throw it. Ready?" Harry smiled and helped him throw the bear to Niall.

James wasted no time grabbing another bear. Seeing the front he quickly shoved it in Harry's face a bit hard.

Niall laughed as Harry's bear got shoved in his face after catching his own bear.

"I'll assume that one is yours." Liam laughed a bit.

Harry rubbed his slightly sore nose and nodded. "This one is mine. He must play with these a lot. Surprised Zayn has them."
"I got them." Niall boasted.

James grabbed the another bear and got it turned to the front. Instantly he giggled, very loudly and hugged the bear before running his mouth on it.

"Can I see who you're either trying to kiss or eat?" Harry asked.

"I bought it as a joke for James, I had no idea James would be so into them." Niall commented. "But it's either Liam or Zayn he's snogging. They are the only ones that are left."

Harry was finally able to get a peak and smiled, "It's Uncle Liam's bear. Someone must love Liam besides Niall." He laughed.

James then tried to throw the bear the way Harry had shown him. He aimed towards Liam but the bear only fell back in his lap.

James frowned when the bear landed back in his lap.

Harry quickly helped him by throwing it to Liam. "Thank you for the..." He paused as he wiped his hands on his joggers. "Lovely present.

"It's a very nice looking bear." Niall smiled and kissed Liam's lips. "Though I have to admit you're much better looking now than you were then." He teased.

James began looking around but due to where he sat on Harry's lap he couldn't see the last bear. His content face quickly turned upset.

James laid himself backwards dramatically then began to cry, "Ah!"

"What's wrong with him now?" Liam asked. "Is it because we kissed?"

"Wait, is that a thing?" Niall asked. "Can babies get jealous like that?"

“I don't think that's it. He wasn't even looking at you both." Harry frowned. "Is this the problem?" Harry asked picking up the final bear that was nearly hidden under his leg.

James was too busy crying to see the bear however.

"James! Jamie! Pal look!" Harry shouted and forced him to sit up.

James eyes opened to scream in protest but instead he saw the bear and sniffled, "Ah!"

"All he wanted was his daddy's bear." Liam smiled.

"How cute." Niall commented. "I'm so glad you're here, Harry."

"Abba's bear." Harry corrected as James cuddled it to his chest. "Pretty sure 'ah' means Abba."

James was more than happy now. In fact he cuddled into Harry's chest now that he had his Abba's bear.

"I know." Liam rolled his eyes. "Means the exact same thing. A lot of people use the word dad or daddy when the kid calls it something different. It's just a general term."

"He'll be back soon, James." Niall said. "Do you think seeing a photo would help at all?" He asked Harry.
"Possibly. He seems pretty content now though. Just hold off and it can be our back up plan."
Harry replied.

Niall nodded. "Baby whisperer strikes again." He smiled.

"Zayn said to put him to bed around eight-thirty and if he wakes up angry, he'll probably want to be fed." Liam mentioned. "Also, do you think it's alright if he sleeps with his stuffed lion?"

"Hmm, at his age the lion is probably alright so long as it's the only thing in with him. I wouldn't allow it with my kid but he's old enough it's not truly very dangerous." Harry replied.

"So then what you're saying is that it's not the best idea but it's probably fine?" Niall asked.

"Yeah, exactly." Harry nodded and cuddled James closer. "I'm sorry your sore Niall but I'm really happy I got to come help."

Niall smiled. "It was completely worth it." He sighed contently and rested his head on Liam's shoulder. "It had been a long time since we used that position, since before my surgery actually and with us just wanting to get to the point but having to prep first and then getting..." He paused a moment to think of a better word to use in front of James. "Turned on again, it was just frustration mixed with extreme horniness."

"That and I'm sorry love but that sixty nine didn't work very well. Something was off." Liam told Niall.

"Louis and I don't do that much but I, we have experience with it so we could help." Harry offered again.

"Could be that we were feeling impatient." Niall suggested. "I guess it was the wrong time to make him work for it a little." He signed.

"Thank you for the offer, we'll most definitely take you up on it." Liam nodded.

"That snog you guys had in the park was amazing. It was so obvious Liam had a hard on. If he had to suffer with that the entire way home then yeah, not the best time to make him wait." Harry replied.

"My sister called and I went soft, then she said how mum and dad would see that and that just made me softer if possible." Liam shook his head.

"It made both of us soft." Niall added with a frown. "I just thought if we could sixty-nine then both of us would be hard in no time but then since I was riding, I needed more prep."

"Yeah, you two were pushing things it sounds like. If it still sucks next time when you aren't rushing we'll help." Harry agreed.

"We can talk details tomorrow night." Liam nodded. "Set our limits and rules then too."

"Yeah, Louis mentioned that was the point of pizza and pints. I'm really looking forward to talking about it and...exploring this newfound side of our friendship." Harry said.

"Me too, man, it's fu-freakin crazy how fast life changes. A year ago, things were so much different, even a few months ago things were so different, life just keeps drastically changing."
Niall shook his head.

"It does. I can't get my head around it half the time." Liam added. "A lot of the changes were amazing though. My future husband and even Ja-" Liam stopped and smiled. "He's asleep Harry. Well done."

"Babies love me." Harry boasted.

Niall chuckled. "That much is true." He nodded.

"We have a play cot in the guest room but I'm going to guess you're happy holding him?" Niall asked.

"I'm fine holding him, just like this." Harry smiled. "I can move him later but for now, I'm fine and I wouldn't want to disturb him by waking him up if I move him, some babies are sensitive like that."

"That and you want to cuddle him." Niall teased. "Does holding a baby help the fever at all?"

"It does a little, but I just wish I could have one of my own but Louis keeps saying he's not ready. I don't know if he'll ever be." Harry frowned.

"He's in therapy so that's a start to getting there, I'm sure." Liam commented.

"I just feel like he wants me to bend to all of his needs but he won't bend to any of my needs. It makes me wonder if not needs aren't important." Harry frowned and played with James' curls.

"Well, if you're needs are only getting engaged and adopting...and he's not ready, how can he bend to them?" Niall asked.

"He could stop making me feel like rubbish any time I talk about marriage or babies. It helps to talk and plan with him but he acts like it's killing him." Harry frowned. "He isn't a planner like I am."

"No one can plan like you." Liam joked.

"Well, hopefully therapy will help him realize that planning helps you and is a good way to meet in the middle." Niall said.

"I can respect that he isn't ready. I just wish he could respect that I am." Harry tried to further explain. "Christ, James and talk of Lottie makes it hard to balance everything too. It's hard not to talk about babies when there are so many around us right now."

Liam nodded. "I can understand that."

"Yeah, me too. But anytime you feel the need to chat about weddings or babies, you can call me." Niall offered. "I need help with some of our wedding stuff."

"And speaking of wedding stuff," Liam smiled at Niall then smiled at Harry. "We're fucking management over." He grinned. "We plan to do the legal half of the wedding on Monday before work. Straight at eight am. Think you and Louis could still be there for us?" He asked.

"No one else is to know about this, we're keeping it from everyone. The less people know, the better it is for us when we face management." Niall added.

"Absolutely, you guys apparently dropped some major hints for us. We owe you." Harry nodded.
"It's funny though. There isn't any video of everything the fans say you said. It's like there's a chunk missing with this 'wrong couple' clip at the end."

"We asked them not to post some stuff. We said a lot of shit about management and dropped major Larry hints...We weren't sure if they would listen or not, they don't always do. It might come out later." Liam said.

"Or they were too shocked by watching out snog on a park bench to remember to record." Niall laughed. "I thought one girl might pass out from shock. She could barely speak. I can't imagine how the reaction will be the day Larry comes out."

"But the whole wrong couple thing is true, Larry makes the sextapes, and I just we just take pictures." Liam said.

"It was honestly amazing. You two are amazing." Harry beamed. "We always drop hints where we can but you two nearly confirmed it."

Niall grinned. "We're just happy to do our part." He said.

"It was honestly really fun." Liam said. "I really loved the looks on their faces."

Liam's text tone then went off on his phone.

"Fifty it's Zayn." Niall told Harry.

"Could be management." Harry shrugged. "You know it's bad when you a text versus a phone call. It means they're too angry to call."
"Thankfully it's just Zayn." Liam replied. "He says, 'How is my little lad?' Oh, and he wants a picture. Apparently Caroline sends him photos." Liam laughed.

"Smile Uncle Harry." Liam told him and got a photo of James asleep in his arms. He then sent it off and waited for a reply.

"Now he says, 'Glad Harry is getting some cuddles' and... Really?" Liam didn't know how to feel reading the text asking if he would keep James over night.

"What's wrong?" Niall worried.

"Everything is going well so far but he's been invited out with some people post show so he wants to know if we could watch James overnight." Liam replied. "I don't know how to feel about that."

"Oh, let the new dad have some fun." Harry replied. "I promise the two of you will want a break every now and then when you get a wee one."

"Could the night off really hurt? I don't guess I understand what you're unsure of." Niall said and took a sip of water.

Loki walked over to James and gave him a sniff before getting up on the sofa and trying to cuddle in Niall's lap.

Niall grinned. "Hi, baby." He leaned down and kissed Loki's head. "You have fun with James earlier?" He asked and began to stroke the dog's back.

"Responsibility? What if he goes out drinking and comes back hungover? That's not a way to be a parent." Liam sighed. "The hangover part I mean."

"It's Zayn he wo-" Harry stopped himself. "On second thought tell him it's fine so long as he is capable of being a proper and fit parent in the morning. Give him a time to be here by as well."

Liam nodded and began typing back.

"I won't be here in the morning, I have therapy and then I have rehab so don't judge too harshly on whatever the situation might be." Niall reminded.

"Double dose tomorrow. Wow." Harry commented.

"I'm going to the Liverpool match on Sunday so I decided to do both emotional and physical at once." Niall shrugged.

"I just said that we can keep him so long as he's here and ready to be a proper parent by nine thirty. I think that's fair yeah?" Liam asked them both.

Niall smiled and nodded. "Sounds about right. Therapy for me is at nine and rehab about ten thirty to eleven thirty. Oooh, how about I pick us up lunch?"

"You're gonna let us have take out twice in one day?" Liam gasped dramatically. "What have you have done with my lovely and cute Irish lad?"
Niall giggled. "I love you. I really do." He kissed Liam's lips. "It'll be something healthy, not fast food since we're having pizza later that night."

"Got you on a short leash hmm?" Harry teased Liam. "S'okay, Louis gets cranky if I don't cook when we're both home together."

James began to stir in his lap a little and whimper. He clutched tightly onto Harry's shirt and frowned deeply despite still having his eyes shut.

"Awe. I wonder if he's having a bad dream." Niall frowned.

"Poor lad." Liam frowned now too.

"I honestly wouldn't be surprised if he has a number of issues stemming from poor mental health due to life circumstances." Harry said and moved James to be more over up on his shoulder. "I mean, his mum left and never came back. That's traumatic and he shows clear signs of suffering."

Niall shook his head. "How do you even begin to help a child his age who's been through traumatic stuff and can't make sense of it."

"It's really sad." Liam said.

"I'm sure there's some sort of parent child type of therapy." Harry replied. "In little ones his age though some of the trauma presents itself as development delays. That's what I read anyway. I've done a lot of research of adopting all kinds of kids."

Harry was more prepared than people understood. "Obviously I'm not an expert but he should be more mobile than he is. He should be saying real words. He shouldn't be afraid of people knocking on the front door either."

"That probably stems from the police knocking on the door to let the babysitter know." Liam thought aloud.

"Yeah, Theo's starting to say real words too. Just the average mama and dada. Maybe one or two other ones, I think." Niall said.

"The only thing I've ever heard James try to say is 'ah'. Everything else is a laugh or cry." Liam commented.

"See, he should be babbling if nothing else and the little I've been around him he doesn't. Doris and Ernest coo and make more noises then James." Harry reasoned. "He's behind and that's a sign that he's been affected by his life getting crazy. It would be no wonder or surprise if he has bad dreams."

Niall nodded. "So if we were to adopt from a third world country, should we expect the same thing probably?"

He felt curious and Harry had done all the research.

"Absolutely," Harry nodded. "Though children from countries like that are often drastically delayed for other reasons. Reasons such as illness or lack or education or simply not having an adult to work with them and help them. It doesn't always happen but it certainly is a common thing."

It was a bit sad honestly. What was more sad was that the children with major delays often waited
much longer to be adopted or never got adopted at all. One day Harry wanted to adopt a special needs child. It would need to wait till his and Louis' career was much slower though.

"Sad." Niall frowned.

"We'll help our child no matter their difficulties." Liam rubbed Niall's back. "One step at a time though, let's get married first "

"Anyway," Harry sighed. "I need another topic. Did Zayn ever reply back?"

"Yeah," Liam nodded. "Just replied thanks." He shrugged.

James now rubbed his face against Harry and made frustrated sounds. He then began chewing on his hand.

"Probably a bottle now. You did say Zayn said he could wake up hungry right?" Harry asked.

"Yeah," Niall nodded. "I didn't expect him to want to chew off his hand in his sleep though."

"I don't know how many ounces. Zayn never said." Liam said and picked up the bottle, looking confused.

"The chewing is just a natural response to hunger at this age." Harry replied. "He's ten months but it's late so try four ounces and we can always make more if need be."

"He probably doesn't have to tell Caroline anything when she watches him." Niall reasoned out loud.

Loki looked up at him and then used his nose to force Niall's hand up and onto his head.

"True enough." Liam said and stood. He walked behind the sofa and into the kitchen to work on making up the bottle.

Niall took this opportunity to move and stretch his legs out on the sofa with Loki moving to his chest.

"How's your bum and knee?" Harry asked as he rocked James gently in his arms. "You must have really really wanted that nine inches to ignore a bum knee."

"Eh, I wore a brace." Niall groaned a bit as he got comfortable. "Bum is feeling better than it did earlier. Knee's still a bit sore. I also really wanted to ride him so fuc-freaking badly. I remind myself that as short as it was... totally worth it."

"So was it being in public that got you so worked up or something else; maybe a combination of things?" Harry asked. "Just curious."

"I used 'the word' when we were snogging." Liam grinned coming into the room with a bottle just as James began to cry.

"Ooh, and pray tell what word is that again?" Harry smirked.

"Shut up." Niall shook his head.

"Just...the word for Santa's little helper." Liam smiled and gave Harry the bottle.

Harry popped the bottle into James mouth and instantly he quieted. This allowed Harry to turn his
attention back to his friends

"So let me get this straight, saying that gets you going?" Harry needed to know now. "Just that word?"

"Do tell the truth lovey." Liam half teased and grinned wide.

"Yes, it turns me on and I get hard instantly." Niall admitted.

"So is it just Liam saying it or does it work anytime you hear it?" Harry grinned.

"I don't know...It hasn't exactly been tested." Niall explained.

"Something to try tomorrow then isn't it?" Harry smirked.

"I'm very curious now on this as well." Liam thought. "You know, I honestly believe if I said it enough that I could get him off from that word alone. I mean, if I used it in the right way."

"Wow." Harry shook his head. "How, when, what is the story behind this?"

"It's ridiculous." Niall shook his head. "He was trying to remember the name for leprechauns when he said elf instead. He then called me his elf and it was such a freaking turn on."

"I so wanna test this tomorrow night." Liam grinned.

"And test it we shall." Niall smiled.

"Can we not tell Louis beforehand? It might be more fun to watch him get confused when I start calling Niall... The word." Harry smiled. "Liam, that means you'll need to tell me how exactly you normally use the word with him."

"I will. I'll tell you at the door when you go to leave that way he can stay soft. Gotta rest up for tomorrow." Liam nodded.

Niall just blushed. "This is going to be so strange but oddly enough I'm up for it."

"Me too. I need to see this word actually affect you. It's just so... Random." Harry told them as James finished his bottle and dropped it on the floor.

"Ah." He whimpered in a very sleepy voice.

Harry rocked James more. "It's a little odd but we're comfortable with each other and if we all want to have fun with each other I don't see why not."

"It's really exciting." Niall agreed.

"Here Harry, let me give your arms a rest." Liam offered. "I know you won't tell us when you're arms are tired."

Harry reluctantly gave James to Liam, "I get to help actually lay him down for the night though."

"Of course. You can help remind me to change his nappy first." Liam replied.

"Harry, do you and Louis have anything odd or strange that turns either of you on?" Niall wanted to know.
"I don't think so. It's more so that we can suddenly start roleplaying at the drop of a hat and be near instantly into it. That or bringing up past sexual experiences can get either of us flustered and heated quickly." Harry shrugged. "Louis does get really damn needy sometimes though."

"I do too." Liam said.

"As do I. I certainly have my moments at least." Niall explained.

"Besides your little... leprechaun here do you two have any other pet names for each other?" Harry asked

"Ah, yeah," Liam felt slightly embarrassed in a pleasant way, "He's daddy. I'm papa."

"I also use LiLi sometimes." Niall added.

"Awe. Daddy kink is great." Harry grinned. "And LiLi is so cute."

Liam laughed a bit and blushed slightly.

"Come on Harry. You and Lou are starting to sound tame compared to us. Give us the dirt!" Niall whined even though Louis had actually slipped a little bit earlier.

"There's not much. We role-play as Headmaster and he's the naughty female student. He wears a uniform and everything." Harry smiled. "We do daddy kink and all kinds of kinks and use all the toys. I've pretended that he's naughty and I spank him a few times."

"Louis in a school girl uniform is something I need to see." Liam grinned.

"So kinky Larry is really just role-play Larry?" Niall asked. "And here I thought you two were insane."

"We enjoy public humiliation. I've made it so he can't walk on stage the next night." Harry smiled. "And of course cages and plugs are always fun." He said then paused. "We have a mutual friend and we've done stuff with him. Not sex but everything else."

Niall grinned, "Now we're getting to the good stuff."

"The public humiliation everyone knows. Let's talk about that other thing. The friend." Liam pushed.

James simply sat in Liam's lap now. He held onto Zayn's bear and looked to be fighting sleep. He was perfectly quiet though.

"You and Louis just randomly screw around with him, this friend?" Niall asked.

"Well yes but, we have rules. All three of us know what's okay and what's not so we never push one another. I guess a bit how we're gonna plan tomorrow night only... Way more sexual and way more secret." Harry replied.

"Way more sexual how? I'm not against much honestly." Liam asked curious.

"Liam, talk about that tomorrow. Focus." Niall reminded. "So does this friend have a name?"

"You can tell us. Who'd we tell. No one wants to hear about your sex life." Liam said.

"Everyone wants to know about Louis and I's sex life. Are you crazy?" Harry laughed. "Honestly
though, we've been sworn to the deepest darkest depth of any secret there is. You've no idea how private it is. I mean the fact I'm even saying this is probably crossing the line he made us promise to." Harry attempted to explain. "It's a very big deal to him."

"Yeah but... Oh come on Harry! Louis already spilled." Niall blurted out.

"Niall!" Liam sighed. "We promised not to tell. Louis is going to kill us."

"Sorry...But honestly, your secret is safe with us." Niall smiled.

"I'm going to have to have a serious talk with him." Harry shook his head. "I know we can trust you lads but Ed doesn't. He's extremely, ridiculously anxious about anyone knowing. It was his biggest rule with the entire thing."

"He doesn't have to know that we know." Liam pointed out. "And I honestly think Louis just wanted to talk about it. I kinda got the vibe that he misses it."

"And we're just the lowly replacements." Niall said dramatically.

"He does?" Harry frowned. "We've not met up with him since before everything. It's rarely crossed my mind and we haven't even talked about it. I... I didn't know he missed it."

Harry felt bad now. Had he known Louis missed their time with Ed he would have talked to him about it at the book launch.

"We are not the lowly replacements." Liam shook his head.

"And in Louis defence, he only brought it up because I mentioned how much I loved having my balls sucked this morning." Niall said.

"He didn't come out and say it but talking with him about it, he really seemed that he's missed that time." Liam said.

"Ed has, fuck," Harry paused. "He has this way of taking care of us both in the most beautiful and raw and organic fashion. Everything is slow and peaceful. He ensures the attention is shared equally and he spends nearly the entire time focused on us. It's so euphoric and blissful and I don't even know that I'm describing it well."

Harry understood exactly why Louis missed it. Even though it was something sexual for the three of them together it always brought he and Louis closer in ways that couldn't be described. It was like an erotic therapy session. That's the only way Harry could describe it.

"Not replacements, just different." Liam shook his head and kissed Niall's cheek.

"I was being dramatic." Niall rolled his eyes. "But wow, sounds nice." Niall smiled. "Maybe being with Ed will help you two get back with it sexually."

"Yeah, if he's missing it badly enough to tell you both then I'll have to make it happen again. I've no clue why he's so incredibly shy when it comes to talking to Ed and I about getting together for a session."

"Maybe because he enjoys it more than he thinks he's supposed to?" Liam offered a possible idea.

"Like I said, he didn't exactly say it but when he stares off into deep space after talking about it then I'd say he misses it." Liam shrugged.
“Yeah, I'm gonna talk to Ed about it. It might actually really help us anyway. The thought of losing Louis scares me.” He frowned

“Liam, sweetheart, lay James down in your lap or something. His little eyes are so heavy.” Niall interrupting briefly.

“You'd never lose him.” Liam said. "He's already afraid of losing you." He frowned a little and looked at James. "I think I should just go lay him down in the cot."

“Let Harry help. He's going to be angry when you change him and you might need help calming him. Oh, remember Zayn said he sings him to sleep. Do that.” Niall instructed.

Harry grabbed the nappy bag after he stood and helped Liam up as well.

"I'll just stay here and cuddle with my furball." Niall smiled down at Loki.

Liam smiled. "I'll be back soon. Promise. Just rest." He said and walked away with Harry.

Harry pulled the side up on the play cot to reveal a spot to change James. "I can change him if you would like." He offered.

"Oh, yeah, whichever. It doesn't bother me." Liam shrugged.

When Liam placed James on the table he began to cry. He did not want to be put down and he didn't want his nappy changed. He just simply wanted to sleep in someone's arms.

"Sounds like Zayn does when he isn't getting his way.” Liam teased.

"Just less curse words." Harry laughed. "But maybe we should sing to him?” He suggested. "Good distraction."

"What do you wanna sing?” Liam asked.

"Blackbird. The Beatles song." Harry replied.

"Good choice." Liam nodded.

Harry began to sing and Liam joined in as Harry began to undo the snaps on James' little sleeper. The singing got his attention and helped him not be as loud but he was still obviously upset.

When it came time to take James' soiled nappy off Harry reached for the tabs. As he pulled off the first tab however he stopped singing and a chill ran down his spine.

Harry froze. He couldn't move. It suddenly felt like his chest was tightening and it hurt to breath. His hands started to shake and it was all he could do to not let go of James.

"I can do it. It's not a problem.” Liam said softly as he placed a hand over Harry's as he noticed Harry freeze up.

Harry jerked his hand away from nappy now that Liam had control of James. He backed away until the wall stopped him.

Since the night Louis had helped him relive the rape he'd not had a flashback. He'd had a few nightmares and a few panic episodes but nothing had ever triggered a real flashback like that. It
scared him.

All Harry could think about was that sound. The sound of the tab being pulled off. It took him straight back to having been forced to wear one and the times he'd been changed.

His eyes moistened and when he blinked a tear rolled down his face. He wanted to speak and tell Liam he was sorry but he couldn't seem to find his voice amongst all the fear and terror that was suddenly overwhelming him.

Liam moved as quickly as he could once he had control of James. He then did the onesie back up and laid James in the cot with his lion.

He then walked over to Harry. "Is there anything I can do for you? Would you like me to call Louis for you? He offered in a soft, gentle voice.

Harry just shook his head and nearly forced himself into Liam's arms. "I... I'm sorry. The sound." He tried to explain. "Flashback and... Just got scared." Someone he trusted touching him like this brought him back to reality. It grounded him and helped remind his brain that it wasn't real and it was only a memory.

"I'm okay. I just, the sound triggered a flashback and it's like I was back there on the floor with his knee pressing on my neck. I'm okay now. I just had to remind myself that it was only a memory. It wasn't really happening again." He tried to explain as he remained against Liam's chest.

"Please don't tell Louis." He asked softly.

Liam wrapped his arms around Harry and rubbed his back soothingly. "You don't have to be sorry. I get like that if I'm near heights or have to be high up." He explained. "It's okay to freak out when shit triggers you. But I do think you should tell Louis, he'd want to know and be there for you." He said and continued to hold Harry. He'd do it for as long as needed. He didn't mind.

Harry nodded and after a while he finally pulled away. "I know. I will. I just would rather talk to Carrie first. There's no reason to tell him before I talk to her and get her help understanding it.

Harry took a deep breath and ran his hands through his long hair. "I'll tell him when I'm ready. I promise. Just, let me do it okay?"

"Yeah, for sure. I get that you want to talk to Carrie first. I understand it. Niall and I go through similar stuff sometimes." Liam smiled. "Is there anything I can do for you? James is down... sort of."

"I'm fine I think. Maybe I'll just go have some water and chat with Niall. Have him help distract my mind." Harry nodded. "Thanks for, helping me and just being understanding. I know you get it but I still want to say thanks."

"He's a very good distraction." Liam smirked.

Harry laughed quietly. "I'll be out there then."

As Harry left the room Liam turned his attention back to James. The little one sat clutching his two stuffed animals with tears in his eyes. He'd been silently crying the entire time.

"It's alright. Come see Uncle Liam." He cooed and lifted him into his arms. "You're very sleepy. That's the only thing wrong with you."
James yawned and grabbed onto Liam's shirt before cuddling into his chest with a sniffle. His lion fell to the floor but he didn't seem to mind.

"Let's see, your Abba says he sings to you. I remember him saying that a few days ago. Let's try that." Liam softly spoke then began singing the song he and Harry had been singing before.

Three songs later James still wasn't asleep however and now he was starting to cry.

"I don't understand. He says he sings you to sleep and you're so tired that you're getting upset." Liam frowned. "Uncle Harry needs a break so... I wonder if I call Zayn if he will answer."

Liam didn't have too much faith in Zayn considering he was out having fun. He did try calling though. He was shocked when Zayn picked up.

At first all Liam could hear was very loud music and Zayn's voice something along the lines of 'be right back'. A moment later the music was almost gone from the background as his voice could finally be heard clearly, "Li? What's wrong?"

"James can't sleep." Liam frowned. "I was wondering if I put the phone on speaker, you could just sing what you usually sing to him? He got really upset when he noticed you left."

Liam had tried three completely different songs and all they seemed to do was anger James. He hoped there was something he just perhaps didn't know.

"Song I usually sing?" Zayn seemed confused. "Shit, yeah. You think he honestly can't sleep over a specific song?" It sounded a bit hard to believe; even though Zayn really didn't know much yet.

"I knew he'd get upset when I left. I..." He trailed off for a moment and spoke to someone in the background, "No, I'm coming back. Quick emergency phone call. Just, I'll be right there."

Zayn then came back on the line, "Sorry, uh, where were we?"

"Yeah, I've already sang like three different songs, even The Beatles, classic tunes." Liam sighed. "He's so tired he's beginning to get upset. If it's part of his routine at home, then yeah, he might get upset by not having it. He's already been through so much that even the smallest thing out of place could be upsetting probably."

"Shit, okay." Zayn nodded. "Switch me on to speaker. I usually sing our slower stuff but there's one thing I always sing. It's always the last one cause he always falls asleep with it."

Liam switched it to speaker and smiled. "James, I need you to listen." He said softly and sat the phone on the dresser.

Zayn moved where he was sure no one walking in and out of the club would hear him. Once he was certain he was out of ear shot he began to sing in Urdu.

"Rona nahi rona nahi mera sitara, Timtimatay aankho se nikle na aansu, Nikle joh aansu ye na dekh saku mai, Peeke yeh doodh chup hojao mera tara." He paused a moment to listen.

"Keep going. He's almost out." Liam encouraged quickly.

Zayn finished with the last verse, "Sojao mere bacche,sojao mere mojza, Qurbat hai neend ab sojao mera raja Khwabon ki duniya me jaana hay tumko, Soja mera munna soja sitara." He paused a moment to listen.

"By the time Zayn finished the last lyric, James was passed out in Liam's arms. "He's out." Liam
said softly and laid James down in the cot. "I'm sure you'll want to get back to your mates and enjoy the party some more."

"Yeah, call me for anything. I'll answer for you cause you have James." Zayn replied. "Thanks again for having him. I needed a night."

"You're welcome." Liam replied. "It was cool hearing you sing in Urdu by the way. Not sure I ever have. Uh, I'll let you go though. Sorry to ramble."

"Just a lullaby my Daadi always used to sing. Thanks again though. Later LiLi." He then quickly hung up.

Liam hung up and placed the phone back in his pocket.

"His father?" Liam asked to himself as he walked out. He shook his head. "Not gonna hurt my brain by figuring out Urdu." He sighed and walked into the living room where Niall and Harry were.

"Shh." Harry said seeing Liam and pointed to Niall who was passed out on the sofa with Loki on his chest and an arm around him.

Liam took out his phone and grinned as he snapped a photo. "Totally posting this to Twitter, but what caption?" He asked softly sitting next to Harry on the love seat.

"My fiance and our fuzzy baby boy?" Harry shrugged. "Something that slaps management in the face again."

"My adorable fiance and our furbaby." Liam grinned as he opened the Twitter app and posted it. "Hashtag...Lovelifecycle."

"I know." Harry sighed. "I have faith it'll happen. Our private lawyer assured us some time ago that they can't closet us forever."

"I know." Harry sighed. "I have faith it'll happen. Our private lawyer assured us some time ago that they can't closet us forever."

Harry then smiled, "When we're out you two can just be sure to retweet us and help the story go viral."

"Of course." Liam nodded. "We'd do anything to help you guys. Any small or major thing we can do. We may not know the pain and the difficulty of it being long term as you two have had to deal with but the pain on Niall's face any time I've had to go out with Sophia...I can't imagine what it's been like for the two of you." He frowned. "We're always here if you need anything and by anything we mean anything at all."

"Louis' taken most of it for me. When we were first starting I'd cry anytime they tried to set me up with a beard. Louis jumped in and took the hardcore stuff for me and as punishment I've been made to look like a womanizer." Harry shook his head as he spoke in a hushed tone.

"Most fans are able to see past that image and they know you're not." Liam told him. "It'll be okay." He rubbed Harry's arm a little then looked over at Niall. "I know that we're getting married Monday morning but fuck, I'm still so scared of what management is going to do. What if they get back at us by punishing the rest of you?"

"Then we'll take it and you two will owe us your lives." Harry said simply. "Though, you need to push that we had no idea please?"
"We can try? I doubt that they'd believe us though." Liam sighed and brought his legs up onto the love seat. "But we'll do what we can do protect the rest of you from anything and see if we can't just take the punishment ourselves." He looked over at Harry. "How are you feeling now? Any better?" He asked.

"Yeah, I'm good now." Harry assured. "There was just something about that sound; maybe the texture too."

Harry took a breath and shook his head, "I've not had a flashback since Louis recreated the rape with me. Just a few nightmares. I had no idea it would happen or anything."

"Yeah, you mentioned that." Liam nodded. "Niall had me recreate his rape a few nights ago, it affected me more than I realized it would. I've just felt bothered by it. It's hard to explain but having to do it, just made me feel like a shit person and shitty in general. I've had some nightmares since then. I haven't told Niall because I don't want him to get upset or worried...He worries so much as it is about things."

"If I have to tell Louis you have to tell Niall. Maybe just talk to the therapist first." Harry suggested. "I don't know how Louis feels about having done it. Maybe try talking to him?"

"Yeah, good idea. I'm going to be alone on Sunday since Nialler is going to Liverpool, maybe I can come over and hang out?" Liam suggested. "Just if I'm alone then I think too much sometimes and it's always nice to hang out with you two."

"Absolutely." Harry nodded. "We love company."

"Oh," Harry added. "While he's asleep. I want more detail on this 'elf' thing. Tell me everything. If you want I'll answer your questions about anything in return."

Liam grinned. "Most of the time it's either just "elf", "My little elf" or it's "my sexy elf", sometimes I comment on how small he is like an elf." He replied. "I swear, I've never seen a cock get hard as fast as Niall's does when I say the word. It's like magic."

"So then you just use it for dirty talk? Like..." Harry tried to think of an example. "Shit, I don't know. Pretend I'm Niall. Try to get me off. I want to know what to say exactly so I can really try to get him hard with it."

"Mostly." Liam shrugged. "The word just does something to him. I just say elf and he gets hard." He explained. "Mmm, alright. I do it while kissing him and touching him too but I promise not to do that to you." He smiled a little. "My elf." He said dropping his voice and smirking. "My tiny sexy elf...Such a good little elf."

"Yeah, at the moment I'm only allowed to kiss Ed when Louis' isn't around." Harry said. "We can discuss it tomorrow."

Harry then sat back and watched Liam try to pretend. "Close your eyes." He offered.

Liam nodded and closed his eyes. That helped a bit more, "Mmm, my little elf. Such a good boy for me. Aren't you? Papa's good elf?"

Harry smiled as he sat and watched. He was taking mental notes.

"Papa's favourite elf..." Liam almost moaned. "Love my elf..."

"Uh," Harry gently stopped Liam. "Why didn't you tell me saying that, saying the word gets you
Liam honestly hadn't even noticed. He certainly was getting hard though.

"It doesn't usually..." Liam blushed. "I suppose thinking of kissing over Niall and teasing his body the way I normally do...and picturing hearing the sounds he'd make would do the trick." He adjusted his joggers a little. "Sorry."

"Doesn't bother me." Harry admitted. "It gave me really good insight on what to say to Niall. I could tell that was hard for you; having to just imagine him."

"I don't usually have to picture him, I hardly ever did even before we were together since there was a point where he wanted to learn about gay sex stuff and he asked for my help. I gladly gave it, partly due to my developing feelings for him but mostly because I didn't want him with some stranger while experimenting; I wanted him safe." Liam explained. "We're always together so picturing isn't really a thing we're used to doing."

"I guess for Louis and I it's just different because we're always getting pulled apart. We video chat but obviously it's not the same." Harry explained. He shifted a bit in his seat and asked. "You're turn though. What question do want the honest truth on?"

Liam nodded. "I know the four of us have been playing around and teasing each other the past couple of weeks or so, but with what we plan to talk about or do tomorrow night...is this a thing you actually want to do? Like are you sure?" He asked. "I suppose that after everything that's happened with us, I just want to be sure that everyone really wants this. I know Niall does, he's crazy excited for it."

"Yeah, I mean, considering how far we go with Ed this really seems like nothing. Of course we haven't done much other than chat." Harry replied. "I don't think anything you two want would scare us off."

"I was drunk so I don't recall all of the details but I know somehow it led to us kissing one another. Kissing lead to touching and, I don't know. Ed said Louis and I began to fight for his attention. Louis remembers him taking us to his room and being careful to go back and forth between us finally he directed Louis and I having sex." Harry tried to explain the best he could. "A few days after he really wanted to talk about it and when we did we all agreed that we enjoyed it and wanted more. So we set rules and now it's just a thing." He finished.

"Oh." Liam said after hearing the story. "Sounds interesting" He wasn't sure what to say. He wasn't sure what he expected either. "It's cool that you already have it as thing and it's not just something
you started with Niall and I. We weren't sure if we were special or not." He laughed a little.

"Hey, of course you two are special." Harry frowned. "We were so young when things took off
with Ed. Honestly it was one of the first times we'd ever hung out."

Harry moved to sit beside Liam; Niall still on his other side. "No one will ever understand our
limits and triggers like you two do. No one could ever have a bond with us like we do. I mean,
Zayn of course but he isn't in a relationship so he wouldn't be the same. You two being an actual
couple on top of having been through hell with us makes it special in its own way."

Liam smiled brightly. "I was thinking more along the terms of being special as in having never
done it before but having done it before makes me feel a little better. I had this weird thought
earlier today or yesterday and wondered if it was wrong to want to do this, to do more...But what
you just said really helped confirm that I was crazy for thinking that way because I really do want
to try this thing. The flirting and the friendly competition so far has been really fun." He explained.
"But I do know that outside of Niall, I've never felt so comfortable being around anyone sexually.
And then Niall, it wasn't long ago he didn't want anyone seeing dirty photos of him on my phone
and wanted me to change my passcode, then fast forward to a few days and now we're sending you
nudes." He half laughed. "It feels special to us too." He smiled more and rested his head on Harry’s
shoulder.

"With Niall being so new to this all it's probably good for him. It helps him see what's normal and
shows him that all of this is okay. I mean, a few months ago he would panic if he thought someone
was calling him gay." Harry remembered.

"I'm excited about this being meant for fun and pleasure and experiment. With Ed it's just this
therapeutic and calm session. He stays in control and it's beautiful and he sort of helps us connect
and grow and learn but what we have, what we're growing is so much more wild and free."

"That's true." Liam agreed. "With us being wild and free...Something about it is so exciting that I
can hardly wait for us to have our discussion tomorrow night. I have to admit, I would not have
seen any of this coming, the four of us, I mean. I'm also willing to try anything at least once so you
two should have a lot of fun with that." He said and lifted his head.

"I think we will honestly. I'm just, I love the idea of getting to see each other and know each other
in that way on our terms. No one is forcing us to do things and show things. We get to have control
of it." Harry smiled. "The four of us together set the rules and limits so it's our own safe place."

Liam nodded. "That's a really good way to put it. It feels really freeing to be in control of our
sexual...activity? for lack of a better word, after having zero control before." He agreed. "If we
keep this up, tour life should be a lot more fun." He laughed quietly.

"Damn, I didn't think about that." Harry grinned. "Certainly will be exciting. Confession though,
just since it's been on my mind after that song you and Louis wrote." Harry took a breath then let it
out, "I'd like to see you and Louis do something. I don't know what. Perhaps just something mild or
maybe more but, I'd like to see how you both interact in that way."

Liam bit his lip as the thought crossed his mind. "I'm not against it honestly. I'm not sure how Niall
would feel about that but he's so excited for this thing and so open to anything so I think as long as
he's there to at least watch, he probably wouldn't have an issue with it. I'm down for trying
something if Niall and Louis give the okay." He smiled. "No Control is a fucking great song."

"It is. We're giving it a new meaning though." Harry point out. "And come to think of it. Writing
that song started it all."
"That's right." Liam nodded. "Waking up beside you I'm a loaded gun...Can't contain anymore." He sang softly. "It was a lot of fun to write. I hope it makes the album cut."

"It can be read as rather heterosexual so it's possible." Harry said then yawned. "I should go and let you all sleep; even though it's ridiculously early to be sleeping."

"Yeah, good night. Thank you for helping and for the talk." Liam leaned over and kissed Harry's cheek. "Cheek kisses are okay right? I'm not going to get you in trouble?" He asked second guessing himself now.

"No, they're fine. I kiss fans on the cheek even." Harry shrugged. "Maybe Louis will add you both to the list though." He couldn't help but smile. This was all so exciting. He wanted it to be tomorrow already.

"Maybe. One can only hope." Liam winked. "I should get Niall into bed though, his neck will be sore if I leave him there much longer." He stood and stretched.

"Lock the door behind me Liam." Harry reminded as he stood and began to get his jacket back on. "Oh and please, for me, do NOT give James to Zayn if you don't feel he is completely able to properly care for him in the morning."

"Right...To both." Liam nodded. "I'll call you after to give you an update on how he was." He told him as he walked to the door and unlocked it for Harry. "In any case, we'll see you tomorrow night." He smiled.

Harry hugged Liam and thanked him one last time for his help when he had the flashback. Harry then left and headed home.

SATURDAY -

After Liam locked the door and got Niall comfortable in bed, he quickly fell asleep, it'd been a long, long day.

James woke Niall and Liam up at about six am wanting his breakfast, so Niall made breakfast for everyone while Liam played with James and gave him cuddles.

A couple hours after breakfast, Niall had to leave for his therapy and then rehab so after a kiss goodbye, it was just Liam and James which James didn't seem to mind.

"Abba is supposed to be here at nine thirty so he has five minutes to show up on time before he's late." Liam told James a little while later.

James giggled. He knew who the word 'abba' referred to. He clapped his hands and smiled. He missed his abba.

"Ah." James told Liam before reaching out a tiny hand towards Loki. At first he gave him a gentle pat but then he grabbed a fist full of fur.

Loki instantly froze and looked at Liam with a face that pleaded for help. He didn't yelp or try to pull away however.

"No, no, no...James. Not nice." Liam said as he gently removed James' hand. He took James' hand and showed him how to pet Loki. "Play nice with Loki, don't hurt him." He tried explain.
James just laughed and leaned over to give Loki one of his open mouth baby kisses. When Loki turned and licked his face he squealed with delight.

James then looked up at Liam, wanting to know if he had seen Loki kiss him.

Liam smiled and nodded. "Loki loves kisses and he loves giving them too." He said.

James simply smiled and crawled closer to Liam. He took Liam's hand in his and pulled it towards Loki.

"You want me to pet, Loki?" Liam asked and reached out a hand towards Loki and rubbed the dog's back.

James took his hand away from Liam and clapped his hands. He then crawled into Liam's lap and comfortably rested against him. "Ah?"

"Not yet." Liam said as he checked his phone for new messages. "He should be here any minute though." He kissed James' head.

It took ten more minutes before Liam got a text from Zayn saying he was walking up.

"Now he's here." Liam told the little one and stood with him.

"Ah?" James asked again.

"Yes, Abba is here." Liam smiled. He stood with James in his arms and he opened the front door and they saw Zayn standing there.

"Ah! Ah!" James screamed and wiggled in Liam's arms trying to get to him. A second later he began to dramatically cry.

"Oi mate, please don't scream." Zayn winced and took him from Liam. "Abba has a headache."

"Abba also hasn't taken off his sunglasses...And I know that tone of voice. You're hungover." Liam shook his head. "Get your arse in here, now." He demanded.

"Don't tell me what to do Liam." Zayn grumbled as he walked in.

James made quick work of pulling off Zayn's glasses once inside the apartment. He then proceeded to try and chew on them.

"Come on James. Not my glasses." Zayn gently protested and shoved them into his pocket. "I'm not hungover. I'm just dehydrated."

Liam sighed. "Sorry, forgot for a moment. I'm just really angry." He shook his head. He closed the door and locked it behind him. "You're freaking hungover, you're forgetting I know you better than anyone. This is classic hungover Zayn. What were you thinking drinking that much? We agreed to keep him so you can have a night off, not come back hungover and unable to care for him."

"You aren't listening Liam." Zayn complained. "I'm dehydrated. I didn't drink any water at all last night or this morning."

Normally Zayn would drink a lot of something to hydrate him and help prevent a hangover. He was too tired last night to do it and then woke up late this morning and didn't have time.
Technically yes, that meant Zayn was hungover but it wasn't nearly as bad as Liam was making it out to be. "I'm dehydrated and tired. That's all. I promise. I didn't get in till two or three."

"Fine, then you're going to sit here and drink water until I feel you're competent enough to properly care for him. Even Harry said I'm not to give you James if I feel you can't properly take care of him." Liam said and walked into the kitchen to pour Zayn a glass of water. "Niall's out for most of the morning, therapy then rehab for his knee. He'll be awhile so you can stay awhile."

Zayn groaned, "Now you're telling me what I can and can't do with my own kid?"

James giggled and smack his hands against Zayn a few times. The last time he smacked Zayn in the face.

"Ah fu- James no! Christ sake!" Zayn tried not to curse. "I only had a few drinks Liam and maybe a shot or two. Hey, they offered me weed and I said no."

"I'm not comfortable handing James over to you when you're like this. I'm being responsible."
Liam said as he poured Zayn a tall glass of water and walked back over to him. "You could've had fun and maybe a drink or two and wake up fine. You choose to go the extra mile. Now, drink. The sooner you sober up, the sooner you can leave with James."

Zayn sat James on the floor and took the water. He took a big drink and sighed, "I didn't drink anywhere near as much as I normally do."

"That's a problem. You can't take care of James, if you don't take care of yourself." Liam said. "And at this rate...Should you really be taking care of him at all? If you come back after a night out, hungover and "Dehydrated" because you didn't do the right thing and be responsible while drinking...Should you really be keeping him?"

"Are you serious?" Zayn spat. "I take one night for myself and I get all this backlash? I should have asked me mum to keep him. I don't know why I asked you. She would understand the need to have a night off because you clearly don't."

"I get the needing the night off, all three of us did, which is why we agreed." Liam said. "But, what I don't get is how you can allow yourself to drink so much to become hungover knowing you have to take care of James in the morning."

"Maybe you should have been willing to give me more time this morning." Zayn shook his head. "I just, you're making me out to be a horrible abbu and I'm not. I... I don't understand why no one believes in me except Niall and me mum."

"Harry and Louis believe in you as well but we also care about James who is innocent in all of this, what would your mother say about you coming home to get James while being hungover? I don't think she'd be very pleased." Liam said.

"She would have let me get him later in the day." Zayn argued and drank more water. "I showed up Liam. I'm here. I didn't forget. I didn't get high. I didn't get black out pissed. I'm here and sure, I have a slight hangover okay? I'm mildly hungover but I can still care for James. It'd be no different then trying to care for him while sick." Zayn tried so hard to reason while James was busy throwing a fit to get back in Zayn's lap.

Liam shook his head. "Niall and I have things to do later today, we have lives. We can't wait around all day with your son waiting for you to sober up. You also know that getting sick isn't a personal choice right? You get sick and it's something that happens to you, something that you've
no control over. You going out drinking, you made that choice. You know your limit to not get hungover. I've seen you being careful with how much you drink when we have a show coming up later. You getting hungover was a choice you made and you freaking lied about it the second I called you out on it." He paused and shook his head. "It seems all you do is lie to me."

"Fine Liam. You don't want me to keep him I won't." Zayn said and stood carefully. He moved passed James who began to scream. "You win. I'm going to go rest a moment and get rid of this hangover. I'll call the lawyer after I leave."

Zayn then looked devastated as he left the room.

James just screamed a high pitched scream more angry then he'd ever been.

Liam shook his head and picked James up, trying to calm him. "Abba's just a little mad that I called him out, he'll get over it and be back soon." He rubbed James' back. He sat back on the sofa as Loki hopped on it and licked James' face in attempt to get him to stop crying.

Thanks to Loki it didn't take long for James to relax. Once he had however Liam's phone began to ring with Harry's tone.

"Hey, Harry." Liam sighed a little. "I still have James, for the moment at least." He frowned. "I hope your morning has been better than mine."

"What's wrong?" Harry frowned. "What did Zayn do? I mean, that is the problem yeah?"

"He showed up hungover and tried to lie his way out of it. He's only mildly hungover according to him but hungover is still hungover. He said that we didn't give him enough time but he knows his limits, he knows how much to drink to not get hungover." Liam said. "He tried to compare it to getting sick, so then I told him that getting sick isn't a choice, but getting hungover is."

"It figures. That's why I told you not to give him James. I knew he would." Harry sighed. "Where is he now? Zayn I mean. I know you obviously kept James."

"I told him to stay here and drink water until I feel he's sober enough to handle James then we fought and he ignored James pretty much the entire fight." Liam then smiled seeing James gently petting Loki. "I've never quite heard an angry cry like that before when Zayn just walked away and ignored him. If it wasn't for Loki licking his face, he'd probably still be screaming. Zayn went to another room. He told me that if I didn't want him to be a dad then he wouldn't be. But that wasn't the point, I just want him to think more and be more aware and responsible."

"He changed his mind?" Harry could feel his heart breaking. "He changed his mind just because of what you said? Just like that? You're sure he meant it?"

"I don't know." Liam told him. "I hope it's not true because it'll do more damage to James and Zayn can easily learn from this mistake but I'm sure he just said it because he's angry. I doubt he'll go through with it, if he really loves James as much as he says he does, I can't see him going through with it."

"You better hope he doesn't." Harry replied. "Niall will be really upset. He's pulling for Zayn to keep James and has from the start. Not to mention he's warned you a few time to be nice."

"I know." Liam sighed. "But he shows hungover...do I not have a right to be cross and tell him off a bit?"

"Of course you do. I just think you should have been careful with what words you used." Harry
replied. "Please don't let him leave angry. Don't let him make a mistake just because he's angry at what you said."

Liam nodded even though Harry couldn't see. "I'll do me best. Probably didn't help when I told him all he does is lie to me."

"Of course it didn't! Liam!" Harry gently scolded. "You really need to talk to Michelle about your Zayn issues. It feels like neither of you are healed from that and it can't help anything if I'm right."

"It was a shit break up and I do feel like I want to get some better closure now that I'm still feeling bad about how it ended. But when I tried to talk to him, he freaked out and said he wasn't ready to hear it, even though I'm more than ready to say it. What am I supposed to do?" Liam asked.

"Talk to Michelle. She was his therapist too. She can't tell you about their sessions but she can advise you. Maybe you two need a session together so she can help him hear what you have to say. I don't know. I just know it needs fixed Liam. The last thing I want or need is for the five of us to fall apart over Zayn making stupid choices." Harry was only being honest as any friend would. Zayn did do stupid things but he was still Harry's friend and he still loved him like a brother.

"Yeah, I'll work on him. I promise. I promise to do a joint session as well, it sounds like a good enough idea. I'll email her sometime today and ask for advice." Liam told him. "Anyways, how are things with you so far today? All Niall could talk about this morning is our dinner date tonight with you and Louis."

"Dinner date." Harry repeated. "I wasn't thinking that's what it was but I suppose it is. It's not actually a double date and it's not actually a normal date. Hmm."

A moment later Harry registered the question he missed, "Oh yeah, so my morning has been good. I sent Ed a text telling him I had a question about sunflowers. He knows what that's code for and replied that he'd call me back as soon as he could. No idea what he's doing today so I'm just relaxing and waiting for that."

"Well, I don't know what you want to call it." Liam laughed a bit. "But anyway, glad you sent him a text about it, good start. Oh, what kind of pizza do you guys want?" He asked. "It's on us, of course since we invited you over."

"Louis likes the meat toppings. I'm more into the veggies. Just skip the anchovies and pineapples." Harry replied. "Oh, and we'll bring the drinks if you're covering the pizza. Any requests or just beer?"

"We have plenty of pints here, I'm marrying an Irishman you know." Liam smirked. "But I do think we haven't restocked in awhile so bring anything you'd like. Nialler drinks everything."

"How could I forget." Harry laughed. "We'll stock you lads up. Nothing better than junk food, booze and sex talk."

James then reached up and grabbed the phone away from Liam. He shouted at the phone and then shoved the corner of it in his mouth.

"Ew. James, mate no. You can't chew on my phone." Liam shook his head as he took the phone back. He wiped it off on his joggers. "Sorry about that." He told Harry. "Seems like Loki isn't
entertaining enough anymore but yes, I agree with all of that. Oh, and please don't forget about Elf. It'd be so fun to test it."

After Harry finished laughing at James he replied, "You have nothing to worry about. I'm going to let the adorable one get a drink or two in him and then sit next to him and give him my best sexy voice."

Liam grinned. "Sounds great. I'm really looking forward to it." He said as he noticed Zayn walk back in. "He's back so I should go but we'll see you tonight."

"See you. Be nice." Harry reminded.

"Hey pal," Zayn softly spoke to James. "I heard you're eating phones." Zayn gently picked him up and held him close to his chest.

"Ah." James smiled.

"No pal, just Zayn." He corrected then looked to Liam. "Where are his bags? I'll grab them and be out of your way."

"Can you sit down, please?" Liam asked.

Zayn didn't really want to but he couldn't leave without the bags so he sat down.

"Look, I'm sorry for how I said things. I'm angry about a lot of things but I'm mostly angry about how I feel like you should have known better than to get hungover. You were given a time, you should have planned accordingly." Liam tried his best to be nice. "I'm sorry I questioned your care but you shouldn't let that dictate whether or not you keep James." He frowned a little. "I feel like most of the time when you listen to me, it's still as if we're in a relationship and you take my opinion above all. But we're not anymore. I am sorry for what I said about lying but it has felt that way lately with finding out you cheated on me the entire time we were together to lying about being hungover...You made a mistake but you're learning like any new parent. But seriously, you shouldn't let my opinion even though I said it in the wrong way...cause you to make the biggest mistake of your life and of James life."

Zayn shook his head. He'd heard everything but all he could really focus on was where Liam had brought up things feelings like there were still in a relationship.

"I need to go Liam." Zayn replied simply. "You don't understand how your words affect me and you don't actually care about anything I have to say anymore so just, let me leave okay?"

Zayn didn't raise his voice and he didn't get angry but it was obvious he was still very much hurt.

"If I don't seem to understand then make me." Liam said. "I do care about it. I do care about you."

Zayn took a breath. He didn't want to get upset with James in his arms. James didn't deserve to see that side of him. "All you see when you look at me anymore is a failure. I failed to be honest. I failed to be faithful. I failed to treat you the way you deserved. Now I'm failing to be a father. I get it Li. I wish I could change it and I'm working to accept that I'll never be able to."

Zayn could feel himself getting emotional and he didn't want Liam to get to see him that way. "Please let me leave. I need to get home so I can pack James' things."
Liam shook his head. "We were both shitty in terms of our relationship. We didn't do anything to help ourselves. I just...fell out of love to put it simply." He said. "I don't see failure when I look at you... I see a person that is trying. But seriously, please consider keeping James. You made a mistake but you can learn from it. I've never seen you happier to be honest. Think of what's best for him. It'll hurt him and he'll be so much worse if you give him up. He's lost one parent, don't hurt him by letting him lose another."

"We both know why you fell..." Zayn stopped himself when he heard the anger in his voice. "Liam, I want to leave. This isn't a conversation to have in front of James. I don't want him exposed to that side of me. Where are his things."

Liam sighed. "Fine let's leave our relationship out of it. But please do not give him up. It's honestly the wrong decision. It's the worst one you could make. Just give it more thought. You've been doing so well, please don't let this one mistake and words I said out of anger change your mind on the best thing that's ever happened to you. Just promise me you'll give it more thought. If you give him up... It's the worst thing you could do to yourself and to him. And for what it's worth I think you've done a really good job with him so far. I've seen you change for the better."

"Damn it Liam." Zayn bit back a growl. "I'll find them my fu- myself." He snapped and began looking around.

Liam rolled his eyes. "You never listen, you hear one bad thing and it's like the end of the freaking world for you. But whatever, at least I tried. They're in the guest room. I'll grab them." He said and walked off.

Zayn could only shake his head. It made him angry that Liam couldn't understand that he simply didn't want to have this talk with James around. It was such a sensitive subject for him still and he didn't want James to see him upset.

"Here." Liam came back. "Sorry I pressured you but I just don't want you to give him up because I said something stupid." He said handing Zayn the bags.

"I heard everything you said. All of it. Okay?" Zayn asked. "I'm just not willing to discuss any of with James here."

Zayn slung the bags over his shoulder and pushed some curls out of James' face. "It's still a bit chilly. Is his jacket in the closet?"

"I thought you just meant the relationship part." Liam said softly. "It isn't. It's probably in one of the bags. Niall packed everything up before he left this morning." He replied. "We do need to talk at some point though, Harry and Louis are catching on to our unresolved feelings. We can even do it in therapy if that makes it easier. Just something to think about."

Zayn sighed, "I stopped therapy a long time ago. I'll keep everything you've said in my mind though. Okay?" Zayn offered. He looked through the nappy bag one handed and pulled the jacket out when he found it.

Loki whined a little.

"I know, your mate is going home with his Abba." Liam scratched behind Loki's ears. "He'll be back another day."

"Zayn." Zayn corrected as he somehow managed to get James jacket on without dropping him or the bags. "Later Liam. Thanks for watching him." He then turned and headed for the door.
Liam sighed and sat on the sofa. He felt so stressed out that he could cry. He just wanted to make Zayn understand that being hungover while trying to care for a child wasn't a good thing. He let his emotions get to him and he ruined everything. He didn't know how to fix things now.

Loki nudged him.

"I know, Loks. Me too. I fucked up majorly... Everyone is going to pissed at me, especially daddy Niall. Niall is going murder me in my sleep. I was told to be nice and then I wasn't. But I really was just concerned for James." He frowned and cuddle Loki.

Some time later Liam had ended up falling asleep on the sofa. Getting up early with James and then the stress with Zayn had worn him out.

"Li, babe, I'm home with lunch!" Niall called walking in. "Soup and sandwiches from that organic deli we like."

Liam groaned as he woke up to Niall's voice and Loki's welcome home bark.

"In here... napping." Liam yawned and rubbed his eyes. "Or was napping.

"On the sofa?" Niall almost laughed walking in with the bags. "Did the little one wear you out that much?"

"Just being up early and then I had a fight with Zayn when he showed up hungover," Liam explained. "I was mean at first but I was really just acting out of concern for James and I didn't intend to be mean, it just came out that way." He frowned. "I tried to make up for it, but he just argued with me every time I said something, in the end...He got so mad that he might change his mind about James."

"What?" Niall stopped in his tracks and looked at Liam. "I said to be nice." He whined. "Liam James."

"I know." Liam nodded. "I just got concerned about James being around Zayn when hungover...Harry said not to give James if Zayn isn't in the proper state. I said he could stay and drink water until sober enough. I was trying to get through to him about how he knows his limit and it wasn't smart to get drunk to the point he's hungover. He could've had a couple of drinks and still had a good time, instead he had more than a few and a couple of shots." He shook his head. "I tried to say sorry after but he kept fighting me. I'm really sorry, Ni. I tried to make it right best I could, I didn't mean to let my emotions get the best of me." He felt like crying again. "Didn't help that I said that he always lies to me." He sniffed. "But I was angry and it just came out."

Niall took a few deep breaths. "You two. I swear." He rubbed his temples a moment then moved over next to Liam. He quickly hugged him then kissed his lips. "I still love you but you need to think before you speak."

Niall then stood, "I wonder if he'll answer my call. I need to try to do some damage control." He pulled his phone out and selected his name from the contacts. "Please pick up."

"Working on that." Liam said as he cuddled Loki. He sat and waited to see if Zayn would pick up and when he didn't he felt worse. "He was upset that I brought it up in front of James so he probably doesn't want to talk right now." He wanted to mention the relationship stuff with Zayn that he brought up but then second guessed himself and thought it might be better to be brought up in therapy.
"I'll just text him then." Niall frowned. He sent a quick message asking Zayn to please call or text him back. He then sighed, "I... I hope he doesn't. I love James and he truly makes Zayn happy. I want a happy Zayn."

"Me too." Liam nodded. "It's partly why I fell asleep...Just exhausted from arguing but in other news in between fighting, Zayn walked off and Harry called. He reminded me about the being nice thing as well and helped me figure out how to say it nicer. They're bringing the drinks as well." He smiled a little. "Junk food and sex talk...What could be more fun than that?"

Niall nodded. He'd much rather talk about their plans tonight. It was less depressing.

"Pizza, alcohol and sex. Perfect night for an Irish lad." Niall smiled. "I want it to be time now."

"Come sit." Liam offered his arms and when Niall moved to sit in Liam's lap, he snuggled close. "Love this spot." Niall said softly.

"I love you being here." Liam kissed Niall's head. "I want it to be time now too, but Harry mentioned something last night that I just want you to be aware of, no decisions or anything like that have to be made anytime soon." He told Niall. "After reading No Control, Harry wants something to happen with Louis and I, he wasn't specific, but I said I was open to the idea of it, especially if it's alright with you and Louis too of course. It might come up tonight, I don't know. I just want to be open with you when it comes to this stuff, I feel like that's how it's going to work really well is if we share all feelings and thoughts about everything."

Niall nodded and took a moment to really think about it. "I think, as long as all four of us are present then I'm find with nearly anything." He replied. "I just feel like so long as all four of us are there then I have nothing to worry about. I trust your feelings for me no matter what happens with them. You've got to have total trust to do any of this and I do."

Liam smiled. "I told that to Harry last night that I didn't think you'd have a problem as long as you were present as well. I'm glad I was right." He rubbed over Niall's arms. "Even if we have sexual fun with them, you know I'm deeply in love with you and your perfect body."

"That's it exactly. I completely trust you in every sense; with the exception of your ability to talk to Zayn nicely." He had to tease a bit.

"Really though, I don't fear for a moment that you'd leave me or cheat on me or anything. Wanting everyone present is more just about comfort in knowing that if anyone doesn't like something we can stop it right away instead of things getting messy later." Niall tried to explain.

"Well, I think the inability to talk nice to Zayn is that I'm still a bit bitter about some things in the past yet when I try to talk to him about it, he freaks and says he's not ready to hear it." Liam sighed. "Working on that though and for the thing about having people present that's true. I completely agree with that." He rubbed along Niall's legs.

"Mmm, no Zayn talk. Not unless he calls me. Okay?" Niall requested. "We're going to eat and relax together and then get ready for tonight. Our dinner date with Louis and Harry."

"It's funny how you said dinner date just now when I said it to Harry earlier. He's all like well, it's not a date or a double date...He got distracted for about a minute trying to figure it out." Liam laughed. "But yes, eat and relax for tonight." He kissed Niall's cheek.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

I'm trying so hard to catch all the errors. I'm dislexic though so please forgive me.

The rest of the day after was filled with Liam cleaning up the flat. Liam insisted that Niall rest his knee in case anything was going to happen tonight and because he needed to rest it for a bit after rehab therefore Niall ended up watching golf with Loki while Liam cleaned.

When Liam finished, he and Niall got a quick shower and threw on some fresh clothes. They then ordered the pizza. And It wasn't long after that that when Louis and Harry showed up.

"Hey mates. We brought the party." Louis grinned as he walked into the flat. He held up his hands to show a case of Niall's favorite beer and a bottle of rum.

"Louis insisted on needing Rum. He claims is a great sex drink." Harry laughed.

"Guess I thought tequila was the sex drink." Niall laughed. "Either way it looks amazing."

"I had the last bottle of Guinness yesterday afternoon. I forgot to get some earlier, so thank you." Niall smiled.

"Of course anything for our favourite Irishman." Harry grinned.

"And the cutest too." Louis laughed.

"We already ordered the pizza so it should be here soon." Liam said.

"You lads have always called me cute but something about it feels different now." Niall admitted as he took the beer from Louis and went with him to the kitchen to put it in the refrigerator.

"Well things are different now." Harry commented. "A little more personal and a lot more fun." He smiled and sat on the sofa where Loki lay watching everything.

"So does the dog ever watch you have sex?" Louis asked curiously. "Just wondering. We don't have one and it's something that I've always wanted to ask people."

"No." Niall shook his head.

"Loki has to go in the other room. It's too strange for Niall." Liam added. "It's odd to me but I wouldn't care if he were there I guess. He doesn't know what's actually happening."

"It's creepy!" Niall said. "He just sits and stares...and I'm like nope. Can't do it." He shook his head.

"Sounds fair." Louis nodded as he poured some drinks into glasses.

"So should we go over rules and stuff now or later?" Harry asked as he stroked Loki's head.
"Either way." Liam shrugged. "No harm in starting now. He grabbed two of the drinks Louis had made and carried them to the living room while Niall grabbed a notepad.

“Probably need to start with how far we’re willing to go with things. Just viewing each other? Touching but no more? What are we all thinking?” Louis asked.

All of them seemed a bit quiet now though. It's like they all had an idea of their answer but no one wanted to say it.

“Fuck, more than watching. I'm not the only one thinking it.” Harry spoke up. “It sounds ridiculous but I don't think I have a limit. I care more about everyone being comfortable. I'm aroused by the back and forth banter and I imagine I'd enjoy touching or more just as much.

Harry starting made it easier for Liam to speak, “I agree with Harry I think. I just, I guess, I really enjoy what we've been doing and I'm curious how much more I'd enjoy. If everyone is comfortable then I'm fine exploring without too many limits.”

“So then, maybe let's discuss rules and see what everyone's thinking and where they're comfort level is.” Louis said.

Everyone nodded and seem to look at Niall who hadn't spoken much yet.

"I just want to say, the number one rule is that we tell no one. No one can know. Not even Ed.” Niall said as he took his drink and sat down "This is our thing and so only we need to know."

"I agree." Liam nodded.

"Yeah, me too. And I don't think Ed would want to know anyway." Harry agreed and wrote it down in his notebook as Louis came and sat.

"I think...no kissing on the lips unless given permission by both the person and the partner first.” Louis said.

"Wait so like," Liam wanted to understand. "If I want to kiss Harry it has to be okay him and you?" He asked Louis.

"Yes," Louis nodded. "We normally agree to a no kissing on the lips unless it’s Ed but I'm willing to revise that rule a little bit with you two. It's not like you'd need permission every time but more like the first time and it's to make sure that everyone involved is comfortable with it happening." He explained his thoughts.

"I don't care who Louis kisses. I guess because he has to kiss Eleanor." Harry rolled his eyes. "If it makes everyone comfortable though we'll just say the first few kisses need permission. It will help while we are all learning one another in this new way."

"Yes, that works." Niall nodded. "Oh, that reminds me. Liam and I discussed earlier that sexual things should only happen if and when all four of us are present."

"I agree." Louis said. "It makes sense for everyone to be there so no one gets left out and everyone can be comfortable even though we all trust each other."

“Yes, I like that for now. Give it enough time and I’ll be comfortable enough I may not care.” Harry commented his feelings on that.

"I think as far as sexual acts go... I'm pretty much open to doing anything." Liam said.
"What about sex?" Niall asked.

"I say for now...No." Louis said. "But we can always come back and revisit that rule if need be."

"I don't want to bottom for anyone except Liam." Niall said. "I honestly trust Liam enough for sex to happen but it's just a really hard spot for me." He knew they'd get to each others limits later but he needed to say that now.

"If Louis isn't comfortable with sex right now then it won't happen." Harry spoke up. "We all have to consent or it doesn't happen. Period."

"I agree to the consent, I feel it's a bit obvious but yes it's good to have. And I'm more than comfortable having sex with either other of them but seeing as they're new to this I thought there could be an adjustment period as we figure things out." Louis said.

"Ah, I see. Something to help everything go a bit slower and more careful." Harry understood now.

"Like I said, I'm open to anything but I maybe the adjustment period is a good idea. We can just see how things go? We might just need to work up to that." Liam suggested as he took a large sip of his drink.

"We can play that a little by ear too." Harry offered. "We'll know in the moment if something is too much. It's another important reason everyone has to be around when things happens."

"That and with all of us having triggers it's good to have someone else there to stop something they know might trigger you." Liam added.

He took a drink and then heard the doorbell. "Just a second." He said and excused himself.

Liam grabbed the cash out of his wallet and opened the door. He paid the bloke for the pizza and headed back in. "Pizza! Ordered just as you suggested, Harry. We can continue the conversation over pizza." He suggested.

Niall got up and began to go get plates but was stopped by Louis, "Sit that Irish arse down." He then gave him a pat on the head and went to get the plates himself.

Niall smiled. "Thanks but you don't have to do that, you know you're the guest right? We serve you."

"And in our case, that means more ways that one." Liam smirked.

Harry laughed as Louis came back into the room.

"I only made you sit down because your knee. Enjoy it while it last because I'm normally demanding and would be sassy about why you weren’t sprinting to serve me." Louis half joked as he passed out the plates.

"It's feeling a lot better." Niall commented. "I had rehab for it today so a tiny bit sore but it feels fine right now. Liam cleaned and I just sat watching golf."

"So with your knee being a bit dodgy.." Harry said. "How do you... protect it during sex?" He wasn't sure how to word his question.

"We're just careful about it and sometimes I wear a brace but I don't feel very sexy with it on." Niall explained.
"Sexy or not if the brace protects it then you're wearing it." Louis said. "When you're doing things with us at least." He clarified and got himself some pizza.

"Yes, just until a doctor or someone clears you to not need it. We don't want to hurt you accidentally." Harry agreed. "Should I write that down as rule?"

"Yes," Liam answered as he knew Niall would protest.

"I don't know if it's rule worthy." Niall said as Liam got some pizza for him.

"Nialler." Louis sat sitting next to him. "Anything that relates to our health is something important and totally a rule." He kissed Niall's cheek.

"Fine." He caved. "What else then? I mean, other than talking of limits and triggers and such. Are there any other rules?"

"I think probably a given one is no photos or videos. It's too easy for accounts and phones to be hacked. No one would understand if they saw. No videography unless perhaps a polaroid." Harry suggested.

"Most of the current leaks we have came from management but I do agree." Liam nodded. "I can't think of anything...but if something comes up later, we can add it." He said finally getting pizza for himself.

"What about tour?" Harry asked. "Liam mentioned to me last night that tour life would be more fun though we'd have to be more careful."

"There are ways of getting locked up in a room together." Niall replied. "You two always find places to hide and fuck. We could simply go to one another's room at the hotel too."

"True." Louis nodded. "As for triggers though the only one sexually for me is I don't like to be milked past orgasm anymore. It just brings up bad feelings and memories."

"I'm just going to say this again...I only bottom for Liam." Niall told them. "But anything else I'm fine with. I'm not normally triggered sexually anymore oh but I don't do plugs."

"I don't mind bottoming or topping either of you, if Niall doesn't mind it." Liam said. "I don't think I have any triggers besides heights though."

"Harold, love?" Louis turned to him. He could probably guess but it wasn't his place to say.

"No ageplay right now. Even later when I'm ready to allow it I don't ever want to be the little one. Never." Harry shook his head. "For now, saying daddy or baby is fine I think but no equipment right now or actual treating me like an infant ever. Oh and if I'm getting fucked from behind you have to use lube. I can't do that position without it anymore."

"Of course." Liam nodded. "I completely understand."

"Me too, oh uhm...Is the word papa okay?" Niall asked him.

"Papa? Yeah, daddy too. I didn't have to call him any of those things." Harry replied.

Louis connected it though, "Papa Payno. Very sexy Liam."

Liam smiled. "Thank you." Though he felt a bit surprised when hearing Louis call him that made his dick twitch slightly. "Niall came up with it."
Niall finished his pizza then finished his drink. "Mm, pizza and a Guinness, nothing better."

"I agree. It's been too long since I've had a chill night like this." Louis smiled and kept eating as well.

Harry took a bite of his with a nod and then remembered something, "Safewords!" A bit of pizza spit out of his mouth as he spoke.

Harry swallowed. "Mm, sorry." He said as he watched Loki come eat up the pieces that fell on the floor.

"It's okay. One good thing about dog's is that they are a great vacuum." Niall joked.

"Safewords... We've talked about it but I don't think we've actually decided on anything. So far, we've just been saying stop if we need to stop." Liam explained.

"Maybe we should make up one that's mutual to the four of us. A warning and a complete stop." Louis suggested.

"Yes, we have our own word for when it's just Louis and I which is 'butterfly' but I think we four should have our own." Harry nodded.

"Oh and I don't want to use colors. A lot of people do and I just find it strange." Louis added then mocked a low voice, "What's your color?" He then created a higher voice and replied to himself, "I'm so green!"

Niall laughed at Louis' voices.

There was silence for a minute so they all tried to think of a word.

"Troll." Niall spoke up. "Tiny ugly things." He shook his head then stood to go back to the kitchen so he could refill his drink.

Harry laughed. "A Safeword should be something that catches your attention easily. The warning one shouldn't be so harsh as to kill the vibe but the stop one should."

"So our stop Safeword can be 'Zayn'?" Louis teased.

"Louis, behave yourself." Harry shook his head.

"Ha! I said that the other day when Liam and I were talking about safe words." Niall laughed. "But no Zayn talk." He said and walked back over to his spot between Harry and Louis.

"I'm not sure." Liam scratched his head. "What about a fruit? That would catch a person attention easily right?"

"Yeah, hmm," It still didn't feel entirely right so Louis thought more. "What about banana for a warning and Justin Beiber for stop?"

Of course all Harry could do was laugh at Louis' stop suggestion.

"I like those." Niall said. "The thought of Bieber can make anyone want to stop and probably go soft."

"Yeah, so agreed then?" Louis asked.
"Yes." Niall smiled.

"Yeah, I'm fine with it." Liam said.

"Justin Beiber for stop. Banana for a warning to slow down or back off." Harry said as he wrote it out.

Harry then shot Liam a look. Niall and Louis had missed it but Liam hadn't. Liam knew what it was for as well and nodded.

Harry then turned to Niall who sat beside him and smirked. "We have a stop word. A slow down word. How about a go word Niall? Maybe we should..." Suddenly Harry dropped his voice to a sexual low that until now only Louis had ever heard. "...use the word elf."

Niall gave Liam a bit of an evil look as he shifted in his seat. " Fucking hell. Shouldn't have told you about that." He could feel himself starting to get hard. It surprised him in a way but Harry had sounded a bit like Liam when he had said it and the word itself had memories attached to it now so it was impossible to stay soft.

"Wait what?" Louis asked looking between the other three.

"Niall is a beautiful, tiny, little elf." Harry explained to Louis while keeping his voice deep and his eyes locked on Niall. "Very fit and sexy little elf too. Arent you love?" He asked Niall and kissed his cheek.

"Liam?" Louis questioned watching Niall and Harry.

Niall moaned softly as his dick harden more. The kiss felt a bit of a surprise but it also added to him getting hard.

"It's his word." Liam explained. "Any time I use it turns him on almost near instantly; of course no one else has ever used it on him. I always figured the word alone could get him off."

Now Louis understood and was completely fascinated.

"Is this okay tiny elf?" Harry cooed and began rubbing his inner thigh. Harry was careful to purposefully avoid any contact with Niall's cock. Rubbing so close to it however he could feel it was hard.

"Such a good elf. Your papa was right." Harry praised and teased Niall with keeping his touches just shy of Niall's cock. "Pretty little elf. Our good boy. Such a good elf."

Niall moaned louder as his cock became fully hard. He blood was racing even more because this was Harry and maybe something was about to actually happen with him.

"I don't mind kisses..." Niall said softly as he began to rub himself through his trousers.

"And neither does papa." Liam smiled and sat back. "Maybe if you're good, Harry will let you out of your trousers and boxers." He smirked a bit.

"Mmm, he's not being very good though." Louis finally caught on. "Harry didn't say you could rub yourself."

"I want to see how far I can push you without ever touching that hard cock of yours elf." Harry moaned a bit. "You want to be allowed to cum now that you're hard right elf? Only good elves get
to cum."

Niall whined a little before he moaned louder and he made himself stop. "Can't I at least have me trousers off and briefs?" He asked. "So tight." He complained.

"Can you be a good elf if I let you free?" Harry asked.

"You can be good for Harry right NiNi?" Liam asked. He was careful to only let Harry use the word. He wanted to see how far Harry could make the effect go and wasn't sure how Niall was feeling about their first time having sexual fun in person with Harry and Louis.

"He'll be a good boy Harry." Louis encouraged. "He wants to cum for you. I can see it written on his adorable face. So desperate already." Louis reached and played with Niall's hair, remembering it relaxed him. "Tell Harry you'll behave and then we can get you out of these clothes."

Louis knew how Harry liked to play. He was trying to be helpful so that this would all go smoothly.

Niall leaned into Louis' touch a bit. He loved his hair being played with. He used to think it was only a weakness that Liam could cause but he was currently finding out that wasn't the case. He nodded. "I promise." He said and moaned. "I promise to be a good elf." He bit his lip.

"That's a good boy." Harry smiled. "Stand up then." He was deeply enjoying this already.

Louis was quick to help Niall onto his feet. He then sat back and let Harry take care of undressing him. He knew Harry had a preference for doing this like that.

"Am I alright Liam?" Harry wanted to make sure as he very gently pushed Niall's shirt up and removed it. "Am I treating your elf okay?"

"You're fine, you're treating him wonderfully. It's really fun to watch." Liam smiled. It might have been turning him on as well, but he was much more interested in watching Harry tease Niall with the word than taking care of his growing hard on.

Not to mention all of this was obviously still new and so it was just a bit nerve wracking and slightly awkward.

Harry leaned down and kissed Niall's right nipple. He then flicked his tongue over Niall's left nipple. "Mmm, your a very sweet tasting elf." Harry praised.

"Let's get you out of these though." Harry added and helped Niall out of his trousers. "Your poor cock." Harry teased. "It's so hard and trapped in your pants. Why don't you beg me to take them off little elf?"

Harry wasn't nearly as shy to all of this as the others were. He was more bold and outgoing. Perhaps this was in part because he trusted these lads more than he trusted anyone else in his life now.

Niall gasped then moaned at feeling Harry's lips and tongue on his nipples, it had felt really good. "Mmm, please, Harry...Please take off my pants?" He asked as he pushed a shaking hand into Harry's hair. "They're so tight and I'll feel better with them off, pretty please." He fake pouted a little.

Harry gently removed Niall's hand from his hair and dropped down to his knees. With his mouth only inches away from Niall's cock he lowered the black pants and grinned when the fully erect
"You really are a beautiful elf." Harry praised. "Such a pretty cock. Lovely little, hard elf cock. Mmm, seems to already be leaking too. Don't you agree lads?" He asked Liam and Louis.

Louis who had moved to sit next to Liam in order to get a better view of what was going on nodded. "Very beautiful indeed. I consider ourselves lucky to be allowed to play with such a nice thing."

"Mm, prettiest one in all the land." Liam agreed, making sure to avoid the actual word. "And he tastes amazing as well."

Harry grinned when he saw Niall shivering from nervousness and obvious pleasure. "Such a horny elf too." Harry pointed out. He then walked behind Niall and rubbed a hand over his bum gently before kissing his neck from behind.

"So turned on aren't you little elf?" Harry asked. "Love showing us what one little word does to your pretty cock. So small and beautiful. Adorable little elf and his precious hard dick."

"Fuck," Niall groaned at Harry's kisses. "I am really a really horny elf." He agreed. "And I'm so close." He moaned as he made his hands into a fist to keep from touching his leaking cock. "This feels amazing Liam." He told his lover.

Liam smiled.

"Poor elf." Harry mocked slightly. He could tell Niall enjoyed the hint of embarrassment. "The little elf wants to cum for us lads. Can you see how red his gorgeous cock is getting? It hasn't even been touched yet either. That's a very good elf isn't it?"

"Yes, I'm a very good elf." Niall nodded and relaxed more, allowing everything to feel better. "I've behaved meself. I always try to be good, good elves get great rewards." He bit his lip as he looked between everyone.

"Cum for us baby." Liam encouraged. "Show Harry and Louis how much you're loving this." Liam really wanted to see Niall cum in this manner. His cock untouched. Harry teasing him and gently touching him every so often.

"Yes little elf, make a big mess for us. Cum all over yourself and perhaps I'll let the lads lick you clean." Harry pushed. "You'd enjoy that wouldn't you elf? Getting off untouched only to be rewarded with two mouths licking you? Show me you want that elf. Show us what a slut you are for all this attention. Be a good elf."

Between the attention, Harry's constant use of his word, and the possible reward of two mouths on him, it didn't take much more for Niall to close his eyes as he came with a small shout. He came over his stomach, with strings dripping down on his legs and making a mess on the floor under him. He moaned a little after and sat on the sofa behind him with his legs open. He just needed a moment to sit and catch his breath.

"Wow." Came from Louis near instantly. "All from a word. You were barely touched Niall! And shit, Harry, you know I love when you're dominant." He grinned.

"I'm so proud of you Niall." Liam smiled. "That was the most incredible thing. I had no idea you could do that baby."

"Honestly, neither did I." Niall laughed a little. "But fuck that was amazing." He smiled. "The word
and the little touches were more than enough it seems like.” He said as he looked down at what a mess he was. "And this just proves it."

"Can we actually lick him clean though?" Louis asked looking between Harry and Liam. "Sort of curious to know what he tastes like since Liam said he tastes amazing."

"I'm fine with it." Liam said. "Ni? Would you be alright with that"

"I don't mind." Niall shrugged. "It's Louis so I'm comfortable. If Harry's tongue felt great, I'm curious to feel Tommo's now." He smiled.

“Oh hell tiny Irish, that little flick was nothing.” Harry laughed. "You two get started on cleaning his mess though. I know without looking Louis is hard and there's no hiding the monster in Liam's joggers."

Louis and Liam quickly made the short distance to where Niall sat on the sofa.

Liam began working on Niall's right inner thigh as Louis worked on the left side.

Niall moaned as he closed his eyes. He reached a hand out to both Louis and Liam's head and pushed his fingers through their hair. "Feels great." He hummed.

Harry of course was hard now as well. He had no issues with being nude in front of anyone either so he began to strip down while Niall was being taken care of.

"Fuck, your cum is honestly so sweet." Louis commented and worked his way up to the mess on Niall's stomach. "So nice."

"Mm," Niall smiled. "Pretty sure that's the only reason why I don't have to beg for blowjobs from Liam, he'll happily do it anytime, anywhere I want." He opened his eyes and looked over at Liam who had finished his thigh and was sharing the cum on his stomach with Louis. He watched closely and noticed the two tongues often touching each other which in itself was a pretty hot sight. "I'm so lucky, two very pretty lads cleaning me up." He looked up and noticed Harry was now completely nude. "And a lovely sight standing in front of me.” He smiled at Harry.

"Going to get hard again aren't you Ni?" Harry half smiled.

"He already is." Liam announced and moved to show Harry. "He's honestly like a school boy."

"He already got off though. His cock can wait. Give someone else a..." Louis turned as he was speaking and smiled when he saw Harry was nude. "Fuck I love your body Haz."

"And I love yours." Harry smiled.

"But who gets a turn first between the three of you? Since I'm last." Niall asked as he lazily wanked himself a bit. It was just to avoid a lot of pressure build up.

"Harry brought up something yesterday. I don't know that he's told you." Liam said to Louis. "He wants to see us do something together. He just didn't say what. I really want to try something, anything, if that's alright." He was looking a little shy still.

"Harry and I talked about it over breakfast. I'm down for it, if Niall's good with it?" Louis asked looking at Niall.

"Liam asked me earlier today actually and I'm honestly fine with it." Niall smiled. "To be honest,
some photo manips I've seen online of the two of you like on Twitter and Tumblr have made me...want to see the real life thing."

Being the playful and rambunctious ones of the four, and horny at the moment, Liam nearly dove forward and gently pushed Louis to ground.

Liam quickly straddled Louis as he laid on the floor and grinned. "I want to snog you."

"Then fucking snog me." Louis said as he ran his hands up over Liam's side then rested them on his arse. He'd been trying to hide his own nerves and awkwardness but now, like this, why be shy?

"Yes, please." Niall grinned.

"Go ahead Liam." Harry knew that's why Liam had said it instead of doing it.

Liam smiled for a moment before leaning down and nearly attacking Louis' lips. When he first met Louis he'd honestly contemplated what it would feel like to kiss him. Now he knew. It felt exciting and so very kinky.

Louis moaned into the kiss and slid his hands under Liam's shirt. As much as it really had been love at first sight for he and Harry, there was always something about Liam that was so enchanting with a hint of innocence that he had often wondered what he'd be like to snog him or do something of the sexual nature with him. He had never been so excited by a simple kiss before, maybe it was because it was Liam, his mate and his bandmate or maybe because their partners were watching, whatever the reason, he was deeply enjoying himself at the moment.

He broke off the kiss. "You have too many clothes on, Payno. Next time, skip a few." He smirked a little as he helped Liam remove his shirt then kissed him again.

"I'll remember. You're wearing a lot too though." Liam told him and rolled them over in one swift movement. "Who wears jeans to a dinner date where you know sexual things are going to happen?"

Louis rolled his eyes. "I can't look nice for my favourite lads?" He asked.

"So I'm a lad now?" Liam grinned as he undid Louis' jeans.

"Just being nice." Louis smirked and kissed him again as Liam worked on getting Louis' jeans off.

"Harry, come sit with me." Niall pouted. They were both wanking now only Harry was stood awkwardly while doing it.

Harry was happy to comply and sat with him. "Much better. Thank you." He grinned and went back to stroking himself while watching the other two.

"Fuck, finally." Liam half complained getting Louis' jeans off. "No more jeans if you know we're going to be playing."

"Yes papa." Louis teased and pushed his pants down on his own.

Liam ran his hands over Louis' bum and squeezed lightly. "I've always wanted to play with your arse." He said honestly.

Louis smiled. "Well, now you can play with it whenever we play together. But somehow I'm naked and you still have half your clothes on." He pouted as he hooked his fingers into the waistband.
Liam lifted his hips so Louis could pull them and his pants down.

Once they were off, Louis looked down at Liam admiring his naked frame, they'd seen each other naked before as it had happened after years of living on the road together but this time was different because he was really taking it in and because they were playing. He rested his hands on Liam's chest. "So whatever shall we do first?" He smirked.

Liam had no problem taking Louis' shirt off. Answering his question was more difficult though. He wasn't sure where he wanted to being.

"I honestly want to see Louis attempt to blow your nine inches LiLi." Niall moaned.

"Mmm, yeah, choke on his cock for us Lou. You love doing that. So good at it." Harry praised and kept wanking himself lazily.

"Happily, if that's alright with you?" Louis checked in with Liam.

"Of course, go ahead." Liam grinned as he squeezed Louis' arse again this time making the lad moan a little.

"I never would have thought even a year ago that this would be happening. Engaged to Liam and watching him get his cock sucked by Louis while having a wank with Harry." Niall moaned.

Louis smiled and lowered himself so that his face was in front of Liam's dick. "So much bigger when it's right in front of your face." He commented before kissing the tip a few times.

Louis licked at Liam's slit next earning him a few moans. He smiled and sucked the tip into his mouth and gently treated it like a lollipop.

Liam moaned softly. "Fuck, Tommo." He closed his eyes. "Feels great." He said as he pushed his fingers into Louis' feathery hair.

"It really is crazy how fast life changes." Harry nodded in agreement.

"Fuck, this is so hot." Niall said not having taken his eyes off of Louis and Liam. "I had no idea I'd be so okay with sharing Liam in this way."

"It's because we trust each other with everything." Harry said.

Louis, without warning, then took Liam's length as far as he could. When Liam tapped the back of his throat he forced himself to stay there a moment before backing off, coughing a bit and repeating the action.

Each time he got a bit further than the last until he'd managed to get all nine inches into his mouth and down his throat. Louis held it for a moment before pressing a hair more and choking himself on Liam's large cock.

Liam moaned louder as his hips lifted a bit. "Fucking hell, Louis." He shouted a bit. It felt great. "This mouth of yours is fucking magical."

"I wish I could deep throat that easily." Niall commented a bit as he watched Louis choke.

"He's had practice." Harry moaned. "That's really hot though. So erotic."

"Fuck, do it again." Liam begged. "Please Louis."
Hearing Liam beg for his mouth turned Louis on even more. His showed this by deep throating and choking himself on Liam's cock again.

"It is but it doesn't help that my gag reflex sucks." Niall said.

Liam looked up at Niall for a moment. "Believe or not, I love it when you're trying to swallow but the reflex acts up and it just spills out of your mouth, now that's a really hot sight." He smiled at him before turning his attention back to Louis. "Fuck," He groaned. He had never felt anything like it before. Zayn never wanted to choke, Niall was still learning and now he had Louis who honestly seemed like a master at it, choking on his cock with ease and it was such a hot sight. "Mmm, I'm not going to last much longer."

"Good," Louis stated and leaned up briefly to kiss Liam's lips. "Gonna let me taste you? Really want to swallow my best mates cum."

Louis smirked and dipped down again to keep choking on Liam. He loved how much Liam was enjoying it.

"Fuck, Louis." Liam moaned as it started to become more difficult to lay still. "I really love this. Mmm, I'd love for you to taste me and see you swallow everything." It was that image in his mind that finally sent him over the edge as he screamed out Louis' name and came down his throat.

Louis was quick to drink every drop. He even sucked at Liam's tip wanting more.

"Don't be greedy you." Harry warned him.

"Mmm, sorry Harry. He tastes really good." Louis blushed. "Did you enjoy that as much as I did Liam?"

Liam softly moaned at feeling his tip being sucked. "Mmm, very much so. It was quite enjoyable. Harry's a lucky lad." He smiled lazily. "And for future reference, I don't mind if he decides to be greedy." He grinned now.

Niall laughed, "Perhaps you're the greedy one then."

"Now then," Louis sat back. "Harry is hard. I'm still hard and Niall is hard again. What a good way to finish this off with all three of us at the same time?"

"Harry can fuck you and you can suck Niall off." Liam suggested still not having moved from his spot on the floor.

"Yes!" Harry quickly spoke up and decided.

"You two have lube I presume?" Louis asked. "Cause I'm fine with that if there's lube."

"Yeah, there's one in the side table drawer." Liam groaned as he sat up. He wasn't sore but rather feeling especially lazy at the moment. He walked over to it and opened the drawer.

Upon finding it, he took it out and threw it to Harry.

"This is going to be fun to watch." Liam grinned and sat on the sofa beside Niall.

"Where would you like me?" Niall asked Louis.
"Just how Liam was or on the edge of the sofa. Take your pick." Louis replied. "Harry's gonna fuck me from behind. Aren't you love?" Louis' eyes pleaded.

"Oh how can you say no to that Harry? The poor slut is begging for it." Liam teased as he watched Louis get onto all fours. He reached out rubbed over Louis' bum again and ran a single finger over his hole. "Damn," He hissed feeling how tight the muscles were.

"Sofa is fine." Niall smiled and opened his legs wider. He felt really excited for Louis' mouth after watching Liam's experience. Sofa was also the better choice for his knee if he wasn't wearing his brace.

Louis moaned a little feeling Liam's hands on his bum and then on his hole. "Maybe next time you can feel how tight it is for yourself." He smirked and winked.

"Probably should have planned better and made you wear a plug." Harry commented. "But there's always next time."

"Why? I wasn't naughty." Louis frowned. "You normally only put me in one if I'm bad or if you know you're going to fuck the hell out of me."

"For playtime, I think the rules need to be slightly different." Harry said as he lubed up his fingers. "You're always so tight, what if they wanna fuck you? It'd be fun to have you already prepped and ready for them or at least I think so." He shrugged a little and entered a finger into Louis' hole.


"Fucker turns into a little brat when he's horny hmm?" Liam asked.

"You have no idea. Do you see now why he gets plugged and caged so often?" Harry asked as he kept working to stretch Louis.

Liam laughed. "I do. He definitely earns those punishments." He nodded and looked over at Niall. He rubbed his inner thigh a bit. "Feeling impatient for Louis' mouth yet?" He asked.

Niall whimpered and nodded. "Yeah, Liam I'm really horny." He pouted a little but then smiled, "I'm so in love with all this. Liam thank you for letting us."

Liam smiled. "It was a mutual decision between the four of us, and probably one of the best ones I've ever made, next to marrying you on Monday that is." He smirked a little. "But seriously, I'm in love with this arrangement as well." He kissed Niall's lips a little.

"Louis, maybe one day can I try topping Harry?" Niall asked.

"I... Fuck Harry hurry up. I'm horny." Louis complained then looked back at Niall. "I'm sure it will happen one day babe."

"I don't mind if you top me." Harry smiled and gently pushed two more fingers into Louis, one after the other. "I personally think it'd be really enjoyable."

"I'd love to watch that." Liam said as he wanked Niall a little to help relieve the pressure.

"I can show them what you taught me." Niall panted.

Louis reached up and smacked Liam's hand away. "Liam, I know you two have rings. Get one. I want all of us to cum together."
"What stops you from cumming them?" Niall playfully pouted.

"Louis knows better." Harry smirked almost evil.

Liam kissed Niall's head. "I'll be right back then." He said and headed off to towards the bedroom. He came back moments later. "Here, love." Liam said walking over to Niall and placing the ring over his cock.

"It's only until Harry is ready." Louis explained.

It was interesting to Niall how Harry was the youngest but he was taking the most charge in all this; not that he cared.

"I won't last long. Not after watching all that." Harry grinned and took his fingers back. He then used more lube to slick his cock. "Alright, get up there in position Boo."

Louis moved forward so his face was in front of Niall's cock. "Mmm, Nialler, you ready?" He asked as he got into position on his knees and elbows.

"More than ready...After watching Liam's reaction, I just really wanna see for myself what this magical thing about your mouth is." Niall smiled.

Louis laughed a bit but it was short lived when Harry pushed into him swiftly. Louis jerked a little and cried out in a mix of pleasure and pain.

Niall bit his lip as he watched. Throughout the years, everyone had seen or walked in on Larry but everything was different now and he felt even more turned on than he already was, if it was possible.

"Damn." He said to Liam.

"We get our own private show, lucky us." Liam teased.

"Suck Louis. Don't leave the elf unpleased." Harry instructed and moved in and out of Louis looking for a steady pace.

When Louis didn't obey right away Harry gave him a harsh slap on the arse, "Stop drooling over it Louis or the next slap will be harder." Harry sometimes loved being dominant with Louis.

"Mm, sorry, Harry...and Niall." Louis said then leaned forward a little and placed his mouth on Niall's cock. He began with licking over the head and his slit. He pressed kisses along the sides all the way down to the balls then moved back up to focus sucking solely on the head.

Liam, who after just the one blowjob felt spent sat back and watched in awe.

Harry smiled and worked on fucking Louis a little harder now. With each thrust he moaned or grunted loudly. Hed gotten himself so worked up.

Niall moaned loudly. "Fuck, Louis. This feels great."

Louis then took all of Niall's cock in his mouth and moaned around it. He then pulled back and started bobbing his head up and down while moaning every few minutes. He loved Niall's taste but he also loved how hard Harry was fucking him.

Louis' body jerked a bit with each hit and he whimpered around Niall in the most erotic tone.

"Fuck yes." Liam cheered them on. "Fuck him Harry. Ruin his arse."

Harry chuckled. He was enjoying Liam being the cheerleader on the sidelines.

Niall moaned loudly when Louis wrapped his tongue around his cock and began to suck on it hard. "Shit! Louis..." He grabbed fist full of Louis' hair and pulled on it a little. "Fucking fuck." He couldn't think straight. He could barely keep still.

Harry reached forward and also took some of Louis' hair in his fist. "Fuck his face Niall. Thrust into his mouth. Make him our bitch." Harry loudly moaned.

His other hand held to Louis' hip so tightly that he was sure to leave a mark. "Fuck boo bear. So close now. Take it for us baby. Take it all. Perfect whore for us. Love you so much!"

Niall happily obeyed Harry and began thrusting into Louis' mouth while still holding onto his head with one hand. "Fuck, your mouth really is fucking magical." He moaned loudly and tried to go deeper, but having a shorter cock than the other three he could only go so far.

Louis moaned loudly as he took more of Niall into his mouth, letting his face go down to Niall's balls.

"Suck them." Niall told Louis, making Liam grin.

Niall took his hand off of Louis' hair and slid down a little further so his balls were more in line with Louis' face.

"Just like that Ni, be aggressive. Find your voice." Harry encouraged. "I'm so close." He warned. "Lou, baby, you there yet?"

"Almost." Louis nodded, he could feel his cock dripping onto the floor below them. He leaned over and licked over Niall's balls then took of his balls into his mouth and moaned around it.

"Fucking hell, Tommo." Niall moaned. "Mmm, I wanna cum. Harry, when can I cum?" He asked then grasped as Louis took both balls now into his mouth and sucked on them gently then with a bit more strength.

"Fucking hell...Louis. This feels amazing." Niall moaned.

"Liam, take the ring off him." Harry nodded. "Niall, if you cum before I say you won't like the consequences." Harry warned in a sexual tone.

Niall nodded. They didn't talk about that part but he trusted them so he wasn't worried, none of them would force something the other was uncomfortable with.

Liam moved and took the ring off of Niall.

"Tommo! Your mouth back on my cock now. I want you to swallow when the time comes." Niall told him.

Louis could only shout and moan. He was in a world of bliss.

Harry of course helped take charge and pushed Louis back where he needed to be.

With Louis doing his job now all three were perfect in line. This meant it wasn't long before Harry
screamed, "Shit! Now!" And slammed into Louis as hard as could.

Louis was shoved further down on Niall's cock somehow as Harry began to spill his load into him. This caused Louis to convulse and start cumming as well.

Between the sight of Harry fucking Louis and Louis sucking on his cock, along with finally having permission, it was only moments later, Niall came down Louis' throat shouting his name.

"Fuck." Liam said. "I think that might've just been the hottest thing I've ever seen."

"And think..." Harry panted heavily. "We've only just started."

"Ah, no more tonight. Please. Fucking hell." Louis whimpered. "Oh fuck. I've never been used so much at once." He gasped.

"I don't think he meant tonight, Lou." Liam laughed. "I don't think any of us are up for another round. But I'm already looking forward to next time." He smiled.

"Me too." Niall nodded. "Though I do have a question about consequences...I'm fine with it because I trust all of you, can we really just punish each other for disobeying? Like I can punish Louis if he doesn't swallow every last drop of my cum for example and you'd be fine with that. Harry, or?" He asked.

"It bothers me to call them punishments just because of hell." Louis admitted. "I'm fine with it though. I mean, I just think when it comes to consequences, gotta find a better word for it, we should just turn to the partner of the one who was naughty. Just at first I mean. The partner will know what his boy is comfortable with. The other two lads will learn eventually and then yeah, consequences like crazy when needed."

"That makes sense." Liam nodded. "I agree with that." He said.

"Maybe we could call it the fallout?" Niall shrugged. "We'll figure it out eventually." He said.

"I agree but next time it's our turn to host the party and we need to do this again before tour starts." Harry said.

"Not exactly a party when anything can happen at anytime we all are together." Louis smirked. "I mean, teasing or photos and videos can happen when it's just two or three."

"That reminds me, what exactly is and isn't acceptable when the four of us aren't all together. Example, could Harry watch Liam and I snog or fuck if you aren't there Lou?" Niall needed to know. "Or can Liam kiss him whenever now that he has permission?"

"Anything truly sexual, so anything more than a snog or grinding when dancing shouldn't happen unless all four are around." Louis said.

"I think though that if I'm not around and you two want to fuck that it's fine for Louis to say watch you both. He just can’t participate." Harry tried to add.

"So we can watch the other couple have fun or say watch one another wank? Just no real touching more than a snog if not everyone is there?" Niall was trying to understand them.

"Exactly. Oh and anytime anything at all happens, no matter if it's a snog or watching something everyone always needs told." Liam added. "That's the only way we'll be able to trust each other."
"I agree. So can we just all give each other permission to kiss each other on the lips now? Louis and Liam already agreed to their part. I'm fine with kissing either of you." Niall said.

"Aw, does little Irish want kissed by us?" Harry teased.

When Niall blushed both Harry and Louis leaned into him. "Don't be jealous babe." Louis whispered and kissed him.

Harry kissed Niall as well then leaned over and kissed Liam, "How's that?" Harry cooed.

"It was great." Liam smiled.

"And kinda hot to watch on my end." Niall grinned.

Louis sat on the floor between Niall's legs and sighed contently. "I feel like this is the most fun I've had in a long time." He rested his head against Niall's right leg.

"Me too. You know for when we're all jetlagged on tour this would be a fun way to get tired faster." Niall suggested.

"This is true." Harry nodded.

"I'm tired right now though." Louis frowned.

"Me too." Niall said.

"I don't even wanna move." Liam laid out on the sofa. "If you're both tired, you're more than welcomed to stay and sleep if you want." He offered.

"Yeah," Niall nodded. "For sure, feel free to stay if you want." He agreed.

"That's a very nice offer and made me think of something, do we wanna do overnights with each other? I think it could be fun." Louis said.

"Yes!" Niall blurted out. "You guys have no idea how much I love to cuddle and how much I miss group sleeping.

"Yes, I do." Liam interrupted with laugh.

"Quiet you." Niall playfully warned. "As I was saying, I love to cuddle and some nights I really miss when we would all sleep together and feel happy and safe."

"That was nice." Harry smiled. "I don't mind spending the night sometimes, all four of us huddled up into one bed in post sex bliss. It sounds really nice."

"It really does." Louis agreed. "I've found myself missing those times as well though Ni." He admitted.

"So would you two like to spend the night with us tonight then?" Liam asked. "Our bed is definitely big enough for four people. Niall can be in the middle."

"Niall and Louis are in the middle." Harry smiled. "The small ones need protected." Harry kissed Louis' lips gently. "Do you need carried boo bear? Fucked you really hard didn't I?"

"Mmm, between the other day and tonight...I wouldn't mind being carried." Louis smiled.
"The small ones always need our protection, don't they?" Liam agreed as he stood. He took Niall's hand and helped him up. "And how's my NiNi feeling?" He asked fixing Niall's hair a bit.

"I feel happy." He smiled and kissed Liam sweetly. "I love you Liam. I loved tonight." He smiled and took a deep breath, "Oh, don't think I've forgotten about being mad at you."

Liam frowned. "I tried to fix it. It's not my fault he doesn't listen to reason." He said and took Niall's hand. "But I'm happy too. Tonight was fun and relaxing." He said and kissed Niall's nose.

Harry picked Louis up bridal style and kissed him. He then carried him into Liam and Niall's room. "I get Narry cuddles tonight." Louis smiled a cheeky grin as Harry sat him on the bed. "Oh, Li I take it you all have something for a sore bum?"

"I do. It's actually in the bedroom. I'll grab you a glass of water so you can take it though." Liam pulled Niall close and kissed him lovingly. "Go lay down with Louis and Harry and I'll be right back." He said letting go of Niall's hand to head into the kitchen.

Niall followed the others and crawled into the near middle of the bed. He smiled happily and watched as Harry helped Louis.

"I really love all this. I love how it's making us all closer as friends but also closer as couples." Harry said.

Once Louis got comfortable, Niall moved in closer to him. "Me too." Louis smiled as he wrapped his arms around Niall. "Life for the moment is good." He kissed Niall's head.

"I'm also enjoying just watching you both. You're so interesting sexually." Niall commented.

After Louis took the Tylenol Liam brought him the four lads cuddled into bed. For a moment they all laid awake and just enjoyed being this close again. Most of them couldn't help but wonder if they'd been forced apart too soon by therapist. It didn't matter though. What mattered was that exact moment in time when everything felt right.

SUNDAY -

Liam found himself waking up to the smell of bacon, eggs, and pancakes. It had been a wonderful night last night between the sexual stuff and then the four of them cuddling all night.

He shifted a bit but couldn't move well when he looked down, he saw that he and Louis were the only ones left in bed. Louis had wrapped himself around Liam but was now also waking up.

"Mm, good morning, Liam." Louis said cuddling into him a little more.

"Morning." Liam smiled. "Seems like our lads have started making breakfast." He commented as he ran his fingers through Louis' hair.

"Smells amazing." Liam smiled.

"Yes, we should let them cook together more often." Louis half laughed.

"Let them. Yeah." Liam shook his head. "Fuck though, I slept so amazing last night. No
"You still have nightmares?" Louis asked looking up at Liam. "I thought being with Niall helped that? But I'm happy you slept well. I didn't have any nightmares either for once in a long time."

"I was having night terrors before." Liam corrected. "The nightmares aren't that bad. Just enough that I don't sleep as soundly as I need to."

"I've had a night terror once when I was stressed and a little drunk." Louis snuggled closer as he remembered it. "It seems like we really do help each other to heal." He commented.

"I agree. I think Michelle and Carrie pulled us apart sooner than we should have." Liam pointed out. "Makes me curious how Zayn sleeps. He was a hard sleeper before and still seems to be a bit but I also know he doesn't talk about how he feels or what he struggles with. So I just wonder if we're the only ones who don't sleep well or if he doesn't either."

“Yes, though I'm not sure how Irish would feel about you two sharing a bed with your ex." Louis joked. "But he doesn't do therapy anymore which is probably a mistake on his part. No matter how well he might think he's handling things, it's still nice to talk it out and maybe get a little advice on how to deal with the situation." He explained as he traced over Liam's feather tattoo.

"Zayn doesn't like needing help. He doesn't want people to know he's fucked up or that he needs help. It's why his life has come down to the situation he's currently in." Liam explained. "I wouldn't want to share a bed with him again though, not unless it was all five of us and he was on the opposite side of the bed as Niall and I." He didn't share with Louis that his reasoning was because getting too close to Zayn in that way right now wouldn't help Zayn heal.

"It'd be weird now. I get it." Louis nodded. "And yeah, that's true too. But you two have got to get your shit straighten out. You say you're over each other and I do believe that but there's something else that constantly leaves you two fighting with each other which isn't healthy for the band." He now traced random shapes on Liam's stomach.

"Part of it is just me being angry for what he did to me and..." He paused for a moment. "...taking it out on him when it comes to James. Like yesterday when he showed up here hungover I said things I really shouldn't have and now I think there's a strong chance he's decided not to keep him."

"I heard all about it from Harry when he got off the phone with you." Louis nodded. "Your heart was in the right place, Li. You just need to remember to express it kinder rather than letting anger take over." He told him. "When you get angry, just stop talking and say that you're angry then maybe just take a moment or two to yourself to chill out and get your thoughts together and then you can hopefully talk like a rational human being." He suggested.

"Thanks Michelle." Liam teased before kissing Louis briefly. "Honestly though, and don't you repeat this to even Harry, some of Zayn and I's issues come from the fact that he's still... Ya know."

"In love with you?" Louis asked. "It's no secret really. It's clear he's not over you. I understand the sex talk in front him regardless of still having a thing for you or not but... Talking about the wedding and babies, he gets this pained heartbroken look on his face and it was easy for me to figure it out. Harry's too distracted by the wedding and baby talk to even notice. Has Niall mentioned anything?" He asked curiously.

“No and I'd rather him not know. He questions himself compared to Zayn too much as it is." Liam sighed and played with Louis' hair. "Also, I don't know that he's still in love. He's just not fully healed. That's how he explained it to me."
Louis nodded. "Well, I promise not to tell." He said and leaned up. "Even seal it with a kiss." He smirked briefly before pressing his lips to Liam's. "But really, I think he's just not over you. You've mentioned before that it was a shit break up and maybe because of that he can't seem to get over you. You two really should talk." He said and lay his head back down on Liam's chest as he enjoyed Liam's continuation of playing with his hair. "But as Zayn's not fully healed or over you or whatever, we really should be extra careful on the flirting around him. He's a lot more sensitive than the world knows. I think it's why he has such a hard time sometimes."

"I agree. People often forget that he was raised so different than the life he lives. He doesn't honor his families values," Liam said.

"I know I said he wasn't fit to be a father but I take it all back. He needs James just as much as James needs him. I've never seen him so happy before Louis and I probably fucked it all up. I know my point was valid but I was dick about it." Liam admitted openly. Louis was so easy for him to talk to.

"You were worried and concerned about James, that much is understandable but because of your past with Zayn, much of which you're hurt and angry about...I get it. I don't want to even think about what it'd to James having Zayn give him away. It's probably traumatize him more." Louis sighed. "Look, you were a dick about it, but it's not completely on you if he decides to give up James, that would be on him. He made the choice. He could've told you to fuck off instead of just saying what he did. In the end, the choice is his and no one can take it from him or make it for him. It also didn't help that he was hungover when you had the conversation, you know how bitchy he gets hungover." He explained. "Oh and unlike your fiance and my boyfriend, I am not mad at you for it since it's really all up to Zayn and he should know better than to let any of us truly affect his decision."

"I just know that he won't listen to me if I try to talk to him so I'm hoping Niall can get through. He really does love James and James loves him. He actually is even trying to say 'abba' already. Of course he's going to fuck up but if we all are there for him it should be okay, right?"

"Yes, exactly." Louis nodded. "Don't blame yourself too much." He rubbed a hand over Liam's chest a little.

"Breakfast." Niall said happily as he walked into the bedroom only wearing his briefs.

"Very excited about it." Liam grinned sitting up. "You two are great chefs so this should be amazing."

"Smells amazing." Louis agreed. "Oh and we kissed twice. Nothing else beyond cuddle."

Niall smiled and nodded. "Good to know, we usually have morning kisses too. He's good for that." He said. "Are you feeling better enough to walk, Louis?" He asked. "Liam could carry you if you're not up to."

"Just a hand walking would be great." Louis said getting up. "You know what I need? I need someone to rim me. Harry doesn't like doing it."

"I can do it." Niall offered then looked at Liam who was helping Louis out of bed.

"Go ahead. I'd love to watch that." Liam grinned and took Louis' hand to help steady him. "A rim is probably just what you need after last night." He laughed a bit.

"Another perk to our arrangement; someone who offers to rim me without my having to beg for it
or earn it." Louis smiled and walked slowly with Liam. "Harry should be thrilled as well."

Liam slowly helped Louis walk from the bedroom and out into the hallway on their way to the kitchen.

Niall grinned. "I can show off what I've learned from Liam."

"Ah, well then now I'm really excited." Louis grinned back. "I have a feeling Liam's great at it."

"He is." Niall continued to grin as they walked out of the hallway and into the kitchen area.

"Who is what?" Harry asked Niall then turned to kiss Louis. "Morning love, feeling sore?"

"Liam's great at rimming apparently." Louis smiled after the kiss. "And I'm a lot better than last night, just need a little help walking. Oh and I asked if one of them could rim me since you don't like it and Niall offered. Liam's excited to watch."

"That's brilliant." Harry praised. "You get your favorite treat and I don't have to do it." Harry rubbed Louis' bum and kissed him again. "It can wait though. It's breakfast time."

"Yes, breakfast first." Louis nodded. "I'm starving."

"Oh, Harry during our morning cuddle...Louis and I kissed twice, that's all." Liam told him.

Niall then took a glance around, Harry cooked naked but since Niall did the bacon he wanted a layer of clothing on. Louis and Liam had gone to bed naked so they just walked out naked.

"I'm the only one with anything on." Niall laughed.

"You are." Harry told Niall with a smile. "Thank you for letting me know about the kisses, Liam."

"Niall, Liam, would you rather us put clothes on before sitting in your chair?" Louis asked.

"No, it's fine, especially if I'm rimming Louis at some point this morning." Niall shrugged.

"Did you feed Loki?" Liam asked as he helped Louis sit in a chair.

"I did, and he's been out as well. I let him out in the backyard and he's currently having his morning nap in the guest room. He chose to go sleep in there." Niall explained as he slipped off his briefs. He felt out of place with everyone else being naked and him having something on.

"Lovely view." Liam smiled.

"I agree." Louis smiled as he checked Niall out a bit.

"I agree as well. Best looking Irishman in town." Harry kissed Niall’s cheek and worked with him to get everything onto the table.

At Zayn's, he had barely slept and he still felt slightly angry with Liam, but he also felt Liam had a point. He fucked up and that fuck up meant he couldn't properly care for James, it wasn't in the little lad's best interest to stay with him.

Once James was playing quietly after his breakfast, he pulled out his phone and dialed Vince's number.
"Zayn...To what do I owe the discomfort of your call on this lovely Sunday morning?" Vince answered.

"I uh..." He swallowed a lump growing in his throat. "I changed my mind." It came out as a whisper. When James who was sitting on the floor smiled up at him Zayn had to bite his lower lip to not cry.

"Oh wonderful! I'm so glad you finally came to your senses and decided not to ruin your career and possibly those of your band mates as well." Vince grinned. "Not much I can do on a Sunday but I'll get started on everything first thing tomorrow morning when I get to the office. It might be hard but this is the best choice for everyone in the long run."

"Ah, yeah, sure." His voice wavered as James crawled to him happily.

"Ah!" He giggled and made grabby hands.

A tear rolled down Zayn's face. He didn't want to do this honestly but no one had faith in him. If no one had faith in him then no one would help him.

"Great. I'll call you then, oh and if you're speaking to Niall and Liam before you see them tomorrow, tell them to fucking call me." Vince's voice turned to an angry tone.

"Don't. Please?" Zayn sniffled. "I... Just... Wait till you're off the phone with me to get angry." It was an actual plea this time. Zayn wasn't demanding anything. "I'm doing what everyone else wants me to do so please just be nice."

"Not angry with you...Just at them. Your ex is causing me a headache." Vince sighed. "I'll speak with you, tomorrow. Goodbye." He said and hung up.

"Ah!" James complained from the floor. He pulled on Zayn's trousers and managed to get stood up. He then smiled proudly and looked to Zayn, "Ah."

"Good job." Zayn said softly and nodded as he wiped his tears. "You should go play while I pack your things." He said and handed James a block that was beside his feet.

James didn't want a block however. He wanted his abba. "Ah!" He shouted and held even tighter to Zayn's trousers. "Ah!" His little voice almost begged. He just wanted attention.

"I'm sorry, but I have to get things packed up for your new home." Zayn sniffed as he stood. "I should start with the clothes and just leave a couple out for tomorrow and Tuesday or Wednesday if you're still here. They have to find you a new home first." He frowned. "Though I can't leave you alone." He sighed and picked him up as he headed towards James' room.

James smiled when he was picked up. He cuddled into Zayn's chest happily. He rubbed his open mouth against Zayn's cheek to give him a baby kiss. "Ah!"

"Still gross." Zayn made a face as they walked into James' room. He sat James in the play cot and turned on the light. He made sure James had his lion then went to work on sorting out James' clothes.

"Ah." James frowned as Zayn's phone chimed with a text, undoubtedly from Niall again.

Zayn wiped his cheek off and then looked at his phone. It was from Niall begging him to answer his phone so they could talk before he made the wrong decision. The choice was already made though so he closed it and put his phone away then carried on with what he was doing.
The longer James sat ignored by Zayn the more agitated he became. Eventually his calling out to him turned into whimpers then cries and finally screams.

Zayn sighed. "You're giving me a headache." He said and walked over to James. He picked him up and sat him on the floor then carried on with what he was doing. "This is what's best, for both of us." He tried to explain.

James’ response was simply to throw himself backwards on the ground and scream. He was very obviously angry.

"So dramatic." Zayn shook his head. "But you're going to hurt yourself so come here." He picked the little one up and sat him in his lap then kept working.

James sniffled and gasped trying to calm himself. When the tears had mostly stopped he cuddled into Zayn the best he could and played with Zayn's shirt as he made little tiny noises. He'd not been this vocal outside of crying before. "Ah." He repeated a few times.

"You're fine. I'm just packing. You're going to a new family that will treat you better than I have and probably care for you better than I ever will." Zayn tried to keep the emotion out of his voice. "This is what's best."

James kept softly repeating his current word for Zayn until he finally fell asleep with a very tight hold on Zayn's shirt.
Hope you guys are still enjoying this fiction. A lot more is planned and I want to give it to you guys. Thanks for being patient and continuing to leave love and support.

Currently, at Niall and Liam's, Niall was getting a shoulder massage from Liam.

"He still hasn't text me back yet." Niall sighed as threw his phone on the table.

"Nothing can be processed until it's a weekday so we may have to wait until Monday to talk to him," Harry said as he rinsed off the plates and placed them in the dishwasher.

"I tried to fix it." Liam frowned.

"I know but you really need to start thinking before you speak," Niall said.

"We'll all try to talk to him again Monday if you want okay?" Louis offered. "You and Harry would be our best bet at getting through to him."

"Anything I can do to help I will." Harry agreed.

"Mmm, that could work." Niall nodded. "He probably has no faith in himself now. And we all know what happens when he feels like that."

"Try to relax. We can't do anything until we see him Monday at work." Liam told him and moved his massage to Niall's back.

"Feels nice." Niall smiled.

"And think about Monday morning when you go to the register's office and get married." Harry smiled.

"Speaking of them getting married on Monday, the four of us will have to celebrate that this week sometime," Louis smirked.

"What did you have in mind Louis?" Harry asked. "Celebrate their marriage with your rim job?"

"Well, I'm hopefully getting a rim job before Niall has to leave for Liverpool but the four of us could always have fun later this week once they are married and celebrate." Louis shrugged.

"Go please Louis. He looks desperate for a rim job." Liam laughed and stopped the message.

"I just want to get rimmed by a leprechaun. Is that so wrong?" Louis grinned.

"You just want to get rimmed period. Other than Ed you only get it when you've been a very very good boy." Harry dramatically rolled his eyes.
"Poor Louis. Harry's never rimmed you then?" Liam had to tease him. It was too easy.

Louis pouted. "I'm always a good boy."

"Except for when you're not." Harry laughed.

Niall stood and walked over Louis. "Where do you want it done?" He asked with an excited smile. "I'm fine with anywhere."

"Here Louis," Liam told him. Come up on the sofa beside me. Let yourself slouch down far enough that your bum hangs off a bit then pull your legs up to your chest and split them open."

Louis nodded and walked over to sit beside Liam. He then got into position as Liam directed.

"Niall, if you're not going to wear a brace while rimming Louis since it does require you being on your knees for a bit, at least use a pillow?" Harry suggested coming over and grabbing a pillow off the sofa. "I just don't want your knee to act up again when it's starting to feel better."

"I agree." Liam nodded. "Brace or pillow though both probably would help." He was just being a concerned husband-to-be.

"I hate wearing it though." Niall pouted at Louis' moved into position.

"Put it on. Liam, please get him a pillow." Louis spoke up as the oldest. "If you complain again there will be a consequence. End of discussion."

Niall sighed and walked off to the bedroom where he got his brace out of the closet. He sat on the bed and put it on. He didn't feel very sexy in it but he didn't get want a consequence so, in order to avoid that, he complied with everyone's request.

He then walked back out where Liam had grabbed a pillow from the guest bedroom and placed in front of where Louis sat waiting to be rimmed.

"Happy?" He asked. "I look weird. I'm naked and wearing a brace. I'm in my 20s, not my 70s." He pouted.

"No one is looking at your knee," Harry told him. "Besides, Liam loves you no matter what age your knee is."

"Liam, if you're alright with it I don't want his brace off for the next fourthly eight hours unless he's showering," Louis said.

"Fine by me. He's travelling to Liverpool today so he should have it on anyways." Liam nodded. "And Harry's right, babe. I love you no matter how old your knees may be. It's fine. I think it looks sexy on you. Just pretend it isn't there and give Louis the rim job he's been waiting for very patiently."

Niall sighed deeply. He knew the consequence was for his own good but he didn't like it.

"Just think about what you're doing to Louis." Harry encouraged.

Niall nodded and carefully got down on his knees on top of the pillow.

He gently rubbed his fingers over the hole then started to give it little kitten licks as he gently squeezed one of Louis' balls in one hand.
Liam, who sat beside Louis moved Niall's hand gently and began to stroke Louis' cock.

Louis moaned and gasped, "Fuck yes. Finally."

Niall circled his tongue around Louis' hole then poked it as he slowly pushed his tongue inside.

Harry grinned and started to lazily wank himself as he sat back and enjoyed the show.

"C'mere Hazza," Louis whined.

Liam smiled and kissed Louis as he kept wanking him. He pulled away from the kiss and smirked at Harry, "Join us."

Harry stood and walked over to them to join them. "It's honestly really hot just to see the two of you take care of my lad." He said sitting on the opposite side of Louis.

Niall finally pushed the rest of his tongue in and he felt himself harden a bit, but he kept his mind focused on Louis as he worked his tongue in and out of the hole.

"Wanna touch you though." Louis moaned more. This was honestly his favourite sexual act to have done to him.

When Harry sat down Liam leaned over Louis and began to snog Harry all while still jerking Louis.

"Oh, fucking Christ!" Louis moaned watching them while he rubbed on Harry's hard cock. He was in heaven.

Niall pulled his tongue out and licked over the hole a few times before taking a moment to see what Louis was going on about. He smiled when he saw Harry and Liam snogging while Liam had a hand on Louis' cock and Louis had a hand on Harry's. "Shit, that's hot." He commented. He felt his cock completely harden, but ignored it and then rubbed his fingers over Louis' hole a bit to tease him then slammed his tongue back into the hole.

"Mmm, Ni, fuck. I feel like a school lad about to blow after only a few minutes." Louis whined. "When can I cum?"

Niall pulled his tongue out and smirked a little. "Mmm, I think for this morning I'll be nice and let you cum whenever you want." He smiled and licked over Louis' hole looking up at him through his eyelashes.

Soon Louis' hips were jerking upward into Liam's hand. "Ah, ah, fuck!" He shouted and came hard. "Ah! Ah! My God!"

Liam smiled and removed his hand. He licked it clean. "Very tasty." He commented. "Sounds like my love did a good job for you." He kissed Louis' cheek then leaned down to kiss Niall's.

“Louis’ taken care of. Who's next?” Harry asked. "Mmm, I'm so hard. You kiss really well Li."

"He really does." Niall grinned.

"Mmm, I vote Liam,” Louis said with a lazy smile.

"Me too." Niall agreed.
Liam hadn't even had his cock touched yet. He was looking forward to this.

"What do you suggest baby?" Harry asked Louis as he kissed him. "What should we do to him?"

"I just want to feel that body of his... Grind on him." Harry replied to himself as he ran a hand over Liam's arms. "If his Irish lover is alright with that. Don't want to do something to him that you're not comfortable with."

"I'm fine with it. I trust you. And honestly, if it's something I don't like, I'll just say so otherwise just feel free to explore him and do as you please to him." Niall explained. "... While I'm present of course." He clarified.

"Mmm, can I get another snog while you're grinding on me?" Liam smirked as Harry stood and moved over to him. "Fuck, why does this have me so turned on?"

"Ni, love, let's take care of your pretty little cock," Louis told him.

Harry smirked. "Because you're just a very excitable lad and this is very new and exciting." He told Liam. "You gonna be a good lad and let me explore you? Grind on you?" He asked.

Niall looked over at Louis and smiled. "Sure, your blowjob last night felt amazing." He smiled. "Also watching Harry fuck you while you blew me was fun to watch."

"I'll behave," Liam promised. "I don't want to be disciplined by you and I want to get off." He wasn't sure if he was the top or the bottom in this little game but he didn't care too much. Perhaps there was no real role.

"Good." Harry smiled and kissed him deeply. He climbed onto Liam's lap and snogged him for a minute or two before pushing him downwards so he could grind on him.

"Mmm, I did blow you last night so how about a rim job?" Louis offered as he rubbed Niall's inner thigh with his thumb. "I promise I'll make you feel just as amazing as I did last night."

"God Harry." Liam moaned and held his hips. "It's like the most erotic lap dance ever. Don't you dare stop."

"I, uh, can you just maybe not like, go inside?" Niall suddenly seemed nervous.

Harry smirked as he rested his hands on Liam's chest. "Mmm, you haven't quite seen my erotic side yet." He winked. "Not fully at least." He said as he went harder with his movements while using his hands to explore Liam's chest.

Louis leaned over and kissed Niall's lips sweetly. "I'd never hurt you and it's just me tongue. Why don't we try the same position I used for when you rimmed me?" He rubbed Niall's inner thigh now.

"Yes," Niall quickly nodded. "I'm not ready for anything from behind. I'm sorry." Niall frowned; worried he would upset Louis. "It's just that I've only just even got comfortable with Liam that way."

Louis pulled Niall into his lap. "No need to fear. I'd never be upset because you're uncomfortable with something. When you're more comfortable just tell us and we will do anything you want." He kissed Niall's lips again then his forehead. "One question though, how's your knee going to feel being like that for a short bit after already being on the floor. I don't want to do anything that might set you back or hurt it even more."
"Knee will be fine. It's better than you all think it is." Niall told Louis. "Laid back on the sofa I can just rest it out to the side and keep my good knee up so you have access."

"Ah, shit Harry." Liam gasped and kept rubbing Harry's arse. Their cocks were now lined up perfectly and Harry's hands were pulling at Liam's hair while his mouth licked overexposed skin.

Niall looked over at Liam and Harry. "So fucking hot."

"I know and it feels incredible as well," Louis said as he helped Niall to the position.

Louis moved to the floor in front of Niall and helped support the leg against Niall's chest. He then licked a stripe over the exposed hole and looked up at Niall, wanting to take this slow just for the first minute or two.

Niall swallowed hard. He made it a point to keep his eyes open and to stay watching Louis. He needed to be able to see that it was Louis so he would know he was safe.

"Fuck, fuck, oh Liam! Fuck!" Harry's voice carried louder. "Fuck your so big." He praised. "Can't wait to be allowed to get fucked by you."

Louis ran his free hand over Niall's leg that was down. "I'm going to go slow but remember our safe words if you need me to slow down or stop." He reminded him and started again. This time he slowly licked over Niall's hole.

"Fuck, this feels amazing." Liam moaned out and squeezed Harry's arse a bit. "Shit." He closed his eyes for a moment. "I so want to do this one again. Never knew it could feel so great."

"Eventually I wanna ride that massive cock of yours." Harry groaned deeply into his ear. "Mmm, fuck." His hips rocked harder and faster. His fingers pinched Liam's nipples hard.

"I remember." Niall nodded. "Just need to be able to, wow, see it's you." Louis' tongue felt so good.

Liam moaned. "I have no problem with that. I imagine you'd feel great."

Louis moved his tongue faster then licked over the hole and over Niall's balls. He repeated this a few times then gently poked at Niall's hole with his tongue.

Niall's hands gripped the sofa nervously. Liam never hurt him. He made sure everything felt good. Louis was new though. What if it hurt with Louis?

"Soon. We'll get to sex." Liam groaned.

"Spank me, Liam. Come on. Help me cum. Need a little more." Harry begged. It was feeling good but this wasn't sex and Harry was a little frustrated over it.

Louis looked up at Niall as he moved to push his tongue inside a little bit and stopped to let Niall get adjusted to the new feeling and rubbed over Niall's leg.

He didn't want to do anything that might upset Niall but Niall also hadn't given a warning or a stop word so he continued on.

Liam grinned. He hadn't actually spanked anyone before; with Niall, he had always felt a little nervous and Zayn had never allowed him to.

He rubbed over Harry's arse once more before slapping it, hard.
Harry moaned loudly, "Again. Please Li, so close. Wanna cum for you." His voice was deeper than before. It was a sign of just how close he was. “Won't hurt me. Just do it.”

"I'm sorry." Niall squeaked as he tried to relax for Louis. "Scared it'll hurt." He explained. He had learned while in therapy and with Liam that it was better to be open about what he was feeling.

"Mm, I wanna cum too." Liam moaned and slapped Harry's arse harder.

Louis removed his tongue. "If you get really uptight then it might hurt but if you could put a little faith in me...that I won't hurt you, you'll see you have nothing to be nervous about." He leaned up and gently kissed Niall's lips. "I'll go slow. Promise." He said then moved back down.

He placed a few kisses over Niall's hole then licked over it once more before slipping his tongue back in. He went a little further than he did last time.

Niall kept his breathing slow and steady. He just needed to relax. Besides, Liam was right on the other end of the sofa. He was perfectly safe.

The more he allowed himself to relax the better it started to feel. His muscles were a bit more loose so Louis' tongue didn't hurt. In fact, it felt good enough that Niall finally moaned.

Harry cried out and his body began to shake. "Yeah, oh yeah, oh..." His fingernails dug into Liam's shoulders as he came finally. "God yes. Ah."

Between the grinding, Harry cumming and the sensation of his nails digging into him, Liam moaned and came moments after Harry did. "Fuck, Styles. I've never experienced anything like that before. It was amazing."

Louis internally grinned hearing Niall's moan and Harry getting off.

Finally, Niall had allowed himself to relax enough to enjoy it and Louis was happy for Niall.

He pushed his tongue in further then pulled it out and licked over the hole and Niall's balls then shoved his tongue back in.

Hearing that Liam and Harry were finished Niall's hand shot out and grabbed Liam's hand.

"He's right here Ni. We're all here." Harry saw and encouraged. "Let it feel good love. Enjoy it. Let him take care of you."

Liam moved closer to Niall. "I'm right here, love. Louis isn't going to hurt you. It won't hurt but remember to relax." He kissed Niall's lips.

"Here Li, scoot over and start snogging him. Keep his attention." Harry said taking over a bit. He knew how to relax Niall and get him through this. If he could get through this then next time would be easier.

"Keep rimming him, Lou. Doing such a good job baby. So proud of you for taking care of the little elf." Harry praised Louis. "I'm going to wank you, Niall. Focus on Liam and the pleasure."

Liam leaned over and kissed Niall's lips as Harry's hand went on Niall's cock.

Niall moaned into the kiss, it was almost too much to process, Louis' tongue inside him, Harry's hand on his cock while snogging Liam but at the same time, he loved having all the attention. It helped to hear 'Elf' the word could always help him relax more.
"Good Elf. Good boy." Harry told him. He could see Niall's body relax deeper.

Niall relaxing allowed for Louis to gently start fucking him with his tongue. He could tell by Niall's twitching he was close now.

He moaned more into Liam's kiss and wrapped his arms around Liam's neck. "Mmm, I love kissing you." He smiled and kissed Liam again. As he felt Louis' tongue fuck his hole, he almost found it hard to keep still, but with Harry's hand on his cock and his lips attached to Liam's didn't have much room to move. "Mmm, when can I cum?" He mumbled against Liam's lips.

"Wait till Harry gives you permission," Liam warned.

"Hold off just a bit more little elf." Harry encouraged. "The longer you wait the better it feels. We need to build up your stamina."

Niall whined. He didn't like the idea of that but he was already being told to stay in his brace for 48 hours outside of showering. He didn't want to add to it so he nodded and snogged Liam instead.

Louis slipped his tongue out of Niall's hole and moved to suck on the lad's balls for a moment which caused Niall to moan out loudly.

Louis smirked. "Figured you'd enjoy that." He said and began to fuck Niall's hole with his tongue again.

"Such a good boy NiNi. So good for us." Harry cooed and held the base of his cock tightly to help him not cum.

After making Niall ride everything out just a few short seconds more Harry finally let go. "Alright, little elf. Cum for us. Show us how thankful you are."

Niall pulled away from Liam's lips and his body shook as he finally came, shooting his load mostly over his stomach with a few drops landing on Louis' face as he pulled his tongue out.

"Oh fuck." Niall moaned a little as he lowered leg onto the ground. "Shit that felt great." He rested his head on Liam's shoulder.

"We have to work on your anxiety and your stamina," Louis told Niall gently. "The three of us working on you together should make it much easier than just Liam working on it alone."

"It's true baby. You should never fear any part of sex." Liam said kissing Niall's face. "We'll get you past it. Make it so you can fully relax and enjoy sex every time."

Niall smiled. "Thank you...and I have to admit I enjoyed all three of you playing with me. I really enjoyed the extra attention. I'd be okay with you all helping me get better."

"That being said, it'll go at a rate you're comfortable with, we might push you gently to try and help you take a step forward but remember the safe words are there if you need them," Harry explained running his fingers through Niall's hair.

"I'll be right there always watching too. You know I can read you and won't let anything that's too much happen." Liam added.

"I will." Niall nodded. "I should go get washed up and ready to leave though." He then looked awkwardly between Liam and Louis.
Settling on Liam he asked, "May I take my brace off now please?"

"That's up to Louis baby. I'm sorry. You broke his rule so you'll have to ask him." Liam replied.

Louis nodded. "Next forty-eight hours but when it comes to showering you can take it off before you walk in. I'll allow you to take it off now though."

"Thank you." Niall blushed.

Harry took the brace off Niall and Liam helped him stand.

"I'll shout if I need anything," Niall told them then left the room.

Liam looked at the other two, "This is already such a good thing for Niall. It's great for all of us but it's really helpful for him. It means so much to me. Thank you both. It's going to help he and I so much intimately."

Harry smiled. "Of course. We're all in this together. We're all having fun and that right there is the most important thing." He said and moved to cuddle with Liam.

Louis patted Liam's leg. "He looked really nervous when I first brought it up but after some loving and explaining everything and choosing a good position, he seemed to calm down."

"Probably part of it is getting used to us. Someone outside of his trusted person touching him and making him feel good." Harry explained. "He doesn't know what that's like exactly. Outside of Liam, he hasn't had the best experience, to say the least."

"That's it exactly. Outside of me, his only gay sex experience was the worst thing of his life. When I do anything to him from behind I can feel that tiny bit of anxiety." Liam said and took a breath. "I want him to feel nothing but pleasure during sex."

Liam paused then admitted, "Not to mention I absolutely love going crazy on someone from behind."

"And he will." Louis encouraged before smiling at the confession. "It'll just take time. We'll work on him slowly, touring should help as well. We'll be together all the time so lots of time to help him." He smiled.

"I don't think I've ever looked forward to touring as much as I am this time. I'll be married...the four of us playing; it'll be great." Liam smiled.

"It'll be great." Louis agreed. "I heard you say you wanted to ride Liam?" He questioned Harry.

Harry nodded. "Mhm. He's so big and fuck, I wanna feel it buried in me. No offense boo but it's really hard to properly ride you like I fantasize about." He smiled.

"And I'd love to have you ride me. Niall can't do it that often and it's really become another one of my favourites." Liam said.

"His knee will heal eventually for the most part," Louis said. "Wearing his brace will help. Until it does you can get ridden by Harry. He can't really ride me. I'm too tiny underneath him. It's just awkward."

Liam nodded. "Yeah, if only I can get him to wear it more often. He's supposed to wear it when he goes out, sometimes sex, and then off when just lounging around the flat." He explained. "But he
hates it and always thinks it ruins the mood or makes him look ugly. I tell him to ignore it but he doesn't always."

"So why do you think I made his consequence it wearing consistently for the next fourty eight hours?" Louis asked and laid himself across Liam and Harry.

"Consequences are meant to teach you a lesson. For Niall, he needs to be taught that he looks fine and that his health comes first." Harry added.

Liam grinned. "Smart thinking there, Tommo." He looking down at him. He then looked at Harry. "I agree and I'm glad I have help now too." He looked back down at Louis. "Comfortable?" He asked with a chuckle.

"Very. You both are rather 'daddy like' and I am rather small so it's wonderful." Louis smiled.

"You will have lots of help from us now Liam. Niall just needs lots of love and support. We'll be here to help with it. I'm sure Louis and I have issues we need help with too. Oh like sleeping together again. Louis didn't wake me up having a nightmare last night." Harry said.

Liam frowned as he rested a hand on Louis' chest. "We should sleep together more often, even if it's no sex and the same bed. I know I slept really well last night."

"I did too." Louis smiled. "It's been forever since I slept comfortably like that. Does Nialler get any nightmares still?" He asked looking up at Liam.

"Not that I'm aware of. His knee seems to be the big thing that keeps him up." Liam replied. "I bet he'll sleep better in his brace though."

"I sometimes have bad dreams but thankfully no nightmares," Harry added.

"Good thing he's being made to wear it then." Harry smiled.

Louis grinned proudly. "Just looking out for my Irish lad. Gotta help him stay healthy." He said as Niall walked out into the room, fully clothed in a navy jacket, white shirt, and blue jeans.

"Sexy." Liam grinned. "You look so fit for just going to a match."

"Oh," Niall said looking at his outfit. "Do you think it's too much? I just wanted people to notice me and not my limp or my brace."

"Trust me, people are going to notice you." Harry laughed.

Louis smiled. "You look very cute. People are going to stare at your pretty face, I mean those blue eyes and blonde hair? Girls are going to go crazy once photos of you today go online."

Niall found himself blushing. "Thank you."

"Promise you'll text when you arrive?" Liam asked.

"Yes, and remember to tell me when you get to Lou and Harry's unless you three are spending more time here?" Niall asked.

"Why don't you just pack for the two of you and you guys can stay overnight?" Harry asked Liam. "Sorry, just want to sleep well again."

"Don't be sorry." Niall smiled. "I'd love to spend another night with you two." He said. "But only if
we can bring Loki. He can't be left alone overnight." He reminded.

"Is that alright Lou?" Harry asked him.

"It's rather strange how one moment Harry is the more dominant and in charge one and the next it's Louis." Liam pointed out. "Rather Intriguing I must admit. Especially how you both can flow back and forth so effortlessly on who is in charge."

“It’s how we’ve been for a long time now.” Harry shrugged.

"It's fine. I know you two are good about letting him out and such." Louis replied and kissed Liam's tummy.

"Great then you pack and I'll be on my way." Niall smiled. "Remember, Loki needs food and his favourite toys. Oh and bring a chew bone for him too...and his bed."

Liam giggled a bit at the tummy kiss. It had tickled just a little. "Yes, I'll take care of it all. I promise. Now, you should go before you become late. You don't want to run into any bad traffic."

"Love you, don't forget to pick nice outfits for us because the morning is our wedding." Niall grinned and kissed Liam. He then gave Louis and Harry a quick kiss.

"Yes, I'll have Harry pick out the outfits." Liam smiled. "We also have to remember to bring extra clothes for rehearsals tomorrow." He added.

"Have fun," Louis said and pressed another kiss into Liam's tummy just to make him giggle.

Niall said goodbye one more time then left.

"Let's get dressed and get things packed," Harry said tickling Louis' feet so he would get up. "We can't be lazy all day."

The rest of the day for Liam, Louis and Harry were lazy.

Harry had fun exploring Liam and Niall's closets to pick out an outfit for tomorrow morning. Harry packed them for Liam in a separate bag.

Liam packed the overnight bag when Louis and Harry were taking a shower in the master suite.

Liam also packed clothes for the rehearsals and some of Loki's toys. He added extra joggers just in case anything happened when Niall got back from his match. He just wanted to be prepared though they were all feeling pretty lazy and blissful.

Later on, when Niall got back from Liverpool, he talked about what a great time he had and how he got to play on the field before anyone else was let in. He also talked about meeting some of the players which had made Louis feel slightly jealous.

Nothing sexual happened for the rest of the day outside of a few kisses here and there between them all.

They then went to bed in Louis and Harry's room early that night, they felt exhausted from having played last night and this morning as well.
Niall and Louis were in the middle while Liam and Harry were beside them.

Monday -

The next morning Liam and Niall could hear one another waking up with an annoyed groan. They could hear kisses being planted on the other as well as a few giggles.

Finally, as they began to truly waken up they realized they were being kissed awake by Louis and Harry.

"Come on you two. Today's the day!" Harry chirped.

"Mm, five more minutes?" Niall asked and rolled off of Louis to snuggle into Liam's arms.

"Come on. We're on a tight schedule. You two get married which means the four of us are late to rehearsals and we just have to blame traffic or some shit like that." Louis said sitting up. He gently patted Niall's bum. "Up, you get lad."

"Come on sweetheart. I know you're tired but we'll make Louis drive and sleep on the way to rehearsal." Liam whispered.

"Mmkay. That sounds fair." Niall grinned and sat up. He leaned up and kissed Liam's lips. "I can't believe today is the day I get to become your husband. Like legally... I thought I was going to have to wait until July. But shit. It's all happening this morning."

"Which is why you need your cute little Irish ass out of bed," Harry said and lifted Niall easily into his arms then moved him to stand up.

"Okay, I get it," Niall said and yawned.

"Good. Now, go shower separate from Liam or we'll never be on time." Louis ordered.

"Breakfast will be ready for you when you're done," Harry added.

"Thanks, mum." Niall smiled brightly as Harry then went off to shower.

Harry just shook his head and went to finish breakfast.

"If he's mum does that make you daddy?" Liam teased Louis.

"I suppose," Louis smirked with a slight shrug.

Liam climbed out of the bed and kissed Louis softly. "Good morning, daddy." He winked.

"Don't start...we don't have time." Louis pouted. "And you still need to take a shower as well. There's one down the hall."

"I'm going." Liam laughed and left the room.

Louis then finished dressing. He made the bed and went into the kitchen with Harry. "Good morning beautiful." He smiled and kissed him from behind. "I know I said it already but I'm in a good mood so I'm saying it again."

"Mmm, did you get morning kisses from Liam?" Harry asked.

"I did and I would like some more from you." Louis smiled then noticed Loki begging for food.
"No, Loki. Your daddies said you can only eat your food, not our food."

Loki's response was to just lay down and watch Louis and Harry.

Harry stopped what he was doing and gave Louis a kiss. "Now, breakfast is just about done and I need you to set the table." He smiled.

"Such a boss when it comes to the kitchen... And the bedroom." Louis playfully shook his head and went to get the plates and forks.

"When you're the chef, you become the boss." Harry smiled.

Louis smiled and shook his head. He could already feel the chemistry between he and Harry returning a bit. He deeply loved it and had Liam and Niall to thank.

After he finished setting the table, he moved to their large sofa where Loki jumped up with his rope toy in his mouth. It was his most beloved toy.

"Hey, buddy." Louis grinned. "Wanna play tug 'o war?" He said and took the end of the rope and playfully tugged at it as Loki pulled on it the opposite way.

Louis had really enjoyed being around Loki these past couple of days. He could see why Niall and Liam loved him so much and why they were such dog people.

"Having fun?" Harry asked Louis. He carried the meal to the table and put the food in the middle.

"Loki's having fun." Niall smiled walking into the room. "You look good with a puppy."

"I'm having lots of fun." Louis grinned as he got the rope away from Loki then threw it across the room. Loki jumped off the sofa and chased after it.

"I like puppies. They're cute." Louis smiled at Niall. "Loki's adorable though and a very good boy."

Liam walked into the room next and kissed Niall's cheek, "We're so close now baby."

"So sappy and yet I love it." Harry cooed. "We need to eat though so let's go. You too Louis William Tomlinson."

"Can't I skip breakfast and play with Loki?" Louis pouted as Loki brought the toy back and he threw it again.

"Sit your arse in this chair, Louis. Don't make me say it again." Harry warned.

Louis laughed then playfully sighed and kissed Loki's head. "We'll play more after I come home from work and before your daddies pick you up. You get a giant house to play in today." He told the dog and rubbed his head.

"You're so in love with Loki already." Liam smiled as he took Niall's hand and they sat down.

"Tommo needs a puppy in his life," Niall suggested sitting down.

"That is a great idea!" Harry chimed in.

"Hold on. Harold, we leave all the time and stay gone for months. How do you think we'd be able to keep a dog?" Louis quickly argued.
"Liam's done it for a long time now!" He argued.

"Yeah, about a year or two...Loki has a number of people he stays with. He has Andy, he has my parents and my sisters as well. Andy usually gets him the first few days we're on tour then he goes to Wolverhampton usually on a weekend and then just stays with them. He has Brit, my parents Golden Retriever and they're the best of friends. She's good for him while we're on tour." He explained and began to eat his scrambled eggs.

"Andy is his Godfather," Niall told them. "So he always gets first dibs. You guys both have siblings and parents though. Someone would watch a dog for you."

"Well, that and Andy lives in London so it's honestly just easier to give Loki to Andy first," Niall added.

"Mum might not want to have a puppy on top of having two new little ones but it could teach the others about responsibility. Oh! But Gemma lives alone right? Could she watch a puppy for a few months?" Louis asked.

"It's honestly better to adopt than to go out and buy one," Liam said. "I adopted Loki from a local shelter."

"You know who would be perfect? Your dad. He lives alone and old gay men with dogs are seen as very stable and attractive." Harry suggested.

"Gay?" Niall asked almost choking on his toast.

"Mark's gay?" Liam's eyes went wide. "I had no idea...Uhm, that's really cool. Interesting now how the son can teach his father." He smiled.

"He isn't gay Harry." Louis facepalmed. "He's Bi; actually bi-curious might be the better term. He's kissed a man and the other day had his first real date with a man."


"And we remember hearing all about it." Louis laughed.

"I think it went...You told me, and Liam told Louis. That's often how things went back then, then we just talked about it afterwards." Harry smiled. "But now look at you two! You're getting married!" He grinned now. "I can't wait."

"I think you're more excited than we are." Liam laughed.

"Probably." Louis smiled and shook his head.

"Oh, Louis! Imagine if your dad finds a man to marry! As much as he needed me for his outfit and you for the sex talk we'll be planning his wedding probably. How fun would that be?" Harry was simply trying his best to find joy in things that weren't his wanting a baby or to be married.

Louis had a lot of things he wanted to say running through his mind but he took a deep breath and held back. "Mmm, that would be fun." He nodded. "You're the perfect wedding planner after all." He smiled.

"It's true and I could still use your help. You might be a tad overwhelming sometimes with all the information you say at once but you're the expert." Niall smiled and leaned over to kiss Harry's
"Oh, that reminds me...I gave Louis a morning kiss." Liam said.

"You two enjoy kisses mm?" Harry asked. "I sort of find it rather cute."

"They were cuddling in bed yesterday morning and it was adorable." Niall smiled.

"Do we really have to tell about each basic kiss? I like to give little kisses randomly all the time. What if I do and forget to tell?" Louis asked.

There was a brief silence as everyone thought it over.

"He has a point..." Liam spoke. "We've kissing each other a lot. I find it rather annoying to always say that I kissed Louis or Harry if Niall wasn't in the room to witness it. I think we're comfortable enough with each other now to not have to tell the other that we kissed." He explained.

"I would be more comfortable if we still told about snogging. It's a bit more than just a kiss but still a kiss. Anything more than snogging shouldn't be happening without everyone for now." Harry spoke up with how he felt.

"I liked the idea of us being open with each other about the kisses because then it didn't feel like cheating because it's all consensual," Niall said. "But if it's like... little kisses here and there or like your morning kisses with Louis, if it's not beyond a little kiss, I don't see why not? But we all need to be in agreement. I'm fine either way."

"If it's like full-on snogging then yeah, but what if it's just a simple little kiss. Like Liam and I have been giving each other morning kisses now. Just one or two small kisses...Do you want to be told about them?" Louis asked looking over at Harry.

"The little kisses you two have been sharing is fine. I'm saying snogging and really passionate kisses. You know what I'm talking about. We all know." Harry rolled his eyes. "You know when your partner needs to know about the kiss or not."

"So then it's agreed?" Louis asked to be sure.

"Yes," Liam said. "I agree, Niall already said he's fine and Harry brought up so I'm sure he's fine. It's fine." He smiled at Louis.

"Sweet." Louis smiled.

"Are you two sure you're okay with Loki spending the day here?" Niall asked. "I promise we'll come straight from rehearsals to get him."

"Take your time," Louis said. "You know since tonight is like your first night as husbands...Why not let us dog sit? And you can pick him up tomorrow" He suggested.

"That'd be great." Niall smiled. "Thank you, guys."

"Yeah, we'll just get him in the morning then." Liam agreed. "Just remember not to give him people food. Niall doesn't like it when I do that."

"Because it's not good for him. And it'll make him fat." Niall explained.

"We'll take good care of him. You two just make sure to enjoy your first night as husbands." Harry smiled. "Speaking of which...hurry up and finish because we need to leave soon."
Liam glanced at the time and then quickly began to eat faster. No way he was missing out on Harry's cooking.

Niall quickly finished up and collected some of the plates that were empty to place them in the kitchen.

"Oh, thank you." Harry grinned coming up behind Niall.

Niall quickly turned and smiled at him. "We're the guests this time so of course I don't mind cleaning up a little."

Harry leaned in and gave Niall's lips a sweet kiss. "Well, thank you anyway. Now go collect your bag so you don't forget it for rehearsal."

Niall smiled and walked off to get the bag.

"Louis, I'm about to be a married man in less than two hours," Liam told Louis as he stood from getting his shoes on. "I can't even find the words to tell you how wonderful it feels to know that the I love more than anything is about to be my husband."

Louis smiled and walked over to Liam. "I can't believe after today we're going to be sleeping with a married couple." He teased and picked Loki up. "Your daddies are getting married today." He kissed the dogs head. "And you get to spend the night with us. Maybe...once Uncle Harry is asleep you can sneak into the bed and sleep with us."

"Don't get too attached Lou," Liam warned. "He does have to come home."

"You should consider getting a puppy," Niall said joining them at the door while they waited on Harry.

"Better idea, get Harry a puppy. Guys buy their girls dogs when they get baby fever. It could help you." Liam suggested and kissed Niall's cheek. "Call it a promise puppy."

"I know he has to go home tomorrow but still, we can visit and hang out anytime. Right?" Louis asked.

Niall laughed. "Of course. He loves you so we wouldn't want to keep him from his best mate forever." He teased.

"But we do need to get going. Louis put the dog down. We can't be late for the appointment at the register's office. Niall and Liam's marriage depend on it." Harry told him.

Louis gave Loki one last kiss and sat him down. Loki was then given kisses by the others before they all headed out the door.

Louis and Harry drove together while Liam and Niall took Niall’s car that he came home with from Liverpool the previous night before. Louis and Harry had driven Liam to their place after everything was packed and ready to go.

Thankfully because the register's office had just opened, it wasn't crowded. It seemed almost dead for the moment only a few people around.

The people who were there didn't seem too interested in them. It being so early also allowed them
to pay their fee and get back into a wedding room, as they were called, quickly.

The clerk then had Louis and Harry wait outside while he talked to Liam and Niall to make sure they were both of sound mind and were genuine in their actions. He also checked their IDs to make sure they were who they said they were.

After that, he allowed Louis and Harry inside.

"Will you two be saying your own vows or just reciting the pre-written ones?" The clerk asked Niall and Liam.

"Pre-Written," Niall replied.

The man nodded as he took a sheet off the desk and handed it to them. "These are your choices, look them over and let me know when you've decided." He told them. "You can choose to have both or just the legal words."

Liam took the sheet as he and Niall read over them.

"I like the traditional." Niall smiled. He liked it because it mentioned the witnesses and none of the others did.

"Me too." Liam agreed.

"Me three." Harry grinned reading over their shoulder.

"Harold," Louis said shaking his head with a smile.

"Not my decision I know. I'm just agreeing." Harry explained.

"We know." Niall smiled.

"We need the marriage contract words and the legal words now…" Liam said as they looked it over, after a few minutes they each decided on which ones they liked best.

Liam walked over to the man and handed him the sheet of paper. "We like the traditional one under the contracting words." He said and then explained the marriage contract ones they chose and the legal words that they chose.

"I'll let the officiant know. He'll be in soon. I suggest reading over your chosen vows and marriage contract few times so they flow smoother." The clerk nodded and left the room.

"Should Harry or I video this for you lads? You may want the legal ceremony on video later in life." Louis asked.

"We could honestly just prop up one of your phones on a chair," Harry suggested pointing to the wooden chairs in the room.

"It might be nice to have for later though." Liam agreed and handed Harry his phone. "We can combine the two videos."

Harry grinned and unlocked the phone using Liam's passcode. He propped the phone up and pressed record. "It's recording now. Just so we don't miss a thing."

Niall smiled and sighed contently. "I can't believe this is happening right now."
"I can't believe you two found a way to fuck over management." Louis shook his head. "But also congrats on finally getting married."

"Yeah, just remember, no one else besides the four of us are to know it's actually legal. We're just going to pretend that we're getting legal in July...for now at least." Liam reminded.

"Our lips are sealed." Harry smiled.

As the register walked in the lads turned their attention to him. "Alright, I need the grooms here and the witnesses on either side of them." He said pointing to the floor in front of him. "Face each other and join hands."

Niall and Liam did as they were told. Louis stood by Liam and Harry was next to Niall.

Harry beamed brightly as he watched but a tiny part of him was wishing it were he and Louis instead.

"Do you have rings? It’s not required but most people usually bring something." The register asked Niall and Liam.

"Oh, his ring just gets turned a different way, it’s one of those Claddagh rings. Irish thing." Liam explained. He then noticed Niall's face.

Niall felt mortified. "I didn't... I forgot... Christ." He looked so upset. “Your ring isn’t ready yet and with the weekend stuff.” He bit his lip as his eyes went glossy.

"Here, shh." Harry was able to quickly think as he turned to Niall. He pulled off the promise ring Louis had given him and smiled at Niall. "Use this. You can replace it later."

"Harry are you sure? Louis?" Niall looked between them. He knew what that ring was.

"I'd be honoured and we trust Liam to take care of it. Please go ahead." Louis assured.

Niall smiled and relaxed a little. Liam's ring was only recently ordered and it was being custom made so it would take a little longer.

"Repeat after me...I declare that I know of no legal reason why I Liam James Payne may not be joined in marriage to Niall James Horan." The register said to Liam.

Liam smiled more and took a deep breath. "I declare that I know of no legal reason why I Liam James Payne may not be joined in marriage to Niall James Horan."

"You may now change his ring." The register said to Liam.

Liam took Niall's hand and changed the ring to how it was supposed to look for when a person wearing it is married.

The rings were then exchanged, Niall's hands shook a bit as he slipped the ring onto Liam's finger but he was so excited.

“Now for the marriage contract, repeat what you chose off the sheet.” The register told them.

Liam looked at the sheet of paper again and nodded. He then began to repeat the one he chose. “I give you this ring as a symbol of my love and affection, wear it with happiness and pride – now
Niall did his best to blink away tears as he looked down at the paper and read off the one he chose. “I give you this ring as a sign of our marriage, and as a token of my love. I promise to care for you, to respect and cherish you, throughout our lives together.”

"Now for the contracting words..." The register said. “I call upon these persons, here present, to witness that I Liam James Payne do take thee Niall James Horan to be my lawful wedded husband."

Liam repeated the words then it was Niall’s turn to repeat the words.

"I now pronounce you husband and husband. You may kiss." The register smiled and took a step back.

Liam moved forward and wrapped his arms tightly around Niall, lifting him off the ground. "I fucking love you, so fucking much." He whispered with a giant smile and happy tears in his eyes. He then planted his lips on Niall’s and kept them there for some time; living only in the moment, never wanting it to end. Niall wrapped his legs around Liam’s waist and deepened the kiss a bit.

“I love you too, so much,” Niall mumbled against Liam’s lips. “I can’t believe we fucking did it.” He sniffed a little. “We’re finally fucking married. This feels like a dream.”

“It does, but it isn’t.” Liam smiled. “We did it.” He kissed around Niall’s face.

“I am sorry to interrupt but there is the matter of the marriage certificate that needs to be signed. We’re not allowed to photocopy them so there are two certificates here. One I will file, and then the other one is one that you keep for yourselves. It does need to be filled out again though.” He explained. “If you need replacement copy or more than one copy then you may request to more or you can save time and money and copy them yourselves.”

Liam and Niall nodded as Liam sat Niall down on the ground.

"Alright, so you need to sign here, Niall and Liam, you sign here." The register said.

"I’d like to change my last name. How do I do that?” Niall asked as Liam signed the paper.

“Considering the fact that you’re an Irish citizen, you need to apply through a deed poll. From what I hear, it’s pretty fast, just a few days after you apply.” The register replied. “You can start writing it but it won’t be legal until the deed goes through.”

Niall nodded. “Does that mean I can sign it as Payne and not Horan?” He asked.

“I’m afraid not.” The man shook his head.

Niall nodded and signed the paper.

“How would I let work know that I want to keep my maiden name for work stuff?” Niall asked.

“You should ask them but I believe all you have to do is notify your employer in writing that you wish to retain your maiden name at work, and notify them of the change in your bank account details.” The man replied.

"Next, I need the witnesses to sign. Niall's sign under his name and Liam's would sign under his name. Right where it says, witness." The register explained.
Harry and Louis signed their names and hugged their mates.

"So is that it? It's legal now, officially?" Niall asked.

“Yes, I will file it right away and then it’s all official. Congratulations.” He said and left.

“Holy...I can’t believe you two are now official. Fucking nuts.” Louis grinned.

“I imagine there’ll be a special celebration tonight between the two of you.” Harry smiled.

“We’ll send you something, don’t worry,” Niall smirked and winked.

"Mr. and Mr. Payne." Liam grinned. "I can't wait for July when we can publicly declare the wedding."

"It will come sooner than you think. Let's get going though. We're going to be late for a change instead of Zayn." Louis told them.

"You'll have two anniversaries now," Harry said. "Marriage of when it's legal and then later in Ireland." He grinned as they walked out of the room. The place had become busier and so they did their best to walk quickly and headed out to the carpark.

"I'll ride with the newlyweds," Louis said to Harry. "Hopefully, they can keep their hands off of each other." He said playfully.

Niall and Liam just giggled as they got into the car.

“I love you,” Harry told Louis then took one quick glance around and gave his cheek a quick kiss before heading to his car.

The ride to their rehearsal space was filled with Niall and Liam saying how excited they were. Liam kept calling Niall 'Mr. Payne' and 'my husband' the entire ride. Louis didn't mind a bit but it did make him wonder what Harry would be like when they finally tied the knot.

The four of them ended up arriving at the same time, which management would hate but it was better than the four of them riding together since that would mean Louis and Harry were together.

Liam parked and leaned over to kiss Niall. "I believe we have arrived, Mr. Payne."

Louis playfully rolled his eyes. "Alright, we have to get inside, we're late enough as it is." He said with a smile then hopped out of the car. He grabbed his bag with his change of clothes then grabbed Niall and Liam's shared bag. He didn't mind being helpful.

Liam took the key out of the ignition and got out of the car.

When Niall got out, he walked around the other side to take Liam's hand and they both gave fans a quick wave before heading inside with Louis.

"You're going to give all the fans a heart attack when they notice Liam's ring," Louis whispered and laughed as they made their way up the stairs.

"It's Harry's." Liam shrugged. "Probably should hide it until after the meeting though. I want us to walk in with the secret upper hand. After they know then I won't take it off until Niall gets me a more permanent one."
"I'd agree. Probably best to let Harry wear it while you're not though. It's an important ring." Louis told him.

"I'll get a new temporary ring this week," Niall said. "But also while on the subject of not wanting management to have the upper hand, I should probably change the way I'm currently wearing my ring. We weren't close enough I don't think for them to notice I was wearing it differently." He said as he pulled it off and changed it so it showed he was engaged.

Liam pulled the ring off and handed it to Louis. "Here." He said as Paddy opened the door for them. "Give it back to Harry, we just needed it in the moment. I'm sure he feels lost without it." He offered.

"I'm not sure our team of idiots know about the different ways it worn." Louis tried to tell Niall. "After the meeting, you won't have to worry if you don't want to though."

Now inside, Liam saw Zayn sitting on the floor off in the corner. He looked completely spaced out and rather upset. It was very reminiscent of when they had been in the van going to the hospital right after being found.

"Fuck. That's really not good." Liam sighed spotting him right away. "I've really fucked up."

"Eh, better safe than sorry." Niall shrugged and glanced in Liam's direction. "Oh yeah...That." He frowned. "I had actually gotten so caught up with today that I hadn't given it much more thought. I'll try and talk to him though."

"Before anyone is talking to anyone..." Paul said coming up to the three of them as Harry now approached the group. "Where the hell have you four been? I've been calling, texting, emailing...You're never this late! I was worried sick that you could've been taken any again. Basil, Paddy, Alberto and Dale were worried as well, who knows what could've happened. If you were going to be late, you could've at least sent a text." He told them in a way that made them feel like their father was telling them off for being out too late.

"I promise we have a great explanation but we can't tell you yet. I, we are sorry though." Liam frowned.

"Sorry, Paul. Thank God you're back though. We don't function right without you." Niall hugged him.

"Yeah, we're really sorry." Louis nodded. "We had to be with them for this thing, you'll find out soon and then you'll understand." He smiled.

Paul hugged Niall back. "Just thank God you four are safe." He nodded. "I'm sure you'll want to talk to spaced out Zayn over there but I'm afraid it's going to have to wait until your first break." He explained. "We're already really behind."

Niall sighed. He really really wanted to talk to him. Despite being thrilled he was now married he was still worried about Zayn and James.

"Can we have a break really soon then?" Liam asked. He could feel how upset Niall was quickly getting.

Paul sighed. "I would love to give you what you want but your choreographer is already angry enough that the four of you were late." He was quiet for a moment then said. "Unless Niall fakes a knee thing." He smiled a little. "Give it about a half hour then say you need a break to take something for your knee." He suggested.
"See, my little consequence is coming in handy." Louis boastfully smiled.

Harry nudged Louis as a silent way to tell him to shut up. "Come on Z. Let's get going." He then called out.

Zayn never made a verbal response. He didn't even make eye contact. He just stood and went to his place.

"Someone please try to snap him out of it." Paul sighed deeply and then walked off to his own place.

Niall desperately wanted to talk to him but they had to work instead. He knew they were over an hour late which set things really behind. He frowned but then went and got into his place.

They rehearsed their movements for who goes where on stage and rehearsed their speeches. It was about a half hour later when Niall complained and said he needed a break for his knee.

"You not wearing your brace again?" The choreographer sighed.

"No, I am but sometimes it still aches and hurts despite wearing it." Niall frowned. "I just need like ten minutes, just enough time to take something and rest for a few minutes."

The man nodded. "Alright, ten minutes is. Take care of that knee, and remember to take something before you go on stage, you can't spend the entire concert sitting down."

"I'll remember. Thank you." Niall smiled and reached out for Liam so he could fake it better.

Liam helped him hobble over to a chair and put his leg up. "I'll get you one something for your knee." He offered in order to play his part. He then leaned down and kissed Niall's lips and smiled. "Rest, my love. I'll be back shortly with something for it."

"Hey, Zayn?" Niall asked. "I need help and Liam's getting a painkiller for me. Can you please come help me?" He faked needing something so he could get Zayn's attention.

Zayn hadn't spoken a word to anyone where he didn't absolutely have to. He felt a bit like he was dying inside. He'd been promised James would have someplace to go by tomorrow. He couldn't stop thinking about it. It felt like he was giving his entire world away. He hadn't slept and had barely eaten. Everyone else seemed to think it was perfect though.

Zayn wanted to stay locked inside of his head. He wanted to stay in his own world. He wouldn't ignore Niall needing help though. He didn't want him to get hurt.

"How can I help?" He barely mumbled but didn't make eye contact.

"We need to talk," Niall said.

“No,” Zayn said and began to walk away.

“Wait…” Niall said. “Just hear me out. Please?” He then moved his leg.

Zayn rolled his eyes and sat down. He didn't say anything though.

"I know what Liam said to you. I know he's sorry. I know he didn't mean it." Niall tried to explain. "Look, he's a lot like you in the sense of you both just react within the moment and explode. You then calm down and have regrets. You are a great father to James. You made a mistake, so what? It didn't hurt him. He's fine. All parents make mistakes. No one is perfect and no one is asking you to
be. Please, we're all here to help you, even Liam. You're not alone in this."

End Notes

Tags will be added as story progresses. Anything goes really. So anything can happen. We hope you love it.

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