"I'm gonna..." he mumbles, moving away to look Harry in the eye. The green-eyed man's mouth is half open, his pupils are blown and his cheeks are furiously red. The light shining on his face leaves Louis out of breath at the way he looks. "Beautiful."

Harry smiles contentedly, leaning down to press his forehead against Louis' "May I—?" He tries to ask, but Louis interrupts him with a gasp, his head moving up and down in affirmation.

He wants it, God, he wants it so much that his fingers ache from how long it took him to get it. Harry giggles, beginning to press kisses along Louis' jaw, pressing his open mouth on his skin, so slow that Louis just wants to turn around and get it on his own; his lips against Harry's.

"Just... please," Louis begs, bouncing on his tiptoes, his voice dying at the end of the sentence. He swallows when Harry's tongue licks the corner of his mouth and the next second, their lips collide. Louis' eyes closed and his hand tightens on Harry's neck, an appreciative hum coming out from his throat.
or the Famous/Non-Famous AU no one asked for

Notes

So, it is finally done. For a moment I thought that I wouldn't make it, but I really wanna thanks the mods cause they give me the time I needed to finish this and here I am.

I wanna thanks enormously to Sammie and Mary, cause they both helped me here and makes this have real sense and, in the end, I feel really happy with the results.

So, basically, the start of this fic is inspired for this video and this tweet, something so, the rest came from my head and I loved it, hope you loved as much as I do.

There are three song that helped me to find the emotion in some part of this:
Love Lies - Khalid ft Normani
Pillow - Bebe Rexha
Next To me - Imagine Dragons

Enjoy it.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Sorry if it's hard to catch my vibe
I need a lover to trust, tell me you're on my side
Are you down for the ride?
It's not easy for someone to catch my eye
But I've been waitin' for you for my whole damn life
For my whole lifetime

x

Louis is scrolling through his Twitter timeline, retweeting and liking as if his life depended on it, it's not something he does very often, but he hates letting tweets accumulate while he's at work and having to sift through eight hours of this shit is not in his plans for tonight. He sighs, finding the last tweet he saw before going to work hours ago. He keeps his mobile in the pocket of his apron before leaving the cubicle where he had locked himself away. Louis looks at himself in the mirror, arranging his fringe on his forehead and putting a strand of hair behind his ear, completely ignoring the bags under his eyes. He leaves the bathroom to continue his shift.

x

It's a week later, Louis just got home after his shift. He leaves his keys in a bowl and takes off his shoes, then walks to the kitchen. Louis knows that Zayn isn't there, his best friend is probably at his parents' house like he is every Friday and, right now, Louis hates him a bit for that.

He wants Zayn here, he had a shitty day at work and he wants his best friend by his side to hug him and comfort him, but instead, the fucker is at his parents' house, ha, just because they are not on the other side of the world. Presumptuous.
Louis leaves his backpack on the counter and goes to the kitchen cupboard, looking until he finds his favorite cereal and then a bowl, Louis fills it with cereal and then goes for milk from the refrigerator.

He moves into the living room once he's got a spoon, throwing himself onto the couch and picking up the remote, ready to continue the next chapter of *Peaky Blinders*, it's only a couple of episodes from the end of the third season and Louis wants to finish it before having to return to work on Monday.

Normally Louis would wait for Zayn to come back or call Liam to join him, but he doesn't have the strength or patience to handle Liam's questions, so better not.

Louis gives a quick look around—as he usually does on his bad days—, incredulous that this is really his life and where he lives. Three years ago, it wouldn’t have even crossed Louis’ mind that he would be living in this huge house, but being honest, Zayn didn't have to do much to convince him to come and live with him.

He remembers how much he had wanted to leave Doncaster, to go out to ‘explore the world’ after things in his work had been ruined; a songwriter who couldn't write songs was not very helpful, rather unprofitable and the label that had hired him hadn't thought twice about firing him when he couldn't write a song for a new artist that Louis doesn't remember the name of (Edward maybe). Louis doesn't blame them, he didn't have much motivation back then. So, even knowing how much he would miss his family if his new plan worked out, Louis started sending applications to universities to so many places in the USA that he lost count. He was young and had a future ahead of him since composing was not his thing, Louis wasn’t about to give up on life. When months later he received a letter of acceptance at Boston University, Louis collected all his savings and moved as quickly as he could, leaving practically everything behind.

Louis had found a job at a bar so he could continue paying his expenses, without having to annoy his mother for money, he didn't want her making him question his decision.

He met Zayn on his first day of work, in one way or another they got along well. Zayn was quiet and reserved, while Louis was loud and always attracting attention, it was inevitable for him, almost as much as it was inevitable that after that they became inseparable.

It was a month later when Zayn offered Louis the opportunity to move in with him to the house his parents bought him when he started college, claiming it was too big for just him. The blue-eyed man hadn't thought twice before saying yes (he honestly hated the place he was living in) and Zayn hadn't lied when he had mentioned that the house was too big for him living on his own, it was even too huge for the two of them, but they had each others company and that was fine after all. Liam arrived a short time later, but it wasn't the same, there would always be something that would only involve Zayn and Louis, something that the other man couldn't understand.

And now he's here and Zayn is not and Louis had a shitty day and calling Liam now is not exactly a good option.

Louis is in the middle of his mental diatribe when he feels his mobile vibrate in the pocket of his sweatpants. "Shit," he curses under his breath, jumping onto the couch and spraying some milk on his lap. "Fuck—" his mobile vibrates again, and several more times after that.

He leaves his bowl on the small table in front of him and takes out his mobile, immediately noticing that all notifications are from Twitter

"What—?" Louis enters the application, the notifications are more than he has ever had, but instead of reviewing that Louis goes to his messages.
The most recent is from a verified account, "HSHQ" Louis reads just before clicking on the message and reading.

*Congratulations! You won a dinner with Harry Styles. Please contact us for more information.*

Louis reads the message once, twice and three times, a small-incredulous laugh escaping from his lips at the end.

What is even this? A dinner with whom?

Louis is more fun than he should be, he's not even sure how this happened or at what time he entered a contest, but the truth is that he doesn't care a bit.

*no... thanks?*

He responds quickly, before moving to his timeline to post a tweet.

@louist91: *Who the fuck is Harry Styles.*

Louis clicks his tongue against the roof of his mouth and immediately leaves the application, then turning off the WIFI —to avoid receiving more notifications— before putting his mobile back in his pocket.

x

Louis wakes up with his head throbbing a little and fingers gently rubbing his scalp. The blue-eyed man purrs, leaning into the stroke while blinking his eyes slowly open.

"Lou, baby," Zayn says softly, his voice like silk. Louis hums, not making any effort to say a word. "You okay here? Do you want to go to bed?"

"I had a shitty day," Louis responds instead, completely ignoring his best friend's questions, however, he knows that's all Zayn really needs to know.

"Okay, baby," Zayn says, ceasing to stroke the older man's head. Louis lets out a whimper, but Zayn soon silences him by lying down next to him. They are face to face, closer than they should be, being that the couch is big enough, but Louis doesn't care, Zayn smells like cigarettes and paint, so strangely familiar and comforting.

"Hello." The youngest of the two waves quietly, returning to stroke the older man's head, while with his other hand begins to trace circles on the blue-eyed man's back. Louis appreciates it more than he would admit, so it's good that Zayn doesn't need to hear it. "How are you, Lou?"

Louis smiles a bit sad, leaning down to bury his face in the tanned man's chest, moaning at the warmth now enveloping his entire body.

He feels so needy. Louis wants someone to hug him so hard that it leaves him breathless. He misses his family and his old friends, even though everything here is fine, it's impossible not to think about how things would be if Louis hadn't lost his inspiration to write and could have continued there.

He doesn't say anything of this though, because he loves Zayn and he's happy they are friends and he knows that Zayn loves him back. So, this is enough for now.

"We should go somewhere." Zayn speaks once he understands that Louis will not. "Maybe go to the lake house."
"Yes?" The blue-eyed man asks in a whisper, his voice sounding muffled against the younger man’s chest. Hopeful.

Louis loves the house that Zayn's parents have by the lake, it's huge and it's far away from everyone and everything. It always helps Louis to clear his mind and a couple of times, he has found himself wanting to write. He hasn't done it; however, Louis doesn't feel ready to write again. He wants it to be the right moment, when his heart starts to race and his fingers ache with how much he wants it. Louis is patient though, he is doing his thing now and writing songs is not one of his priorities. Not anymore.

"Of course, love." Zayn says animatedly, sliding his right hand up and down the older man's back. "I'll tell Liam and maybe we can leave in the morning, if you want to."

"Okay." Louis says simply, but something inside him flutters in anticipation of what his weekend will be like.

*Before Louis can think about it, they are packing their things in the back of Liam's car and making their way to the lake house.*

x

Louis brings the cigarette to his lips, taking a soft puff and looking one last time at the house.

It was a good weekend. Even much better than Louis hoped it to be, and being with Zayn and Liam is always a delight. Being able to get away from the outside world is what Louis always needs when everything else becomes too much to bear.

It is rare that Louis needs such moments, it doesn't happen very often but lately it's been difficult to control it, it has been months since he last saw his family —video calls don’t count— and being on summer break doesn't do much to make it better because Louis has to work almost all week now, he feels like he's not doing anything with his life, which really doesn't make any sense. Nothing really does right now. However, it is very useful to have the guys with him, they are the closest thing he has to a family.

"Come on, Lou," Zayn calls from inside the car. Louis throws the cigarette to the ground and stomps it and then gets into the seat next to Zayn.

Liam sets off fast, the radio on with the volume low and the windows just a little open.

"Thanks guys." Louis says sincerely. "This was all I needed after the last few days being so full of shit."

Neither says anything, Louis doesn't need it either, he knows what they think.

The road back home is quiet, and Louis stays close to Zayn as much as he can. Resting his head on the younger man's shoulder, while Zayn, has has his arm around Louis shoulders.

At least after today he feels ready to face the rest of the week.

Liam leaves Zayn and Louis at the house before saying goodbye to go to his own apartment, instead of staying up as he would on any other occasion.

The two of them move quietly, hovering around each other with a familiarity of years, eating cookies in the kitchen and leaning against the other instinctively, like someone who can't help it or even notices it.
Louis says goodbye to Zayn on his way to the bedroom, when they must take different paths. Louis has the morning shift so he wants to be well rested for the day that awaits him. He lets Zayn kiss his cheek and stroke his hair to then send him on his way, giving a light pat on his lower back.

The blue-eyed man reaches his mobile from the nightstand, where he left it on Saturday morning, while he throws his back on the mattress. His muscles hurt deliciously and Louis is so tired that he could sleep two days in a row. He turns on the Wi-Fi and almost immediately the device begins to fill with Twitter notifications and suddenly Louis is wide awake.

Louis enters Twitter, with a small smile playing on his lips while waiting for the application to start. He has too many messages and many more notifications than he did the last time he checked. Louis shakes his head in disbelief as he starts to sift through his notifications, a lot of people he doesn’t know —or follow— tagging him and mentioning his username in a tweet. He presses on one of the notifications and immediately he's redirected to a tweet posted on Saturday night.

Louis smiles, without really having a reason, it's just something that comes naturally.

@Harry_Styles:  HE. The Audacity.

The blue-eyed man shakes his head, smirking. Licking the corner of his mouth —and completely ignoring the angry face in which the tweet ends— Louis closes his account, promising to himself to look for the guy in the morning to see what's the fuss cause he has rejected a dinner with someone he doesn't know or cares about.

x

Three weeks later

The music sounds much quieter than a couple of hours ago, the voices of the people mixing are dissonant as bodies move against each other on the small dance floor.

Louis contains a yawn, not for the first time the night, and looks back at his friend. Zayn is sitting at their table, with a boy at his side, their faces a few inches away and the blue-eyed man really hates that he has to interrupt the moment, however... priorities.

"I think we should go home." Louis says quietly, looking around again, no reason in specific. Louis rolls his eyes when his best friend just shakes his head 'no' in response before turning his attention to the blonde guy sitting next to him, the same one he has been flirting with since they set foot in the bar.

Louis also wants to have fun, find a guy to take him home, but he's tired. He has been working overtime in the restaurant and just because they're about to start their summer break doesn't mean that Louis doesn't have more important things to do, plus, Louis feels like his bed hasn't stopped calling for him since he left his bedroom.

"Okay, you twat." He lets out, without sounding really annoyed. The blue-eyed man is not, but he really prefers to go home instead of waiting for something he will not even try. He doesn't have enough strength to drink and he really doesn't want to face a hangover in the morning. Nope "I'll go back home and I'll see you..." he thinks for a second, "whenever."

"Okay, Lou." Zayn says distractedly, leaning toward the other boy while caressing his cheek. Louis rolls his eyes affectionately to then make his way out of the bar.

The warm air of the night hits his face lightly and Louis inhales deeply before getting into one of the
taxis lined up on the street. The man greets Louis kindly and asks for the place he wants to go. Louis quickly tells the address of the house as he pulls his mobile out of his jacket pocket, going to his messages and replying the most important ones, those of his mother and his sister Lizzie, promising to both of them that he will visit as soon as he can.

The ride home is short and silent, and before he knows it he is leaving his keys in bowl in the entranceway and making his way to his room, yawning just a couple of times on his way there.

It's been three difficult weeks, but it's worth it if he can save enough to travel to see his family before the holidays are over.

"At least." Louis says to himself, pushing the door of his room open. He doesn't even turn on the light, too tired to bother.

Louis takes off his clothes slowly, only in his boxers. Aware that his mobile is somewhere to be found since he didn't take it out of his trousers, but right now he couldn't care less.

He stretches his muscles, getting up on his tiptoes, until he feels the tension leave his body mostly, then he jumps towards the bed...

"Oh shit!" he blue-eyed man screams when instead of falling on the mattress, his body hits something firm and solid. It only takes a second for Louis to panic and he is jumping back out of bed. His back hurts a little cause of the blow, but that's not important now.

Louis turns on the light and it takes only a moment to get used to the new lighting. He walks back to the bed, looking around a bit before daring to pull on part of the duvet.

"A boy," Louis says incredulously, his voice surprised, but it's all he can say when it's the only thing he can witness.

He really doesn't know whether to be completely upset or amused by the situation, because this guy is in a nutshell... breathtaking.

How did this guy even get here?

Louis shakes his head, leaning into the bed and instinctively uses one hand to run his fingers through some of the small curls covering the boy's eyes, while holding on to the other so as not to fall on him. Louis looks at him for a moment, cannot help but think that if this were not so strange and they had met somewhere different, the blue-eyed man would probably want to go out with this boy... only at a glance, at least.

However... "Hey," Louis says softly, pressing his hand lightly on the boy's shoulder as he shakes it. "Mate, do you know who I am? Do you know where you are?" Louis asks quiet, the boy barely moving a bit to get away from the blue-eyed man. Louis can't contain a giggle.

The boy complains just a bit, his eyes just a little open. "Apparently you are sugar or some shit." he says sleepily nonsense; his voice comes out hoarse and so deep that it sends shivers down Louis' back.

"What? No!" Louis shakes his head to himself, squeezing the boy's shoulder with just a little more force to keep him from falling asleep. He smells like alcohol and something else, something that Louis can't grasp but it's intoxicating in a good way, it's not as if the blue-eyed man is really thinking about it though. "You are in the completely wrong house." He sighs, biting his lower lip. "I'm sure you've never seen me before in your life and I've never seen you." Louis would completely remember if he had ever seen this beautiful boy. Sincerely.
"Man, I really want to just go to sleep, so if I could..." he doesn't even finish talking, instead turning around as he covers himself with the duvet.

Louis is increasingly incredulous, however, not at all angry. "You are literally in my bed right now." He comments, shaking his head. Louis would like to be a little drunk right now, but he also knows that would be no good at all.

"Stop," cute guy complains, pulling up the duvet until it covers his neck, "you know my sister."

"What's your sister's name?"

"Jena." He responds, grumpily. The blue-eyed man can hardly stop the smile that threatens to split his lips.

"I've never heard that name in my entire life!" Louis throws his hands in the air, laughing. He can't help it, this guy is hilarious.

"That's alright."

"Well, but it's not because you're in my fucking bed and I don't even know who you are" He wants to sound angry, but he really cannot, this is the funniest he's been all night.

Louis clicks his tongue, running a hand through his fringe to pull it away from his eyes.

"What the fuck you talking about?" the boy says, raising his head to look at the wall before letting it fall back against the pillow, almost as if he cannot hold it up. Louis laughs.

"What are you talking about?"

"You're in MY bed," he starts saying, his voice a higher tone, but Louis doesn't flinch, "if you're talking about some shit in..." his words slowly die until he says nothing more. Louis is not surprised.

"God, you're going to be so riled up when you wake up in the morning and realize what an arsehole you are."

"Yeah, probably." Louis shakes his head, a yawn escaping his lips.

He is tired and has to work tomorrow, so this moment will have to end sooner rather than later.

"Can you at least not sleep in my bed? Like, you can go outside and we have a comfortable couch that you might like." Louis says honestly, because he may not know a shit about who this stranger is, but he knows he'll be better here than anywhere else, especially in his current state.

"I honestly appreciate this and I have no problem, but if you're fucking..." he mutters something that Louis can't understand, only sounds of a very bad drunk boy, but he keeps talking quickly. "I'm going to sleep in my bed tonight, so what..." again there are no more words.

"That's what you say, but you are not because you're sleeping in my bed now."

The boy opens his eyes a little, a disbelieving laugh leaving his plush pink lips. "I won this bed, I own it, like, this is mine, I pay taxes for this bed." He sounds so serious and completely sure, as if even in his state of tremendous drunkenness there is no way he is not confident in what he does or says.

"And he really thinks he pays taxes for this bed," Louis says to himself, laughing slightly. "You're in the wrong house, dude," Louis says once more.
"I don't think so."

Louis chuckles, looking around the room and towards his clothes lying on the floor, he is a little tempted to call Zayn and ask him what to do because Louis doesn't want to be an idiot, but this handsome boy has to move so Louis can go to sleep so he can get up early in the morning. He doesn't do it, because he knows Zayn is probably enjoying his night with that boy and he doesn't want to ruin it. Because Louis knows his best friend and he is sure that Zayn would abandon everything to help him, but Louis is not about to be that kind of friend.

The blue-eyed man stands up, slapping his hands together. "Okay, man, you gotta go." Louis says, seriously, barely a tinge of laughter in his voice, as he pulls the duvet off of the boy's body.

He grunts, pouting. "Seriously?"

"You're in the wrong house, come here, get up, get up, let's go for walk." Louis turns around, indicating with his hand to follow him.

"Do you want to bet?" The boy says challenging, starting to get up.

"That you in the wrong house? Yes, I do!" Louis accepts easily, how can he not, he is the only sane one here apparently.

"Do you want to bet I'm in the wrong house?" He is kind of a mess, staggering even when he is still sitting. Louis shouldn't be as delighted as he feels, even if this stranger is diminishing his sleep time.

"I'd love to do it." Louis accepts, laughing as they begin to walk out of the room. "Does any of this looks familiar to you?" The blue-eyed man asks as they move down the hall and in front of the dining room. Louis turns on the light laughing because the boy is completely silent, more than he was all night. "Have you been in this house before?"

Louis turns to look at the boy, the two of them almost colliding. The blue-eyed man chokes as he swallows, their eyes meeting. The other boy's eyes are green, like a deep green and so, so fucking bright that the light in the room seems pathetically opaque in comparison. He is also taller than Louis, at least a head and he's wearing a stupid pink shirt with white polka dots that is not even fully buttoned and reveals two swallows tattooed under his collarbones.

He forces himself to take a deep breath and look away from the boy, who looks at him as if it's not the first time, his brow furrowing before looking around the room.

"Yes, I think I used to live in this house."

"Do you live in this house now though?" Louis asks after licking his lips, clearing his throat slightly. Suddenly very aware that he is only wearing boxers.

"God, this is so weird." Louis smiles agreeing and following the boy as he walks into the living room.

"You just walked into the wrong house, how did you even do that?" The blue-eyed man is quite surprised, he didn't know that this was possible, although he will have to check if there is any broken lock or window or whatever.

The boy doesn't say anything else and Louis has finished with this situation. "It's okay, man," he says softly. "This was fun and everything, but I have to work tomorrow, you can stay here if you don't want to go back to wherever you live, the couch is completely available to you if you prefer."
"Yeah, that would be fine, I guess... So weird."

Louis doesn’t say anything, instead he just follows the boy to the couch and watches him fall into it like dead weight, Louis is about to tell him something else but the boy barely moves and the blue-eyed man doesn’t want to disturb this stranger’s sleep. He goes to the hallway and takes from the closet one of the blankets that Zayn keeps there before returning to the living room and cover the boy with it.

Louis is about to turn off the light when a head peeks over the couch, the boy's hair covering his eyes. "See ya tomorrow." He says softly, voice heavy with sleep.

"Tomorrow." Louis says smiling and he returns to his room.

Louis wakes up by the smell of bacon invading his nostrils. The blue-eyed man takes a deep breath, yawning as he sits up, he gently rubs his eyes to ward off the last vestiges of sleep. His back hurts a little because of the horrible mattress on which he has been sleeping the last couple of weeks and Louis again promises himself to save enough money to buy a new one after he has visited his family.

He stretches his muscles, twisting his back until he is comfortable enough to stand up. Louis moves languidly towards the bathroom to have a wee and then, after throwing water on his face and washing out his mouth, he chases the smell of food.

Louis is quite surprised by the image he finds in the kitchen, but he can't stop the smile that breaks across his face, even more so after remembering the night before.

He leans against the frame, his arms crossed over his chest and a condescending smile on his lips.

"Do you still think this is your house?" Says Louis. He of course doesn’t expect to take the boy by surprise (not quite), much less him jumping on his spot, a scream leaving his lips, as he turns with one hand on his chest while the other is holding a spatula as if that could save his life. Louis is amused.

The boy swallows audibly, probably recognizing Louis. He lowers the spatula carefully, also lowering his gaze to his feet and from one moment to another the air in the kitchen feels heavy with something Louis can't grasp.

"You okay?" Louis asks pushing away from the wall. "Don't you think you should look more at what you're cooking than your feet?" Sincerely.

"Oh, yeah, shit, I'm sorry." He croons, turning to look for two plates in the cupboard, then starting to fill them with food. He leaves them on the counter nervously. Still not looking at Louis. But the one thing Louis really wants to know is how this guy knows where the dishes are kept.

"Look," handsome boy starts saying, his voice raspy but a soft tinge on it, like cotton or something like that. "I know what you are thinking and what you can do with this information, but I would really be grateful if you don’t..." his words die in his throat when he finally looks up at Louis, his brows furrow before his eyes go wide and his mouth falls open.

Louis really doesn’t expect to hear the next word that comes from those beautiful lips, but even that isn't the most impressive thing.

"Twink." Green-eyed says, his eyes growing even wider and a worried look on his face before the realization of what he just said.
"You... What?" Louis lets out, dumbfounded. He hasn't been called anything like that for years, too many years, like, *high school*? Probably. When he was in his last year and his features were too delicate and his clothes too colorful. It was a nickname that attracted the attention of many perverts as well as many really bad and stupid jokes. Louis never cared about either, and over the years the way he liked to dress changed, his features became less delicate, he began to grow a beard, and the nickname was promptly forgotten.

But to hear it now after so long is strange, not in a bad way, but still a little out of tune.

The other boy's face turns red, painted with mortification and he seems like he could throw up at any moment.

"Oh my God." He babbles, his voice like a whistle, sounding more altered every time. "Oh god— I can't believe what I— Shit." He shakes his head, bowing in his stomach.

"Can I even know your name?" Louis asks, just a little funny now, mostly worried. "I don't want to have to check your stuff when we get to the hospital, honestly it's the last thing I want to do and I think—"

"Harry." The boy —'Harry, apparently'— interrupts when Louis starts talking faster, like when he's too nervous. It's not his fault, this guy is causing him anxiety. "Harry Styles." He murmurs, his green eyes finding Louis blues.

"I'm sure I've heard— Oh," Louis' voice dies slowly, the name settling in his brain and making him remember. Incredulous. "Are you kidding?" Louis asks seriously, straightening himself. So does the other guy. His cheeks are painted furiously red and he is rocking back and forth on his feet, as if what he just said is not the most random/weird thing in the world.

"I'm not." He accepts slowly.

The blue-eyed man isn't sure he can believe him. He doesn't know this guy, he had never seen him in his life and suddenly this guy just lets out that he's Harry Styles —whoever the hell he is— as if it were the most normal thing in the world. Louis can't swallow it.

"Why'd you call me that?" Louis asks instead, trying not to lose his composure.

"Oh, that." 'Harry' says slowly, looking completely embarrassed at the mere mention. "You're louist91 on Twitter, right?" He asks quietly.

"I am, but have you been stalking me or something? This is so creepy."

"No!" Harry comments, now looking a bit offended, maybe he's alarmed, Louis can't read it correctly. "It was a few weeks ago, maybe a month." He says cautiously, stopping to lick his lips. "My team and I were planning this thing for weeks where the fans retweeted a tweet and immediately entered a list of competitors and the winner would have the opportunity to go to a dinner with me." Louis vaguely remembers that. "You won." Harry says, not excited at all. Louis doesn't blame him. "We were making all the preparations, but you refused dinner, just like that."

For the first time all morning Louis feels embarrassed, heat rising up his cheeks and he is probably red up to his neck. "You even tweeted asking who the hell is Harry Styles." The green-eyed man quotes, making a fuss and something like bitterness in his voice.

"I did," Louis says reflectively. "This doesn't explain why you called me Twink." Harry opens his mouth and closes it again, the same thing happening several times until he runs a hand through his hair.
"You have this Instagram account with all these pictures just like, you know, and... I'm really sorry."

Louis doesn’t respond to that. He knows exactly what Harry is talking about and mentally promises himself that he'll delete it as soon as he can.

"Give me your phone." Louis orders, stretching his hand towards the boy. He looks at Louis bewildered for a moment, but almost immediately searches in his pockets until he finds his mobile and puts it in Louis' hand.

Louis takes it but is prepared to return it and let Harry put his password but, you know what, the dummy doesn’t even have a password.

"What'ya doing?"

"Look," Louis speaks, running his tongue over his upper lip and looking at Harry through his lashes. "I really can't just believe what you're saying, and I've never seen anything of this Harry bloke, so I'll search in Internet and since I don't have my mobile here...

"Okay."

Louis writes the name in the search engine and waits for it to load, quickly going to the images. The blue-eyed man inhales sharply when the screen is filled with the different photos. He raises his head to look at Harry.

"Okay, okay." Louis says looking at more images.

Curls. This guy had curls, like all this long hair down to his shoulders framing his face and he just looks a ton different now. Louis stutters, his gaze flying from the screen to Harry repeatedly as he sees more pics of the boy on red carpets and being interviewed.

"Can I have my phone back now?" Harry asks with a funny tint. Louis nods, returning the device to his owner.

"You've to know that this still doesn’t explain a lot of things," Louis comments, sitting on one of the stools. "But I'll let it go for now 'cause I think you made breakfast, plus I need to be at work in forty minutes."

Harry hands Louis one of the plates, leaving the other in front of him while they both settle at the island.

"So, Harry Styles," Louis says slowly, testing the name in his mouth, making each letter roll on his tongue. "How'd you get here?" Louis looks at his plate; sausages, eggs, bacon and... toast? "No, no. Where'd you get this food? I'm pretty sure we don't have two or three things that are here."

"Oh, no, no," Harry says quietly. Louis looks up from his plate to see Harry; his cheeks are flushed and an uncomfortable smile part his lips. Louis licks his lips, waiting for the other man to finish speaking. "I, um —there's this place a couple of streets down, where they sell all these things and... yes, that's it."

Louis arches an eyebrow. "You're saying you went out to buy these things and, um, you just came back?" He says slowly, his gaze fixed on Harry.

The blue-eyed man sees the other man start to shift uncomfortably, his ears red, so is his neck and part of his chest. "Yeah, I guess."
"That's weird, not that I'm complaining, but I'm just saying." Louis puts a piece of bread in his mouth, moaning for how good it tastes.

Harry's eyes spread at the sound and Louis has to suppress a giggle, focusing purely on eating.

They don't talk anymore and Louis continues eating animatedly, Harry doing the same thing a couple of minutes later.

It's not uncomfortable but it's a little weird to feel so familiar and at ease with someone you've just met, someone that the night before just showed up in Louis' bed, but it must be the way Louis just didn't care about that or how the guy in front of him seems so relaxed now in presence of Louis, even though the blue-eyed man refused a dinner with him.

"Mmm." Harry hums, putting his plate aside and playing with his fingers on the table. Louis gets up to pick up the dishes and leave them in the sink. "May I ask you something?" He says while Louis is washing his hands. The shorter man whistles as he nods. "I know it's been a while and we don't even know each other at all, besides I came into your house as if I liv—" Louis turns around, one of his brows arched as he contains a smile. The boy is just rambling. "M sorry." He says and chews on his bottom lip. "Mmm, why did you refuse to have dinner with me?" He asks in a low voice, his cheeks a beautiful shade of pink. He looks childish and so endearing that Louis has to stop himself from putting his hand on the green-eyed man's cheek just to feel how hot it is.

"Oh." He says softly, drying his hands on a rag. "Mhm." He thinks for a few seconds before walking around the kitchen. "Look, mate," Louis says, "there's really not a big reason, it's just that I don't even know how I entered the contest and I don't even know what you do," he looks at Harry, "now we're here, but the only thing that I partially know about you is your name, that you appeared in my bed the last night and that apparently you are famous or some shit, that's all."

"Oh, that, well, yes." The boy speaks nervously, running a hand through his hair. "That is much better."

"Is it?"

"Yes, yes, I mean, I thought it was because you didn't like me or something so." He explains, his brows furrowed. "I don't like that." Harry takes his mobile from where he left it on the countertop and he does something quickly before putting it in his pocket. He looks back at the blue-eyed man. "I was calling an Uber." He explains.

"Okay," Louis says slowly, staring at the boy. He is handsome, too much for his own good and Louis suddenly finds himself wanting to know him more, however, he has a job to get to and can't take care of what he wants now. "I have to go to work, um, but you can come back whenever you want."

"You're just being polite."

"No, no." Louis says quickly, moving one step closer to Harry. The height difference suddenly too noticeable. "Look, I don't know who you are, but that doesn't mean I don't want to know, you seem like someone great, so, um, I know you probably have much more important things to do, things celebrities do, I dunno" now it is Louis who is rambling. Great. "Sorry, so, um, only if you want, I leave work at seven thirty and I know this place where they sell the best kebabs in this city, so yes, that is." Louis runs his hand down his neck, smiling uncomfortably while Harry seems satisfied. Which honestly doesn't make sense.

"I have a couple of things to do, but I'll think about it." Louis nods, following Harry to the door.
"Just, um," Harry licks his lips, "don't search for me on the Internet, okay?" He says, his brows furrowed again. "Like, the surprise factor?"

"I'll try," Louis says teasingly, even though he knows it will not happen. Sincerely, Louis doesn’t know anyone more detached from the Internet than he is.

Harry nods just as the Uber's horn sounds. "Thanks for everything." He shakes his hand in farewell before trotting away to the waiting car.

Louis closes the door once he can't see the car and leans his back on the cold wood. What the hell just happened?

"I thought you didn’t know who Harry Styles was." Zayn says, appearing out of nowhere down the hall and moving to the kitchen. Louis jumps and a scream escapes his lips as he puts a hand on his chest. Alarmed

"Fuck you." He says, before going after Zayn. "I thought you'd be with the bar boy."

Zayn hums, a sound from the back of his throat. "Liam called." He says simply, and it's everything Louis needs to know

The blue-eyed man kisses his friend's cheek wetly before he whines, reminding Louis to go to work.

"Shit, gonna be late!" He sputters and runs off down the corridor.

x

Louis slides his feet inside his shoes, a small noise trapped in his throat while he hangs the backpack on his shoulder and a yawn leaves his lips, without him being able to stop it.

He comes out of the dressing room wearing his normal clothes, sweatpants and a hoodie. Louis says goodbye to James, the manager, with a wave of his hand as he leaves the restaurant. The door tinkles when it closes behind him and Louis smiles unwittingly. He is tired, but today wasn't even a bad day, instead it was one of his most relaxed days and a family with three girls had come in the afternoon and Louis couldn't help but hover nearby, something in the way they acted feeling too familiar.

Louis shakes his head, pulling up the hood of his sweater as he fixes his fringe on his forehead, decidedly putting his hands in the pockets of his hoodie. Louis decides he's going to walk. It's not a long way home and Louis feels like walking.

People move around him quickly, it's not a surprise, but people being so rushed by everything makes Louis feel a little uncomfortable, sometimes, Louis thinks that he could live forever in a place where there are not many people, where he can go out and walk, without having to be constantly worried about hitting someone and the way that person will react.

Louis stops at one of the park benches for a moment, his gaze is on the other side of the street when Louis sees it...

He frowns, standing up from where he's so comfortable and moving slowly to the other side, his frown growing more puckered as he gets closer to the object of his curiosity.

His mouth falls open and his gaze moves from one side to the other looking at the poster that is stuck on one of the posts.

_Harry Styles: Live on Tour._
Louis doesn’t miss the image that is in the middle of the words and he probably looks at it for too long, it doesn’t really matter. The blue-eyed man coughs into his fist before pushing his hands into his pockets again and he continues on his way back home. Trying to ignore the recent information but failing miserably.

He had fully complied when Harry asked him not to search him up on the internet, even if Louis wanted to do it a couple of times, but even though he is a faithful believer that every person has his story to tell and tells it at the time it wants to do it. This really doesn’t change anything, but Louis is a little impressed if he is honest. Harry is a singer and apparently, he was in concert here a couple of days ago not far from where Louis works and he was not even aware of it. He did hear some girls talking in the restaurant about someone's concert, but Louis had been too busy arguing with Garret to pay attention.

Louis crosses the street again, starting to rummage through the backpack to find his keys.

"Hey!" Someone shouts and almost immediately Louis is paralyzed. The blue-eyed man breathes slowly and licks his lips as he raises his head to look towards the door of the house. Louis almost choked; almost.

Nothing's different. Louis thinks as he makes his way to the door, Harry is there; He is wearing a white hoodie with his name embroidered on the left pectoral, Louis looks at it for a moment before blinking slowly and analyzing the rest of his outfit, he is also wearing sweatpants and some old-school Vans, they have always been Louis' favorites, he himself has a pair in his closet.

"Hey, you," Louis says, coming to Harry's side, inevitably staring at the embroidery on the hoodie's breastplate. Harry coughs a little and Louis looks at him for that, smiling a little at his next words. "Trying to make sure I remember your name?" He mentions teasingly, pointing to the embroidery on the hoodie.

Harry blushes as he bites his lower lip, stopping himself from smile. Louis congratulates himself mentally for that.

"Maybe?" Harry says, moving the balls of his toes. Louis shakes his head as he moves away to open the door.

"Unnecessary." Louis assures him while leaning his back against the doorframe, the hood falling from his head.

Harry has his hands inside his own pockets and his eyes fly from Louis to the street to the tree on the side of the road. The lighting that surrounds them highlights his eyes, making them look even brighter, and his lips are a pale pink, his hair has a couple of clips to hold it in place. Louis can't help thinking that the green-eyed man looks endearing.

Louis pushes himself away from the frame, he shuts the door and pushes his hands inside his pockets again. Harry looks at him, blinking slowly and confused.

The blue-eyed man smiles calmly. "A walk?" Harry smiles small and bright when he nods.

Louis presses the keys in a grip inside his pocket and he stands next to Harry again, glancing at the green-eyed man. "What do you say about going for those kebabs?" Harry's face lights up.

"I would love it." Harry says as he covers his head with the hood.
It's not a long way, just fifteen minutes or so, and they walk close to each other in silence, the people around them go unnoticed or maybe it's them, Louis doesn't know, but even in this rare moment he feels good.

They arrive at the pub quickly and Harry's smile grows when they order what they want.

"You look a little nervous," Louis says, poking the green-eyed man's stomach with his index finger. Harry laughs, putting his arms around his body to avoid the attacks.

"Hey," Harry complains laughing, he licks his lips.

"Much better." Louis says, paying for their order and grabbing the tray that the man hands him, they sit at one of the tables in the back and start eating their food happily.

They leave the pub smiling a few minutes later and almost immediately Louis holds Harry's arm so he can't go far. "Have you ever been in Skywalk?" Louis asks.

"I haven't had much time to explore honestly."

"Perfect." Without even thinking about it, Louis entangles his fingers with Harry's and pulls the taller man, guiding them beyond the houses and near the buildings. Harry doesn't complain, instead his fingers squeezing Louis' hand and when the blue-eyed man looks at him he is smiling so big that his dimples show up.

Louis can't believe that this is the same guy who appeared in his bed days ago, the same guy with whom Louis refused dinner because he didn't know who he was. It's crazy how things happen.

"It's my favorite place." Louis says when they are in the lift, Harry seems excited to be there and Louis can't stop the burst of happiness that explodes in his chest.

Louis wants to show the whole experience to Harry, so they do the audio tour and Harry is practically vibrating as they move around, their hands held together in such a natural way that it doesn't seem random and new to two people who don't know each other at all.

Thirty minutes later they are facing a huge glass, looking around the city and the lights and the magic that everything looks like from here.

"It's beautiful, don't you think?" Louis says, sighing deeply. Harry exhales "yes" quietly. Louis turns to look at him, his eyes are wide and bright and the lights shine on his face in a way that makes him look unreal. "I never get tired of coming here, it's my safe place, y'know."

"Mmm." Harry hums, turning to look at Louis. "Why?"

"It's hard to explain, honesty, but like, when I don't feel well and everything around me feels strange, when there was too much that was overwhelming me. I would come here for a while and would just do this, ya know, just look out there for a while," he licks his lips. "This usually reminds me that it's normal to feel this way and that there is something bigger than me, that it's okay not to be fine at all, and that it's okay to miss home and my family all the time."

It's unconscious when Louis moves closer to Harry that his arms are pressed together, but the green-eyed man seems to appreciate it because he holds his little finger with Louis' and it's normal. Louis' chest feels hot with something he hadn't felt in years and he want it to stay there for a long time.
He keeps talking easily, unable to stop. "My family is in Doncaster and it's been years since I was able to hug them, my mom and my siblings, there's six of them — five girls and a boy, and it's like, I went from seeing them every day and playing with them and talking with them until mom had to stop us, to now when there's none of that anymore." Louis pauses for a second to look at his fingers and then the landscape again, a constant smile on his face. "I feel homesick sometimes, so much so that Zayn usually takes me out to his parents' house near the lake, where I can get away from everyone and be myself again."

They remain silent for the next few minutes, their hands ending completely intertwined. It's not weird, it's familiar and it feels good. Amazing.

"I miss my family, too" Harry interrupts the silence, his voice soft as silk, "all the time, I'm always on tour or doing promo of some kind or i'm walking around on red carpets for one thing or another, that I don't have time to see them, and I can't always bring them with me because they have their own lives, you know, although I'm sure they would just do it, they would go with me anywhere, but I know it's not right, it'd be very selfish of me."

Louis understands it. He saw people succumb and surrender to that world and everything offered by the industry — a part that he himself never wanted to be related to — to be swallowed and leave important people and things aside to go after something bigger. However, Harry doesn't look like one of them, instead he seems focused, even if Louis doesn't know him that much.

The blue-eyed man hums, allowing silence to settle between them again, the voices of the few people around them nothing but a whisper.

They stay there, without moving away from each other and synchronized breaths, until a voice in the speakers warns everybody that the place will be closed in a short time. Louis clears his throat and presses his fingers between Harry's, drawing the attention of the taller man.

Harry smiles, licking his lips to then say. "Can I take you back home?"

Louis nods, biting the inside of his cheek to contain his smile. "'Course."

x

It is completely natural how their friendship develops from there, as something that was destined to happen at any time, in any universe starring the two of them.

Harry becomes a constant in Louis' life even if they can't see each other very often because Harry is on tour, but they always find a way to keep in touch with each other during the following weeks. So much so that sometimes Louis feels weird if a couple of days pass by without receiving a message from Harry or a video call or whatever, honestly, Louis thinks it should feel stranger the way he gets so easily attached to Harry, but he can't, not when Harry makes him feel like a moth and he's irremediably attracted by light.

Suddenly Louis stops feeling so homesick, because it's easier to miss Harry and talk to him and be with him. It doesn't mean that Harry is a kind of strange replacement or that Louis isn't going to visit his family, on the contrary, he just wants to wait for the right time now, no matter how long it'd take.

They learn more about each other, what they like and dislike. What makes them sad and what makes them happy.

Louis learns that Harry loves being on stage and interacting with fans and that he could do so for the rest of his life. He tells him about his family and how Jena is going to get married in winter. He says
he hates injustices and that he can't do anything to end them ("You can't save the world, just be the best version of yourself and that's more than enough, Haz" Louis had once told to him after having been talking for at least a couple of hours. Harry had smiled, something small, but it had been enough for Louis).

There are days, when Louis isn't feeling mentally good and Zayn is busy with Liam or with his family and he doesn’t want to interrupt. Louis would lie down in his bed, the lights off as he snuggled under his blankets and he would send a message to Harry, it'd be as simple as that and he’d solve it.

Today is one of those days.

Louis licks his lips, putting the sheets over his head before unlocking his mobile and going to his messages.

tell me a story.

He sends to Harry, closing his eyes for a moment and concentrating on the noises coming from outside. In the tires scraping against the asphalt and the roar of the bikes, the people talking and laughing, and the music of the local restaurant on the corner.

His mobile vibrates a few minutes later, Louis doesn’t even flinch. He reads the message.

*a while ago I adopted a cat named dusty, but I had 2 leave her with mum cuz she cant come on tour!!! so sad lou :(

His mobile vibrates again, a new message.

*told mitch that we should have a dog but he just rolled his eyes n continued 2 drink his wine. rude!*

Then again.

now I have a rainbow bear!

Ridiculous. Louis thinks, even though he's smiling a little. He is about to respond when his mobile starts to vibrate and the screen flashes for a video call. Louis answers it.

The other side is partially dark and Harry's breathing sounds heavy.

"Hey," Harry whispers softly, clicking his tongue, his face then appearing on the screen; his cheeks are painted pink and his eyes sparkle unrealistically, like after each show. "I miss you." He says softly, smiling. Louis chuckles, smiling openly for the first time that day.

"I miss you too, Haz."

And that's it, that's all Louis really needs.

x

Louis meets Harry's best friend, Niall, when the green-eyed man visits him on his one-week tour break. He is a ball of energy with blonde hair and the heaviest Irish accent that Louis has ever heard. The blue-eyed man adores him from the first moment and Niall's just so friendly and charming that it's impossible to resist him, even Zayn can't seem to stop looking or moving around him.
They go out to party at one of Louis' favorite bars *CupCof* and, honestly, it's the most fun Louis has had in a long time.

The blue-eyed man licks his lips, catching a drop of beer in the bottom, Harry looks at him dumbfounded and Louis knows he shouldn't be so satisfied, but he is.

They've been here for a while now and Louis' been waiting for Harry to make a move all night, he's starting to get impatient.

"Lou," Harry calls, loud enough to be heard over the music and the people talking, taking a step closer. Louis blinks, also taking a step toward Harry, humming for him to continue talking.

Harry doesn’t say anything though, he just looks at Louis for the next few seconds, moves his eyes up and down the blue-eyed man's body. Louis tries hard not to smirk.

He's wearing a tank top, so his collarbones and the ink on his arms show up, his tightest skinny jeans and his old-school Vans. He looks good enough that some blokes had come his way to ask him to dance, but sadly he's waiting for some curly haired boy to ask him so.

The green-eyed man inhales sharply before bringing his hand to Louis' waist, fingers buried slightly in his skin. Louis gulps, eventually breaking the distance between them. Raising his eyes to Harry's face to hum. "Umm."

Harry licks his lips without taking his eyes from Louis' face. The electricity circulating between them has Louis vibrating, eager for the next step, whatever it is. The blue-eyed man gets on his tiptoes, bringing his left arm around Harry's neck. Both of Harry's hands hold his waist, holding him in place and Louis can't help but start moving his hips to the rhythm of the song that is playing.

Louis' heart beats fast, too much for his own pleasure, but he tries to ignore it as he presses his lips to Harry's chin, the younger man trembles, exhaling heavily.

"I'm gonna..." he mumbles, moving away to look Harry in the eye. The green-eyed man's mouth is half open, his pupils are blown and his cheeks are furiously red. The light shining on his face leaves Louis out of breath at the way he looks. "Beautiful."

Harry smiles contentedly, leaning down to press his forehead against Louis' "May l—?" He tries to ask, but Louis interrupts him with a gasp, his head moving up and down in affirmation.

He wants it, God, he wants it so much that his fingers ache from how long it took him to get it. Harry giggles, beginning to press kisses along Louis' jaw, pressing his open mouth on his skin, so slow that Louis just wants to turn around and get it on his own; his lips against Harry's.

"Just... please." Louis begs, bouncing on his tiptoes, his voice dying at the end of the sentence. He swallows when Harry's tongue licks the corner of his mouth and the next second, their lips collide. Louis' eyes close and his hand tightens on Harry's neck, an appreciative hum coming out from his throat.

This is what Louis has been waiting for weeks, even yearning and now that he has it he will not let it go nev—

"Hiya, fellas." Niall shouts, appearing out of nowhere while throwing his arms over Louis and Harry's shoulders, breaking the moment. Harry is the first to step away, jumping back and pulling his hands away from Louis and looking away. Louis snarls at a smiling Niall, apparently unaware of what he has just done and drunk. Very drunk. "Lou," the Irishman squeals, pressing his face into Louis' neck. Harry looks at them just then, his gaze flying from where Niall's face is then towards
Louis. He shrugs, shaking his head before walking to the other side of the bar, leaving Louis and Niall alone.

Louis presses his lips together, nudging Niall around the waist and tearing a scream out from him.

"Where's Zayn, man?" He asks, as calmly as he can and trying not to look around to find Harry.

"Liam." Niall mumbles heavily, snoring even when he's still awake. Louis doesn't ask anything else because it's all he needs to know and, instead, he lets Niall mumble things against his neck and there's something about Shawn and how they should be together and a lot of things that Louis can't understand, but he hears as much as he can over the noise of the music.

His mobile vibrates in his pocket fifteen minutes later and he maneuvers to get it out, smiling when he finally has it in his hands. He unlocks it quickly and the smile fades from his face when he reads the message, it's from Harry.

**back at the hotel, should meet with the guys for lunch**

Louis closes his eyes for a second, holding back the scream that threatens to rise from his chest and forcing himself to calm down. They are not going to talk about what happened, that's all Louis can understand. He doesn’t like it but he must take it because apparently, it is what Harry wants.

He bites his lips, trying to respond as if nothing had happened.

*okay*

It's straightforward, but it's all Harry is going to get until he stops behaving like a child.

Louis puts his mobile back in his pocket, looking at his surroundings and then at Niall. "Hey, mate," Louis calls softly, getting Niall's attention "I have a pretty couch where you can spend the night, you'll surely love it." Niall smiles, nodding.

They leave.

x

There is something strange in the friendship of Louis and Harry from there, a certain discomfort and reluctance that Louis can't brush off no matter how hard he tries.

And Louis hates it. Honestly, like it's the worst thing that could have happened and Louis hates that Harry has become so distant.

"Mmm." Louis hums a week later, sitting in the kitchen of their house, with Zayn, Liam and Harry chatting around him while Niall eats everything he can find. They are talking animatedly about going to Harry's concert in Austin or something like that, Louis really is not paying too much attention.

Louis fumbles the pocket of his sweatpants, confirming that he has his cigarettes there, before jumping off his stool and silently sliding out of the kitchen and into the backyard.

The warm air hits his skin immediately, there is not much sun at this time and the humidity is hardly appropriate that Louis can spend a moment outside. He sits on the bench, which Zayn and he bought after six months of living here, and he takes out one of his cigarettes, bringing it to his lips and using the lighter to light it.

The first exhaled is deep and too fast that Louis coughs a little cause of the smoke that gets stuck in
his throat. He composes himself quickly though, there are years of experience that he is already used to.

Louis licks his lips, raising his feet on the bench and pressing his knees to his chest. He squeezes the cigarette between his fingers, circles of smoke falling apart in front of his eyes from time to time. Louis hates smoking, honestly, but nicotine always relaxes him and somehow takes some of the pressure off his shoulders. He really needs it now.

Louis can't help but think back to the kiss at the bar, how he felt the second that Harry's plush lips pressed against his and the rejection that washed over his body when Harry fled from him back to his hotel and the insecurity that consumed him hours later while he was laying in his bed. Wondering how everything had gone so wrong. The blue-eyed man can practically hear Lucas uttering rude things in his ear and himself believing each one of the words, absorbing them thirsting until he couldn't let them go anymore, perpetually chasing him.

He whines, resting his cheek on his knees and sucking harder on the filter, the cigarette fading quickly between his fingers that soon he is lighting another and one more after that. It's three in ten minutes and Louis is not really proud of that.

"Hey," someone calls, voice soft as silk; it's Harry.

The older man tenses up, squeezing the box in his hand. Louis smiles, trying not to look so tense when he looks up at Harry. The green-eyed man has a bowl in his hands and he seems very nervous to be here. Louis can't blame him.

"Hello." Louis whispers softly, voice husky with smoke. He clears his throat and press the pack harder. "Everything okay?"

Harry doesn't say anything, instead opting to come and sit next to Louis. He looks at the three butts on the ground for a few seconds but doesn't say anything, it's not like he's going to criticize Louis for what he does.

"How was the talk with the boys?" He asks, but it doesn't sound half as animated as he expected. "I bet Zayn and Liam must be excited to go to Austin and see you play in front of all those people."

"Lou." Harry says slow and uncertain. Louis knows why, he knows what he wants and the implication in his words; He will not go.

"What do you have there?" Louis asks quickly, trying at all costs to avoid the subject. Harry wrinkles his nose and his lips form in a line, but he doesn't push and seems exhausted when his shoulders are pushed down and he instead puts the bowl in between them.

"Some strawberries that I saved from Niall," Louis smiles, knowing that no kind of food is safe near the Irishman. "They're for you."

"Thank you, Haz." Louis says quietly, grabbing one of the strawberries from the bowl and taking a bite. He moans softly, the juicy fruit in his mouth and the delicious flavor exploding on his taste buds. The blue-eyed man hums appreciatively, swallowing the fruit and licking the remains of his lips, unaware of Harry's gaze.

They don't speak for the next few minutes and Louis covers the awkward silence by eating each of the strawberries in the bowl, making it as slow as he can but he knows he will not be able to evade the subject forever.

Eventually, Louis takes the last strawberry and slides it between his lips, chewing it slowly and
savoring the 'tranquility' of this moment.

"Why you not going?" Harry asks even before the blue-eyed man finishes swallowing.

Louis coughs a little, covering his mouth with one hand while trying to breathe normally again. He doesn’t respond immediately, instead taking a second to think of an answer, but only one thing occurs to him.

"I have to work." It's pathetic, Louis knows it, but it's the best he has now. "I also have to get ready to start my classes, it's a few weeks away." He adds a couple of minutes later.

Harry huffs, running a hand through his hair. "That doesn't make sense, Lou."

"Of course it has." Louis says. "I care about my work and I'm trying to focus on the beginning of my classes." He runs the back of his hand over his lips. "I don't have time to travel, Harry."

"But before you promised you'd go." Harry says in a low tone, sad even.

Louis takes a deep breath, turning to stare at Harry. "Honestly Harry, I didn’t think you wanted me there." Harry opens his mouth to say something but Louis shakes his head before he does. "And with how you've been acting lately," he clicks his tongue, "I'm not sure I'm going to have a lot of fun."

"Lou, I'm really so—"

"Doesn't matter." Louis interrupts him, shrugging slightly as he rubs his hands on his thighs. "I think I should get ready to go to work." The blue-eyed man stands up ready to go to his room when Harry's hand wraps around his wrist and pulls Louis back into his lap. Louis lets out a little scream, his hands flying instinctively to Harry's neck for support. The green-eyed man grunts, burying his face in Louis' neck, his nose sliding down the smooth skin.

"Don't." The taller man complains childishly as he squeezes his hands on the blue-eyed man's waist. "Don't go." He pleads, breathing deeply.

Louis doesn't say anything immediately, instead opting to rest his head on top of Harry's, burying a hand in his hair. He breathes lightly, closing his eyes. "Why?" He simply asks, just that, but he knows that Harry understands what he means.

Harry hums softly, kissing Louis' shoulder, he pretends that he doesn't tremble. "I just... I don't want to ruin any of this, Lou. Honestly, I know it's been just a few months since we met but you're already someone really important to me, and I don't really want to ruin it, just cause I can't control myself when I'm tipsy." He talks so fast, the fastest that Louis has heard him talking ever.

Louis breathes abruptly, repeating in his head each of the words that Harry just said, but only one sitting in his head 'tipsy'. Then Harry really didn't feel it, he didn't want to kiss Louis and it was all because of the pints. Of course it was, cause why would Harry, beautiful and handsome Harry, like to kiss someone like Louis. It doesn't make any sense. He shouldn't have let his hopes go up, even through the whole moment of insecurity Louis thought he might like Harry a little, he was so wrong.

The blue-eyed man pretends that his heart doesn't squeeze in his chest and he lets out a soft giggle, kissing Harry's head. "Okay, Haz, everything's fine, just stop acting like an arsehole with me, I hate it."

Harry lets out a giggle too, pressing his fingers on Louis' hip. "It's ok babe." He assures happily.

Louis hums and he  

pretends, pretends, pretends.
The next time Harry and Louis meet, after he really couldn't go to Harry's concert in Austin, it's almost two weeks later, Louis has had the worst week of his life at work and Harry is conveniently visiting for the next two days before traveling to New York to do promo before continuing with the tour.

Louis doesn't even have to say anything, Harry is there when Louis arrives from work on Saturday afternoon (since he had to replace Garret, he of all people). The blue-eyed man leaves his things on the floor with a rumble and he lets himself fall on the floor, his back resting on the door. He hides his face between his legs and lets out a heavy whimper, burying his hands in his hair, but not pulling at all.

It's a couple of seconds later that Harry appears out of nowhere, bending down next to Louis and forcing him to look up. He smiles calmly and softly at the corners. "A walk?" The green-eyed man asks in a low voice, sliding his thumb down Louis' cheeks. The shorter man closes his eyes, then nodding slightly.

This is how forty minutes later they are both sitting in one of the windows of Skywalk, with the tips of their feet touching and few words said between them.

Louis focuses his eyes on the view outside, on how the city looks from here and how he'll never get tired of seeing this or being here, much less if it is Harry who accompanies him.

"You were a songwriter," Harry says softly, out of nowhere and as if it were the most normal thing in the world. Louis' body tenses up, and his hands stop where they were playing with a sheet of paper.

"What? Ho... What?" Louis babbles, speechless. He inhales deeply before turning to look at Harry, a serious expression on his face. The younger man's face is pale, as if he didn't want to say that, but somehow he tried to fill the silence. Louis swallows hard. "How?" He simply asks, trying to sound neutral.

"I, um... did some research?" Harry says nervously, running a hand through his hair.

Louis' brows shoot up and something squeezes in his chest suddenly. "Did'ya do it or did'ya send someone to do it?" Asks Louis, a hint of irritation in his voice.

"Lou—" Harry tries to say, but the blue-eyed man gives him a look that forces him to shut up.

"Just answer."

"I did it." Harry says agitatedly.

Louis laughs bitterly, shaking his head. "You fucking investigated me," Louis says annoyed. This was not among his plans, not this shit and not fucking today. He licks his dry lips, breathing deeply. "Besides, you're lying in my fucking face." Louis voices out, his brows furrowed.

"Louis, no—"

"I don't want to listen," the older man says harshly, just looking at Harry when he jumps off the wall. "I didn't even use my real name," he mentions absently, pushing his hands in the pockets of his hoodie, breathing. "You couldn't have done it on your own, Harry, we both know that." Louis blinks slowly, forcing himself to look at Harry again. The younger man's face is red and his eyes look unusually bright, Louis hates that, but he hates more what Harry did. He swallows hard, going past
"Please, Lou, no—"

"No, Harry." The blue-eyed man interrupts angrily, "don't think you act as if nothing happened," he accuses. "It was my story to tell, I was going to do it when I had enough confidence, when I knew you weren't going to betray me." Louis laughs sadly, letting out a sigh. He bites his lower lip and blinks fast; it is necessary. "Zayn and Liam waited, but it was too much for you even when I waited for you, but you had to know more and go and ruin it." He clicks his tongue, looking back at Harry, but it's like there's nothing. Louis isn't interested.

Many know the history, what happened, but a few know the background and Harry was just so eager about it, to know everything that had to ruin it for both of them.

Louis turns around, a look of disappointment marked on his face. "I think you have a tour to continue, isn't it, superstar?" The blue-eyed man takes one last deep breath and leaves, without even looking at the younger man one more time.

x

Nobody had ever understood. Few had known everything.

The pain in his body, the emptiness in his chest and the sense of failure that haunted Louis for months. Leaving Doncaster was the only thing that helped him out of the pit in which Louis had fallen when he couldn't write a song or endure the other memories, when he was useless for his record label and they just got rid of him like an old rag.

It had taken months for him to talk about his past with Zayn. Louis had cried over his best friend's shoulder while telling him how disappointed he felt about himself for not having achieved anything in his life. Zayn had hit him on the shoulder and scolded him for talking like that. It had been nice to have someone who didn't ask much and was good at listening, who expressed everything with simple touches or slight rubs. Louis loved Zayn as platonically as a best friend could and having had his support was one of the best things of his life.

Liam had been different, just a little coarser, but he had supported Louis unconditionally and that was all the blue-eyed man really needed.

Harry is special though, however, Louis wanted to tell him everything, but he needed time, just a little more confidence in him and himself. Louis has barely known the singer for a few months, but their connection has been incredible from the start. Oh well... \textit{it was.}

Harry and Louis are too different, the older man knows it perfectly, but that didn't stop them from getting close. Even if Harry is on tour and Louis has just started his classes, Uni and work are heavier now that his schedules have changed (this takes up a lot of his time), they always found time to talk to each other, even though the time differences are crap

Now, however, Louis hasn't spoken to Harry for two weeks. Not since he left Skywalk. Although Harry tried to communicate with him the first few days, however, Louis felt too hurt to even hear his voice, he still feels hurt, but in some way he understands a little better the reasons behind what the younger man did.

Harry had once told Louis that most people who came to him always took something before they left, that the green-eyed man could never do anything and that he was tired of it. Louis doesn't know if at some point it seemed as if he wanted to leave Harry and the older man is really sorry if at some
point the green-eyed man felt threatened, but Louis still can't fully justify him.

He really wanted them to be friends, someone who could understand him better being that he was on the same line. However, now it is as if everything is ruined, which is really sad.

Louis closes the door slowly, the muscles of his body tense and a little trembling.

It was a difficult day at work and apparently James, the stupid manager, had had a bad night and completely got rid of Louis, making the beginning of the weekend a bit shittier.

He leaves the keys in the same place as always, taking off his shoes and depositing his bag on the white tile. Louis lets out a long sigh.

His only intention now is to eat the remains of the pizza that he left in the fridge in the morning and throw himself in his bed, he has prepared a plethora of excuses that he'll use whenever his best friend comes back from his parents' house.

Louis is about to make his way to the kitchen when the door begins to be pounded with blows. He startles, a small shout leaving his lips. He doesn't think much about it, instead walking back to the door and pushing it open.

"Niall?" Louis says puzzled when he sees the other man standing there. It's not supposed to be like that, Niall has a concert in Auckland in two days and he's not very good at dealing with jetlag.

The other man lets out a relieved sigh, running a hand through his hair. "Oh, Lou, finally find you." He says, throwing his hands in the air. "Now we have to go," Niall points with his finger to where there's a badly parked car on the sidewalk. Honestly, the nerve.

Louis frowns. "Whatcha talking 'bout?"

Niall lets out a tired sigh. He looks at Louis with something in his eyes that the older man can't catch. "Harry needs you." He says simply, knowing very well what those words do to Louis.

It's like if someone presses a switch inside him and something goes on in Louis. His heart speeds up and his fingers tingle intensely. It doesn't feel good.

"What do yo—?" Louis doesn't finish speaking because then Niall is pulling his hand, guiding them both to the car. Louis doesn't even have time to get his shoes back.

"Harry has been in the city for a couple of days," the Irishman starts to say agitated, pushing Louis into the car and surrounding it to get into the driver's seat. "I thought he would come to talk to you, but instead he's been locked up all this time in the same fucking bar," Niall tells as he drives.

Louis feels anxiety crackle through his chest and settles there, in this horrible feeling. He puts his hands on his thighs and squeezes the fabric of his sweatpants, wiping some sweat.

The blue-eyed man knows the ride from memory, it's like drawing the lines of the palm of his hand with closed eyes. They are going to Louis' favorite bar and the single thought makes a bag of stones settle in Louis' stomach. It doesn't sound really promising.

Thirty minutes, some screams and a couple of drinks after, they are back at the blue-eyed man's house.
They find the door open thanks to Louis being able to send a message to Zayn, from Niall's mobile, to leave it like that. So, Louis says goodbye to Niall, thanking him for the help and wishing him a great flight and a wonderful concert.

They stumble into the house, Harry holding onto Louis' shoulders while the older man holds him by the waist.

Louis wants to be angry, really (this is completely irresponsible of Harry being that he has enormous responsibilities to fulfill), however, he can't, cause even if Harry is in this deplorable state, Louis has to admit that he has missed him. Shit, he's missed Harry a lot. Every little detail of their friendship. Calls at midnight cause *we are on opposite sides of the world, lou!* or random messages like *did'ya know that bananas are high in vitamins?!?! im practically being forced to eat them* Louis would roll his eyes or snort or just send a line of emojis, but he really loves that their friendship has evolved so much in so few months, and even if Harry did something he shouldn't, God Louis adores this boy.

"Mmnh." He babbles nonsense, but Louis takes it as a yes. The older man lets out a sigh as he leads them to the bathroom. Louis has barely lit the light when Harry leans over the toilet to throw up, his knees pounding hard against the tile. Louis leans to his side, rubbing a hand up and down the green-eyed man's back, while with the other brushes the hair away from his face.

"Okay, baby," Louis soothes, scraping his fingers on Harry's scalp, the younger man purrs, running the back of his hand over his mouth when he's over. Louis thinks it should be more disgusting, but even so Harry looks fucking adorable. He tries to contain his smile but he can't. "Gonna bring a bottle of water, wait here." Louis is just standing up when Harry's hand wraps around his wrist and pushes him closer, he hides his face in the older man's neck.

"Do not go." He cries, caressing the blue-eyed man's neck with his nose. Louis lets out a small giggle and shakes his head, stroking Harry's back. "You smell so good."

Louis clicks his tongue, ignoring the last comment, at least for now. "It'll only take me a minute, love. I'll be back in a flash." Harry complains, a sound escaping his throat but he lets Louis go.

The blue-eyed man runs to the kitchen, he takes a bottle of water from the fridge and a banana from the bowl on the isle, then running back to the bathroom. Harry is sitting on the floor now, his back against the wall and he has his head hidden between his knees. Louis sits next to him, pressing his cheek to Harry's shoulder and putting the bottle under his legs.

"Thank you." Harry says in a low voice, so low that Louis wouldn't have listened if it wasn't for the silence surrounding the entire room. Louis hums and watches Harry take more than half the water in one gulp, his movements slow.

He lets one more moment go in silence after he passes the banana to Harry and they eat each one half and soon they are leaning against each other's bodies. Louis is the first to break the silence.

"I missed you," Louis whispers, pressing his nose to the green-eyed man's shoulder. Harry smells like the lotion he uses, also alcohol and passionfruit, Louis can't even smell the vomit.

Harry hums, turning his head to kiss Louis' temple but not saying anything else.

"Do you want to take a shower or just go to sleep?" Louis asks, putting a little distance between them. Probably Harry needs it.

"Shower." Harry says, taking another long gulp of water, some of the liquid escaping from the
corner of his mouth and down his neck.

Louis keeps staring. Harry's neck is thick and long enough and is so clean that Louis wants to fill it with his own marks and love bites. That when people see the marked skin they know it's because Harry has someone waiting for him back at home.

It's funny how Louis can think about things like this but on the other hand he is unsure of having a relationship or that even someone will want him as something more than just one-night stand, much less Harry who is important and has all these beautiful and important people around him who would do and give anything to have him, who have the means and capacity to do so. Besides Harry already made it clear that apparently, he doesn't like Louis that way, but sometimes Louis can't help it, sometimes he's a sucker for pain.

The blue-eyed man coughs, looking away and laughing bitterly at his thoughts, something that makes Harry look at him frowning. Louis swallows and pushes himself away from the wall, then onto his feet.

"Let's go then." He says, helping Harry to get up, the green-eyed man just staggers a little but he holds himself firmly with his hands resting on Louis' shoulders. "Perfect, darling," Louis says, offering him a smile.

Harry doesn't smiles back, instead turning his face away. Louis leans forward to kiss Harry's collarbone, earning a shudder out of the other boy.

"Let's take off those clothes, babe." Louis murmurs softly on the smooth skin, Harry trembles.

Twenty minutes later they're in bed, buried under Louis' sheets and each one on opposites sides, their backs to the other.

Louis plays with his fingers for a moment, without sleep and without real desire to do it. He wants to fix things with Harry and he knows there would be no better moment than this, when apparently Harry can't sleep either, because he hasn't stopped moving on his side of the bed.

The blue-eyed man swallows and he turns a hundred-eighty degree on the bed, facing Harry's back. Louis crawls closer, until his chest is flush against Harry's back and a arm around the green-eyed man's waist; the older man knows that the younger man loves to be the little spoon. He is waiting for Harry to move away, but he barely shifts. And Louis doesn't want to do this, but he has to.

Louis inhales deeply, tilting his face to bury his nose in Harry's hair. Something squeezing in his chest at what he's about to say.

His voice comes out barely loud, just enough to be a whisper. "Did you read any of the songs I wrote?" He asks. Harry's breathing becomes erratic, but even so he tries to pretend he's asleep. Louis feels too much love for this boy even after all that has happened. "It's okay." Louis says simply, tightening his arm around the younger man's body. The blue-eyed man breathes deep, licking a corner of his mouth. "If you did," he says, closing his eyes, "you know they all had a common or specific theme." Louis remains silent, waiting for a reaction from the other man, his breath stuck in his throat. It seems like an eternity has passed when Harry finally makes a move, nodding slowly.

Louis clicks his tongue against the palate. "I had a boyfriend, when I used to live in Doncaster, his name was Lucas" he starts saying, his heart beating fast, "we dated for at least two years, maybe more, and it didn't take us long to move to Liverpool together, a dream come true, I should say. It was as if I was really going somewhere, Haz. Having him made me believe that I could achieve anything, because if I had managed to win the heart of a charismatic man like him, I, y'know, you
start to believe things" He pauses a moment to close his eyes and press his nose into the nape of the younger man. "It took awhile for me to realize that it wasn't a good relationship, at least not one that I wanted to be in. Like, you know that some relationships have a breaking point and you have to put an end to them. I saw that too late and by the time it happened I think we were both already too deep in whatever it was."

He takes a couple of seconds to breathe slowly, trying hard to keep still even when he just wants to tremble.

"After a while he started to change how he acted towards me, like, he would act well behaved and decent; the perfect boyfriend, you could say, whenever someone from my family or friends were around, but then when it was just us, he was completely rude to me," Louis swallows the recent lump blocking his throat, he can also feel Harry's body tense up against his. "He was quite abusive as long as nobody was around, always pretending with others, it was all love and affection, while when we were at home he would tell me mean things and that I wasn't worth it, that it would be a waste if someone really fell in love with me." Louis runs the tip of his tongue over his teeth, taking a moment to breathe his next words. "I had the deal with the record label and that was good cause it kept me distracted for a while from the situation I was in and the sadness of what our relationship was always put words and verses in my head that somehow I could turn into songs. It was like my motto, ya know, what he did to me was all I needed to keep my employers happy."

Louis blinks, trying to stop the recent burning in his eyes. He takes a moment, trying to decipher the words or the way to say the next thing; it is hard.

"It was just that at the beginning; hurtful and cruel words, and well, I could handle it," he sucks his bottom lip. "But one day it stopped being just words, it just wasn't enough for him to hurt me emotionally anymore, it was then that things became more... physical." Louis can feel the change in the environment when the words finally settle between them. The way Harry stops breathing for a moment and his whole body goes still. Louis does it too.

"Did he—? He just...?” Harry tries to say but can't. Louis understands.

"Yes, sometimes." He recognizes, trying not to close his eyes. Not to remember; to revive.

"Lou—"

"It didn't last long, nonetheless, my mum made me see that none of that was good and she cried with me when I filed the complaint and I went away from him, then I went to live with her again.” A little more silence.

Harry breathing's coming out heavy, their feet somehow are now entangled together. "It took me weeks to get out of the state of numbness and shock and back into reality. I wasn't in a constant state of sadness anymore but wasn't happy either. I couldn't write anymore and didn't know what I was supposed to do. I felt lost and was in a place mostly full of bad memories. I felt pressured and the record label they kept asking me for things that just didn't come out, they were furious so—" Louis clears his throat, shaking his head, leaving the sentence there.

"Things went down the drain." Harry complements, his voice sounding serious and doughy, sad. Louis nods against the man's head.

"Exactly."

They remain silent for the next couple of minutes, occasionally interrupted by heavy breaths.
"I could never hate him, Haz, not at all. I felt hurt beyond the physical cause he was the first person I trusted, whom I loved for the first time and despite how things looked promising at the beginning, everything went horribly wrong." Louis inhales heavily. "I have trust issues cause of that and I haven't worked on the relationships I've tried, not cause I didn't want to, it's just that I'm scared to meet someone else like him." Louis confesses in a low, trembling voice.

A new wave of silence looms over them and Louis is shaking, feeling a little unsure about whether it was right to talk about this with Harry. He wants to know what the green-eyed man thinks, if he can understand why Louis got upset before or if he thinks it's pathetic. If he'll talk to him again or if he'll just gonna ignore this moment and leave in the morning before Louis wakes up.

But instead, the next thing that happens is that Harry is turning around. His movements slow but sure when he turns to face the older man.

Harry's eyes are enormously wide, such a bright green that it could illuminate the entire room if it weren't for that don't-know-what that still fogs them. His lips are parted, swollen and red, light puffs of air escaping them.

The blue-eyed man looks at him for a moment, appreciating how handsome and young Harry is, how much younger he looks at this precise moment.

"I-I'm sorry." The green-eyed man murmurs slowly, holding one hand to Louis' chest and the other going to his waist, pressing lightly. Louis' hands move to Harry's lower back. "I'm sorry I was impatient and ruined things before, being that this is so important to you and now I understand why." Louis closes his eyes, listening to Harry's words and losing himself in that, in how soft his voice is and in how much Louis likes Harry. "I'm sorry that you met someone who didn't appreciate you because of the incredible human being that you are, you really deserve a lot better than that." He licks his lips, looking at Louis through his lashes. "I want us to be good again and want to be able to talk like before, to be friends again or whatever. Honestly Lou, I have never felt with anyone what I feel with you, when I have you near or just when we talk, even if it is through a phone. It's enough to know that I have you just a click away." Harry says sincere, something weird blinking in his eyes. "I've spent the worst two weeks of my life not being able to talk to you. Too sorry for what I did and too scared of what could happen."

Louis opens his eyes just to witness the way Harry licks his lips. Louis does the same in his, eyes finding Harry's.

There's a small moment of tension, while their eyes are locked together and there seem to be lightning in between. Words that haven't been said, but equally unnecessary.

Louis blinks one last time and suddenly, as if by inertia and not sure who makes the first movement, their lips collide.

It is everything and nothing. Too much and at the same time is not enough. Harry's lips feel warm and plush against Louis' as they begin to move them together. It doesn't make sense and it's messy, tongues crashing with no pace and teeth colliding together, but it's perfect. It is like breathing after having been drowning for an indefinite time. Harry's mouth tastes like mint, alcohol and passionfruit, it's an addictive mix and Louis wants to savor it forever.

They pull away when the need for air is too much, Harry catching Louis' bottom lip between his teeth before letting out a cry —which sounds a lot like a moan— from the distance imposed between their faces.

Louis feels in a limbo, something like candy floss on his head and a constant image of Harry before
the kiss. His first real and proper kiss.

"I've been waiting to do this correctly for weeks," Harry mentions dreamily, Louis chuckles, pressing his forehead to Harry's and smiling. Despite all.

"Mhm," he hums, licking his lips to try to catch the remnants of taste from Harry's mouth. As a way to preserve this moment.

"Let me do it better," the younger man mentions, pulling Louis out of his reverie. Harry presses his lips lightly on Louis', releasing a pleased sigh. "Wanna take you on a date," he says, breathing over Louis' lips, his eyes wide open. "Next weekend," he says, licking Louis' lips with the tip of his tongue. The blue-eyed man contains a smile.

"I'll come back next weekend just for that."

Louis blinks twice. Overwhelmed by Harry's sincerity, but so fucking happy. He allows himself to smile, big and open, even though his heart is slow and frightened. "Okay." He says in a low voice, only for both of them.

Harry smiles and kisses Louis again. Louis doesn't want it to end ever.

When Louis wakes up in the morning he is alone in bed, Harry's place feels too cold but there is a post it stuck to the pillow.

I have a flight to take.

did I tell ya that u look beautiful when u r sleeping? don't think we were at that level before, will not stop telling you everything that goes on in my head from now on, much less how important u r in my life.

i missed ya so much and love that were friends, but honestly can't wait for our date and see where that'll lead us.

miss you already

-H

Louis smiles brightly, running a hand through his hair as he reaches for his mobile from the bedside table, immediately going to his messages and looking for Harry.

didn't like waking up alone, didn't get a goodbye kiss :( 

can't wait for our date

There's a notification of a recent tweet from Harry, so Louis clicks on it and can't avoid the overwhelming feeling of happiness and surprise when he reads it.

@Harry_Styles:  Boston had never felt so much like home as it does at this very moment. Haven't even left and already fucking miss it.

Just at that moment, the device vibrates and a message appears at the top.

cant wait to see you again. Promise to reward you with lots of kisses once im back ;)

Fuck, Louis can't wait for the day of their date.
Louis bites his bottom lip to contain his smile, squeezing Harry's hand in his as they run, trying to avoid as much of the sudden rain as possible.

It had been an incredible date. Harry picked Louis up at his house and took him to his—recently discovered—favourite restaurant for *Mexican food*.

Louis had been a little nervous at first when Harry came for him, his hands even a little sweaty, but it disappeared when the green-eyed man took him by the cheeks and bent to press their lips together, kissing Louis soft and slow until the blue-eyed man was pliant in his arms. Whispering "you look beautiful" before pulling away so Louis could see him smiling smugly.

He had also brought some flowers for Louis (beautiful, purple at the tips, pink in the middle that goes down degrading until it is white, that smelled delicious, probably his favourites once he finds out what kind they are) and even if Louis didn't show much emotion when he received them, his heart had started to beat so fast, when Louis had gone to put them inside a vase, that he was afraid that it might beat out of his chest. Louis loves flowers and the gesture had filled him with that strange feeling that makes the butterflies in his stomach flutter madly.

Harry had kept their hands entwined all the way in the car, which honestly helped to ease Louis' nerves. And in the restaurant, he had pulled Louis' chair out so he could take a seat... Louis was delighted and everything had gone even better from there.

At some point during the night, Harry leaned closer to Louis, sliding his hand under the blue-eyed man's and caressing his knuckles with his thumb. He had smiled wide, his eyes never leaving the blue-eyed man's. "Lou," he said softly, biting his bottom lip for two seconds, "I really, really want to make this work," he had pronounced softly, weakening just a little; nervous. "And I know we're very good friends, but I already have good friends, y'know, a best friend even and I just..." Louis leaned in a little closer, this way he could feel Harry's breathing on his face. "I really like you, Lou, and I want this to be more than just a friendship for us." Louis smiled, pretending that his face wasn't heating up. "I know it will not be easy if you decide to accept me and that we're just on our first date, but honestly, I'm anhel—" Louis had kissed him then.

Louis chuckles, letting Harry pull him harder as the rain increases, they getting wetter and wetter. "Haz... I-I can't." The blue-eyed man blurts out, laughing louder, drops of water falling in his mouth and all over his face. "Can we just..." He tries to say before Harry stops abruptly, turning so fast that Louis crashes into his chest. The older man lets out a gasp, putting his hand on the green-eyed man's chest. "Whatcha doin'?" Louis asks, a confused smile on his face.

Harry smiles so big that his dimples show up. He releases the grip on Louis' hand and instead wraps his arms around his waist, pushing him closer, bending to press their foreheads together. "You're so beautiful, Lou." Harry says promptly, heavy drops of water trickling down his face. "So stunning."

"Stop." Louis says embarrassed, heat crackling up his neck and face. He doesn't think he's going to get used to Harry being so honest this way, well, it's not like Louis is gonna start complaining a lot. "You're making me blush." He mumbles but ends up smiling, standing on his tiptoes to press his lips to Harry's.

The green-eyed man holds him there, one hand pressed to his lower back while the other climbs up to his neck as he pushes his tongue into Louis' mouth. The blue-eyed man hums happily, squeezing Harry's biceps and letting him lick lazily inside his mouth. Louis can barely feel the drops of water, it's not really important while he's being kissed and held like this by Harry.
Louis pulls away with a snap, panting heavily. His pupils dilated. "Let's go home." He says between long and heavy breaths. Tightening his grip on the green-eyed man's waist.

Harry smiles playfully, pursing his lips. "I don’t know what kind of guy you think I am Louis Tomlinson," he says trying to sound serious but failing miserably. He pecks at Louis' lips quickly, "but for you I'm willing to be." Louis rolls his eyes, snorting but also failing to hide his smile.

"Let's just go, you silly." The older man lets loose, kissing Harry one last time before guiding them on the way home.

The rain doesn't even matter anymore.

"H-Haz," Louis says heavily, his back pressed to the wall next to the door of his room as he has his legs loosely wrapped around Harry's waist, getting hold of Harry's grip on his thighs. The green-eyed man grunts, burying his teeth harder in the skin of Louis' neck as he lets out a pained scream, a little opposed to the way his cock twitched, the green-eyed man starting to lick the bite.

"Shit," Harry curses, breathing sharply and leaning his forehead on Louis' shoulder. The blue-eyed man buries his fingers in the wet strands of curly hair tugging it a little. "We really do need to dry up or else I may get sick for the rest of the tour." He says, his words slow as usual but somehow, they make Louis smile. It's just a little endearing if Louis' honest.

The older man pulls Harry's head back, making him look at him. "Then let's go," he says, leaning quickly to peck his lips. "A shower and then to sleep, you have to take a flight in the morning."

Harry pouts, frowning a little. "That's not fun, what about spending more time with my boyfriend?"

Louis' eyebrows shoot up, a laugh bubbling in his chest. "Boyfriend?" He says slowly, incredulously. "Does he know you're out here kissing another guy?"

Harry smiles contentedly, leaning his face closer to Louis'. "Mmm." The green-eyed man hums slowly, then licking his lips. Louis can't help but follow the movement. "He is not very jealous, honestly, I do not think he cares that much."

Louis snorts, his eyes finding Harry's. "I would care." Harry responds with a soft "uhum?" Louis squeezes his legs harder around the green-eyed man's waist, using both hands to cradle his face. "I'm serious, Haz." The blue-eyed man says seriously, his heart beating loudly. "I might not be very jealous but I'm scared." He confesses, willing to be open with Harry, to make this thing work between them. It's okay that it started as a bit of a joke, but he is all the way in with this and wants Harry to know it. Louis swallows. "And I really want to do things right with us. I really care."

Harry smiles fondly, his face gleaming and his cheeks flushed. "I know, baby." The younger man says, kissing the blue-eyed man cheek before hiding his face in his neck. "I appreciate that you talk to me about this." The older man closes his eyes, resting his head on the wall.

"I want to do this right, love."

"We'll do it." Harry affirms, kissing the junction between Louis' neck and shoulder, where he previously left a mark, as well as others around, the skin is now marked with bruises. "For now, what do you say about that shower?"

"Yes, please."
Louis barely complains when Harry puts them under the stream of water with their clothes yet on.

—I need a minute to breathe you in
Just a second to taste your skin
I just gotta, I just gotta
Feel you here right next to me
Can we please just go back in time?
Those lazy Sundays, you and I
‘Cause every hour and every day
Gets more painful when you’re away

Louis quickly learns that it is a bit hard to start a relationship with a currently touring musician.

That just emphasizes how different things are now, because it's as if something went on inside Louis and then, he misses Harry a lot more than when they were just friends and, in one way or another, it seems that the universe is against them because Louis has been busier this pasts few weeks and Harry has fewer breaks in between the tour and they both are just so fucking tired at the end of the day. So, that's why they haven't had a real talk in weeks and, when the have time, video calls and texts are not enough, it was before, but it's doesn't feel like it now.

Louis shakes his head and tries to focus on his working, reminding himself that it's almost time.

He rolls his eyes, snorting under his breath before looking back at the woman sitting in front of him.

"You ready to order?" He asks kindly, without smiling though, it just doesn't come out, much less with all the hustle and bustle coming from outside. Louis licks the corner of his mouth, waiting for a couple of seconds till the lady talks.

"Of course, honey." The woman responds kindly, then reciting her order. Louis writes it quickly, nodding and then going to put his order on the wheel, then turning it so that it reaches the cook.

Chase peeks through the cashier, smiling at Louis. "A show is happening out there." He mentions, his voice more raspy than usual. Louis snorts, facing the window that gives view outside.

"It's a bit annoying, what's even going on?" He asks, turning his gaze to Chase.

"Ugh, some guy, I do not know, Ha—" before the blonde man can finish speaking, the chime above the door sounds and both of them look at the recently opened door.

Fuck.

It's Harry.

Harry wearing a button-up shirt with the sleeves rolled to the elbows with three open buttons that reveal the tattoo of his collarbones and a part of the butterfly on his stomach, while the pants, pale turquoise, are cut in a loose, wide-leg shape and with pleats in the front, that extend into crisp pressed creases towards the end. He is even wearing sunglasses. He looks hot.

Louis is astonished.

His mouth is dark pink, in contrast to the pale pink that decorates his cheeks most of the time. His skin bathed in the afternoon sun that sneaks through the windows makes him look unreal, even that he is here seems unreal. Louis hasn't seen or touched him for almost a month. Maybe a bit more.
Louis feels that his heart wants to jump out of his chest, with how fast it is pounding, opposed to the way his breath gets trapped in his throat. He swallows hard as he exhales abruptly, mentally trying not to lose his composure as Harry makes his way into the restaurant, not even disturbed by the fans who are still watching him from outside. Louis watches Harry finally decide to take a sit at one of his tables. The blue-eyed man doesn't know whether to be nervous or relieved.

"Harry... something." Chase says behind him (Louis had completely forgotten about his presence) calling Louis' attention so suddenly that his eyes jump to focus on him again. The blue-eyed man isn't surprised that Chase doesn't know Harry's last name or who he is, after all, the man probably had come a very long way by the time Harry and Louis himself were born.

The blue-eyed man clears his throat, blinking slowly as he looks into Chase's dark eyes. "I think I should continue with my work, mate, I don't want to have James on my back for not attending properly to a superstar." Louis winks playfully, trying to ease his nervousness as he earns a soft laugh out of Chase.

"Go on your way, boy." Chase says, pointing to where Harry is sitting. Louis doesn't look there, he instead, chooses to organize his apron and tries to accommodate a little his messy fringe before finally turning around to make his way to where Harry is.

It's as if Harry is waiting for him, because from the first moment that Louis starts walking there, the younger man's gaze falls on him, Louis can feel it heavy on him even when Harry has the sunglasses still on.

Louis is forced to breathe small puffs of air on his way, much more when Harry drops the sunglasses off his face and Louis is confronted with two beautiful emeralds focused only on him. It's amazing and fucking nerve-wrecking.

The blue-eyed man comes in front of Harry, his trembling hands holding a notebook. All he wants to do right now is to be completely professional, after all, he's at work, Louis just wants to say his lines as with the others customers. But instead what comes out is of his mouth is:

"God, you're beautiful. I've missed you." The words leave his mouth so quick that can't even think about it. Louis opens his eyes comically wide as his gaze flies from side to side of the place, people looking towards them but not exactly cause of what Louis just said (true is that, his boy is quite a sight), even though, that doesn't help. The older man hates his subconscious right now.

Harry smiles satisfied. Both hands holding the menu. "Yeah? Then bend down and kiss me."

Louis wants. God, he wants it so much that all he can think about is how it would feel lean and press his lips against Harry. He can't help but wonder what flavor will explode on his tongue if he does so.

"I'm working." Louis says through his teeth but sounding completely defeated. He licks his lips and sighs. "Good afternoon, what can I get for you, sir?" Louis asks, his eyes only flying away from Harry a couple of times, in search of blond hair sneaking in here; James.

Harry bites his bottom lip quickly, but not enough that Louis looks at him a little dumbfounded as he does it. "The house special and a glass of water, please."

"Course." Louis responds, writing Harry's order on the notebook and practically flying out of there after saying. "I'll be back soon."

Louis leaves Harry's order on the wheel, his hands shaking a little. He enters the kitchen, checking the time before shouting "gonna take five" and going to the back of the restaurant.
The blue-eyed man quickly digs his hands into his pockets, till he finds his cigarettes and lighter. It
takes him a few seconds to have the cigarette between his lips, giving the first deep puff. His lungs
filling with the vicious smoke.

Louis wants to lean against the wall, or sit a moment on the floor, but that would be a bit unhygienic
if he's honest. He instead begins to walk in circles. Smoking desperately.

His heart is beating so hard and Louis doesn't know how to stop it. He's not even sure what he's
feeling at this moment or why his body is reacting in this strange way.

"Shit," Louis mutters under his breath, throwing the butt on the floor and stomping on it. He brings
his hands to cover his eyes, trying to stop the recent humidity. The blue-eyed man presses his
forehead against the wall, not caring at all. He forces himself to take deep breaths, his ears filled with
so much cotton that he doesn't register the footsteps approaching until a pair of strong arms wrap
tightly around his body.

Harry's smell soon invades his nostrils and, just like that, a wave full tranquility washes over him.

Louis lets out a sharp breath, pressing his eyes shut tightly. His back instinctively leaning against
Harry's chest. The green-eyed man hums, pressing his face to the back of Louis' neck. The blue-eyed
man doesn't know what to do or what to say, his heart beating with too much force that he fears it
will come out of his chest.

"You okay?" He asks, Louis can feel the note of concern in his voice, so the blue-eyed man forces
himself to swallow and nods, Harry holding him tighter.

"Yes, yes," Louis whispers hoarsely, he cleans the stubble of tears from his eyes and without move
away from Harry he turns around, putting his hands on the younger man's chest. "You just—you did
that thing... You just came from nowhere and—" Louis takes a deep breath "We haven't even seen
each other in weeks" he shakes his head incredulously, "and now you're here, you really-really are
here," Louis says a little watery, digging his fingers into Harry's chest. "Shit, I'm so overwhelmed.
I've missed you so much." Louis lets out honestly.

Harry stops chewing on his bottom lip to bend and press his lips briefly on Louis', it's so fleeting that
the blue-eyed man can't even taste it completely.

"I've missed you, too." Harry says, massaging Louis' lower back. "M'sorry about that, I didn't think
they knew I'd be here." Harry confesses, his cheeks turning pinker. "I just wanted to see you and,
honestly, it wasn't a very long way from the airport."

"You-What?" Harry hums, Louis frowns. "You don't come from the airport." He says shaking his
head, a brow arched.

"Yup," Harry says quietly, remarking the p. "Fresh outta there, baby."

Louis snorts, shaking his head again. "You're lying." He says surely. "How can you say you're
coming from the airport and looking like you just got off a runway."

Harry smiles brightly, his nose a little wrinkled. "The power of a private jet."

Louis rolls his eyes but it is impossible to contain his smile. "Of course." Louis gets on his tiptoes,
pecking at Harry's lips. "It sounds like a funny story, but I really have to go back to work."

"Do you?" Harry questions pouting, squeezing Louis closer. "Don't go."
Louis closes his eyes for a moment. "Yes, I have to." Louis licks his lips; Harry's warmth is comfortable around Louis' body, he doesn't want to move away. "But I'll see you tonight, you can go rest in the meantime. I know you must be tired cause you weren't supposed to be here ‘til tomorrow."

"Okay," Harry accepts easily "I can do that." He licks his lips slightly. "Besides, I didn't want to wait until tomorrow, it's enough with the weeks that have passed without us being together."

"Yeah, I understand. It's amazing you're here, but I really have to go back..." He falls silent when Harry's lips catch his.

Louis allows himself to be kissed for a while, savoring the moment and the sensation that spreads through his body. The pleasant feeling of having his boy back, even for a few days.

"I've gotta go" Louis says hardly, sucking Harry's bottom lip into his mouth. Harry hums a sound from his throat as he squeezes his fingers on Louis' hips.

"No," the green-eyed man lets loose, licking inside Louis' mouth with fervor. Louis arms tightly clamped around Harry's neck.

The blue-eyed man pulls away, pecking at Harry's lips four times. "See you tonight." Louis gives a last peck to the green-eyed man's lips. "I'll bring dinner."

Harry nods, barely letting him go and Louis smiles at him one last time before disappearing through the door that leads him into the restaurant.

Louis leans against the door for a minute, just the thought of his boy waiting for him tonight makes Louis feel in a much better mood.

"Mmm." Louis buzzes from his throat, lifting himself up on his elbows to peck Harry's lips, then dropping onto the mattress again. The green-eyed man smiles, his hands pressed on each side of Louis' head.

Louis licks his lips, then closing his eyes softly. "The boys want us to go out tonight." He whispers, allowing Harry to settle between his legs. He exhales a soft breath, "but I'm so tired, I don't think I can stay awake for even a couple of hours." He huffs. "I'm too old for this."

The younger man lets out a giggle, brushing their noses together in an eskimo kiss. "You're so dramatic," Harry says, sliding his nose down Louis' cheek, the blue-eyed man sighing happily. "We don't have to go anywhere, I like it here with you."

"Aww, baby," Louis coos, bringing his hands to Harry's neck. "There are three whole days ahead for just us, plus I'm sure you also want to spend some time with Zayn and Liam, but I've seen them every day of my life for the past," he frowns thoughtfully. "Uff, three years, so there's not much I'm missing out cause I won't go out one night." He exhales. "Yeah, it isn't like if Louis is putting his friends aside just to be with Harry. Louis would never do that cause Liam and Zayn are the first people who welcomed him here. They're his best friends and that's simply all.

Louis opens his eyes to find Harry staring at him, a pout on his lips. "I like Liam and Zayn," Harry states, soft eyes looking at Louis, "but I haven't seen my boyfriend properly in weeks and I only have few days to make up for that," he presses his lips on Louis' briefly. "I'd rather spend my night having quality time with you."

Louis smiles fondly, pressing his fingertips on Harry's neck. "Come here, babe, kiss me properly."
Harry licks his lips, moving a hand to Louis' neck before leaning down and slotting their lips together gently, kissing Louis as if they have all the time in the world.

It quickly becomes much more eager, sloppy and heated. Louis whines, wrapping his thighs around Harry's hips while tugging on his hair. Harry growls, licking inside of Louis' mouth feverishly.


The green-eyed man parts away, exhaling sharply before leaning in to kiss the older man again, just a little peck this time.

"I-I think we should go out with the boys tonight," Harry says breathless, "just hang out the four of us, no to a bar but we could go to any other place. What you say about that?" Louis has to take a moment to breathe deeply and gain all his composure back.

"Yeah, okay. I think that sounds cool." Louis squeezes his eyes shut, trying not to think of the bulge in his pants.

"Okay, that's great." Harry says, hiding his face in Louis' neck. He leaves a slight kiss there. "Just talk to Zayn and Liam and I'll make some calls."

x

"I can't believe we really gonna do this," Louis says excitedly as he finishes arranging the sleeves of his uniform, then he goes to help Harry with his. Louis smiles fondly when he sees Harry struggling to put on the uniform. "Come here, bambi, let me help you with that." Harry pouts but moves easily to stand in of Louis.

The blue-eyed man kisses him briefly and then helps him to put on his uniform correctly, checking that all the areas are covered before pressing a last kiss on his lips and to then stand on his tiptoes to slide the goggles over Harry's head. "You're ready." Louis says happily.

Harry puts a hand on his waist and squeezes lightly. "Thank you, baby."

"You're welcome."

Louis finishes with his uniform by putting a scarf over his mouth and then he slides the goggle over his head.

"So, we ready?" He shouts, drawing the attention of the other two boys. Zayn and Liam approach where Louis is, their owns uniforms perfectly placed and loaded guns in hand. "I guess the teams are likely to be, Harry and me and Zayn and Liam, does that sound good?"

Harry behind Louis, says "yes" animatedly, but Zayn and Liam really don't look like. It takes a total of thirty seconds for Liam to raise his hand and clear his throat.

"Lou, actually, I think it would be more fun if we're on opposing teams, like, Zayn and you, and Harry and I, it would be fine."

"Sounds good to me." Zayn responds dryly.

Louis frowns at the strange tone in his best friend's voice, but he says nothing about it. At least not for now. "Okay, that sounds great." The blue-eyed man turns to look at his boyfriend again, smiling
even if he can't see it. "You gonna lose, curly." He says playfully before picking up his gun from the bench where he had put it. "Let's go then."

Ten minutes later Louis and Zayn are covering each other's backs, no sign of Harry and Liam anywhere. Zayn has been calm, much more than usual and Louis doesn't like it.

They were placed on opposite sides of the playing field, but Louis knows that they shouldn't be far from meeting the other two men. However, it's not really that much fun if Louis is being honest, there hasn't been a word said between the two of them, it's even become a bit uncomfortable.

"Hey, Z," Louis calls softly as they both move around trunks. "You good?" He asks, trying not to sound as alarmed as he really feels.

Zayn doesn't respond immediately, making Louis more nervous with every passing second. "Now it matters," he snaps out of nowhere, but quickly clears his throat. "Why wouldn't I be." He ends saying, a bitter tint in his voice.

That's not Zayn, not his Zayn.

Louis stops them halfway, placing a hand on Zayn's shoulder and turning him to face him. "What's wrong?" The blue-eyed man asks frowning and his lower lip caught between his teeth.

Zayn laughs humorless. "Everything is perfect, Louis." It is weak and unconvincing, Louis is increasingly worried.

"Zee, what's h—?" Before Louis can finish speaking, a red paintball hits the tree next to him. Louis yells, being pushed down by Zayn for both of them to escape the next burst of shots that come their way, the paint droplets flying over them as they both crawl to a safe place.

Louis smiles, but he knows it doesn't reach his eyes. Zayn sits against one of the trunks, his gun between his legs. The blue-eyed man kneels in front of him, cradling his covered cheek. "D'ya wanna go home?" Louis asks sincerely, lifting Zayn's head to look at him, his eyes finding Zayn's even through the masks. His best friend shakes his head. "Just say yes, you know I'll leave everything and we'll go home."

"Lou," Zayn whines pitifully, shaking his head again. "You don't have to, it's nothing."

"It is if you don't wanna talk to me properly, what's wrong, baby?" Louis asks a little nervous, less than at the beginning but keeping his guard up. At least Zayn is talking now.

"It's so fucking complicated, Lou," Zayn says, apparently giving up on not talking to Louis. "Shit, just thinking about it makes me mad."

"Tell me more." Louis says gently, waiting patiently till Zayn lets out a long puff of air.

"Liam has a girlfriend." Zayn responds as if nothing, his mouth twisting into a grimace, his hands clenched into fists and resting on his knees. "Isn't it ridiculous?" He lets out a humorless laugh. Louis is speechless. "Cause I've been waiting for years for Liam to be ready for a relationship, I've been there every time he's needed me and I've let him fuck me instead of letting someone else do it." Zayn snorts. "But even after everything it comes down to the fact that I'm not someone with whom he would like to have a relationship, it is, apparently, just a game for him and that's what I've been for him all this time."

"Zayn —I..." Louis goes silent, shaking his head dumbfounded.
"I know, it's fucking pathetic."

"Don't say that." Louis says firmly. "It's not your fault that Liam acts like an arsehole and can't man up and face whatever he really wants and feels for you. If you're not first on his list, he’s the one who’s missing out." The blue-eyed man grunts, his other hand clenched into a fist. Zayn doesn't deserve any of this shit. He doesn't deserve someone who can't make decisions without hurting others. "I know how you feel about Liam and I know it's hard to just let go of those feelings, but we both know that he doesn't deserve you, not after everything, and that you don't deserve any of the shit that's happening, none of what's been happening for the last two years." He presses his hand into Zayn's neck, where he knows he'll purr. "Liam is one of my best friends, but you are more than that to me and I will always want you to be ok, ahead of everything else. And I feel that this cycle between Liam and you has to end already, because it's been so much time spent on a person who apparently isn't gonna give you what you want." Louis sighs deeply. "I don't want you to be hurt even more, it's just not good for you."

"I know." Zayn says weakly, holding a hand to Louis' waist. "I know and I want to do it because I know I've put up with a lot of his shit. I deserve someone who loves me all the time, not just when I'm flirting with other guys." Zayn laughs incredulously. "I deserve someone who doesn't have to get jealous so I can get his attention."

"I know you do."

They remain silent for a while, completely forgetting the game. Louis feels bad and mad, so mad.

He feels bad for Zayn, cause he's been craving Liam's love for years, letting everything aside just to be with him and after everything, he's getting nothing but heartbreak.

He’s also mad at Liam cause this thing between him and Zayn is something he should've put and end to a long time ago, but he was so selfish just taking and taking from Zayn but not giving as much, always knowing that Zayn couldn't just let him go.

"Oh," Zayn says out of nowhere, startling Louis out of his thoughts "I've been seeing Niall for a while." He admits.

"You, what?"

Zayn laughs a little, for the first time sincere and relaxed since this conversation began. "Yeah, I mean, he's super cool and cute, it's really fun to spend time with him, even if it's just fooling around."

"Yes, I know Niall is funny but I don't think he's the right person to be romantically involved with. He's still a bit in love with his ex."

"Yes, sometimes we talk about that, and I don't know, we're taking this whatever-it-is slow, we're just friends. We both know we get in too deep with our lovers."

"Okay, that's great, but for how long this has been happening and why I'm just finding out."

"A month or so," Zayn says slowly, probably knowing what that will do to Louis.

The blue-eyed man gasps, his mouth opening and guilt falling all over him. A month or so? A month of his best friend suffering and Louis is just finding out. What kind of best friend he is?

Louis lets his hand fall from Zayn's neck as he sits on his heels; speechless.
"Don't go crazy." Zayn says, wrapping his hand around Louis' wrist. "It's okay."

"It definitely is not." He says lowly, a lump in his throat. "What kind of shitty best friend am I?"

"Don't say that," Zayn scolds. "You've been a little busy."

Louis shakes his head. "That's not an excuse, not a good one at least."

"No, it is, you have so many things in your head and you are in a relationship with someone famous, which must be twice as difficult."

"It is, but that no—"

"Yes, it is, Lou, and it's okay."

Louis looks at Zayn a little dazed, shaking his head. "I didn't mean to leave you or our friendship behind, but..." he sucks his bottom lip a moment "I'm still trying to figure out how to do things correctly with Harry, cause this is something relatively new for me and the way he acts with me is so different than Lucas did," he sucks a long breath. "It scares me how much I like him and how much I feel for him." Louis squeezes his eyes shut, allowing Zayn to push him closer to his body. "I don't want everything to always be about Harry and me, but sometimes it's like everything comes together and I have work, Uni, and sometimes I can only talk to Harry for a short time cause we're both too busy, so like, I try to take advantage of the time we have together as much as I can, because then we won’t be able to see each other for weeks and—" he is rambling, Louis knows it, his voice coming out faster and more unintelligible with each second, but Zayn doesn't complain, he just interrupts Louis with a soft tint.

"Hey, baby," Zayn reassures, running his hands down Louis' back. "I know that it must be difficult and I completely understand it, you know, and I'm here whenever you need me, no matter what. You don't have to worry much about whatever is happening to me because I know I can fix it on my own." Louis pouts, whispering "I want to help" over his best friend's voice, which brings out a real, bright smile from Zayn as he continues to speak, "just worry about being okay and keep down to earth, I know Harry is very important to you even if you haven't been dating for a long time, so you just have to take things slowly and everything will be fine. "

Louis laughs a little watery, throwing himself to hug Zayn strongly, muttering a mantra of "thank you" in the crook of his neck.

Zayn laughs, patting Louis' back slightly. "Okay, since this topic is dealt with, I think it's time to kill those bastards."

Louis snorts a laugh. "I can't believe we've spent years here and they haven't found us. I think this is going to be a cinch."

"You tired?" Louis asks quietly, running his hands over Harry's shoulders and massaging them for a moment. The green-eyed man purrs, his eyes shut and his head falling back against the tile.

"Completely." The younger man says after a while.

Louis hums, bending to kiss the bruise Harry has near his neck. He presses light kisses on there, feeling rather guilty.

"M'sorry." He apologizes, as he has done for the last couple of hours.
Louis really didn't intend to paint this bruise on Harry's skin, nor did he think that several shots on
the same spot could make this, but it had been so funny at the time that Louis didn't think much about
the consequences, but when Harry took off his suit and he began to complain about the pain, Louis
had practically stumbled in his steps to go check on Harry. His face had turned pale and Louis had
barely contained the urge to vomit; he felt sick.

"It's okay," Harry says in a calm voice, putting his arm around Louis' shoulders. "It's nothing,
besides, we were playing and it was really fun."

"Yeah, I guess it was," Louis says with no conviction, leaning his forehead on Harry's chest. The
green-eyed man turns on the shower again, a stream of hot water falling over them. Louis
purrs, closing his eyes and allowing himself to be enveloped by Harry's warmth and the water.

They remain silent for the next few minutes, Harry's hands now massaging Louis' back lightly,
pressing on the knots, Louis grunts softly each moment feeling more relaxed. Harry pulls the hair out
of Louis' face. It is so endearing.

"Did'ya know that Zayn and Niall have been seeing each other?" Louis asks out of nowhere,
snatches of his conversation with Zayn appearing like a movie in his closed eyelids. He sighs happily
when Harry begins to run his nails over his scalp.

"kind of," He confirms, rubbing his fingertips on the back of Louis' neck. "Niall doesn't talk much
about that though, he just said that they're taking it slow, getting to know each other first." Harry
explains lightly, sliding his hand down to Louis' lower back.

Louis licks his lips briefly, suddenly focusing on how good it feels to be here and like this, like, they
are naked and taking a shower, but that's it, nothing sexual in the middle and Louis appreciates it, he
appreciates that Harry don't press him to go further.

"Zayn and I talked a little while we were playing," Louis says quietly, turning away slightly to look
at Harry. "I found out a lot of things that are happening that I didn't even know about," he says,
frowning slowly. "And Zayn, I think he was really cross at me and it's weird, I don't think Zayn has
ever been cross towards me," Louis yawns and apparently that's a sign because almost immediately
Harry turns off the shower while with his free hand he puts his hair back in a quiff. Louis continues
speaking, not disturbed at all. "He's sad cause things didn't work out with Liam, but he says he's
been having fun with Niall, and that's fine." Louis doesn't sound really convinced though, he
honestly doesn't feel that way just yet.

The blue-eyed man lets Harry drag a towel through his hair and across his torso, giggles escaping his
lips as he feels tickles in his ribs. Louis runs a towel over Harry's body too, tickling under his armpits
playfully a couple of times until he stops to wrap the towel around Harry's waist.

"I think that, things between Zayn and Liam weren't really meant to be" Harry comments while they
are getting dressed. Louis pulls one of Harry's shirts out of the closet, it has the Pink Floyd logo on
the front and the band stamped on the back, he slips it over his head and straightens it out so it
doesn't fall over his shoulder.

"I know," Louis says as he dries his hair with the towel "but Zayn always had hope, y'know, even if
he didn't show it." Louis drops the towel to the floor, even knowing that Harry doesn't like it. The
green-eyed man yawns loudly, stretching to rattle the muscles of his back. Louis watches him just a
little stunned, appreciating the way the muscles in Harry's back contract with each stretch.

"I guess it must be difficult," Harry continues the conversation, without turning to look at Louis yet,
he instead walks up to the bedside table to look for something in the first drawer, "but it says a lot
about him that after everything that’s happened he's still talking to Liam, you know, it's nice of him and it's much nicer that he wants to be with Niall, even if it's just like friends. Niall doesn't talk much about Shawn, not even with me, but he's different with Zayn and, I dunno, I like that they get along.

"Me too." Louis sincerely recognizes.

Louis walks to the bed, sitting on the edge and then leaning back, sinking slightly into the soft mattress. He laughs incredulously, shaking his head to himself, Louis still can't believe that Harry bought him a mattress ("bought it for us" he had said when Louis asked him about it), however, he isn't about to complain again.

"C'mere, Lou." Harry calls gently, pulling Louis out of his train of thought.

The blue-eyed man raises his head to look Harry, the younger man is sitting on the other side of the bed, wearing nothing but trousers, he has in his right hand a small little jar that Louis soon recognizes. The older man pouts but still he moves to where Harry is, putting his head on the green-eyed man's tights.

"Don't like this," he complains, while Harry brushes the hair away from his face with gentle touches, caressing his cheekbones and putting his thumb on Louis' pouting lips. The blue-eyed man smiles, pursing his lips to kiss Harry's thumb as he allows himself to close his eyes for a moment.

"Don't fall asllep, baby," Harry calls softly, pushing his thumb away from Louis' lips. "Let me put this on you and then we can go to sleep."

"Okay." Louis accepts in a low tone, a long yawn escaping his lips.

Harry comes out from under Louis, leaving the blue-eyed man head on the pillow while he sits by his side.

Louis forces himself to open his eyes again when Harry taps his neck. The green-eyed man bends down to press their lips together for a moment, kissing Louis soft and gentle. The older man puts his hands on Harry's waist, bare skin warm against his palms. Harry pulls away slowly, pecking at Louis' lips twice before returning to a fully seated position. He smiles bright and happy, Louis' heart beats a bit faster, it always does it when Harry is near.

Harry uncovers the little jar, leaving the lid on the bedside table before leaning down, and, with his index finger and thumb, opening Louis' right eye wider. The shorter man twists slightly when the first drop of liquid falls on his eye, wanting to close it but stopping himself from it.

"I hate this," he says with clenched teeth and tensed jaw, his eye stinging because of the liquid. Harry hushes him, biting his smile while repeating the same process with the other eye.

There are need three drops in each eye and although Louis has been doing it for several weeks, he still doesn't get used to it. He isn't even sure why his ophthalmologist had to send him this.

"That's it," the green-eyed man cheers, smiling openly as Louis blinks quickly, trying to keep his eyes from stinging cause of the drops.

"Okay, quokka ," Louis says smiling after a while, stretching his arms towards Harry. "C'mere, let's go to sleep." Harry hums, throwing his arms in the air as he jumps to the other side of the bed, next to Louis.

The blue-eyed man bites his tongue to not let out a laugh, instead, rolling his eyes when Harry's gaze
falls on him.

Harry licks his lips, lifting himself up on one elbow and looking at Louis through his lashes.

"Today was fun," he confesses in a whisper, just talking to both of them. "Like, spending a bit of time with the lads and playing with them, it relieves some of the tensions that come with touring."

"Yes, I know." He is lying on his stomach, his head resting on his forearms. "Is it too tiring, I mean, to be on tour?" Louis asks, his eyes narrowed.

"Sometimes, it's fun every time, but like it's a little tiring after so much time and jet lag is crap, if I'm honest, but I think I've grown more used to it over the years and I like what I do, which is a plus."

"Ya know," Louis says slowly, "when I used to write songs, you usually meet a lot of people, bitter people who, they usually say they love what they do and sometimes it seems like it, they'd come out and they'd all be happy in front of the fans, but in the studio, gosh, you could have them grumbling all the time and complaining that everything is wrong." Louis' eyes are shut now, but he couldn't feel more awake. "It's weird because I don't think I've ever seen you complaining, not even that time you were about to lose your voice and you almost canceled two tour dates."

"It's because I really like it," Harry says, running his index finger down Louis' ear, the blue-eyed man giggles, "even if it's sometimes a little stressful," Louis can hear the smile in his voice and the feeling is indescribable but so pleasant, he loves when Harry is happy.

"But, are you happy for the end of the tour?"

"Yes. Obviously, it is a bit emotional" Harry says softly, "but, after it's over, I want to spend some time in London with my family and catch up with some friends and then..." he trails off slowly. Louis opens his eyes.

Harry is smiling tiny but bright, it's almost blinding. "What?"

"It's going to be our first Christmas together." Louis can't see it well, but he is sure that Harry's cheeks are colored red.

"I know, it'll be fun." Louis says in a light voice, crawling closer to Harry. "I mean, I think we could go somewhere."

"Mmm, we're already thinking about that then," Harry says with a hint of amusement in his voice.

Louis snorts. "I was just saying, you idiot." Louis says, tapping his shoulder. "Shut your mouth and hug me."

Harry laughs, that bark of a laugh that surprises even himself. Louis' favorite. "How can someone so small be so bossy."

Louis makes an offended noise, jabbing his fingers into Harry's stomach. "You have to respect your elders, young Harold."

"Lou!" Harry complains laughing, rapidly holding Louis' wrists to stop him. "You're literally two years older than me."

"Still, I'm older and wiser," Louis says with a giggle. He looks at Harry through his lashes, licking his lips. Harry looks back, his mouth slightly open. "You know you—" Harry doesn't let him finish speaking, choosing to press his lips against Louis'.
The blue-eyed man gasps, caught a little off guard by it, but his hand doesn't take long to fly to the back of Harry's head, pushing him closer as they press their lips together. Harry purrs against Louis' mouth, sucking his bottom lip inside his mouth. The blue-eyed man hums softly, "we were supposed to go to sleep."

The green-eyed man moves away a little, his lips brushing against Louis' when he says, "talking and kissing you is a lot more fun" Harry kisses him again, harder this time.

Yes, Louis thinks, this is much more fun. He also thinks how much he'll miss him when Harry is back on the road. Louis doesn't say anything though.

Timeline of messages

Between the end of October and the middle of November.

**10/30**

13:23

_ugg, zayn n niall r draggin me to buy costumes 2nite why r they so cruel._

13:29

_poork baby, surely it'll be torture to have fun at a halloween party._

13:31

_just because you arent gonna be here but i think i can overcome it_

13:34

_what r u gonna dress up like?_

13:36

'_s a surprise ;)_

gotta go back to work

miss you ;*

13:36

miss you too xx

**

**

**10/31**

08:14

_good mornin, whatll you dress up like 2nite?_

08:35

_ugh. why do you hate me? it's so early Hazza_

08:39

_the early birds get the worm!_

08:42

'i'm not getting anything

_the costume is still a surprise but Carl has a gift for you hun ;)_
19:43
_u didn't do it!?!!?
Lou!!!!
_u don't
shit!

20:25
_did what?
liked my surprise? ;)

20:27
_r u fuckin kiddin!?!?!
_u r killin me
_a pretty sinful kitten seriously???
_God, u look so hot.

20:45
_I know but thanks!
_knew you'd like it

20:47
_like it!?!?!
_Lou! I have to be on stage in 10 minutes
_n i have a fuckin boner
_this is mortifyin
_n the only thing i can think bout is how much i want to touch u n put my mouth on u

20:57
_you can do it
_the next time we see each other
_touch me and kiss me everywhere
_id love it if you did

21:00
_i'll do it. promise.
_shit, i have to go
_call me after the party i'll be up n waitin

21:03
_OK

**

11/11

15:38
_im sorry, really, i know we had plans but i really have to do this thing. i am sorry.
Lou, please, answer my calls.
Please.

Baby, i know you're upset and im really sorry but talk to me
im going crazy

x

There's something about the way that you always see the pretty view
Overlook the blooded mess, always lookin' effortless
And still you, still you want me
I got no innocence, faith ain't no privilege
I am a deck of cards, vice or a game of hearts
And still you, still you want me

Louis breathes in softly, his nostrils fluttering the slightest bit as he dries his sweaty hands up and down on his thighs, completely grateful that his trousers are black. He moves the hair away from his forehead and bites his lip, already feeling unsure about whether he should be here or not.

He wanted to surprise Harry when he found out that they probably couldn't see each other for another two weeks because Harry will be part of two charity events for the BLM and youth homelessness' organization, one in Washington D.C. and other in London. Even knowing that Louis had asked Carl for help to get here without the green-eyed man noticing, however, with each passing minute Louis feels less convinced that this was a good idea. It's okay that he's been missing Harry a lot more lately since they haven't seen each other in nearly three weeks and have barely spoken enough recently. However, he doesn't know if he did the right thing, because even if they had plans before Harry talked to him about this, Louis doesn't want Harry to think he's an intense boyfriend who can't live on his own for a few weeks.

He can still hear the fans screaming but one of the members of Harry's crew told him a few minutes ago that the concert was over, and Louis is just waiting.

It's a bit overwhelming to be here and witness Harry's life from so close, Louis doesn't think he could get used to it if it was his own. He's always been a person who prefers to remain anonymous but he's proud of all the heart that Harry puts into his shows

Louis is biting his lip so hard that he can feel the blood on his taste buds, he stands up, thinking leaving for a moment before Harry enters, or maybe he could just go and ask Carl to not say anything about his short stay here, but as Louis is just about to do that the door flies open. Louis' heart skips a beat as he turns to the recently opened door.

A laughter fills the room and Harry's voice comes out heavy when he says. "Stop it, Tommy!" chuckling loudly. Louis takes a step back, seeing the blond hair over Harry's shoulder, none of them noticing his presence as they laugh and play pinching each other; completely trapped in their bubble.

Louis doesn't know what to do, he's never felt so unsure of a decision in his life and he wants to tear his own skin, of course Harry will not want him to be here, not with all these people around him that make him laugh like that and make him happy, Louis doesn't ever remember having made him laugh so loud or look as happy, even though he has, countless times.

"Oh, hello." Louis is pulled out of his thoughts when the soft voice reaches his ears, he raises his
head, blinking slowly, to find a blond-haired man staring at him with wide hazel eyes and a friendly smile.

Louis swallows, his cheeks turning red with embarrassment. "I-I'm sorry—" he stops his words when Harry turns abruptly, stumbling over his feet. His eyes are wide, just like his mouth and cheeks painted in a perfect shade of pink that makes him look even more beautiful than usual. Louis swings on his heels, too uncomfortable to stand still. He speaks again after a few seconds, the lump in his throat barely noticeable. "I just leaving." The blue-eyed man lets loose and quickly sneaks around the two men to leave the room. He is practically running, ashamed and sad, even more than before.

Gosh, it was the worst idea he could have had in his life honestly. Of course Harry was going to find someone else, Louis really is not worth so much trouble, he knows it cause he was told innumerable times in the past, and it's something that he will never forget, however, realization doesn't make it easier to process though. He really likes Harry more than Harry likes him.

Louis wraps his arms around himself, dodging people on his way to the exit, his eyes just a little watery. But he doesn't cry, he can't and he doesn't want to, not now.

He had a shitty week at work and his classes are eating him alive, he really was looking forward to spending the week together as he and Harry had been planning, Louis doesn't have time to deal with his boyfriend wanting someone else.

Louis is just going to call Zayn to help him calm down a bit and then when he is calmed down enough he'll ask Carl for his things from Harry's room and he'll take a flight back home.

Fuck.

The blue-eyed man is reaching out to push the door to the exit open when he is tackled from behind; a large, broad body almost send them to his feet. The blue-eyed man lets out a frightened scream, closing his eyes tightly and taking a deep breath, Harry's smell bursting into his nostrils.

"Lou," the taller man breathes out softly though his voice sounds a little agitated. He squeezes the older man in his arms, a giggle bubbling out of his throat. Louis puts his hands into fists, his body tensing up.

"Hey," he says, trying to relax but he just can't, not when he can't stop picturing Harry with someone else, someone who makes him completely happy.

"Everything okay?" Harry asks, unaware of Louis' state. The blue-eyed man hums, swallowing thick. "When did—"

"I have to go." He says, interrupting whatever Harry was going to say. The younger man's grip weakens almost immediately and Louis can see him frowning.

He breathes shakily, coming out of Harry's grip and turning to see him. As expected, Harry is frowning.

Louis squeezes his eyes shut, massaging his temples. His head is beginning to ache. "M'sorry." Louis apologizes, exhaling deeply. "Just—" he shakes his head, a thick lump in his throat.

"Baby," Harry calls softly, Louis bites his lower lip, finally opening his eyes. Harry looks worried, genuinely worried, his hands are fistd and his brow even more puckered than before, something shining in his eyes but not in a good way.

Louis ignores it, choosing to look at his feet, as if they are the most interesting thing in the world.
"It's okay," he says, tapping the tips of his shoes together, more nostalgic with every second that he spends here, like this "but it's a long way back so—"

"Why're you here then?" Harry asks, a bitter note in his voice but it’s not like he’s cross with Louis—the blue-eyed man knows it—it is like if he’s upset with himself. Louis blinks fast. Damn, he doesn't want to do this, he just needs to call Zayn and go back home. That's all.

The blue-eyed man gulps, running his hands over his face and letting out a frustrated sigh. He forces himself to look up, his eyes finding Harry's. Louis ignores the storm in the green-eyed man eyes and shrugs instead. His mouth dry when he speaks. "I dunno, Harry," he says tired and sad "I've had a week full of shit and I thought it would be a good idea to surprise you since we weren't seeing each other for another two weeks and, honestly I've missed you more than anything, but you seem very happy with someone else and—" his voice cracks, trembling and broken with every word that escapes his lips. Louis feels overwhelmed with the multitude of emotions he's been feeling lately.

"Look, Harry," Louis says as quietly as he can (which isn't much), ignoring the way Harry seems more relaxed already, as if what Louis just said is all he needed to know to get away from this. It hurts "I don't have time for this, I'm tired and surely someone is waiting for you, so why don’t you just go back to him." The older man says, stepping back, pressing his palm on the door.

Harry doesn't say anything and Louis is so fucking tired of everything. His skin itches and he can hear Lucas in his head saying that he is not worth it, the words repeating in his head over and over again. Louis wants to scream to stop listening to them, to stop thinking about him.

He is so deep in his thoughts that he hardly notices the way Harry jumps in front of him, Louis doesn't flinch, but his eyes open enormously and his gaze goes up to find Harry's. His heart pounding rapidly.

"What a—?" He barely has time to say before Harry leans down and presses their foreheads together, his hand flying to cradle the blue-eyed man's cheek. Louis blinks slowly, swallowing audibly. "Harry."

"I missed you too." Harry says, still looking at the blue-eyed man. "All the time," he confesses, sliding a hand down the older man's waist. Louis inhales sharply, the touch feeling heavy but too relieving. "I'm happy you're here, I was going crazy because you were ignoring me," he says quickly, Louis whispers "no" plaintively. The green-eyed man nuzzles their noses together, humming in his throat.

"Hazza—"

"I'm sorry if me walking into the room with Tommy gave you some kind of a bad impression about the kind of relationship we have," the green-eyed man breathes over Louis' lips, the older man is weak, so fucking weak for Harry that he's leaning closer to get just a little brush of his lips, but the taller man draws away, smirking a bit. "We're nothing but friends, it's just that, okay?" Louis nods, mouth half-opened. "Words, love."

Louis blinks fast, reaching out to grab Harry's suit in his fist. It is soft, even when it's covered in glitter, it just tickles his palms a little. Louis pulls Harry closer. "Yeah," he gasps shakily, hoisting himself to his tiptoes to kiss Harry; his boyfriend, who he has been missing like hell.

Harry kisses him back, soft and calm, even when Louis isn't, his hand wrapped around the blue-eyed man's waist to hold him. Louis appreciates it, because with the way his body is shaking he doesn't think he could stand on his own.
Louis gasps heavily, his eyes tightly closed and his fists tighter on the expensive fabric. Harry doesn't say anything, instead, kissing Louis' face over and over again, muttering words that make him feel more and more calm. Louis clings to Harry as if his life depended on it.

Harry wraps both hands around Louis, pushing him impossibly close. "Fuck, I've missed you so much." He lets out, breathing into the older man's neck. "D'ya want us to go back in there? Take a seat?" Louis nods, pressing his lips to Harry's shoulder and muttering a soft "please"

Harry does just that. He lets Louis out of his grip and puts an arm over his shoulders and then press him into his side. Louis buries himself as much as he can against Harry's body, wrapping his arm around Harry's back and breathing in the scent of his boyfriend (and candles).

Louis hates to feel this way; he hates to feel like he ruined this even when Harry assures him that he did not; he hates being sad when he should be happy being that he's now with his boy. But it doesn't feel that way, it doesn't feel right and Louis wants it to stop. Whenever things like this happen Zayn usually takes him to his parents' house by the lake, where Louis can get away from everything and everyone, but it's not an option now that Louis is here with Harry, it wasn't even when Zayn offered it before Louis got into the car that would take him to the airport.

Louis presses himself deeper against Harry's chest, kissing the base of his neck. "I hate being sad and tired," he says quietly, Harry's fingers gently tapping on his thigh. "I hate having trust issues and that I'm probably going to end up ruining this relationship and our friendship." Harry says "hey, no" but Louis ignores him. "You're very important to me, Haz. I don't want to ruin this in any way and—" Louis can't finish speaking (not that surprising) when Harry turns them around, Louis' back pushed against the couch, his head falling on the armrests and Harry hovering over him with each hand either side of his head.

He is wearing his suit, except for the jacket that Louis helped him to take off when they entered the room. Louis loves the way the tank top leaves Harry's arms in sight and the tattoos look sharper and a shadow darker than the last time Louis saw them. Louis licks his dry lips, knowing that they are probably going to have a serious conversation.

Harry leans down to slide his nose down the blue-eyed man's cheek, tracing a path to the juncture between his shoulder and neck, then kissing his collarbones. Louis shudders, his hands flying to Harry's neck and wrapping them there.

"Don't want you to say that again, okay?" Harry says in a low but serious tone, blowing on Louis' neck. The blue-eyed man swallows and nods. The younger man presses a soft kiss on Louis' neck. "Look, babe," he says, all the hardness spreading out of his tone, the older man smiles a little as he lowers his hands down Harry's abdomen, grabbing a handful of fabric and pulling it out of the waistband, Harry barely flinches as he continues to speak normally "no matter what happens in this relationship, you're always gonna be someone important in my life, we're first of all friends and then we're boyfriends, okay? And that's perfect, cause even if this comes to an end and we have to move on, you're always gonna have me by your side," he pecks at Louis' lips. "You signed a contract for life and I'll go after you even if you don't want me to."

Louis chuckles, pressing his hands on Harry's shoulder blades and wrapping his legs around his body. "Thank you." He says, lifting up to kiss Harry shortly, dragging the tank top up his back. "You also have me forever, in every sense of the word." Harry nods and stroke their noses together for a while, then lets Louis take off his tank top and unzip his trousers.

The green-eyed man smiles into the side of Louis' face, moaning softly as the blue-eyed man's hand
slips inside his briefs and squeezes his cock. Louis bites Harry's shoulder, then slides the tip of his
tongue over the bite.

"Baby," Harry whines, pushing against Louis' hand, his cock hardening. The blue-eyed man bites
his bottom lip, giving a light squeeze to Harry's dick and getting a grunt in return. "Come on, shit,"
cursing and panting. "Hotel-God, Lou... please." The younger man babbles, his hips swinging as he
thrust into Louis' hand.

The older man breathes sharply, pressing his lips to Harry's biceps. "Okay." He says simply but
knowing that it is all the taller man needed to hear.

x

They don't take it further, well, not that much further.

Louis sits on Harry's lap naked and lets Harry jerks them both off, both of their cocks pressed

together into his hand, his mouth against the green-eyed man's while Harry's big hand squeezed
Louis' arsecheek harshly.

Louis' digs his fingernails in the smooth skin of Harry's shoulder blades and moans, thrusting
alongside Harry's dick.

"Fuck, Lou," Harry growls, marking Louis' neck and collarbones with love bites; it hurts but Louis
loves it.

The blue-eyed man pants near the younger man's ear, whispering "more" pitifully.

Harry exhales sharply, lifting up his face so he can kiss Louis swiftly as he strokes their cocks faster,
making Louis whine loudly. "Whatever you want, baby honey." He coos softly, pressing his dry
finger on Louis' puckered hole. The older man choked off a moan, fingernails sliding from shoulder
blades to Harry's chest, leaving red stains painted on the tender skin.

They don't take it that much further.

x

Louis chuckles, throwing his head back over Harry's shoulder, even when he wants to pull away, but
Harry has such a good hold on him. His arms wrapped around Louis' torso and Harry's holding his
wrists while he kisses his ears, just before rubbing his nose against them, each time holding Louis
harder because Louis is a squirming mess. Harry knows that Louis has tickles and Louis should've
sensed that this was going to happen at some point because Harry is Harry and he seems to loves to
push Louis' buttons, and Louis' laughing only seems to encourage him to keep going.

The blue-eyed man tries to take a deep exhale but all that comes out of his mouth are squeaks and a
weak "stop, you big oaf" that Harry ignores completely. Louis can picture the huge smile that Harry
must've on his face to be getting this reaction out of him and seriously he wants to feel at least a little
angry, but honestly, he can't, not even if he hates tickles. It must be simply because it's Harry and his
boyfriend is someone special.

Eventually, the green-eyed man stops, choosing to rest his chin on Louis' shoulder as the older man
tries to catch his breath correctly, pressing his back against the younger man's chest, his eyes gently
closed. Harry's breathing is heavy too, his chest rising and falling in long puffs.

"Idiot," Louis says after a while, his breathing already in rhythm. Harry lets out a small chuckle,
pressing his chin to Louis' shoulder harder as his grip on the blue-eyed man's body weakens.
Harry kisses at the junction of Louis' neck. "Thanks for being here." He murmurs happily, sliding his hands down Louis' sides. "I missed you a lot."

Louis smiles softly before turning his face to kiss Harry's jaw; one, two and a third time, pressing their lips together briefly, Louis then muttering "I missed you, too"

"I know you're coming to the concert tomorrow but, will you also come with me to Washington?" Harry asks, breathing against Louis' throat.

Louis clicks his lips. "If you want me there, I would love to..."

"Yes, I definitely want you to be there." Harry says before Louis can finish talking. The blue-eyed man grins.

"...but, I've to leave early in the morning cause I'm covering a shift in the afternoon."

"Okay. That's fine, thank you."

"You don't need to thank me, Haz, it's a pleasure for me, I'm very proud." Louis kisses Harry's jaw. "What you're doing is so important."

"It's also very important to me," Harry confesses, "what these charities achieve is so great and it's just incredible for me to be part of it." Louis sighs happily, heat spreading from his chest to the rest of his body.

Harry hugs Louis harder, kissing the side of his face several times until Louis is shrinking against his body, purring softly.

They calm down after a moment. Louis leaning against Harry's chest and beginning to doze, ready to sleep until he remembers what he had wanted to say to Harry for days.

The blue-eyed man jumps up, Harry also tensing up for a second (apparently Louis was not the only one dozing). The older man yawns, putting the back of his hand against his mouth and blinking slowly. He is tired, his muscles a bit thick and Louis just wants to sleep next to his boyfriend for the first time in weeks.

Louis crawls to the side of the bed, laying down comfortably and slipping under the covers. Harry does the same quickly after him, facing each other. Louis yawns again as he pushes himself closer to Harry's body, leaning his forehead against the younger man's chest. Harry soon surrounds Louis' body with his arm, dropping a kiss on his head.

"M'gonna travel to Donny next week," Louis mumbles quietly, containing another yawn. "Just a few days, spend some quality time with me mum and me siblings, enjoy time with them before I start to work again. I just want to stop feeling so homesick when I don't have to, y'know"

"Yeah, I do." Harry slides his hand up and down Louis' back in a soothing way. The caress making the blue-eyed man's body relax more and more. "That's amazing, baby," Harry says, a small smile playing on Louis' lips. "I wish I could go with you."

"Me too," Louis confesses, drifting to sleep slowly, "maybe next time."

"Probably, yes." Harry's voice reaches Louis' ears muffled, it's also the last thing Louis hears before falling asleep.
The sensation that runs through his body is indescribable, the way his fingers tingle and electricity spread out through his limbs. Louis is so proud and so fucking astonished.

He opens his mouth, holding back a gasp and raising one of the flags that a fan gave him when he took his place among the crowd. Jordan is somewhere nearby, Louis knows he's looking after him because he vaguely heard Harry talking to him before the concert began.

Louis yells, waving the pride flag in time with the rest of the fans in the auditorium when Harry starts to sing *Endlessly*, a flag held at the mic stand. Louis' heart is racing wildly, his gaze moving around to see the crowd, most with their flags raised. Proud.

Louis is too; for being who he is; for being here at this very moment and being able to witness this; for Harry himself who has managed to reunite all these beautiful people and make this possible.

When Louis looks at the stage he can see that Harry is also quite surprised, but his smile is dazzling and he remains silent a couple of times, letting the melody be played by his band and be accompanied with the voices of the whole crowd. It's just beautiful and Louis feels like he's dreaming.

Eventually, the song comes to an end, but Harry doesn't move from his place. He instead shut his eyes and tilts his head down for a few seconds, his hands wielding the mic tightly. Louis, then, starts making his way among people to return backstage and wait there for Harry.

"Wow, thanks," the younger man murmurs, something squeezing in his voice that makes Louis stop abruptly next to two girls (that are on the verge of tears), Jordan crashing against his back lightly, but Louis doesn't complain, instead focusing on looking at Harry. "I really want to thank you for being here and join me on this," he says softly, lifting up his face. He has a huge smile on his mouth and his eyes are unrealistically bright. Louis puts a hand to his chest, squeezing the soft fabric of his (Harry's) shirt between his fingers. "It's simply indescribable the way I feel right now and how proud I am to be here with you. None of this would be possible if it were not for you, and to see all those flags raised proudly leave me speechless while making me the happiest man in the world." Harry takes a deep breath, taking out the mic from the stand and carrying the flag with him as he begins to move to the left side of the stage, his eyes always in the crowd. "I'm glad to know that somehow I can make the time we spend here, singing and dancing all these songs, a moment when you can feel comfortable with yourself and be who you wanna be. It's what you all deserve." The place begins to fill with applauses while Harry's smile grows bigger.

Louis moves again, Jordan's hand on his shoulder blades to guide him through the people. Louis is smiling too, he can't help it.

Harry clears his throat, putting the flag over his shoulder when he gets everyone's attention back, even Louis', when he stops again. Already halfway.

"And, most of all, I'm glad that now I can also be proud of who I am, no more stunts or fake relationships," he comments happily. Louis' heart skipping several beats when he notices where Harry is going.

He had told Louis about this one night, while the lights were off and their breaths hit the other's face. Harry had told Louis how it felt not to be able to be himself and to pretend that he was dating women that didn't even like him, not even for a friendship. Harry had kissed Louis' mouth slightly and told him how incredibly liberating was to be himself and not have to hide his true self anymore. The blue-eyed man had wept a little while kissing his boy harder.

"Now, instead, I can relish who I really am without fear of being exposed and ruining things, just as
you can while we're in this room" the green-eyed man continues slowly, he takes a deep breath as he scans through the crowd, for a moment, till his eyes fall on Louis, their eyes meeting. The older man open-mouthed. "I'm really glad cause I can say that I'm in a very happy moment of my life and I'm enjoying it with the person I'm in love with." He finally confesses breathless, his intense gaze on Louis.

The blue-eyed man lets out a breath, bringing a hand to cover his mouth; overwhelmed. His eyes wide open.

The room bursts in applauses, whistles, and screams, people jumping and waving their flags animatedly.

Harry smiles affectionately. "Thank you for the huge amount of support. I love you all. Thank you, thank you." He starts throwing kisses to the crowd as he moves away, those being his lasts words.

Louis forces himself to recover quickly, looking from one side to another and trying to sneak out to go to backstage but it is difficult when everyone moves from one place to another, pushing and pounding. Jordan holds Louis by the arm, putting his own arm in front of the blue-eyed man as he tries to keep people from falling on them.

"Wanna see my boyfriend. Take me to Harry, please." Louis says as loud as he can over the bustle, receiving a nod from the man. He doesn't even notice the girl who has been recording them.

Louis practically crashes against the dressing room door, stumbling over his feet, his hands shaking a little. Harry is standing in the middle of the room, the jacket of his suit forgotten on the sofa.

The air feels heavy, but not in a stressful way. Louis really can't identify it.

They look at each other for a few seconds, Harry taking a step closer before, hastily, Louis asks. "You love me?" His voice comes out just a little broken and trembling. Louis is not surprised.

"Lou—"

"You love me?" He asks one more time, goosebumps rising on the back of his neck.

Harry licks his lips slowly, his eyes on Louis'. "Yes." He murmurs firm and confident.

Louis inhales sharply, throwing his head back for two seconds before letting out a small plaintive noise and then shortening the distance between them. He throws his arms around Harry's neck at the same time he crashes their lips together. Harry gasps in surprise, but his arms don't fail to wrap around Louis' waist and push him on the balls of his feet to press their mouths harder.

"Love you, too." Louis says through labored breathing, licking Harry's upper lips. "Shit," he pecks his lips against the younger man's, a couple of tears rolling down his cheeks, "I'm so damn scared." He finally confesses. Harry stops him before Louis can kiss him again, parting away a little. The green-eyed man uses his thumbs to wipe the tears from Louis' face, his touch gentle on the soft skin.

"It's okay," Harry soothes affectionately, quickly kissing the tip of Louis' nose. The blue-eyed man laughs a bit watery. "I'm not him." Harry comments. Louis closes his eyes and nods.

"I know."

"I'm not gonna hurt you."
Louis swallows, trembling slightly. "I'm trying," he says weakly, bringing a hand to Harry's chest. "I still can't—"

"Okay," Harry interrupts him. Louis internally thanks him. "We're fine. I love you."

"I love you too. I love you very much." Louis says, sealing their mouths together, catching his bottom lip between his teeth.

Later that night, Louis is finishing brushing his teeth when Harry comes up behind him and hugs him, his arms tightly wrapped around the older man's torso. Louis looks at Harry through the mirror, the green-eyed man grins while touching one of the bruises in Louis' neck with his index finger.

"I want to show you something," the younger man says, kissing Louis' cheek quickly while pressing on the bruise briefly.

Louis shrinks, leaning down to spit in the sink, then looks back at Harry. "Give me a second, love." He says biting his bottom lip. Harry nods, kissing the corner of Louis' mouth —where there's toothpaste and he licks it—, and flies out of the bathroom. "You're gross!"

Harry burst out a laughter and Louis can hear him jumping on the bed. He smiles affectionately, a strange feeling racing through his body. Louis has yet to completely fathom the events of this day and the commotion, but it's okay, being honest, Louis hadn't felt so good in a long time, and it's kind of strange to be surrounded by such tranquility but it's equally incredibly pleasurable.

Louis finishes brushing his teeth, leaving his toothbrush next to Harry's. He arranges the fringe off his forehead, then adjusts the shirt so that it doesn't fall over his shoulder. It's Harry's, so it's not a surprise that it's a bit big on him.

The blue-eyed man puts his glasses back on, turning off the light when he leaves the bathroom. Louis stands there for a moment, just looking at where Harry is sitting on the bed, the blankets covering up to his waist. He has his mobile in his hand, from which he looks up for a moment to gaze at Louis. The green-eyed man smiles softly, his dimples popping out.

"C'mere, honey." Harry calls gentle, patting slightly on his lap.

Louis bites his lip again, then moving to the bed and jumping on it. He crawls on the mattress, reaching Harry's side and getting into his lap, his legs on either side of Harry's hips. The blue-eyed man grins brightly, putting his hands on the green-eyed man shoulders.

"What'd you want to show me?" He asks, leaning down to peck at Harry's lips. The green-eyed man licks his lips, holding one hand to Louis' lower back while he raises up the other, where he is holding his mobile, and puts it so that both can see the screen.

"I saw something on Twitter," he looks at Louis through his lashes, big and bright green eyes. "I think it's pretty sweet." Then Harry press play to a video.

Louis looks at him frowning; It's a video of the concert, of the end when Harry was talking. The person who is recording not only focuses on Harry, instead filming all the people nearby until the camera falls on Louis and the girl lets out a surprised noise, whispering 'that's Harry's boy' which is a bit weird cause Harry and Louis have been dating for a while but they haven't been very public about their relationship, they weren't even during the time they were just friends, but maybe that was just cause Harry was looking straight to Louis.
Louis bites his lip, keeping his eyes on the video, heat warming his face. It's rare to watch his reactions from before in a video, it's much weirder that Harry is watching it with him.

The video comes to an end after a couple of minutes and Louis can hardly read the description (it seems that I just met Harry's boy, finally!!!) before Harry locks the device and leans over to put it on the nightstand.

"You looked really impressed," Harry says putting both hands on Louis' thighs.

"Well, I was, man." Louis says sincerely. Tapping his fingers lightly on Harry's shoulders. "Not every day your boyfriend confesses in front of a crowd that he's in love with you." Louis clicks his tongue. "I was really impressed, a little shocked too, quite incredulous and very happy." Louis looks down, biting the corner of his mouth. "I'm pretty happy now."

"Even after everything?"

"Even after every" Louis says firm, kissing the tip of Harry's nose. "You make me so happy."

"You also make me very happy." Harry murmurs lovingly, his eyes shining almost as much as his smile.

Louis slides his hands up Harry's neck, pressing his thumbs slightly harder as he kneels. Both of Harry's hands go on his waist, his thumbs pressing into his hip bones.

Louis leans down to kiss Harry, his lips fitting perfectly and moving in sync. The blue-eyed man breathes through his nostrils, their tongues dancing together and their lips colliding. Harry growls softly as he slips his hands under Louis' shirt, digging his fingers into the smooth skin. He traps Louis' bottom lip between his teeth and pulls it hard. Louis moans softly, raising a hand to Harry's hair and tangling his fingers in the curls as Harry runs his tongue over the bite.

Louis is panting as they pull away, his breath hitting Harry's lips, eyes closed and forehead against the green-eyed man's. "Shit, I love to kiss you." The older man whispers breathlessly, pressing his grip on Harry's hair.

"Me too, well." he laughs softly, shaking his head before looking at Louis in the eye. "I just love all of you."

Louis smiles sheepishly, opening his eyes, immediately being met with Harry's loving gaze, which leaves him breathless. He swallows hard, licking his lips and then muttering "Tell me more" meanwhile caressing Harry's cheek while with the other hand he takes off his glasses.

Harry licks his lips, his gaze moving from Louis' eyes to his lips. He blinks slowly as he scans the blue-eyed man's body shamelessly and then he trails his gaze up to meet Louis'.

"Love when you wear my shirts," he confesses, licking his upper lip, "you look so tiny yet so hot," he pops out his tongue, Louis glaring at him wide-eyed.

"Yeah? It turns you on?" Louis whispers slowly, looking directly at Harry's lips.

The green-eyed man squeezes at Louis' hips, bearing him down so he can feel the press of Harry's hardening prick on his arse. Louis gasps slightly. "More than what you think."

Louis bites his bottom lip, grinding down on Harry's lap; the green-eyed man's dick growing harder. "What else?" He asks breathlessly. His eyes locked on Harry's. The younger man's pupils are blown and he's looking at Louis hungrily. "What're you gonna do now that you have me here, wanting
Harry exhales sharply, his nostrils fluttering as he slides his hands down to cradle Louis' bum, squeezing hard and pushing him up, their bodies pressed flush, before turning them around and pinning Louis' down against the mattress, one of his hands on Louis' waist while he uses the other to hold himself up from the headboard.

The blue-eyed man chuckles, his eyes tightly shut as he intertwined his hands around the green-eyed man's neck. Louis spread his legs, allowing Harry to lay between them. "Would you let me do what I want?" Harry says heavily, leaning down to press a wet kiss on Louis' neck, his tongue licking over one of the bruises from the night before. The older man whimpers lowly, scratching the back of Harry's neck lightly. "Would you let me put my mouth all over you, baby honey?" Harry asks, slowly sliding his hand up the side of Louis' body, tucking it under his shirt.

Louis bites his lips lightly, the tips of Harry's fingers pressing into his ribs, but not the way it would make Louis laugh to death, rather, the way Louis feels heat spread through where Harry's fingers touch his skin. "I would," Louis assures him, even if his voice sounds muffled.

Harry traces a path of kisses up the column of Louis' neck, lightly biting the skin behind his ear, sucking until Louis is moaning and burying his fingers in the green-eyed man's hair.

Louis is so sensitive there, everywhere, and he has not done this in months and having Harry this close, breathing on his neck and his heat around his body stun him a bit, in a good way, an amazing way.

Harry pulls away, taking a deep breath before leaning down and crushing his lips to Louis'. The blue-eyed man opens his mouth, Harry's tongue sliding inside and slamming against his, wrapping his lips around it and sucking it fervently. Louis hums as he squeezes his thighs around Harry's hips, lifting his own hips up to try to get some friction on his semi-hard cock.

Harry pulls away, a snap of their mouths echoing in Louis' ears as a low, disgruntled purr leaves his lips. He opens his eyes, his gaze finding the ceiling because Harry has moved back up to the front of his neck, nibbling on the soft skin there.

"I wrote a song," Harry mentions out of nowhere, brushing his lips ghostly on the blue-eyed man's Adam apple. Louis hums, pressing his grip on the green-eyed man's hips. It is the first time they are like this, and Louis feels them so close yet so far away. He is not having enough and it is a bit frustrating. "It's about you," he confesses as he licks up the older man's collarbones, his voice a little shy.

Louis swallows, breathing through his mouth and drawing Harry closer, as much as he can. He wants to drown in Harry and he knows that, even if so, it wouldn't be enough. Harry moves closer easily, pressing his body against Louis' as he begins to press more kisses on the older man's neck. Moaning softly.

"I want to hear it," Louis says, his voice broken and his eyes tightly shut and his back arching as he feels the press of Harry's cock on the inside of his thigh. Hard and thick.

The younger man takes a deep breath, planting a firm kiss on Louis' chin and humming happily.

"Maybe someday," the green-eyed man considers, Louis can almost feel Harry's smile burning against his neck. He doesn't say anything, he doesn't need to, he knows he can convince Harry to show him the song later. Now instead, Louis wants to move faster.
"Haz," Louis calls, blinking slowly as he tries to capture every moment of what's happening; each breath, each touch; everything that assures him that this is real; that being here with Harry is not just a dream; that none of this has been.

Louis uses his hand to pull Harry's face away from his neck. The younger man growls slightly, his chest vibrating against Louis'. Harry's eyes are wildly green when they meet Louis', shining with an intensity that leaves the older man breathless.

"Mmhm." The green-eyed man stammers, blinking fast, one of his hands clenching Louis' thigh while the other begins to fiddle with his left nipple, squeezing it between his index finger and thumb and pulling it. Louis moans, his mouth falling open as little noises come out.

"Tell me, baby," Harry murmurs in a husky, heavy voice. Louis' throat feels dry like he had eaten sand. He can barely breathe, nor does he think he could— "Tell me." Harry says a harder tinge in his voice but not quite, giving a particularly strong pull to Louis' nipple. The blue-eyed man writhes, whimpering as his eyes snap shut. He opens his mouth to take a deep breath and regain composure when Harry's hand on his thigh moves to cradle Louis' cock, giving a strong squeeze, his knees drooping limply.

Louis chokes in a moan. His lips trembling. "F-fuck me." He says, his voice eight octaves sharper and completely broken. Louis puts his hands on Harry's shoulders and pushes himself upward, his breath hitched as a tearless sob leaves his lips. "Pl-plea-se" he pleads. Harry squeezes his cock harder, pressing the tip of his finger into the hardened nub.

Louis buries his nails in Harry's shoulders and wails when Harry releases him. His leaking dick neglected of attention. "Shh," Harry hisses, pushing Louis down with his arm while nibbling on Louis' shoulder. "Look at me, honey," Harry asks in a soft voice, rising to kiss Louis' face.

The blue-eyed man blinks fast, the small tears at the corners of his eyes sliding down slowly. When their eyes meet again, Harry's pupils are still dilated but there is this trace of softness that leads Louis' racing heart to calm.

"I'm here," Harry reassures, caressing Louis' cheek gently. "I'll take care of you, okay?"

The blue-eyed man takes a deep breath, then biting his bottom lip. "Yes," he mumbles softly, cupping Harry's face in his hands and guiding him closer to bring their lips together in a soft yet hot kiss.

They kiss like that for a while, their lips moving in sync and their tongues tangling together.

Louis hums happily when they stop kissing, throwing his head back and exposing his neck to allow Harry to make marks on his skin. Soft moans leaving his mouth with each hot, wet touch of Harry's lips and tongue on his skin.

"I love you," Harry whispers lovingly, pulling Louis' shirt over his head and crushing his lips together briefly. "Wanna take care of you, baby." He mumbles fondly, leaning down the blue-eyed man's body, giving light kisses before stopping and blowing on Louis' nipple. The older man cringes, inhaling sharply. "You're so gorgeous." The green-eyed man comments, then wrapping his lips around the hard nub.

Louis cringes, a whimper leaving his lips as his hands dart to Harry's hair, trying to keep his sanity while his boyfriend's hot mouth sucks his nipple fervently, the younger man humming obscene sounds that bristle Louis' skin.
"Haz." The blue-eyed man gasps after a moment, Harry rolling his other nipple between his fingers.

The air around them is thick with humidity. Louis' skin more sticky with sweat with every passing second. Louis allows his eyes to close, while the rest of his senses take control.

Harry lets go of both Louis' nipples. A pleased sound echoing between them as he moves away the slightest. Louis whines pitifully, but the green-eyed man hushes him. "Gonna take care of you so well, my love," he says, moving all the way down Louis' body, gliding the tip of his tongue across the warm skin of Louis' tummy 'til he buries it in his belly button and licks it.

Louis' back arches, his toes curling. "Please." Louis pleads pitifully, opening his eyes to look down at Harry. The green-eyed man smirks, his eyes never leaving Louis' as he slides the older man's briefs down his legs and throws them to the floor.

Harry licks his lips, a blinding glow in his eyes. "Whatever you want," Harry mumbles looking at Louis in the eyes, mischief flickering in his eyes before he shoves the quilt over his head, his face hidden under the fabric, only the shape of his body as a sign of Harry's position.

The blue-eyed man frowns, confused and horny. "Harr—" Louis tries to say, but Harry peeks over the side of the quilt. His red lips, bitten and swollen, and lust in his eyes that sends chills through Louis' body. "What—?"

"Lift your legs, honey," Harry asks, throwing a kiss to Louis before disappearing again under the quilt.

Louis bites the inside of his cheek, bending his knees up and planting his feet firmly on the mattress. Harry helps him, putting his hands on the back of his thighs and spreading his legs slightly, before moving his hands down to cup Louis' arsecheeks. Louis waits for the next step, excitement tickling at the tips of his fingers as nervousness falls all over him at not being able to know what Harry is going to do, his mind analyzing all possible cases, and just thought about it sends a lighting of arousal, lust, and desire through Louis' spine. It makes him jerks.

"Bab— Oh ." Louis stifles a moan, his head immediately falls backward as Harry's wet tongue slides tentatively over the line of his hole. Louis' body shudders while his hole clenches, his thighs trying to press themselves together while Harry' thumbs keep him spread open, hole fully in sight.

Harry seems encouraged by that, so he doesn't take long to run his tongue over Louis' hole again, more enthusiastic this time. Louis moans, his mouth open and eyes closing involuntarily. The green-eyed man licks over his hole, once, twice and more after that that Louis lost the count. The tip of his tongue pressing to Louis' rim as his lips suck around it, heat enveloping everything and leaving Louis panting; moans escaping his mouth and tears dripping from his eyes for how good it feels. Louis is a mess, his hips pushing down in Harry's face as he grips the sheets, trying to have a firm point, to keep himself on the ground.

The blue-eyed man moans especially loud when Harry's tongue nudges into his entrance, pushing in and out of him hungrily as if he can't get enough.

"Oh —fuck... fuck," Louis cries out, grinding down sharply as he sneaks a hand under the quilt, his throbbing cock rubbing against his belly in a painful yet relieved way. He just wants to touch himself a little. He just wants to come while his boyfriend's tongue thrust into his hole wildly.

Louis wraps his hand around his dick, a relieved sound escaping his mouth as he starts to stroke himself lazily; it's not enough but feels so fucking good.
Harry blows over Louis' entrance, then licks it again eagerly.

"Harry —Fuck" Louis curses, squeezing his cock harder. He moans louder, so much that Harry stops what he's doing and makes Louis whines pitifully. Louis can feel Harry's breath on his bum while he strokes himself faster, Harry purrs loudly, sucking Louis' balls into his mouth wetly, Louis lets out a spasmodic cry, his thighs trembling.

Harry lets go of Louis' balls, then he emerges from under the quilt, Louis looks down at him. Harry's eyes are wild, darkened yet unfocused, as if he is in a daze. The younger man has his face covered with sweat and his mouth and jaw shiny and slick drops falling down his chin, his intense scarlet red lips are half open and more swollen than minutes ago.

Louis breathes sharply, his aching cock blurted pre-cum. Harry opens his mouth to say something but instead, his gaze goes to where Louis is wanking himself. He licks his lips. "You look so hot, baby," Harry says, hoarse voice, running his tongue over his upper lip. "I want to suck you."

The blue-eyed man lets out a low, guttural moan, tightening the grip around his cock to keep from coming, thick drops of pre-cum on the tip. "Go ahead," he says barely understandable, collecting the pre-cum from the tip with his thumb and distributing it by its length.

"You gonna act all bossy now?" Harry says, a funny tint in his tone. However, Louis just wants his liberation.

"Haaarry," Louis complains plaintively, sucking his bottom lip inside his mouth.

Harry clears his throat, kissing the inside of Louis' thighs. "Shh, baby," he coos, sucking some bruises on Louis' skin; sinking his teeth in. It hurts a little, but it feels so incredible that Louis can't stop the gasp that leaves his mouth at the sensation. The green-eyed man licks over each of the new marks, pressing his thumb lightly on some. The older man looks down to gaze at him, his legs spread and Harry's lips brushing against his left thigh.

It is strange and beautiful, and Louis is craving for more. Louis breathes raggedly, the smell of sweat invading his nostrils; he wrinkles his nose, however, he doesn't care at all. "Please." He begs, tears in the corners of his eyes. Louis sniff. "Just —Plea——" Before Louis can finish, Harry pushes Louis' hand away from his cock, Louis' throat vibrating with a whimper as Harry's plush lips wrap around the head.

Louis chokes out a moan, the warmth from Harry's mouth around his cock dizzying him. Harry hums happily, the rattle of his throat sending vibrations from Louis' cock to the rest of his body.

Harry presses his tongue to the tip as he slurps around, his eyes slightly shut and his cheeks hollowed. He lets go of Louis' cock for a second, muttering, "it's so good" before opening his mouth and swallowing Louis' prick 'til the head hits the back throat. Louis cries out, his thighs trying to press on its own as pleasure tickles in each of his limbs.

Harry sucks him greedily and fervently, bobbing his head up and down, his hand wrapped around what can't fit in his mouth. Louis gasps under his breath, his hips pushing slightly upward to try to get more of that vicious heat, trying to fuck Harry's mouth. Louis loves this, the way Harry sucks his cock like there's no tomorrow, his tongue sliding down the length and licking hungrily at the tip. The blue-eyed man soon feels that dizzyingly heat boiling at the pit of his belly, the sensation growing with every passing second, making him shake, a thin layer of sweat covering his body.

Louis moans, bringing his hand to Harry's hair and giving a slight tug, trying to let him know what'll happen if he doesn't stop. Harry growls, his tongue licking on the underside and his hand sliding to
Louis' balls and squeezing them hard.

The blue-eyed man moans his body shrinking and his head falling to the side as longs strings of cum shoot into Harry's mouth. His breathing is erratic, his chest rising and falling rapidly, his hands in fists and his thighs trembling, trying to close on Harry's shoulders. Louis feels sparks of arousal all over his body. He feels like he's floating. The younger man hums from his throat, swallowing everything as he continues to carry Louis through his orgasm. His cheeks hollowed and his head bouncing up and down fast, Louis' cock still heavy on his tongue.

It takes a moment for Louis comes back to himself again but as soon as he does it, he lets out a plaintive moan, pushing Harry's head away until the green-eyed man understands and releases his cock. Harry climbs up Louis' body and presses their lips together. Louis gasps caught off guard, but he opens his mouth and lets Harry's tongue slip inside and lick it up, moaning at how filthy the moment is. He can taste himself in Harry's mouth and it's so good, shit, just the thought of his cock in Harry's mouth makes his dick twitch.

They kiss sloppy yet heated for a few minutes; their lips swollen and sore for all the kissing, and even so, Louis doesn't want it to stop.

Harry starts to grind down, getting some friction for his cock rocking against Louis' bum. Harry is desperate for it and Louis wants it just as bad.

He departs from the kiss abruptly, his boyfriend complaining against his mouth while Louis buries his fingers in Harry's hair, gripping some strands and tugging. He puts Harry's face level with his. Harry looks at Louis in a way that the blue-eyed man can't decipher, but it manages to make his hairs bristle and goosebumps rise all over his body. Harry's lips are parted, swollen and so fucking red little gasps escaping his plush lips. It's sinful.

Louis bites back a moan, licking his lips slowly. "Now," Louis says calmly (as calmly as he can when his boyfriend is trying to fuck him while he still has his underwear on —which honestly is very unfair), he slides his other hand down Harry's chest, pinching one of his nipples. The green-eyed man groans under his breath, his eyes going wilder. "You gonna fuck me now, and you gonna do it so well, baby," Louis purrs, catching Harry's bottom lip between his teeth and biting it.

Harry whines, nodding repeatedly and letting out a plaintive sound. Louis squeezes his nipple and pulls it hard. "Yes," Harry whispers, taking Louis' mouth with his. He bites Louis' lips and sucks his tongue eagerly before moving away.

The younger man pecks Louis' lips once more, nosing down his cheek and nibbling on his neck. He pulls away, leaving a kiss at the base of Louis' neck before sliding out of the bed and opening the first drawer of the bedside table.

Louis closes his eyes for a moment, small pieces of the night before passing through his closed lids, goosebumps rising on his skin at the memory of Harry's hands on his body, their skins flush together and Harry's warmth enveloping him as his fingers pounded in and out of his hole.

Fuck, Louis wants this so bad.

Louis opens his eyes, breathing steady and raising his knees so that Harry gets comfortable between them again. Harry bends down to kiss Louis, without the same eagerness as before but just as heated. Louis digs his fingers into Harry's hair, scratching his scalp, sucking Harry's upper lip into his mouth and humming joyfully."

Harry drizzles two of his fingers with lube, his mouth never leaving Louis as he rubs his fingers to
warm the gel.

"Can't wait to feel you inside me, love, you're so—" The blue-eyed man coughs, his mouth drops open and the words trapped in his throat, when he feels Harry's slicked up fingers graze his entrance and rubbing gently on his rim.

"I love you," Harry mumbles, breathless, brushing Louis' hole slightly a few more times before slowly push a finger in. The older man cries out, his back arched and his mouth open, eyes shut and head tilted backward. Harry moves his finger in circles, stretching Louis' hole and pecking on the blue-eyed man's lips every now and then.

Louis gets lost in that; in Harry.

His thighs close around Harry's hips while the green-eyed man fingers him open, always so gentle. He scissors his fingers avidly inside Louis before pushing a third inside. Louis is a mess, whimpering and panting as he pushes down against Harry's fingers trying to get more, not caring about the light sting, his already hard cock laying on his stomach and leaking pre-cum.

Harry moves his fingers in and out of Louis' hole, rubbing them briefly over his prostate. The blue-eyed man shivers and makes him stop or, otherwise, he'll come again. Harry grins before kissing him open-mouthed, spit in the corners of his mouth while Louis' tries with shaky hands to take his boyfriend's boxers down his legs. The green-eyed man stops him, pecking his lips as he moves away to take off his boxers himself, then placing himself between Louis' legs again.

There's something heavy in the air, or when their eyes meet, but not in a bad way, rather, it feels just like the best moment of Louis' life after three hard years and he's just so anxious and excited. He doesn't know how to describe it but he's buzzing and his heart is just as excited as him. There's a tingle in his fingertips, slowly spreading throughout his whole body, and the sight of Harry in front of him, about to fill him up is just... Wanna write a song about you, Louis thinks happily, his mouth breaking into a wide smile.

I'll do it he promises himself and breathes out softly.

Louis moves his hand to Harry's neck, bearing him down to whisper "Love you too" against his lips and kisses him, harder and with a new emotion, more sentiment, in every brush of their lips. Harry goes Louis' way, kissing him as he rubs the tip of his cock on Louis rim after it's lubed up. He gently traces circles in Louis' hip bones with his thumbs. The blue-eyed man parts away with a snap, panting against Harry's mouth and mumbling "Put it in me" after a moment of Harry just teasing.

Harry does it, pushing up till the head is inside. Louis gasps, wrapping his legs around Harry's waist as the green-eyed man starts to push in deeper, inch by inch, stretching Louis open. The blue-eyed man can feel everything while his eyes are shut; the drops of sweat sliding down the side of his face; his sweaty fringe stuck in his forehead; his heart beating out of control; Harry's hands on his hips, pinning Louis' down on the mattress, fingers pressing so hard that there'll be bruises when he wakes up. He opens his mouth in a silent moan as Harry bottoms out, hips flush against Louis' bum.

"Fuck." the younger man curses, leaning down to bury his face in the crook of Louis' neck, panting heavily. "You're so tight, Lou. Feels so good inside you."

Louis breathes sharply. He opens his mouth to say something but the only sound that comes out is a squeak, his hole clenching around Harry's length. There's a slight ache in the bottom of his spine, just the good side of pain and Louis is loving it. Louis swings his hips a little, trying to get used to the length invading his hole.

The blue-eyed man exhales a deep puff of air, his nose fluttering and Harry's dick twitching, so thick and hot in his hole. Louis squeezes Harry's hand between his in a reassuring way, prompting Harry
to do something. The green-eyed man growls, licking Louis' neck and begins to move his hips in figure eights, ripping a gasp out of the older man's mouth.

Louis presses his heels on Harry's lower back, he tilts his head up to kiss his boyfriend's shoulder, arching his back as he licks his lips. "Move," he breathes out slowly, mouth dry.

Harry lifts his head from where he was kissing Louis' neck, sliding his hands up the sides of his body, not leaving an inch untouched. The blue-eyed man trembles, panting sharply as Harry's fingers caress his skin, slow and gentle, in a way Louis doesn't think he's been touched before.

The green-eyed man drifts his fingertips over Louis' arms delicately, bending slightly to press his lips together as he pushes their arms above Louis' head and intertwines their hands. He smiles against the blue-eyed man's mouth, moving his hips in circles and swallowing the plaintive moans that Louis lets out.

Harry pulls out, his dick leaving Louis' hole 'til just the tip is inside, Louis breath falters, not having enough time to let the air settle in his lungs when Harry pushes back inside. The blue-eyed man groans loudly, chills running down his spine and his legs shaking around Harry's hips. Harry bends down to press their lips together, swallowing every delicious noise escaping from Louis as he starts pounding in and out faster, his strong hands gripping Louis' on the pillow sweeping Louis' body along the mattress. Louis squeezes them back, trying to stay sane while Harry fucks into him, his swollen and sore lips seeking the warmth of Harry's as much as possible. It is mind-blowing.

"More. —Haz... Baby " Louis rushes out breathless, rocking down to meet Harry's thrusts.

The green-eyed man grunts, running his wet tongue down Louis' bottom lip, he stops for a second, breathing against Louis's mouth. "Whatever," he babbles, sliding out and pushing back inside, harder than before, hitting Louis' sweet spot. The blue-eyed man screams, his back arched out of the bed and tears escaping the corners of his eyes, "you want" Harry continues, bringing his face down to catch one of Louis' nipples into his mouth, sucking it and surrounding it with his tongue as if there's no tomorrow, his hips never stopping moving back and forth in Louis' hole, each thrust hitting directly on Louis' prostate.

Louis' body trembles, he presses his heels hard on Harry's back and grinds down to get his cock deeper; he needs it, he's craving it. Harry releases the nub, pecking it three times before going for the other, sucking it inside his mouth and scratching the sensitive nub with his teeth. Louis sobbs, his own moves erratic and his hole clenching so tight around Harry's cock that he thinks he might die if he doesn't come soon.

"Please, Harry " Louis says in a broken voice, his chest rising and falling heavily.

Harry grunts, speeding up his thrusts. "I love you," he mumbles against Louis' mouth, panting. Louis feels the grip in his hands tighten. His cock hurts where it is against his stomach, his whole body trembling and heat boiling on the tip of his stomach, hotter with each passing second. Harry grunts are animal in nature, biting lightly on Louis' chin and rubbing the tip of his cock against Louis's prostate. Every move of his hips more frantic, his whole body tenses up.

Louis cries out, his body jerking as his cock shoots white ropes of cum between the two of them, dirtying his stomach and chest. Harry moans at the sight of that, his body falling forward, his head hidden in the crook of Louis’ neck, biting the skin there, and his cock deeply buried inside Louis when all his load spills inside the blue-eyed man.

Louis blackouts for a moment, his head fuzzy and body limp. He feels like he’s in a cloud, sparks of
pleasure running through his body and each of his limbs tingling.

Harry’s arms fail to hold him up as he finishes coming, his cock twitching inside Louis. He falls over Louis, breathing heavily. Louis jolts briefly, his legs releasing the grip of his hips and falling on the mattress. Harry complains a little, his softening cock sliding out of Louis’ hole. Louis whines at the emptiness, his hole clenching and Harry’s cum leaking out, their bodies are sticky with sweat and cum but Louis couldn’t care less.

Finally, Harry lets go of Louis’ hands, planting them on the pillow and trying to push himself up to hover over Louis, the blue-eyed man stops him, wrapping his arms around Harry’s neck and pulling him down, pressing their sticky bodies together. Harry laughs softly, kissing the side of Louis’ face, and licking the sweat.

Louis wrinkles his nose, mumbling “you’re gross” lowly on his boyfriend’s ear. Harry laughs again, harder this time, and gives kitten licks to the side of Louis’ face. The blue-eyed man huffs, unwrapping his hands from around Harry’s neck and pushing his shoulders up. Harry licks one last time and collects himself, holding himself up again and looking at Louis.

Harry’s face is flushed pink and his eyes are glassy, his hair is completely messy and he has the biggest smile Louis has ever seen, his dimples popping out. Louis smiles too, poking Harry’s dimple with his pointer finger, both of them laughing at that. The green-eyed man licks his lips slowly, gazing at Louis’ face and leaning down to kiss the blue-eyed man tenderly. Louis hums happily when Harry parts away, his gaze softening even more. “How you feeling, love?” Harry asks quietly, his blinks slow.

Louis runs the tip of his tongue over his teeth, failing to contain his own smile. "I feel good," Louis whispers softly, "in fact, I feel more than amazing." He says pleased.

Harry smiles, it's private this times, something reserved for the two of them. "Me too," Harry says dreamfully, inching down to catch Louis' lips with his. The blue-eyed man kisses him back. He takes his time to brush his lips against Harry and licks into his mouth, the blood in his cheeks bubbling like champagne.

He raises his hands to Harry's hair and buries his fingers in the strands of hair, it's wet with sweat but Louis doesn't care. He caresses Harry's scalp gently with his fingertips, the green-eyed man purring against his mouth.

He pulls apart slowly, his breath over Louis' lips. "We should take a shower." The younger man suggests before licking Louis' lips with the tip of his tongue.

"I'm not sure if I'll be able to move out of here anytime soon, like, my body is numb," Louis says sheepishly, his cheeks heating up.

Harry grins, deep dimples popping out. "No worries, baby," Harry says, sitting on his calves. He gazes down Louis' body, his eyes focusing in between Louis spread legs; his hole. He swallows thick and bites the corner of his mouth before looking at Louis' eyes again. "I'll carry you," he says simply, dumbfounded. Louis shut his legs and smiles shyly.

"Okay." Louis murmurs softly.

He stretches out his hand for Harry to help him up. Harry does it easily, his hands finding Louis' and pushing him up after he entangles their fingers. The blue-eyed man giggles as he jumps to Harry's lap, the green-eyed man's dick pressed on the side of his thigh.
"Here we go," Harry cheers quietly, putting an arm under Louis' thighs and the other in his lower back. Harry's kiss Louis cheek before stumbling out of the bed. The older man wraps his hands tightly around Harry's neck, playing with the hairs in his nape, and closes his eyes for a moment.

Louis still feels like floating, in a cloud, his heart beating slowly and his aking tickling in the best way possible, his fingertips fizzy, which is honestly really weird, but it is what it is. He bites his lips when he remembers what he promised to himself before. A smile breaks on his face slowly, but so full of confidence.

He wants to write a song, maybe this is just the moment he’s been waiting for, he can write his best song he could ever make, cause he’s in a step of his life where that’s possible. There’s no sadness or the lots of insecurities he had three years ago, with Harry, Louis feels, know, that he can do everything, and he wants to write a song just for **Harry**.

Harry nuzzles on Louis' hair, humming softly before putting him down. Louis' knees buckle for a second, but Harry is there to hold him safe. “I’ve got you,” Harry says, his arms encircling Louis’ torso. “Let’s take a quick shower and then we can go to sleep, right?”

“Yeah,” Louis says yawning. He press his forehead against Harry's chest and lets the first stream the hot water fall over them, and pressing their bodies closer with every passing second.

They take a long, **long** shower, the hot water warming their bodies as they sloppily wash each other. They don't even talk that much, just smiling with their mouths pressed together tightly; hearts beating fast.

Louis can’t explain how he feels, but he knows he doesn't want it to ever stop, no matter what. He knows that this isn't gonna be easy, that both of them need to work out many things, but Louis isn't scared anymore, instead, with Harry, Louis has never felt braver.

"I love you," He mumbles, cradling Harry's cheeks and pressing their foreheads together, the water begins to run cold. He breathes quietly, his eyes locked with Harry's. "I'm so happy we met, even if it happened in the weirdest way in the fucking world," Harry chuckles, his gaze soft, "I'd never regret anything that brought us to this very moment and you might think that it's all a bit rushed" the green-eyed man shakes his head 'no'; Louis rolls his eyes fondly, "but I'm really looking forward to spending the rest of my life with you."

Harry smiles at that, wrapping his arms steadily around Louis' body and pressing their lips together. They kiss slowly, their tongues brushing and teeth bumping together. Louis giggles when they part away, his heart beating in his ears.

"I love you, too," Harry says lovingly, Louis' heart melts. "I'm always gonna be thankful to every deity cause they put you in my life," he shakes his head, speechless. "Lou, really, I don't even know what to say, but I just know that I'm truly, madly, deeply in love with you and I cannot wait to see what's ahead for us."

Louis swallows the lump in his throat and blinks back the tears, a smile sluggishly spreading on his face. They kiss again, and again, and much more after that. At some point, the water runs cold and they rush out of the bathroom. They dry their bodies and get ready for bed.

Louis cuddles up with Harry, quilt warm up to his shoulders. Harry’s arms tightly wrapped around his torso, and his body warmer against Louis’.

They talk for what seems like hours, yawns interrupting their words or themselves when they kiss. It's fun and nice to be together in this way, doing nothing more than talking about what they have
done during the weeks they haven't been together or how things have been.

Louis asks Harry what his favorite concert has been during the last weeks and if he is nervous about the following events. He hears Harry respond animatedly to everything and smile so big and glowing that it melts Louis' heart.

He is so happy when he is with his boyfriend. Harry makes him so happy. Louis can't believe that he is so lucky that the younger man really loves him.

When they fall asleep, sunlight has begun to sneak in through the window and Louis has his face hidden in Harry's chest and strong arms around his body keeping him warm and safe.

It feels good, like a place Louis never wants to leave. it feels like *home*.

End Notes

Thank you for reading.
Tell me what you think in the comments, and leave kudos if you enjoyed it.

I'll bet you find out how long Louis and Harry have been dating.

Maybe someday I'll write an epilogue for this ;)
You can reblog the post i made on tumblr [here](#), and you can follow me [here](#) and [here](#). Love you

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