Look What You've Done To Me

by flyinghome21

Summary

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A growl ripped its way from Harry’s throat and directly into Louis’ ear. “You,” he said with his lips against the shell of Louis’ ear, “have been naughty. And you’re not even sorry.”

“Yeah?” Louis pushed his bum against Harry’s dick again and then once more for good measure. “And what?”

“And you need to be punished."

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Or, the one where Harry finds an old nude of Louis' on a porn site, gets jealous and much smut and kink (and fluff!!) ensues.

Notes

Wow okay so, I can't believe I'm doing this again. This is the one that's going to expose me. Thank you to my group chats, all of them, y'all are the best. Extra special thanks to my Stage
B Bitches for encouraging me (I'm looking at you, Melissa) and who put up with my smut questions, me being squidgy and insisting I couldn't do it and all of it haha.

Also, I would love to apologize to Louis' bum. Sorry, nice bum.

Enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more notes

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Harry wasn’t a jealous person per se.

If you wanted to achieve something, you worked for it. There was no sense in coveting what other people had or envying trivial things like their possessions or the lot they were handed in life. It was all about being grateful for what you had and making the most out of your life. Harry prided himself on being very Zen; it was probably the yoga and meditation he often practiced.

“Mate, did you see this one?!”

Harry refrained from rolling his eyes at his oldest and dearest friend. He was trying to be interested but there was only so much one man could take.

“It’s nice,” he said, absent-mindedly running his finger around the rim of his half-finished Cosmo.

“You didn’t even look!”

Harry sighed deeply and met his friend’s gaze. Nick was sitting across from him in the cramped booth, bouncing up and down and shoving his phone in Harry’s face. He was logged into a well-known porn website—“classy porn, Harold!”—and had been showing Harry various nudes for the past half hour.

It wasn’t that Harry didn’t appreciate porn. He was a young man once, after all. He spent many nights (and mornings, afternoons, anytime, really) locked in his room watching all the porn he could find and wanking until his hand was sore. But he had grown up and his hormones had calmed down. And he had a wonderful boyfriend who was just as insatiable as him and way better than any porno. If anything, they watched porn together. He was much more for erotic literature now, anyway.

“This is the most popular one,” Nick rambled. “It’s an old one, probably been here more than five years now. Still, it’s dead nice. The best dick I’ve ever seen—”

Nick was still going on but Harry couldn’t hear him anymore. His entire body was frozen as his brain properly registered what he was seeing. It was a nice dick. It was perfect. It was long, thick, uncut and curved just right.

It was his boyfriend’s dick. It was Louis’ dick.

He’d recognize it anywhere. It was the same one he’d been touching and sucking and worshipping for the past three years. Three years and not once had his boyfriend mentioned that his dick was out there, on the internet, for the entire world to see. And wank over.
Harry wasn’t a jealous person. Unless it involved his boyfriend.

“I need to go.” Harry downed the rest of his Cosmo in one shot, wishing it had been something stronger. He threw a few bills onto the table. “Right now.”

Nick was startled but nodded. “Yeah, sure, okay. You good, mate?”

Harry knew his attempt at a smile was more like a grimace. “Fine. Just—something I need to do.” Harry slid out of the booth and hurriedly slipped into his coat. “Do me a favor? Screenshot that and send it to me?”

“You and Louis gonna have a couples wank then?” Nick said with a grin that made Harry want to punch him.

“Something like that.”

Harry waved goodbye to Nick over his shoulder and he headed for the door of the pub.

He needed to find Louis.

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“Ouch, fuck!”

Louis pulled the small pot from the stove and practically threw it straight into the sink. Smoke rose from it, curling upwards. He rushed to open the small window above the sink in an effort to air out the kitchen. He barely refrained from smacking his head against the counter.

How the hell does one fail at making stovetop popcorn?! He followed the instructions, he stood in front of the stove and watched it. And still it burned, so much so that most of it was inedible. This was the pancake disaster of 2016 all over again….Not that he needed to be reminded of that. He thought he was being sweet, cooking his boyfriend breakfast but no. They were lumpy and misshapen and tasted more like flour than anything. But Harry, bless his kind heart, ate them and kissed him afterwards and told him they were great.

“I wasn’t hungry anyway,” he mumbled to himself and headed for the attached living room. He threw himself onto the sofa. “Stupid popcorn.”

He was being dramatic, he knew. It wasn’t like he was incapable of cooking anything. He made a mean scrambled eggs dish and could boil water to make pasta and a few other things. He just had a problem with burning things. Harry, his most wonderful boyfriend, was the better cook of the relationship. Louis figured it was how they balanced each other out; Harry cooked and he ate, match made in Heaven if you asked him.

Louis was bored out of his mind. He usually never had trouble finding something to do. He had been an only child for a good amount of time after all (before his mother had six more kids, that is). But he was in a mood and needed attention and there was no one there to give it to him. He could watch TV but there was nothing good on and he didn’t feel like scrolling Netflix. He could have a wank but he’d rather Harry fuck him when he came home. Harry had invited him to go out with him and his friend Nick but Louis didn’t have the energy to put up with that overgrown child. He was always making comments and ogling Louis’ bum. Not that Louis minded, really, he just only had eyes for Harry.

Luckily, Louis didn’t have to wait long for Harry to come home. It was a mere fifteen minutes later when Louis was scrolling through his Twitter feed that he heard the key turn in the lock and the
door. He shut off his phone and turned towards the entrance of their shared flat.

It was the look on Harry’s face that made him sit up and shudder involuntarily. A tingle zipped through his entire body, from the top of his head to his toes. He knew that look very well. Louis didn’t know what he had done but he was on board.

But first he needed to play it cool.

“Hi love,” he said with as much nonchalance as he could. “How was your night? You and Nick have a good time?”

“Mhmm,” Harry hummed. He took his time removing his coat and his boots, his back to Louis. “Lou, do me a favor?”

“Yeah, what?”

“Check your phone.”

Louis thought it was an odd request but when his phone vibrated on his thigh he quickly punched in the password and opened his and Harry’s message thread. He waited a few seconds for the picture to load and when it finally did he nearly dropped his phone. Shock ran through his body like something hot and electric before giving way to tingles of anticipation. He knew exactly where this was going.

Louis’s face was a mask of indifference. He shut off his phone once more and threw it onto the couch. Finally, he met Harry’s gaze. He was leaning against the door, arms folded across his chest, the expression on his face completely neutral. But his eyes—they were a dark, muted green, almost mixed with black and they sparkled dangerously. He was dressed in black from head to toe which only added more to the situation. Louis was already half way to being fully hard.

“So,” he said, thankful that his voice was clear and airy. He leaned back against the sofa cushions. He full on grinned. “You found me legacy, did you?”

“Your legacy?” Harry’s voice was low and dangerous. It sent chills up and down Louis’ spine.

“Still one of the top viewed cocks, aren’t I?” Louis knew he sounded smug and it wasn’t even an act. No matter what, he wasn’t ashamed. If anything, he was proud. “Even after all of these years.”

“Louis, come here.”

Heat and butterflies collided in Louis’ stomach and settled into the familiar sensation of arousal that he craved so much. He didn’t seem to have full control of his body anymore. His feet carried him to Harry, standing in front of him with their toes touching. Harry stood to his full height which meant Louis had to tilt his head slightly to meet his eyes. He usually hated feeling small but this was completely different. He loved this.

They stood in silence for a few moments, their breathing the only sound filling the entire flat. Harry’s eyes bore into Louis’, asking the question Louis knew very well. Louis gave one small nod and it was enough. Harry took one of Louis’ delicate wrists in each of his big hands and brought them up between their chests.

Harry’s eyes met his once more. Louis nodded again.

Harry’s grip on his wrists tightened and Louis found himself being spun around and turned so that he was face first against the door. Harry had both of his wrists in one hand and pinned to the door above his head. His other hand palmed Louis’ now fully hard dick over his joggers.
“You never told me.”

“Christ, Haz,” Louis said as he squirmed against Harry’s hold. The realization that he couldn’t move made his dick twitch against Harry’s hand. “Making a big deal out of this, aren’t you? It’s one dick shot. You can’t even see my face.”

“Not. The. Point.” Harry punctuated each word with a squeeze to Louis’ dick. He could probably come from just that. But he knew it wasn’t going to be that easy.

“Seriously, babe.” Louis struggled to keep his voice unaffected but he was starting to go dizzy from the pleasure already. “You’re acting like I was a cam boy or a rent boy or summat.” He pushed his bum purposely against Harry’s crotch. “Not my fault I’m one of the most wanked over dicks in London.”

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“Yeah?” Louis pushed his bum against Harry’s dick again and then once more for good measure. “And what?”

“And you need to be punished.”

Louis’ dick twitched so hard and a drop of precome blurted from his tip. He was sure Harry felt it against his hand. Louis was fighting hard to keep his mind clear and stay sharp. It was the nature of their game, after all, for him to keep pushing and resisting until Harry finally forced him to give in.

“Do I? I don’t reckon I did anything wrong.”

Harry spun him around once more, pushing his back against the door. He held Louis hands above his head with both of his hands now.

“Don’t push me, Louis,” he growled, slotting his knee between Louis’ thighs. Harry’s face was less than an inch away from his. “You’re already in enough trouble as it is.”

“Babe,” he said with a smirk. “If I knew how much this would have affected you, I would have done full on porn.”

“Louis.”

Louis pushed on. Might as well take them over the edge properly. “How did you find it? I bet it was Nick, yeah?” The angry twitch of Harry’s mouth was confirmation enough. “Do you reckon he wanks to my picture without even knowing it? It would be fitting, wouldn’t it? He’s always looking at me bum, that one.”

Harry’s eyes were rapidly getting darker and his grip on Louis’ wrists impossibly tighter. Louis figured he had one more dig left in him before Harry would lose his mind and he himself would surrender completely.

“Maybe you should invite him round next time.” Louis fluttered his lashes before looking Harry right in the eyes. “He could see it in person, have a good wank. Think he’d like that?”

Harry growled and grabbed Louis’ chin roughly with one hand, not allowing him to break eye contact.

“You really need to learn when to shut your mouth, Louis,” he said shakily. “Now, you’re going to
do what I say. You’re going to go into the bedroom. You’re going to get the lotion, a condom, the lube and my blue silk scarf and put them on the bedside table. And then you’re going to sit on the edge of the bed and wait for me like a good boy. Do you understand?”

Louis found himself frantically nodding. He wanted it and Harry knew that he did. He was reaching his breaking point pretty quickly.

“Louis, I need you to say the words.”

“Y-yes, yes, okay,” Louis stuttered, tripping over his words in an effort to get them out.

“Good. Now, go.”

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As soon as Louis disappeared into their shared bedroom, Harry slumped against the door and let out a huge breath.

That had been intense. He had almost forgotten what it was like when he and Louis played like this. It was something they discovered early on in their relationship, they both found it easy to fall into their roles. It gave them something they both felt they were missing; it satisfied a deep need neither of them realized they had. Harry was sure the amount of trust it took to engage in this, especially on Louis’ part, made their relationship stronger in the end.

Louis would need a few minutes to do what Harry had asked of him and would probably need a few more to prepare mentally. Harry needed that too if he was being honest with himself. He loved being in this role, there was no doubt about it, and he loved doing this for Louis. It still took him some time to get there. This time he had that picture—that picture—to drive him over the edge.

Harry palmed his dick which was straining against the zipper of his skinny jeans and took a few deep, steadying breaths. He unbuttoned his shirt completely as he made his way to the bedroom but decided to leave it on. He reminded himself to keep his face neutral and his voice even. He never did anything half-assed.

He saw Louis before Louis saw him. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, his bare feet flat on the floor. He was tapping his fingertips on his thighs and he had his bottom lip trapped between his teeth. He was dressed comfortably in joggers and a worn jumper and his hair was a mess but he was still the most beautiful man Harry had ever laid eyes on.

Harry wanted to go over to him and take him in his arms and kiss him senseless. But no. It wasn’t about that right now. They were in the middle of something and Harry had a part to play. He walked the rest of the way slowly and deliberately, stopping in front of one of the matching arm chairs a few feet from the bed. Harry looked over to the bedside table and saw that Louis had dutifully done what he was told. Good.

Louis looked up just then.

The silence was heavy but the air between them was thick with tension and almost crackled with energy. Harry could tell Louis was weighing his options on whether to speak or not. In the end, he stayed quiet with a resigned expression. He was waiting for Harry to make his move.

Harry sat in the plush arm chair and leaned back into it. He pulled a pack of cigarettes from his back pocket and took one out. He lit it, inhaled and slowly blew the smoke out, all the while keeping his eyes on Louis.
“Stand up, Louis.”

Louis obeyed silently. He nervously switched his weight from one foot to the other while waiting for more. Harry took his time taking a drag and blowing out the smoke slowly.

“Now, strip.” As Louis moved to hurriedly remove his jumper, Harry added, “slowly.”

Louis gripped his jumper from the back collar and slowly pulled it off, revealing his beautiful caramel skin and tattoos that Harry adored. It was a favorite pastime of his to trace each letter of Louis’ “It Is What It Is” tattoo with this tongue. Maybe later. Next were the joggers which joined the jumper in a pile at Louis’ feet. Louis was left in just his tight black pants. His bulge was obscene.

“Everything, Louis.”

Louis pushed his pants down his body in one quick move and then kicked them to the side. He stood with his arms around his middle, looking a bit uncomfortable and exposed. After all, Harry was still fully dressed, minus his shirt being open and show off his chest. Louis’ dick was red and leaking and he was trembling ever so slightly.

“Come here.”

Louis scrambled to obey and nearly ran to stand in front of Harry. *God,* Harry thought to himself as he stared at the boy above him, *I love him so much.* Harry placed the cigarette between his lips and grabbed Louis’ hips with both hands. He guided him forward until he was straddling his thighs. Louis automatically held onto Harry’s shoulders.

Harry took a deep drag of the cigarette and held the smoke in his mouth. He grabbed Louis by the back of the neck and pulled him forward. Louis knewing parted his lips against Harry’s as he slowly released the smoke into Louis’ mouth. Louis inhaled deeply before breathing out the smoke into the air above their heads. Harry repeated the process twice more before reaching behind himself to stub out the cigarette in the glass ash tray on the dresser. This was the only time their lips had touched so far and it needed to stay that way. No kissing; not until after they were done. This was something to soften Louis up and relax him a little bit before they went on. Harry was stroking Louis’ hair and Louis’ eyes fell closed. He was unconsciously grinding his dick against Harry’s and Harry squeezed his hip to still him.

“Louis?”

“Y-yeah?” practically purred. He loved having his hair played with.

“You know you aren’t getting out of this, don’t you?” Harry said and tightened his grip on Louis’ hair. Louis’ eyes flew open. “You know you’re still getting punished, don’t you? It doesn’t matter that you’re being sweet now.”

“Haz!”

“Don’t whine,” Harry warned, giving his hair a tug. “And don’t pout. You’re only going to make it worse for yourself. You know how this works.”

Louis hung his head. “I know.”

“Good.” Harry took a deep breath. “Before we start, I need you to tell me if you’re okay with this.”

“I’m fine,” Louis said, looking back up at him.
“Are you sure?”

“Yes, yes, I’m okay, I promise.”

Harry nodded. “And, you know you can use your word if it gets too much. Okay?”

“Okay. I know.”

“Good.”

A beat of silence passed between them. Louis’ breath was rising and falling rapidly. Harry placed both hands on the arms of the chair and nodded towards Louis.

“Go on.”

Louis reluctantly maneuvered himself until was laying across Harry’s lap, face down. Harry ran his hand gently over Louis’ bum, relishing in the way that Louis shivered and then relaxed against him. Louis had the most beautiful arse Harry had ever seen and he had spent many hours of his life worshipping it.

“How many do you think, Louis?” Harry asked, still running his hand over the lovely skin that was a shade whiter than the rest of his body.

“I—” Louis began but thought better of it. It wouldn’t serve him well to go against Harry at this point. Though he definitely had before. Tonight wasn’t one of those times. Finally he mumbled in a small voice, “whatever you think.”

“Good, thank you,” Harry replied. He contemplated for a few moments. “I’ve decided to go easy on you this time.” He felt Louis’ sigh of relief. “I’m only going to give you ten. You’re going to count them out loud. If you miss one, I’m starting at the beginning again. Understand?”

“Y-y-es, Harry.”

“I’m going to start now, love. Okay?”

“Y-yes, o-kay.”

Harry steadied himself and then brought his hand down on Louis’ left cheek, hard. Louis cried out and jumped in his lap, already squirming to try and get away. Harry placed one hand on his neck to steady him.

“O—one,” Louis stuttered, his voice betraying how far gone he was already.

Harry brought his hand down again on the right cheek this time and it took Louis a few seconds to brokenly whisper, “two.”

It went on quickly from there, Harry bringing his hand down on a different spot every time and Louis crying out loudly followed by the number in a shaky voice. Louis stopped making noise all together by eight and when Harry brought his hand down for the last time, Louis was openly crying.

“We’re done, baby,” Harry said soothingly. Louis’ bum was an angry red color and was hot to the touch. Ten had been nothing in comparison to previous times but Harry knew it still had to hurt.

“Shh, it’s okay, we’re done now.”

Harry gently helped Louis get off of his lap and stood up with him. He immediately gathered Louis into his arms and held him tightly, stroking his hair and kissing the top of his head.
“You did so good, baby,” he said. “You were so good for me.”

“Always—” Louis sniffled into his shirt. “Always am.”

“Yes, you are.” Harry ran his hands up and down Louis’ back. “I’m going to make you feel good now. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“Get on the bed,” Harry said softly, pulling away slightly to look at Louis’ face. It was still wet with tears. “All fours. I’m not done with that arse yet.”

Louis smirked at that and silently made his way over to the bed. The way he crawled onto the bed and wiggled his bum at Harry was totally on purpose and Harry’s dick twitched hard in his jeans. He needed Louis now.

Harry rid himself of his clothes quickly, leaving them wherever they fell. He generally wasn’t the messy type—that was Louis—but he didn’t care in this particular moment. He needed to get his hands, his mouth, his everything on Louis as fast as possible. He walked over to the side of the bed and grabbed the silk scarf from the bedside table. It was one of his favorites. Louis had bought it for them to use on his birthday.

Louis was on the middle of the bed on his hands and knees, head hanging between his shoulders and red arse swaying slightly from side to side. Harry leaned on one knee on the bed. Louis looked over at him. His eyes widened when he saw the scarf hanging from Harry’s hand.

“We don’t have to if—”

“Yes,” Louis said abruptly, cutting him off. His voice was high and raspy. “Want it.”

“Oh fuck, Harry!”

Harry switched to the other nipple and licked and sucked until Louis was keening above him. He pulled off with a wet sound. “Want to eat you out. Want you to ride my face.”

Harry grabbed Louis by the hips and pulled him forward until Louis was straddling his head. Louis’ bum was inches from his face and his mouth was watering with the need to taste him. So he wasted
no time in licking right over his hole. Louis jumped above him and a whimper escaped his lips. Harry smiled and pulled Louis down by the hips until he was fully seated on his face. He pointed his tongue and pushed it past Louis’ rim. Louis moaned loudly this time and began to ride Harry’s face upon the urging of Harry’s hands on his hips.

Harry reached out blindly with one hand towards the bedside table and grabbed for the lube and condom. He dropped the condom on the bed and made quick work of uncapping the lube and pouring some onto his fingers as his tongue relentlessly worked in and out of Louis. A second later, a finger joined his tongue and Louis screamed.

“Haz—fuck. Please, please, fuck!”

Louis was moaning wantonly above him, steadily moving his hips in a desperate attempt to find relief in any way. Harry’s own dick was throbbing against his thigh, begging for release. He needed to fuck Louis and soon.

Harry added a second finger and moved down to take one of Louis’ balls in his mouth. Louis ground down against his fingers as Harry moved to mouth over the other ball. By the time Harry added in a third finger, Louis was whining and moaning and near tears.

“Please, Harry, please, I’m ready. Fuck me. Fuck me!”

Harry removed his fingers and replaced them with his tongue once more, fucking it into Louis for a few more seconds just to make him scream as loud as he could. And then he was guiding Louis by the hips to straddle his waist again. Harry made quick work of ripping the condom open and rolling it down his previously neglected dick and coating it in a generous amount of lube.

“Come on, love, come on. Want you to ride me.”

Harry grabbed himself and lined up with Louis’ entrance. He gripped Louis’ hips with both hands and slowly helped him sink down on his length. He had to use every ounce of strength in his body to stop himself from coming right then and there. Louis was warm and tight around him and it was the best feeling in the entire world. Louis was emitting tiny gasps from above him and pulling against his binds.

“Move, baby,” Harry panted. He knew he wasn’t going to last that long. But he needed Louis to come first.

Louis began to move, swiveling his hips with Harry’s hands guiding him. The only sounds were their loud breathing, Louis’ high-pitched moans and the steady sound of the headboard slamming against the wall with every pull on the scarf. At this rate, Louis’ wrists were going to be bruised regardless of the scarf being made of the finest silk.

Harry pushed his hips upward just as Louis ground down and Louis cried out louder than before.

“Fuck, Harry, right there, fuck!”

“You like when I do that?”

“Yes, yes!”

“And I’m the only one who makes you feel like this?” Harry asked. He purposely slowed the movements of his hips. “Only me?”

“Yes, only you, Harry. Move, please!”
Harry stayed still. “Who do you belong to, Louis? Who does your dick belong to?” Harry began to move his hips torturously slow. Louis was whining.

“You,” he panted. “I’m yours! I’m yours!”

“Yes you are, baby. I’ve got you.”

Harry guided Louis with his hands on his hips and thrusted up into him at a brutal pace. Louis’ moans were loud and broken and Harry could tell how close he was.

“Fuck, fuck, wanna come, Harry, please! Touch me.”

Harry wrapped one hand around Louis’ dick and began to pump him fast and hard. He lifted his hips and thrusted up with such force against Louis’ spot that it made Louis shout loudly and then he was coming hard between them, some of it catching Harry in the chin.

Louis slumped forward onto Harry’s chest, his hands raised slightly, still attached to the bed. Harry gently fisted Louis’ hair and raised his head so he could bring their lips together. They kissed tenderly and Harry thrusted upwards a few more times before he was shooting into the condom with a groan against Louis’ mouth. It was amazing, it was the biggest relief and it felt like coming home.

For a few moments it was quiet. Louis was completely boneless against him. Harry reached up and untied the silk scarf from the headboard and then from around Louis’ wrists. He dropped it onto the bed next to him. He kissed the reddened skin on each of Louis’ wrists and then slowly turned him to the side, gingerly pulling out of him. Louis’ whined pitifully at the sensitivity and Harry kissed him quick.

Harry removed the condom and quickly tied it and ran to the bathroom to dispose of it. He didn’t want to leave Louis too long, he wanted to be there when he finally came back to himself. He wet a flannel and wiped himself down hurriedly before filling a glass with water and making his way back to Louis.

Louis was still lying on his side looking out of it. Harry roused him enough to make him drink the entire glass of water and then began gently wiping him down. He slowly turned Louis to lie on his stomach and he reached for the lotion on the bedside table. He began to work the lotion gently onto the red skin of Louis’ bum. Louis made a small hissing noise but otherwise remained still.

It wasn’t until Harry was back in bed with Louis’ head resting on his chest that Louis began to stir. He lifted his head to look at Harry. His smile made Harry’s heart skip a beat in his chest. God, he really was in love with this beautiful boy.

“Hi.”

“Hi yourself,” Harry replied with a smile. “Are you okay?”

“Fuck, yes. Better than okay.”

Harry chuckled and pulled Louis even tighter against his chest. A few moments later, Harry felt a few drops of wetness on his shoulder. He was alarmed to find Louis’ eyes shining with tears.

“Holy shit, Louis!”

Harry turned to his side and stroked his thumb under Louis’ eyes, wiping away the tears that had fallen.
“Baby, what’s wrong?” he asked in a panicked voice. “Fuck, did I hurt you? I’m always worried I’m gonna go too far—”

“No, no,” Louis was vehemently shaking his head. “It’s not you, I—I’m sorry.”

“Why? Why are you sorry?”

“For the picture,” Louis said and more tears fell from his eyes. Harry’s heart wanted to break into a million pieces. “Louis, baby, no. Please don’t cry. And don’t apologize!”

“But—” Louis began and sniffled loudly. “I—it was probably stupid of me to do. I needed money at the time and I just did it—”

“Louis,” Harry said as he wiped away the rest of his tears. “Relax, baby, please. I’m not mad at you. I mean, does it bother me that other men have gotten off to you? Of course. But only because I love you. I could never be cross at you, not for something you did when we didn’t even know each other.”

For some reason that made Louis cry even harder and Harry didn’t know what to do. He had hardly if ever seen Louis so emotional. It was a rare occurrence and when it did happen, Harry was always at a loss. He surged forward and pressed his lips against Louis’. Soon Louis was kissing him back and was distracted enough to start calming down. When they both pulled away to catch their breath, Louis had at least stopped crying.

“Fuck,” he swore softly. “I’m sorry for crying.”

“Love, you really need to stop apologizing for everything.” Harry gently wiped under Louis’ eyes with his thumb again. “Now can you tell me what’s wrong?”

“You’re the only one who’s ever cared.”

It took a few seconds for Harry to understand but when he did, his heart threatened to explode in his chest. “You mean—”

Louis nodded. “I’ve had a few other boyfriends and one way or another they found out about the picture. And none of them gave a fuck.”

“Really?”

“Bastards,” Louis said with a shrug. “They either thought it was hot and wanted to fuck me or asked if we could do couples porn.” Harry wrinkled his nose at that and Louis nodded. “So I figured I’d never mention it again. But you’re the only one who actually cared enough to get jealous.”

“Baby,” Harry said and pulled Louis against his chest once more. Louis pressed his face into his shoulder and held onto him tightly. “Of course I care about you. And no, before you ask, I’m not mad that you didn’t tell me. That was something in your past and I get it.”

“What the hell did I ever do to deserve you?” Louis asked wetly. Harry felt him press a kiss to his shoulder.

“Whatever you did,” Harry said, tightening his arms around Louis, “I must have done three times as much to deserve you.”

Harry held onto Louis, listening to his breathing as he fell asleep curled around him. He sent up a silent prayer of thanks. God, he really did love this boy. And they were going to be together forever.
End Notes

Well? How was that? Please leave me a comment or some kudos to let me know.

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