Give Me Therapy || n.s.

by ICantThinkStraight

Summary

Harry doesn't care about people -- until Niall
Niall keeps his distance from people -- until Harry
Niall is the new transfer student from Ireland that all the girls are whispering about. He's like fresh meat. As in, a new guy for the girls to sleep with and a new jock for the football team, or alternately, a new loser for anyone who is anyone to rip into. Harry is that generic bad boy that no one can stand, but all of the girls secretly want to shag. He may be drooled after by most of the girls, and hated by most of the guys, but quite frankly, he doesn't give a fuck.

He wants nothing to do with this blond pretty boy at first, but when he seems to be everywhere Harry looks, it becomes increasingly more difficult to stay uninvolved. Niall is a happy, carefree, popular guy who is friends with everyone, popular people, regular people, even the druggies. Harry is a druggie. Name just about anything, he's probably done it (aside from shooting up because he's not stupid.) Oh and Harry is also gay. Yes, gay as in penis good, vagina bad. Why is that relevant? Oh its not. Yet...

Harry begins to notice small things about this seemingly perfect boy that others don't pick up on. Like how that dazzling smile slips off of his face so easily when no one is watching, or how hollow his contagious laugh is sometimes. Niall has some big secrets he is keeping because he has no one to trust, but needs someone to confide in desperately and someone who will save him from his own personal waking nightmare.

Okay, so this is a new fanfic that I've been working on recently and really been enjoying writing.

Before you all kill me, yes there is 'bad boy' Harry in this, and I KNOW there is far too much of those types of fics out there, but I'm making him like this for a specific reason. Its not permanent, I swear. Anyway, I'm so excited for you guys to read this, and I want it to get even more reads than my Nouis fanfic (hopefully!)

A random note here; no, not all of the chapters will be as long as the first one, I just had a bunch I wanted to get out along with this first chapter, so I hope you don't mind (even if you do it won't matter) So yeah! I've talked a lot, and if you've actually read this far, you're dedicated, I'll give you that! ;)

READ THIS: I am making an 8tracks playlist for this story with a song to match each chapter, but the thing about 8tracks is that you can't publish a mix without 8 tracks to go on it! (go figure right?) so basically what I'm getting at is that the playlist won't be up until the seventh chapter because by then there will be 8 tracks to go with the story.

The main song that is basically the soundtrack for this story is Therapy by All Time Low

I will be updating it as I update the story, so feel free to listen along or whenever :)  

Hope you enjoy reading this as much as I'm enjoying writing it!

-Sam xx
Chapter 1- New School, New Beginnings

Chapter song: You Need Me, I Don't need You - Ed Sheeran

Thursday, September 5, 2013

Harry shivers involuntarily and shoves his hands deeper into the pockets of his trousers with a scowl. It was fucking September. Why the hell was it this cold? The summer was just ending, what the hell. Harry could see the top of Southwell Minster School peeking over the crest of the hill he was trudging to the top of, and he casts his scowl down to his black shoes. Today was the second official day of the new school year, and as per routine, Harry had skipped the first day. Also, as per routine for the days he actually did show up at school, he was nearly a half an hour late for his second class. He had opted to skip his first class entirely this morning, and had spent that hour and 15 minutes sleeping. Harry was on school property now and as he made to enter the building, he caught a glimpse of his reflection in the glass on the door.

His hair was quiffed back, or as quiffed back as his unruly curls will get, and he had black Ray-Bans hiding his eyes that weren't red yet, but may well be later on in the day. He was wearing the school uniform with his white dress shirt un-tucked sloppily, black, white and yellow Welbeck tie done up loosely and his blazer thrown over his shoulder carelessly. The silver chain of his cross and Jewish star necklace around his neck was visible from his unbuttoned collar, and even though he wasn't technically allowed to be wearing a necklace, he knew the teachers would overlook it. He tugs open the doors and strides into the silent school, slipping past the administration office as inconspicuously as possible.

He glanced quickly at the schedule his sister had grabbed for him yesterday to see what class he had second block and saw English Literature-Payne-213. Harry silently thanks God for being put in Mr. Payne's class as he begins to climb the stairs he had headed over to, to the second floor. Harry gets to room 213 and heads in. Mr. Payne doesn't even stop what he is doing, being used to not expecting Harry in class at all. Harry feels people's eyes following him all the way to the 2 empty seats at the back in the corner until he drops his blazer onto the desk and sits down. He was technically supposed to be wearing it while on school property, but Mr. Payne was a cool teacher and never reprimanded them for not wearing their blazers or jumpers, or not tucking in their shirts or doing up their ties. He catches a couple girls looking at him longingly and shoots them cheeky winks as he pulls off his Ray-Bans and hangs them from the front of his shirt.

About halfway through the review, the classroom door bursts open and a boy with a sheepish smile and tousled blond hair enters. Mr. Payne looks over and gives the boy a kind smile.

"You must be Niall" Mr. Payne turns to the class.

"Everyone, this is Niall. He's transferred here from Ireland, so I expect you'll all make him feel welcome" Harry notices more than half of the girls in the class staring at Niall attentively, no doubt sizing him up, and clearly they like what they see, because suddenly they are waving and smiling at him. Niall's eyes sweep the room, probably looking for an empty seat and Harry groans as he realizes that the only free seat was next to him. He lets his eyes roam over Niall, sizing him up himself. He had stylishly tousled blond hair and a faint smile on his face. He was wearing the standard white dress shirt tucked into the school dress trousers and a uniform blazer over top, buttons undone, showing his white, red and black striped Thoresby house tie. His bag was slung over one shoulder and he shuffled across the front of the room. He was pretty attractive. Harry moves his eyes up to Niall's face now and his eyes meet the brightest blue he had ever seen in his life. Harry shuts his
eyes, acting bored as per usual as he tried to avoid the boy's gaze. He didn't want some preppy pretty boy sitting next to him all year.

"Sorry Niall but it looks like the only seat available is next to Mr. Styles back there." Harry hears Mr. Payne say. He groans inwardly but tries not to let it show on his face.

"I sincerely hope you're not sleeping during my class Styles"

"How could I be when its just so stimulating" Harry snarkily replies as he opens his eyes and shoots a look at Mr. Payne. The man chooses to ignore this before turning back to the board.

"I suggest you spend less time with Louis Tomlinson and more time on your course work this term. Clearly you've been seeing too much of that boy" Mr. Payne states. Hary snorts.

"He sends his regards by the way. Says he misses your lectures about tucking in his shirt and tying his tie properly" Harry retorts as he closes his eyes again when he hears Niall pull a chair out beside him. The class is snickering quietly at the student-teacher banter and Harry folds his arms across his chest as he leans back.

Niall sits down and glances over at 'Styles'. Judging by his interaction with the teacher a moment ago, he is cocky and douchy and Niall wants nothing to do with him. Styles cracks an eye open and meets Niall's eyes. Niall is afraid he is about to make a smart-ass comment about Niall staring at him when he opens his mouth to say something.

"I think you're supposed to take those" he says instead in a slow deep accent, a smirk curving the corners of his mouth as he gestures with his folded arms at a boy who was turned around in his seat in front of Niall. He is holding a couple work sheets out for Niall to take. Niall smotheres the blush begging to creep up into his pale cheeks and quickly takes the sheets with a mumbled 'sorry'. The boy shoots Styles a dirty look but then smiles at Niall.

"No problem mate. My name's Josh by the way, and this is my girlfriend Jade" he introduces himself and the girl beside him, who smiles at Niall sweetly.

"I'd introduce myself, but the teacher already did that for me" Niall smiles. Josh nods and shoots one more dirty look at Styles before turning back around. Niall kept his eyes on his work for the rest of the class. When the bell went Styles got up and made to leave before anyone else. When he opened the door, someone called his name.

"Styles! Mate!" Niall huffed in irritation. Did no one use his real name? Niall collects his binder and shoves it back into his bag before slinging it back over his shoulder and pulling his schedule out of his pocket. *Chorus-Holmeshaw-107*. He exits the slowly refilling English room and starts towards a stairwell.

"Niall! Its Niall right?" someone calls from behind him. Niall glances over his shoulder and sees Josh making his way through the crowd.

"Where you headed next?" Josh asks.

"Chorus"

"First floor?"

"Yeah"

"Sweet me too" they begin to descend the stairs and as they reach the bottom rowdy laughing and
shouting breaks out from the alcove under the stairs next to the fire exit and a bunch of people exit through the doors. Niall and Josh's attention is drawn to one of the people who had just left. Styles. He was standing outside laughing and shoving around some person with his blue, white and black Clumber tie tied around his head of feathery brunette hair. Niall could see what looked like bird tattooed on his right forearm from where his shirt cuffs were pushed up to his elbows. Styles slings his arm around the lads neck and they laugh together.

"What an ass" Josh states in irritation, referring to the grinning Styles. Niall notices the cigarette hanging out of Styles' mouth before he looks up and their eyes meet. The smile fades from his lips and Niall quickly turns around to follow after Josh, who had continued on, not noticing Niall's absence. Niall wanted to ask Josh what Styles' actual name was but judging by his statement and the glares he kept shooting him, Josh wasn't too fond of the tall boy. Niall didn't want to keep calling him Styles, but until he could find someone to ask who wouldn't care, he'd just have to hope a teacher would call him by his first name.

"This is your class I think" Niall is tugged out of his thoughts by Josh who had hooked his thumb towards a couple doors at the end of the hall in the alcove they had come to. Niall could hear the sounds of an orchestra warming up from behind one door there, so he figured it was the other one Josh was pointing at.

"I'm headed to the other end of the school for Biology, so I'll see you at lunch?"

"Yeah definitely" Niall agrees before heading towards the door to his class. He enters the room and grabs a chair in the second row at the end and tried to ignore the whispers and giggles from the girls around the room talking about the new kid.

"They're all talking about how hot you are" Niall hears a female voice behind him say. He turns around in his seat to find a gorgeous girl with long brown hair and pretty blue eyes slouching in her seat and looking bored out of her mind.

"Sorry?"

"They all think you're really attractive"

"Do they..." Niall muses, glancing around at the little groups of girls whispering and glancing at him from around the room. He noticed how this girl put emphasis on the word 'they' and finds it funny.

"Don't let it go to your head now blondie" Niall looks back at the girl. She had a sly smile on her lips and he chuckles.

"Not all of us are mindless twits looking for the next hottie to snag" she quirks an eyebrow and Niall grins.

"So I'm a hottie then?" He asks. The girl just rolls her eyes with a humored smile.

"My name is Niall" he offers.

"Natalie" she introduces herself.

"So you're from Ireland" Niall nods even though it was more of a statement and less of a question.

"How did you end up in this sorry little town?" Niall laughs at that.
"My mum had to move for work so I moved with her" Niall had rehearsed this excuse in his head many times this morning. Just as Natalie was about to say something else, a blonde, extremely busty girl crosses the room and interrupts.

"Hello Barbara, I do hope you were planning on introducing me to your new friend" Natalie screws up her face and heaves a heavy sigh.

"Niall this is-"

"Alyssa" the girl introduces herself, sitting down in a chair next to Niall and leaning forward while pushing out her chest to show off her cleavage. She had her uniform shirt unbuttoned halfway down her chest and Niall nearly wrinkled his nose at the sight.

"So Niall, I hear you're from Ireland," Niall nods uncomfortably as Alyssa scootches closer to him.

"Well if you're looking for someone to show you around the town, or even the school, I'm free whenever" she suggests with a self satisfied smile. Her eyes shift down to Niall's arm and the next thing he knows her hand is on his bicep. She widens her eyes and gasps theatrically making Niall cringe internally.

"Ooh! Do you play sports? You're so strong!" Niall looks back at Natalie and sees her shaking with silent laughter. He nods his head subtly in the direction of the door and she nods vigorously before he looks back to Alyssa. She was glaring at Natalie as Niall pulls her hand off of his arm.

"Look, Alyssa, I'm sure you're a really nice girl, but I'm gay" he can't stop the grin creeping onto his face as Alyssa jerks her hand away from him and stands quickly, looking scandalized.

"You- you're- I've gotta go-" she quickly spins around as her face turns tomato red and twitches haughtily back to her group of friends. Niall is trying desperately to hold in his laughter as he and Natalie jump up and dash out of the room. They race down the hall together and as soon as they round the corner, they burst out laughing. Soon they are both gripping their sides.

"Oh my god! Did you see her face? That was perfect?" Natalie sighs, wiping her eyes. Niall nods, still unable to speak. Once they get a hold of themselves they continue on down the hall and exit the school building onto the grounds through a stairwell fire exit.

"Did we just bunk class?" Natalie asks with a giggle. Niall shrugs with a grin.

"So are you actually gay?" Niall turns his grin to Natalie now.

"No, I just wanted her to leave" They laugh again and soon stop walking at a big tree at the edge of the wood bordering the back yard of the school. They sit down, leaning against the tree and begin talking again.

"So Barbara..." Niall begins slowly with a wicked grin.

"I know. It makes me sound like an old lady doesn't it" Natalie laughs.

"Do you think she'll tell everyone that I'm gay now?" Niall muses. Natalie snorts.

"Hell no! She'd probably rather pull off her perfectly manicured finger nails one by one before telling anyone she hit on a gay guy!" Niall laughs. It is silent for a moment until Natalie quietly begins to hum ‘Good Girls’ by 5 Seconds of Summer under her breath.
"I love that band"

"You know 5 Seconds of Summer?" she asks pleasantly surprised. Niall nods.

"Yeah, I just downloaded their new EP the other day" Natalie beams at him.

"You and I sir, are going to be very good friends"

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Niall and Natalie sneak back into Chorus about 30 minutes in. Well, they try to sneak in anyway.

"I hope you weren't trying to sneak in new kid" the teacher, a short-ish blonde lady says with amusement in her voice.

"I'm Ms. Holmeshaw or Ms. Steward, you choose. You can call me Homie or Stewie too. Basically anything except HomeStew" Niall smiles. He liked this teacher already.

"C'mon in and grab a seat" Niall obliges and heads back over to the seat he had vacated earlier on.

"And Miss Natalie, where were you?"

"I was with Niall, um..." Natalie takes a seat beside Niall as she scrambles for an excuse.

"She was showing me where the guidance office was, they wanted to see me" Niall offers. Ms. Stew nods 'knowingly'.

"Uh-huh, my eyes are on you two, no snogging in class" Niall laughs as a slight pink creeps into his face.

"On his first day too Natalie! How'd that happen so quickly? Even though the Irish accent and charm is irresistible..." Stewie winks at Natalie who is grinning hugely and shaking her head.

"Okay, now everyone stand up" the class stands as instructed and Ms. Stew continues.

"Now I want you all to get to know each other because later in the semester you'll be performing in front of them, so turn to the person in the row behind you or beside you and introduce yourself." Niall glances in Natalie's direction to see that she is already facing the person on her opposite side, so he turns to the person behind him instead, and his blue eyes meet green ones. Styles raises an eyebrow in question as Niall is silent. He had been about to introduce himself when his eyes met those green ones and for some odd reason, all coherent thoughts fled from his mind. He couldn't even remember his own name.

"Well...?" Styles says in that slow, deep accent that almost seems to draw Niall in. Niall just stares at him dumbly.

"You're supposed to tell me your name" Styles says in a patient voice, like Niall is slow.

"Name...?" Niall repeats slowly, unable to make his tongue function properly.

"Yeah, you know, like the thing your parents called you when you were born..." Styles explains sounding like an asshole. This snaps Niall out of it somewhat and he furrows his brow.

"I know what a name is..." Niall mumbles irritatedly.

Harry smirks to himself. This kid was weird.
"Then yours is...?" He was fucking with the kid. Harry knew his name. They’d had second period together and he sat beside him after all.

"Niall" Harry nods once but says nothing.

"Your turn" Niall prods. Harry shrugs and Niall is about to say something else when Ms. Stew interrupts.

"Okay, okay that's enough sit down again" Niall turns back around quickly and sits down. He slouches down and sighs, wanting to smack himself in the forehead. Why had he frozen up like that? Niall has dealt with assholes before so this was weird.

"I know that this is the first official day of school and all but there's something that I want you guys to know as soon as possible. This room will be a ‘no put-down zone’. I know that sounds kinda dumb, but in this class you will be singing in front of everyone at least twice this year. In order to do that, you have to feel comfortable and confident that even if you aren't the most amazing singer, you will not be made fun of or mocked.” Niall glanced around and knew for a fact that not everyone in the room was listening, and of course, the rest of his unknowing class mates would be paying for that on solo day.

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"Hey Niall! Over here!" Niall hears Josh call from across the hall. He was just on his way back from his locker where he was dumping his books, and he had just been heading out to find Josh again. Niall joins Josh and notices a girl from his Chorus class, Josh's girlfriend and a pretty brunette he had never seen before standing there talking.

"We're just waiting for Zayn and Mark." Josh turns to the girls now and slings his arm around Niall's shoulder.

"Ladies, this is the new kid Niall. Niall, this is Perrie-" he gestured to the blonde girl from his vocal class and she waves back with a friendly smile.

"-this is Eleanor-" he now points at the pretty brunette before continuing.

"-and I've already sort of introduced you to my girlfriend Jade." Niall smiles at all of them and a moment later two lads come up to the group laughing loudly.

"Oh, and these are my mates Zayn and Mark" Josh points at the dark haired, strong jawed, attractive lad with the big grin on his face, dubbed 'Zayn' and the slightly shorter, paler, but more built one must be Mark.

"Hey Josh, who’s this?" Zayn asks in a rolling Yorkshire accent as he gets to the group.

"This is Niall"

"Nice to meet you" Niall sticks his hand out and Zayn's eyes crinkle as he takes it. Suddenly Niall is yanked forward into Zayn's arms as the boy laughs.

"I like him. Look at how cute he is!" Zayn coos, petting Niall's head. The group laughs and Zayn releases Niall. Niall straightens himself out again, red blush creeping into his cheeks at being called cute. After the group's bout of laughter subsides, Josh's stomach growls and he cracks a grin.

"I guess that means its time for some food. C'mon. Let’s go to the plaza." The group agrees and head towards the nearest fire exit.
Harry watches as Niall leaves the school with Josh, a couple other lads and their birds. Louis inhales a drag from the joint between his lips and exhales slowly, following Harry's line of sight until his eyes meet the new kid. A knowing smirk curves his lips upwards.

"You fancy the new kid" he observes. Harry's head snaps to Louis now, scowl in place.

"What the fuck? No, of course not!" He spits. Louis just laughs mirthfully before handing the joint off to Harry.

"You're a shit liar mate" Louis begins heading in the direction of the group and Niall. Harry pushes up off of the wall, swiping his curls back off of his forehead in the process.

"Come back here you twat, where the hell are you going?" Louis just laughs again, before picking his pace up to a jog.

"Hey! Hey new kid! Yeah, you blondie!" Harry hears Louis call. He groans internally as Niall stops and turns in Louis' direction along with the rest of the group. Harry sighs and raises the joint to his lips, inhaling the sour smoke.

Niall turns and sees the guy he had seen with Styles earlier jogging towards him. The guy stops in front of him and grins at him casually.

"Hey"

"What do you want Louis?" Josh instantly interjects from Niall's left. The lad, Louis, shifts his attention to Josh now.

"Chill Devine, I just wanted to become acquainted with your new girlfriend here" Niall frowns. Already he wasn't sure he was much of a fan of this Louis guy. Josh sighs.

"Louis, this is Niall. Niall, this is Louis. Happy?" Louis grins again and turns his attention back to Niall now.

"Chuffed" Niall glances past Louis' head and notices someone leaning on the wall back where Louis had come from. Niall stares for a moment longer before realizing who it was. It was Styles. He seemed to be everywhere!

"...mates, yeah?" Niall's attention is pulled back to Louis as he realizes that he had been asked a question.

"What? Sorry" Louis flashes Niall a sly smile before saying anything.

"Is the lovely Mr. Styles distracting you?" There it was again. His. last. Name.

"What?" Niall frowns at Louis. The lad puts on an innocent look.

"Nothing. Anyway, what I said was you should come chill with me and my mates sometime, I think they'd like you" Niall shrugs.

"Sure. Maybe sometime" Louis flashes Niall another grin before beginning to back away again.

"Sweet. You can find us here pretty much everyday on lunch hour" Louis turns all the way
around now and jogs the rest of the way back to Styles. Styles looks slightly put off and when Louis reaches him he takes the fag from between his lips and flicks the butt at him. Louis laughs and says something that Niall doesn't catch, but he catches Style's retort.

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"You fucking div!" Harry exclaims. Louis had just announced that he had invited Niall to hang out with them over lunch hour some time. Louis pulls a lone fag out of his hoodie pocket and places it between his lips, rifling around in his pockets for his lighter now.

"Hey, look at it this way, now you can flirt without Josh around him! I'm just looking out for you mate" Louis grins and Harry rolls his eyes, pulling out his own pack of fags.

"I fucking hate you. Plus, I already told you, I don't fancy him"

"Sure you don't" Louis agrees sarcastically as he lights his fag.

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"Trust me Niall, you don't want to get involved with Louis and his friends." Josh insists again as they leave school property now and begin to make their way towards the plaza.

"All of his mates are smokers, pot heads, stoners, the lot." this wasn't really news to Niall. He had smelled the stale cigarettes and weed on Louis when he had come to talk to him.

"Yeah but Louis himself isn't that bad. Just a little out spoken" Eleanor pipes up from behind Niall and Josh. Josh glances back at her, curious look on his face.

"What do you know about Louis Tomlinson?" He asks. Eleanor shrugs.

"I know that he's 20. He's redone year 12 twice now. Not cause he's dumb or anything, he just cared more about getting high than his classes for the past 2 years. He's graduating this year though." Josh looks incredulous.

"How did you find that out?" Eleanor just shrugs again with a small, secretive smile this time. Josh shakes his head in wonder.

"Girls mate" Niall laughs. They reach the plaza and decide to get pizza and head over to the pizza place there. They all order what they want and are soon sitting down at a booth. Niall laughs at something cheeky that Zayn said as he takes a bite of his hot pizza. He continues to smile as he sits back and apprises the new group of friends he has found himself part of. His first day has been pretty good so far. Suddenly an unwanted but true thought claws its way into Niall's brain, causing the smile to slip off of his face.

Too bad this won't last much longer than the final bell.

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So how did you guys like the first chapter? I know its kinda long and stuff, but I hope it was good! I'm really excited to get going with this story so I hope its as well recieved as I want it to be! I have so many ideas to get down ^.^

I would really appreciate feed back as I go so if you can would you do me a favour and leave a comment about what you thought? That would be sweet! (also a vote or two would be awesome!)
Love you guys!

-Sam xx
"Don't you ever fucking lie to me again!" Niall slams the front door behind him and jumps off of the front porch, quickly crossing the lawn to the side of the road. He hears the door open again behind him.

"Did you hear me you little shit? Watch yourself!" Niall ignores that and keeps walking quickly down the side of the road, backpack slung over his shoulder. He grits his teeth against the pain throbbing through his ribs and side and keeps walking at his quick pace until he finally comes out the end of his street. He crosses the busy intersection and starts across town to the bigger neighborhood that the school was in. He can see his breath coming out in large white clouds rising slowly into the sky and begins to relax, finally being away from the hell hole he called home.

"Hey Niall!" Niall looks over to where the voice had come from and sees that a car had pulled up to the curb a meter or so in front of him. A female sticks her head out the window and shoots him a grin.

"Want a ride?" Natalie offers. Niall smiles.

"Sure, thanks" Niall walks around to the other side of her car and climbs in.

"Do you not have a car?" Natalie asks as she pulls away from the curb. Niall shakes his head.

"No. Don't even have my license yet." Natalie raises an eyebrow but keeps her eyes on the road.

"Oh yeah? How come?"

"Never had the time" Niall lies easily. It made him uncomfortable how easily lies had begun to slip past his lips as of late. The real reason was that he has never had the money and it's not like his brother would let him go spend however much to get a license anyway. Also, why would he need a license if they didn't even have a car?

"So how did you like your first day yesterday?" Natalie asks. Niall smiles.

"It was great, I like my teachers too."

"Yeah? What do you think of Ms. Stew?" She asks with a smile. Niall grins.

"She's awesome! So great. I think Chorus is going to be my favourite class." Natalie agrees and the car is silent for a moment.

"Oh! I forgot to ask, what's your schedule like?"

"Spanish, English Literature, Music Technology, and Chemistry. You?"

"Sweet. In that case we've got Spanish together, then I have Information Technology, then Psychology, Maths and Textiles." Natalie finishes as she pulls into the school parking lot. She parks and they get out and begin walking towards the school.

"Hey Niall! Wait up!" Niall hears someone call from behind him and Natalie. He looks over his
shoulder to see Josh and Zayn hurrying across the parking lot.

"What’s your first block mate?" Josh asks when he and Zayn finally catch up.

"Spanish"

"Sick" Zayn grins “Same.”

"Hey Josh, are you stuck in Business with-" Josh sighs heavily and nods before Natalie even finishes her sentence.

"Again" Josh moans. Niall raises an eyebrow in question at Zayn but he just shrugs and mouths 'drama queen'. Niall grins.

"What have you got Nat?" Josh asks, bumping her shoulder with his as the 4 of them make their way into the school.

"Spanish, same as Ni" Niall notices the use of the nickname and smiles subtly. Unfortunately though, Josh notices too.

"Ni? Since when are you and him on nickname basis? I mean you two would definitely make a cute couple and all, but didn't you just meet yesterday?" Natalie blushes.

"I didn’t mean to call him that"

"I didn’t know you two knew each other" Niall interjects. Josh throws his arm around Natalie's shoulders.

"Oh yeah. Nat and I go way back"

"Yeah. Way back to where you had a crush on me in first year so you threw a rock at me and knocked me out" Niall bursts out laughing.

"It was an accident! Plus, that was how little boys showed affection back then!" Josh smothers his smile with difficulty as Natalie laughs.

"Hey babe" Jade is coming towards the group and Josh drops his arm from around Natalie to give Jade a quick peck on the lips. Josh looks around a moment later and frowns.

"Awh! You're all in Spanish together!" he whines. Just as he says that though Mark and Eleanor join the group.

"Never mind, got my Business buddies now" Josh grins. Eleanor snorts.

"Business buddies?" Josh just laughs. The group begins chatting and Niall finds himself glancing around the halls at the students passing by. One in particular catches his eye though (5 guesses who) and Niall can't help but stare, finding his bad boy persona intriguing. Styles passes the group, brushing past Niall on his way by and Niall gets a whiff of cigarettes and cologne. An oddly alluring scent.

"Wouldn't they make a cute couple though? I think so." Niall hears Perrie say. Apparently she had just arrived and was talking about Natalie and Niall again. Zayn had his arm around her waist Niall noticed. Something that hadn't happened yesterday.

"Yeah! Even their names go together! Natalie and Niall!" Jade adds with a giggle. Natalie is crimson again and Niall just smiles and shakes his head.
"C'mon guys! It's his second day! Give him a break!" Zayn laughs. The bell rings and the 8 of them begin to head off to their respective classes.

"Oh hey and Nat! Come with us for lunch today!" Josh calls back down the hall as he, Mark and Eleanor head towards a flight of stairs.

"I will!" Natalie calls back.

"Hang on, I have to stop at my locker" Natalie tells Niall, Zayn, Jade and Perrie.

"I do too. You 3 go ahead. We'll meet you there." Niall suggests. They do and Natalie and Niall head to their lockers, grabbing their books and meet back again in front of the Spanish room. They take seats near Zayn, Perrie and Eleanor just as the teacher walks in.

"Hóla, soy Seniñora Dennis..."

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Niall drops his books onto his desk in English and sits down in his seat, waiting for class to start. Josh turns around in his seat and begins talking to Niall.

"Oh by the way, Zayn and El are in this class too. Josh mentions.

"Hm. I hadn't even noticed" Niall raises his eyebrows. Mr. Payne enters the class just as Eleanor ducks in and takes her seat. The class quiets as he begins to write on the board and speak and Josh turns back around. About 15 minutes into class the door opens and Harry saunters in, followed by Zayn who was also late. Harry makes his way over to Niall and sits down in the corner but doesn't remove his dark Ray-Bans.

"Mr. Styles. It's enough that you're late for my class every day. The least you can do is remove your sun glasses and at least pretend to pay attention." Mr. Payne sighs. Harry cracks a lucid grin before pulling off his glasses and hooking them on the front of his shirt.

"Thank you." Mr. Payne looks back around the class as he begins to teach again. Niall glances over at Styles and notices that his half lidded eyes are glossy and a bit red. He was high. Niall rolls his eyes and shakes his head unimpressed. What a div.

***

Niall is silently sending thanks to God as he collects his books from the bench he and Perrie were situated at in Chemistry. None of his teachers had decided to assign any course work and Niall only had PE left for the day. The most work her had to do was read the assigned chapters of To Kill A Mocking Bird For English Lit.

“See you Niall” Perrie waves to him as they part ways, her on her way to Textiles. Niall follows Styles all the way down to the locker room from Chemistry until he joins Josh and Zayn at one of the benches to switch out of his regular uniform to his PE one. Niall was kind of glad he hadn’t been assigned to be Styles’ lab partner. He was sure he would be more of a hindrance than a help in that class. Though how much better Perrie would be compared to Styles was still a question…

***

"Keep running ladies!" J Mac yells at his PE class running around the track on the outside of the football field. After another lap all of the lads rejoin him in the middle of the field.
Okay. So our first unit is football and today I just want to assess the skill level in this class. For the remainder of the class you're just going to play a pick up game of football. I assume you all know how to play already, so split yourselves into 2 teams and have at it.” Niall silently cheers. Football was his thing. Niall ends up on a team with Josh, Zayn and Mark, facing the team with Louis and Styles. Niall spent the majority of the class on the field and every time he glanced over to the sidelines he saw Styles staring back at him. Niall is in his element and apparently so is Louis because even after the bell goes they continue running for the ball. When Louis scores again they call it a game. Louis slaps Niall on the back as the two grinning boys begin to head to the locker room.

"You're pretty damn good mate! I hope you'll be at footie tryouts!” Louis says. Niall nods.

"I'd like to be”

"Niall! Louis! Can I speak to you two for a minute?" J Mac calls from the sidelines.

"I'll meet you guys in the hall!” Niall calls to Josh, Zayn and Mark who had been waiting for him as he and Louis head over to J Mac.

"You two play extraordinarily well. I'd like you both to try out for the team once tryouts start.” The boys grin.

"We were planning on it” Niall nods. J Mac grins.

"Great! Now go change and get out of here” Niall and Louis head for the locker room and Louis changes quickly.

"See ya mate. Oh and the offer for hanging out at lunch still stands by the way.”

"Yeah sure, sometime soon” Niall agrees. He waits until he hears the door swing shut before gingerly pulling his shirt up over his head. He winces as he lifts his arms above his head and drops his shirt on the bench, then looks down and begins to examine the bruising. His ribs and the whole left side of his abdomen were covered in blossoming bruises of every colour. His side was purple, blue, yellow, green and other colours Niall didn't even know existed. His stomach churns as he lightly runs his fingers over his ribs and feels a small spike of pain whenever he presses too hard. He can't look at it anymore. Niall grabs his uniform shirt and tugs it on, buttoning it and quickly changing out of his shorts and into his trousers again. He hangs his tie around his neck and shoves the PE uniform and blazer into his bag and slings it over his shoulder, ignoring the dull throb in his ribs when he does and heads out of the change room.

This morning hadn't even been the worst time. Last time he'd had 3 fractured ribs, and the time before that, a gash the size of a bread knife down his back. He sighs. It was what he deserved so who was he to fight back?

"Niall!” Niall instantly snaps back to reality and plasters a fake smile onto his face at the sound of Natalie's voice.

"You want a ride?” She offers.

"If you wanna give me one” he responds as he joins the group near the front doors of the school. After a couple minutes of chatting with the group, Natalie and Niall say goodbye and head out to her car.

"You can drop me off at the corner where you picked me up this morning.” Niall lets her know.

"Okay. You sure I can't take you all the way home? It’s kind of chilly…” Niall shakes his head as
Natalie merges with traffic.

"Nah I'll be fine." he insists.

"Mind if I put this on?" Natalie asks, holding the 5 Seconds of Summer EP up and wiggling it. Niall cracks a grin.

"Not at all" soon they're both singing along to Heartache on the Big Screen and Niall is disappointed when they reach the entrance to his street all too soon.

"Thanks babe. I'll see you tomorrow" Niall thanks Natalie and climbs out of her car.

"Yeah see you. Have a good night" she calls after him as he crosses the street. He hears her pull away and he makes his way home with a smile on his face. He really enjoyed her company. She always managed to make him forget about his personal life, for a while at least. She was like a much needed break. Niall thinks about all this until he reaches his front door, then takes a deep breath and pushes it open.

*Here we go again.*

So what do you guys think is going on with Niall and his brother? And do you think Niall will actually end up hanging out with Louis sometime at lunch? Why?

Anyway, enough questions, just kidding, here's one more; What did you guys think of this chapter?

I'm really enjoying this so far, and I hope you are too!

Please help me out by sharing this and voting/commenting! I would be SO grateful!

Thanks lovelies!
-Sam xx
Chapter 3- Styles

Chapter song: Angel Eyes - New Years Day (ft. Chris Motionless)

Monday, September 16, 2013

For the rest of the next week Niall feels a bit like he's in a trance. Everyday he would wake up, be yelled at by Greg, leave for school, be picked up at the corner by Natalie, drive to school, go through his classes, leave with Natalie, get dropped off at the corner and go home to his waking nightmare again. He tried his best to act normal at school, but he knew he could only act for so long. The only times he felt truly normal were the car rides with Natalie. She helped him feel like himself again and he didn't know why, but he was grateful all the same. She didn't know that of course, but she enjoyed Niall's company anyway.

An image that he just couldn't seem to get out of his head for some reason this week though were a pair of green eyes. Niall hated how hooked on the mysterious Styles he had become, but at the same time it took his mind off of personal things so he welcomed it. He was going crazy trying to find out the tall boy's actual name without clueing anyone in about the fact that he actually cared. The lad had wormed his way into Niall's brain somehow and Niall wasn't sure how much longer he wanted to play this guessing game.

Niall spent the majority of his weekend locked away in his room avoiding his brother or working, and both activities left him loads of time to drive himself mad thinking about Styles. Niall wouldn't deny it, the curly haired lad was rather attractive, but like Josh said time and time again, a huge ass. By Monday Niall had decided that enough was enough. He needed to know Styles' actual name.

Niall makes it through first block Spanish without paying much attention to anything and can't stop glancing at Styles all throughout second block English Lit, third block Chemistry and even fourth block Chorus. He hopes Styles hadn't noticed. Natalie has though, and she is curious as to why Niall has a new fascination for the bad boy.

"Hey Ni!" Natalie calls, jogging to catch up with Niall. He was on his way to his locker after Chorus class and had been acting weird all day and she wanted to know why.

"Oh hey Nat" Niall and Natalie had taken to calling each other by their nicknames as of late.

"Oh yeah! I got a phone by the way" Niall tells her. He had been working for the past year and secretly hiding money away from his brother to be able to afford a phone, and on Saturday he had finally had enough and gone and had gotten himself a blackberry curve. It was kind of old but it did what he needed it to do, and besides, who was he to complain. Natalie pulls out her iPhone with a grin, forgetting about her previously plotted interrogation.

"Sweet! What's your number?" Niall recites it as they reach his locker and he stows away his books from previous classes.

"Anyway, see you around!" Niall shuts his locker and begins to walk away.

"Where are you going? Aren't you coming with us for lunch?" Natalie asks.

"Nah, I'll meet you guys after" Niall calls back to her. Niall heads over to a random fire exit and leaves the school, heading over towards where Louis and Styles had been the week before. When he nears the alcove that Louis had pointed out, he heard a loud voice that was obviously Louis joking...
around with someone else.

"You're a piece of shit mate" Niall hears that deep voice that could belong to no one else say. He stops just before coming into view of the boys as his heart rate speeds up.

"Yeah but you need me" Louis quips.

"Oh yeah? And why the fuck would I need you?" Styles chuckles. Niall can hear the grin in Louis' voice as he answers.

"Because I was the one who invited him! I know you think he's fit mate. You should be thanking me" Harry laughs.

"Just cause he's fit doesn't mean I'm glad you invited him you cunt. Besides, he's probably not even going to show up!" Niall doesn't know who they're talking about but does this mean that Styles is... gay? This makes Niall's heart race faster for some reason but he just ignores it and takes a deep breath before stepping into view.

"Hey" Niall calls coolly, making his way towards Louis and Styles. Louis seems to give Styles a smug look before greeting Niall.

"Niall! Hey mate. So you finally decided to come join us eh?" Niall grins as Louis slaps him on the back.

"Well let me introduce you to the guys," Louis steers Niall around and leads him over to a couple guys a little farther away, talking. A ginger kid who was holding what looked like a homemade pipe and black kid holding a red bong.

"Ed, Maz, this is Niall" Louis introduces him. The two lads look towards them. Ed waves and Niall can see his sleeve of tattoos covering his arm from the pushed up sleeves of his uniform shirt.

"You're the new kid right?" Maz asks.

"Yeah" Niall nods.

"Heard you managed to pull Natalie Palvin. Damn, what a bird" Niall shrugs.

"Nah, I didn't pull her we're just friends" Maz laughs.

"Just friends! You hear that! Where'd you find this one mate!" Maz laughs to Louis. Louis grins crookedly. "Just friends," Maz muses again. "Let me know how that one works out for ya mate" he winks at Niall. Niall grins and shakes his head.

"Ignore 'im, he's been pinin' for Natalie since year 9, but she's too smart to date a scrap like 'im." Niall hears a voice say from behind him. He glances back to see a skinny -ish kid with a crooked grin coming towards them.

"Thanks Jon, love you too" Maz says. Niall chuckles.

"Is Z comin' 'round today?" Jon asks Louis.

"Nah, not today, Harry talked to him and Z said his brother's still waiting for the next bundle" Niall has no idea what or who the boys are talking about but clearly its bad news because Ed groans.

"Shit I'm running low on hits!" Louis snorts.
"Maybe if you weren't snorting a line in the toilets after every class it would last longer" Jon and Maz laugh and Niall grins. Niall had been friends with druggies in the past so he knew what they were referring to.

"Can I bum some off you for next block?" Ed asks Louis.

"Used the last of mine this morning. Go ask him, he's always got a bit extra" Louis hooks his thumb over his shoulder at Styles and Ed heads in that direction

"So new kid, what brings you to the section?" Jon asks Niall.


"What's the story mate?" Jon asks Louis. Louis shrugs.

"Someone fancy's him and I'm helping him out." Jon nods in understanding as he pulls a hollow cigar filled with weed from his pocket and a lighter, placing the unlit cigar between his lips. Maz crouches down and places the bong between his knees, pulling a little bag of crushed weed from his pocket.

"I guess you're not going to class after that huh?" Niall smirks. Maz laughs as he packs the weed into the bowl.

"Hell no, going to the woods on the edge of town with a couple mates from the school across town. Want a hit?" He offers. Niall shakes his head.

"Nah" Maz shrugs as he pulls out his lighter and places his mouth in the end. He covers the carb and flicks the flame to life, holding it near the bowl and beginning to suck. After the chamber fills with white smoke, he releases the carb and inhales the remainder of the acrid smoke, holding it for about 8 seconds and then exhaling slowly.

"Shit mate, that's what I'm talkin' about" Maz sighs happily, sitting back on his heels. Jon and Louis had begun to talk as both happily puffed away on their joints and Ed was talking to Styles as he lit up his pipe. "Help me up bro?" Maz requests, still down on the ground. Niall sticks out his hand and pulls the lad to his feet.

"Thanks" he says with a lucid grin. "I'm takin' off now, see you later new kid" Maz laughs at that like it was a joke he had just told before turning to go. "I like that kid Louis, bring him again sometime" Maz calls behind him as he rounds the corner, bong in hand.

"What a guy" Louis muses aloud before turning to Niall "See? I told you they'd like ya" Ed Comes back over to them and says something to Louis. Louis glances back at Styles in irritation before quietly mumbling something that sounded like: "Fucking asshole" under his breath and heading in his direction.

"So Niall, how're you liking this shitty little town so far?" Ed asks. Niall grins.

"It’s quiet" Jon laughs at that.

"That's an understatement"

***

Niall says goodbye to Ed and Jon who had decided to go buy some food before last block started. Niall notices Louis slowly inching away, almost like he doesn't want anyone to notice him sneaking
"Where are you going Louis?" Niall calls. Louis clears his throat and straightens up awkwardly.

"Uhh, no where, just uh, I just have to use the loo before class..." he stutters before quickly ducking away behind the corner. Styles chuckles and shakes his head before raising a cigarette back up to his lips. Niall watches his lips close around the smoke for a moment and then as he removes the cigarette and blows out a stream of smoke slowly with his exhale. Niall shakes his head and blinks a couple times. He was here to find out Styles' name and that was it.

"Are you going to ask me what my name is, or are you just going to stand there and stare at me all day." Niall is startled, not expecting Styles to say anything.

"I uh..." Niall stutters. Styles glances over and then pushes up off of the wall, dropping his cigarette butt onto the ground. A crooked grin appears on his face as he begins advancing towards Niall. Niall backs up until he bumps the wall behind him but Styles continues to move forwards.

"You've been desperate to figure out my name since you got here, haven't you?" Niall shakes his head 'no', even though that was technically a lie.

"I see you staring at me in class. I've got you hooked somehow" Niall swallows hard. That much was true.

"You probably drive yourself mad trying to figure out what it is" Niall's heart is racing as Styles presses closer, now looming over Niall. His lips curve into a sexy smirk as he leans into Niall's face and places his hand on the wall beside his head.

"And you wanna know a secret?" Niall feels Styles' warm nicotine scented breath fan across his face and he holds his breath in anticipation. He can't help it, his eyes flick from Styles' eyes to his lips and back, licking his lips.

"I find that so sexy." Styles murmurs. As suddenly as he was there, Styles is gone, whisking away around the corner as the bell goes, leaving Niall flustered and frustrated. What had just happened? He had just been in extremely close proximity to the boy he had spent his entire weekend thinking about, and he still hadn't learned his name. Niall takes a moment to catch his breath and slow his heart rate. Why was he flustered like this? It's not like he had... a... crush... on... Styles... right? Niall forces the thought out of his head with a nervous laugh. Of course not. Niall was straight. Obviously...

Niall shakes these thoughts off and forces himself to begin walking to PE class. He arrives 15 minutes late and jogs onto the football field just as they are choosing teams.

"Niall!" Louis beckons as captain of one of the teams he chooses Niall to be a forward.

"You seen Harry?" Niall shakes his head no and is about to ask who Harry was when J Mac blows a whistle and Louis jogs away. Niall runs forward to face off Josh for the ball, quickly darting forwards and stealing the ball from between his legs. He passes it off to another guy on his team and glances around, noticing that Styles hadn't shown up to class.

Niall wasn't sure if he was relieved or disappointed.

******************************************************

Sorry for the wait! This was supposed to go up on Thursday but I never got the chance! Promise I won't make you wait again! (Hopefully...)
Anyway, what did you guys think of this chapter? Looks like Ed Sheeran and Mazzi Maz are making guest apperances every now and then xD

If you don't know who Ed Sheeran is, have you been living under a rock...?

Now if you don't know who Mazzi Maz is, he is a british Youtuber that I watch so go check him out!

This chapter is dedicated to @PotatoMustaches for her incredible comment! It was so long it wouldn't even fit into 1 message! It made me laugh too :)

Vote and comment please! Let's keep this going, the first person to comment something that makes me laugh or catches my eye, the next chapter will be dedicated to you ;*
Love you all!
-Sam xx
Chapter 4- Distractions

Chapter song: Musicbox - Regina Spektor

Wednesday, September 18, 2013

"Hey Niall!" Josh jogs up to Niall in the parking lot of the school on Wednesday after Natalie had disappeared to talk to her English teacher.

"Hey, what's up?"

"So uh, when are you going to ask Nat out?" Niall stops walking and looks at Josh confused.

"What...?" Josh grins.

"Basically the whole school knows she's got a thing for you mate!" Niall raises his eyebrows.

"She... does?" Josh nods enthusiastically.

"You've got a thing for her too, don't you?" Josh asks. Niall shrugs. He had figured they were just friends. Sure, Natalie was fit, and smart, and funny, and he enjoyed being around her, but he didn't think he had a thing for her. If he were looking for a girlfriend right now, he supposed he might go for her though.

"So you should ask her today then! Jade and I are going on a date tonight; you two should come with us!" Niall shrugs. He liked Natalie quite a lot as a friend so he couldn't find any reason why he wouldn't want to date her. Plus, this might help get rid of the thoughts about Styles. Not knowing his actual name was still driving Niall mad, and to top it all off, every time Styles caught his eye in the halls or class, he would shoot Niall a wink and Niall's heart would race which annoyed him. He did not have a thing for Styles.

"See you later mate! Tell me what she says!" Josh calls to Niall as the bell goes. Niall heads up to Spanish class and takes his seat next to Natalie. He leans over to her as the teacher began to speak.

"I have to ask you something later" he whispers. Natalie smiles and nods as the teacher began to speak.

***

After Spanish Niall was going to ask Natalie, but he had gotten too nervous, so he had promised to ask her at lunch. It was weird. He and Natalie were like best friends but he was nervous to ask her on a date.

"So how'd it go?" Josh asks after English. Niall shakes his head.

"Haven't asked yet"

"Well get on it mate! So many guys I know would kill to be in your position! Natalie is fit" Niall agrees and then heads to Chorus class.

"Today we have to decide when you guys want your first solos to be" Ms. Stew announces once everyone was seated. They spend the first 20 minutes of class deciding on a date, and the class
finally settles on 2 weeks from then.

"The first category will be song of your choice, so choose one that you think show cases your range and vocal abilities. For this first one, you can either sing to just me, or in front of the class, but its up to you." Ms. Stew explains. Niall kind of zones out after that, getting nervous once again about what he was to ask Natalie after his next class. Next thing he knows she is tapping him on the shoulder at the end of class.

"Ni, class is over" she giggles.

"Oh yeah, sorry," Niall smiles and grabs her by the hand, pulling her up with him. They walk about halfway to her Maths class before either of them realizes that they are still holding hands and let go quickly, faces tinged pink.

“See you at lunch” Niall waves as he continues on to Chemistry. He enters the class room and passes Styles who had his head down on the Chem bench, apparently asleep. He takes his seat beside Perrie and she turns to him, automatically launching into a story about something Jade had heard from Jesy, who had heard from Leigh-Anne, who had heard from Sandy, who had been with Dan and Luke and had over heard Michael had talking to Ashton about something-or-other. Niall nods along with her but tunes out her mindless chatter to let his eyes sweep the class room. His hands routinely pull out his binder and text book and set them up on the bench in front of him next to the beakers and hot-plate in the middle of the black surface. They were supposed to do some sort of an experiment today and he was a little nervous to have Perrie handling the chemicals with the way she is flinging her hands about so animatedly right at the moment.

“So Perrie, when did you and Zayn actually start dating?” He asks, hoping to change the subject to a safer one with less accentuating hand movements.

“About a week into classes. He asked me out behind the school after we, uh…” Her eyes widen and she clamps her glossy, pink-tinged lips together tightly. Niall assumes they had been snogging but she just didn’t want to tell him that. Niall raises his eyebrow for her to go on though, and she does.

“We were just, uh, snogging…” She whispers. Niall grins. He knew it.

“Thought so.” She seems relieved but continues on with her story a moment later. Thankfully the teacher walks into the room and cuts her off before she can get carried away again.

***

"C'mon" Niall takes Natalie’s hand and leads her away from her Maths room. They exit the school through the nearest door. They stop a little ways away from the doors and Niall, dropping her hand, turns to face her.

"So uh, I was wondering if you..." Niall looks down nervously and trails off, scratching the back of his neck.

"Yeah?" Natalie prods. Niall takes a deep breath and continues.

"Would um, want to go on a date, with me?" Niall finishes, looking up to see her smile.

"I'd love to babe" she accepts. She holds out her hand and Niall grins as he takes it once again and they begin to walk back inside to the cafeteria.

"So we're dating now then?" Natalie asks.
"I guess so" Niall responds.

"So when do you want to go on that date?" Niall shrugs.

"Josh said he and Jade were going out tonight, so we could tag along. Like a double date"

"Sounds great!" They reach the cafeteria and enter, still hand in hand, and quickly spot their friends at a table and head over to join them. Jade spots them and smacks Josh who was messing about with Zayn. He turns to her and she points at Niall and Natalie. Josh looks from them, to their tangled fingers, and grins.

"So Niall! What did she say?" Josh calls before they reach the table. Niall holds up their linked hands with a grin and some random people around the lunch room cheer and whistle.

"So do you two want to come with Josh and me tonight then?" Jade offers as they take seats across the table from Josh and Jade.

"Yeah, where are we going?" Natalie asks.

"Josh and I were going to get some food then we were going to the aquarium" Natalie beams at that.

"That sounds like fun! What time?"

"Around 5 -ish?" Josh shrugs. Niall nods. They all decide to meet at the restaurant and Niall silently thanks god that he had gotten paid from work yesterday.

Niall walks Natalie to Textiles class before heading to PE. They stop outside her class room to say goodbye, and Niall glances around. He spots the 1 person he wished he hadn't coming up the hall on his way to the gyms. Styles. He winks at Niall as he passes and Niall's stomach does an odd little flip.

"Niall!" Natalie exclaims. Niall snaps out of it and realizes that Natalie had just said goodbye to him.

"Sorry babe, bye, meet you after school?" She smiles and nods before disappearing into her class room. Niall mentally slaps himself for being so easily distracted by Styles as he reaches the gyms. He enters the locker room and to his luck it's empty. He quickly changes and is tying his trainers up when someone enters the room.

Harry checks Niall out from behind and decides to mess with him. It had become a favourite past time of his as of late. As the boy straightens up, Harry heads over to him and stands behind him.

"So I heard you're dating Natalie now" Niall jumps and spins around, coming face to face with Harry. He takes a step back, wide-eyed and swallows visibly.

"Y-yeah, I am" he clears his throat. Harry smirks.

"Haven't found out my name yet, have you?"

"Why would it matter to me?" Niall tries to sound casual but he can feel his face starting to burn. Harry takes another step forward and Niall backs right up to the lockers, so Harry takes the opportunity and leans over the smaller boy once again, like he had a few days ago, smirk still in place.
"That's it babe, keep driving yourself crazy." Once again, Styles steps back and what feels like a split second later to Niall, he is gone. Niall takes a couple deep breaths to slow his heart rate before sinking down onto the bench with a groan.

How was he supposed to forget about Styles when he kept doing things like that?

Wowowowowow! Who would have guessed that Narbara would become a thing? Not me! ;)

Let me tell you a secret; I only ship Niall Horan with 3 people, Me, Barbara Palvin and Harry Styles ;)

So what do you guys think of Natalie and Niall? Do you like them together?

Sorry for the late update again, I seem to have endless homework this week...

This week the song really doesn't have anything to do with the chapter, its just a really good song :)

Can all of you do me a favour and share this story on Tumblr, Twitter, Facebook, anything really, I just want my reads up :3

Vote, comment and share please!

-Sam xx
Chapter 5- Aquarium Adventures

Okay, so I feel like this story is moving a little quickly, and I just want you guys to know that no, it will not always be this fast. Let me explain. The first month of Niall living in Southwell is pretty boring. Nothing really happens until he ends up involved with Harry (who knows when that will be... ;) so yeah. I just wanted you to know that in case you were wondering.

Anyway, enjoy this chapter!

**************************************************************************************************

Chapter song: I've Tried Everything - Olly Murs

Wednesday, September 18, 2013 - Later That Night

Niall is lucky when he gets home at 4:00 today. Greg is still at work so he has no one to hastle him. He kicks off his shoes and makes his way down the hall to his mother's room and knocks lightly before poking his head in.

"I'm home mum. Just getting ready to go out so I'll be in my room if you need anything" his mother doesn't even move from under her pile of blankets in the middle of the bed. Niall hadn't expected an answer anyway. He backs away from the room and moves to the next door, entering his own room. He kicks a couple socks and T-shirts out of the way as he makes his way to his bed and drops his bag down onto it. He pulls out his phone to check for any messages and finds none, so he drops that down onto his bed with his bag and turns to his closet. He finds himself a clean pair of black skinny jeans, boxers, socks and a plain blue T-shirt and grabs a towel, heading to the shower.

He takes a 15 minute shower and then dresses and begins to style his hair. He quiffs it up and then grabs his wallet, phone and a pair of sunglasses, placing those on and looking around his room to see if he had forgotten anything. All he notices are the dirty clothes scattered around the room and makes a mental note to pay a visit to the Laundromat later that week. Niall is just slipping on his shoes and jacket when the front door opens and his brother enters.

"Where the hell are you going?" He asks, closing the door.

"Out" Niall moves towards the door but Greg blocks his way.

"No shit. Out where?"

"Just out. I don't have time for this Greg" Greg raises his eyebrows.

"Don't have time for what little brother? Do you have some place to be?" Niall huffs in frustration.

"I have to go" Greg growls and shoves Niall back to the wall.

"No you don't you little cunt" Niall ducks to the side as Greg's fist connects with his rib cage. Niall lets out a quiet 'oomf' of pain, but grits his teeth and darts around Greg and yanks open the door, dashing out.

"COME BACK HERE YOU LITTLE FUCKER!" Greg yells after him. Niall ignores him and keeps running until he reaches the end of his street. He takes a moment to catch his breath and then starts on his way to the restaurant. He shoves all thoughts about his brother out of his head and
focuses on the date he was headed to.

***

"You look great tonight by the way" Niall mumbles into Natalie's ear as they stand in line for the aquarium behind Josh and Jade. She was wearing a short black dress top with black leggings underneath and a leather jacket over top. To finish it all of she had on black heeled boots and a faux leather purse over her shoulder. (http://us.cdn281.fansshare.com/photos/barbarapalvin/full-barbara-palvin-876683153.jpg)

"Thanks" she smiles at him as the finally reach the front of the line and purchase 2 tickets. Josh, Natalie, Jade and Niall enter the aquarium and start down a hallway lined with exotic, brightly coloured fish.

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After about an hour, Niall and Natalie had lost Josh and Jade in the big building by accident, and were now examining some large hammerhead sharks. Niall looks over to see Natalie's face lit up with the blue -ish light from the tank. Her eyes are wide and she has a smile on her face as she gazes in at the huge fish.

"This is so cool..." she breathes.

"Yeah" Niall agrees, taking her hand and leaning over, pressing a kiss to her cheek. She turns to look at him with her smile still in place and raises an eyebrow.

"You missed"

Niall laughs, leaning forward again and pressing his lips to hers this time. They kiss for a sweet moment before they are broken up by Josh’s wolf whistle. Niall laughs after pulling away and they turn just in time to see Jade smack Josh upside the head.

"You ruined it!" She laughs as Josh whines through his teeth while rubbing the back of his head.

"We were just coming to find you two anyway" Natalie pipes up.

"Oh sure" Jade laughs. "Its 8 now so we're going back to Josh's house. Before I go home." she announces.

"You two can come if you want. Have a drink, talk for a bit." Josh shrugs.

"Sure" Niall accepts.

***

Within 30 minutes the 4 of them had left the aquarium and driven to Josh's house, and now they were sitting around laughing and having a beer.

"I had fun tonight" Natalie mumbles, leaning back into Niall.

"Good. I did too." Niall smiles, circling his arm around Natalie.

A half an hour later they decide to leave and say good bye to Josh and Jade.

"See you two tomorrow at school. Tonight was fun" Niall calls as they make their was to Natalie's car.
"Yeah, see ya mate!" Josh calls from the door with Jade. Natalie drives Niall home and he thanks her before kissing her good night and making his way up to the door. He enters the house as quietly as he can and slips off his shoes, sneaking past the tele room where his brother was up watching the footie match.

"Who was that?" He asks out of nowhere. Niall stops with a sigh and turns back around.

"Just a friend" Greg turns off the tele now and stands up, facing Niall.

"Yeah? Well that 'friend' looked an awful lot like a girl. And it also looked an awful lot like you kissed her before she left." Niall cringes.

"Well I didn't" Greg glares.

"Are you lying to me little brother?" Niall begins to back up into the hall, ready to make a run for his room if his brother moved any closer. He didn't want to deal with this tonight.

"Of course not" he lies.

"I swear to fucking god Niall if I find out that you're lying to me, you won't be seeing out of that left eye for a while" Niall gulps and nods before turning and briskly walking to his room. He strips down to his boxers and slips under his covers after plugging in his phone to charge under the bed where his brother wouldn't find it.

He sighs and rolls over onto his side, feeling his eyelids drooping sleepily. He had enjoyed tonight, and as he had hoped, he hadn't thought of Styles once. Now that that thought occurred, images of the curly haired lad came floating into Niall's sleep filled brain as he drifted off to sleep.

**************************************************************************************************
So this was kinda just Niall's struggle with not being able to get Harry off of his mind :)

How long do you reckon he'll be able to keep denying feelings for Harry?

Do you guys think I could maybe get 5 votes on this chapter before the next update? That would be great!

Vote/Comment/Share please? Help this get more reads so i can update faster!! :)

Love you,
-Sam xx
Thursday, September 19, 2013

Niall is startled awake by his alarm clock and grumbles as he reaches over to switch it off. He sinks back into his pillow with a sigh. He had been having a dream and was just getting to the good part. He thinks... the details of the dream were flitting away as he thought about it and he scrambles desperately in his still sleepy mind to remember what it had been about. All he remembers was green eyes... a smirk... curly hair... and someone's lips on his...

Niall sits bolt upright as he realizes what his dream had been about. Styles. But Styles wasn't just in it, he was the one Niall had been kissing. Niall wanted to scream in frustration. Now this kid wasn't just tormenting him in real life, but also in the dream world. Styles being in the dream wasn't what bothered Niall, the fact that he was dreaming about kissing Styles, and had enjoyed it was what Niall was worried about. What did this even mean?

Whatever it was, Niall didn't want to dwell on it for much longer, so he forces the dream and his worries out of his head and thinks about his beautiful girlfriend and their lovely date the night before. He pulls his phone out from under his bed and opens up his conversation with Natalie.

Niall: morning babe, did u sleep well ?

A moment later her response appears.

Nat: Yep! Thanks for asking ♡ Want me to pick you up at the regular spot? Or your house?

Niall: the regular spot. i'll be ready in 10, see you then ! xx

Niall gets up and throws on his trousers from the day before that were on the floor and his dress shirt, opting to not bother tying his tie, wearing his blazer or tucking in his shirt until he got to school. He stows his phone, wallet and house key in his pocket, and shoves a black snapback over his messy hair. He slings his bag over his shoulder and heads to the kitchen just as the front door is closing as Greg leaves for work. Niall puts a couple slices of bread in the toaster and opens the fridge to get out the butter, and finds none. He sighs and straightens up, shutting the fridge with a sigh. Dry toast it is.

I guess I'll be taking a trip to the shops after school then. Niall thinks. His toast pops up after a couple minutes and Niall pulls them out and drops one on the counter. He munches on the other one as he flits around the kitchen, making a list on his phone of the essential groceries that he would need to get later.

5 minutes later he's on his way to the end of his street to meet Natalie on her way to school.

"Hey babe" she greets him as she pulls up in front of him. Niall flashes her a smile and leans down to her window to give her a quick peck and then circles the car and gets in the passenger side.

"Have you chosen your song for the first solo yet?" Natalie asks him.

"No, not yet. I haven't thought about it much" Niall shrugs.

"Got any options?" Natalie inquires.
"Well I was thinking about doing a Michael Bublé song like Haven't Met You Yet or something. Maybe a song by Maroon 5 or The Script. I don't know"

"All of those artists are great so you'll be amazing. Just let me know when you decide"

"Will do" Niall agrees. "Have you decided what you're singing?" he asks her now. She shrugs.

"Same answer as you. Not really, but I have a couple options. I was thinking The Cab, Fall Out Boy, All Time Low, maybe even Demi Lovato. Not sure yet."

***

Harry groans and rolls over after his alarm goes off. Why had he set it again? Oh yeah. School. Typically Harry would sleep through his first class, or the first half of his first class anyway, but he was going today for some reason... what was that reason? Oh yeah, Niall. Harry didn't even give a shit anymore. Yeah he fancied the new kid, so? Harry stands and stretches lazily and then reaches for his pack of fags on the table beside his bed. He pulls one out, grabs his lighter then heads out of his room. His sister is already in the kitchen having breakfast when Harry comes downstairs.

"Up a little early now, aren't we Harry?" Gemma raises her eyebrows.

"Don't tell me you're actually planning on being on time for once!" Harry flicks her the middle finger and sticks the cigarette between his lips as he opens the back door. He flicks his lighter on and holds the flame to the end of the fag. A moment later he is exhaling his first drag of the day with a sigh. Harry knew he smoked too much. The long term consequences didn't bother him though. Smoking was an easy distraction. Maybe one day he'd try to quit. Eventually.

As Harry smokes he thinks about Niall. Does he smoke? Well he hangs out with Louis and Ed and them so he probably does... next time he was in the section Harry would have to pay closer attention.

***

Quarter past 8 Harry is on his way to school. He finishes his second fag walking up to the doors and is soon entering Business class. The teacher looks up and seems surprised by his presence.

"Harry! I think this is the 3rd time you've actually shown up here this semester!" Harry ignores that and just heads to his seat in the back corner with Louis.

"Hey mate, how come you decided to show up this morning?" Harry shrugs and leans back in his seat.

"It’s definitely not because you fancy a certain blond someone in your next class, is it?" Louis was spot on and he knew it, so when Harry didn't answer, it was an answer for Louis all on its own.

"Too bad he's straight" Louis muses. Harry chuckles.

"Oh he's not. Even if he doesn't know it yet" Louis laughs at that.

"Yeah 'cause you'd turn even the straightest guy gay" Harry smirks.

***

Nothing eventful happens in English class but Harry does catch Niall sneaking glances at him more often then not. His hair was messy today and him running his fingers through it every time he
thought hard wasn’t helping any. After the bell goes Harry exits the room and begins heading to Chorus class. Harry could tell Niall was interested in him. If only it weren't for that damn girl. What was her name again?

"Natalie!" oh yeah, that was it. Harry looks to see who had yelled and sees the familiar head of blond hair hurrying through the stream of people in the hallway. He glances to the side and his eyes meet Harry's. Harry shoots him a cheeky wink and a smirk and Niall quickly looks away but not before Harry notices the red blush dusting his cheeks. Cute. Harry follows Niall with his eyes until he stops in front of Natalie. Harry's eyes land on Natalie herself and he raises an eyebrow when he sees her staring back at him. She looks to Niall now and says something and a moment later they are both headed to Chorus hand in hand. Harry makes a face seeing their linked fingers but starts in the same direction anyway.

Watching Niall and Natalie basically cuddling all through class, and having to sit beside Natalie in Psychology class afterwards puts Harry in a foul mood, so by the time the bell goes for lunch hour, all he wants to do is get stoned and take off, and that's exactly what he plans to do. He heads over to his locker, passing Niall and his group of friends on their way out of the school. Niall is now wearing a black snapback and pulls it off on his way out the door, ruffling his hair underneath a bit before replacing it on his head and Harry finds it frustratingly attractive. He shuts his locker after depositing his binder and checks his pockets for his bag of weed. He sighs because he must've forgotten it at home. He heads to the section anyway, hoping to bum some off of Maz or Louis and sees most of the typical stoners crowded around someone.

"That's the last of the powder lads, you'll have to wait until tomorrow when I've got more" Harry hears the person in the middle of the group say. There are a couple disappointed groans and some angry snarls, and a few people clear away, leaving Harry able to see who seemed to be so popular. He was in luck.

"Zayn!" Harry calls, heading in his direction. Zayn looks over and a grin breaks onto his face.

"Harry, mate! You buying today?"

"Yeah" Harry buys a couple things he had been running low on including some replacement weed and soon Zayn is slinging his bag back over his shoulder and saying bye.

"Gotta go find my friends before my bird starts looking for me"

"See ya mate" Louis calls with a wave. "Who's he dating anyway?" Louis asks Harry once Zayn is gone.

"Perrie"

"Eleanor's friend?" Harry gives Louis a quizzical look. That was an odd question.

"What? We're in drama together..." Louis explains, kicking a rock with the toe of his shoe awkwardly.

"Okay... yeah, Eleanor's friend. She's in Chorus and friends with Niall" Louis flashes Harry a grin at that last part. Harry just rolls his eyes.

"So when are you going to make a move?"

"He's got a fucking girlfriend Louis you dumb ass" Harry scowls. Louis rolls his eyes.

"Like that has ever mattered" Harry shrugs, because in all honesty it never had mattered in the
past. Harry glances around and spots Mazzi and he's in luck because Maz brought his bong with him.

"See ya Lou. I'm bunking last period"

"But won't you miss seeing Goldilocks playing footie?" Louis mock pouts. Harry begins to walk away at that.

"Fuck you" Harry joins Maz and some other kid named, Dylan...? Harry didn't really care.

"You bunking today?" Harry asks. Maz nods.

"Heading to the woods again. Wanna come with?"

"Yeah"

"Fucking sweet" Maz says before handing Harry the bong. Harry crouches down and pulls out his new bag of weed, filling the bowl with some and pulling out his lighter. He places his lips in the opening and lights it with his finger over the carb and waits for the chamber to fill with thick white smoke. He takes a pretty big hit and exhales, feeling it working instantly. A smile slides onto Harry's face as the world becomes like a lucid dream.

***

Niall jogs up the field for the last lap and then jogs back over to J Mac as he calls everyone in.

"Good warm up lads! Today we're doing some easy stuff. I want to test you all on shooting so grab a partner. One of you will shoot and the other will retrieve and then you'll switch." Niall glances around and is, admittedly, the littlest bit disappointed when he doesn't see Styles.

"Hey Niall! Be my partner?" Josh inquires. Niall is about to agree when Louis marches up.

"Hey Niall you're my partner, sorry Devine." Louis grabs Niall by the arm and Niall shrugs apologetically at Josh as he is dragged away.

***

"You need a ride today babe?" Natalie asks at the end of the day. Niall declines politely.

"Nah, have to go to the shops. It's nice out today anyway," Niall shrugs. It was actually nice today even though it was nearing the end of September. After 15 minutes everyone decides to leave and Niall says bye to his friends before heading in the direction of the shops. He walks for about 10 minutes and then enters the Tesco he had come to. Niall pulls out the list he made that morning on his phone and begins collecting the items.

***

"Go get some groceries Niall!" Niall hears his brother yell as he comes in the front door home from work.

"I did!" Niall calls back and then turns his attention back to his Spanish course work from Wednesday. He just can't seem to focus tonight though and he was beginning to get frustrated. His thoughts kept drifting over to Styles and he wanted to bang his head on a wall. How was this boy driving Niall so insane?

"Okay Niall, focus, porque soy un poco de todo..." the words on the page seem to blur and Niall
sighs, giving up. What the hell was this anyway? A riddle? He needed to do something else. He decides to go get a drink and heads to the kitchen where his brother is making a snack.

"You left all of your shit by the door, next time its going out the door." Greg states flatly.

"Okay" Niall responds and then mumbles "gilipollas" under his breath.

"What the fuck did you just call me?" Greg glares as he turns around holding a sandwich. Niall shakes his head.

"Nothing. Spanish vocabulary word" Niall lies. He smiles to himself as Greg exits the kitchen with a scowl not understanding what Niall had just said, otherwise Niall surely would have received a swift kick to the stomach. Niall fills a glass with water for himself and then decides to take his mother a glass as well. He fills a second one and then makes his way back down the hall and stops at her bedroom door. He shifts the glasses to one hand and knocks lightly before entering.

"Mum? I brought you some water." Niall places the glass on her bedside table and then sits down on the edge of the bed, gazing at his mother. She was curled up, hugging a pillow to her chest, bundled under her comforter.

"I have a girlfriend now Mum. She's gorgeous and funny and I think you'd really like her" Niall mumbles, absently combing his mother's hair back from her face. He sighs after, as expected, receiving no response of any sort and stands. He gazes down at his poor lump of a mother and feels a spark of anger flicker to life in his chest.

He had done this to her. Niall couldn't remember the last time he had seen her smile, let alone the last time he had heard her laugh. Niall swore if he ever saw that man again, he would smash his face in. How could she still love him after everything that he did? He had hit her for Christ sake! Niall takes a deep breath as he feels himself getting worked up. No. He refused to think about that man.

Niall exits his mother's bedroom and enters his own once again, shutting the door behind him and placing his glass on his bedside table and then flopping down onto his bed with a yawn. He needed to finish his Spanish, but maybe after... a... quick... nap...

**************************************************************************************************

Sorry for how boring this chapter is guys.

I meant to update yesterday but I had relay for life and go home wayyyy late! Sorry!

Anyway, there it is now so I hope you enjoyed it!

Next chapter the playlist will be up! So excited!

Vote and leave a nice comment please, it would mean loads ♡♡♡

-Sam xx
Niall and Natalie had been dating for almost 2 weeks now and it was Monday the twenty-third of September, or in other words, solo day. Natalie had what felt like earth worms writhing in the pit of her stomach as 4th block drew nearer. Before she knew it, her Maths teacher was letting everyone pack up and chat with friends a couple minutes before the bell.

"Isn’t it solo day today?” Eleanor inquires. Natalie just nods and swallows hard, afraid that if she opened her mouth she would throw up. The bell goes and Natalie feels her stomach lurch in anticipation of what was to come next block. She rises quickly and leaves the classroom at a brisk walk with Eleanor.

"Look, there's Zayn and Niall" Eleanor points out the raven haired and blond boys heads bobbing a couple people ahead of them in the stream of people.

"Zayn! Niall!!" She calls. The boys glance back and stop, waiting for the girls to reach to them.

"Hey babe, you alright?” Niall asks Natalie as he wraps his arm around her shoulders. Natalie nods and leans into him.

"Nervous" she mumbles. Niall hugs her to him and kisses the top of her head comfortingly.

"You'll be amazing babe, I know it" Natalie just wraps her arms around her boyfriend and hugs him, trying to calm down. They enter the Chorus room and take their seats after saying bye to Eleanor as she crossed the hall to the Drama room. Niall is rubbing Natalie's lower back and she is starting to calm down. Why was she so nervous anyway? It was just a room full of teenagers.

"Alright guys! So today is solo day!” Ms. Stew announces. A couple people cheer but Natalie feels her nerves slowly rising again.

"So we'll do it like this. First, the people who want to go and after that, I choose. I want as many of you as possible to go in front of the class and-" Ms. Stew is cut off by Styles entering the room late as per usual. He pays no attention to the eyes following him all the way to his seat and Niall almost groans when Styles chooses a seat directly behind him.

"That blazer is supposed to be on your body Mr. Styles, not over your shoulder. As I was saying,” Ms. Stew continues after clearing her throat. Styles ignores her previous comment as she goes on, and discards his blazer to the floor beside his chair. "I want as many of you guys as possible to go in front of the class and then after that I'll do 1 on 1 solo's." Niall is relieved that there will be 1 on 1 solo's because this first one he opted to do it without his guitar and when he doesn't have it he's a lot less confident and comfortable.

"So who's first?” Ms. Stew asks excitedly. To no one's surprise, Alyssa's hand shoots up in the air right off the bat. Ms. Stew selects her and Alyssa's hand shoots up in the air

"Whenever you're ready Alyssa” Ms. Stew nods. Alyssa sings Rolling in the Deep by Adele and at the end received polite applause. She had been off couple times and her voice was quite shaky so no one was overly impressed.
"Uh, that was nice; you just need to work on your breath control and pitch. And try to engage the audience a bit more, all you did was stare at me and it’s a bit unnerving. Use breath support to push the notes out more clearly and think about putting some sort of inflection into your words. Open your mouth a bit more on 'ah' sounds and work on diction a bit more as well"

Alyssa huffs as she reclaims her seat and grumbles about how her performance was perfect and she'd like to see someone do better. Ms. Stew calls for more volunteers and Perrie tentatively raises her hand.

"Okay Perrie, c'mon up," Perrie takes her place at the front and plugs her iPhone into the stereo for her music. Once that's all set, she turns back around with a smile.

"The song I'll be singing is I've Got the Music in Me by Kiki Dee." Ms. Stew nods for her to begin and Perrie hits play. Her first note rings out and instantly everyone is captivated. Once the song ends the room bursts out in wild applause and whistling. Perrie beams widely and looks to Zayn who is whistling.

"Wow! That was incredible Perrie! I had no idea that you had a voice like that in you!" Ms. Stew exclaims once the applause had died down. After more praise than critique, Alyssa seems put off by the time Perrie sits down and Ms. Stew calls for more volunteers a moment later, but after a performance like Perrie's, no one wants to go.

"Okay, it looks like it’s up to me now, so Natalie" Natalie sucks in a breath and clamps onto Niall's hand.

"I can't go after a performance like that!" She hisses to Niall. He looks at her with a gentle smile. "Babe, you're going to be amazing! I know it! You are going to be incredible. I believe in you." Natalie nods quickly and stands, walking briskly to the front of the room. Her hands are trembling as she plugs in her phone and finds her song. She closes her eyes and takes calming breaths, wiping her sweaty palms on her uniform skirt before turning around to face everyone.

"Whenever you're ready" Natalie nods.

Okay. You can do this. You can definitely do this. Just stare at Ni. No one else. Pretend its just you and him Nat. You can do this. Natalie thinks, trying to calm herself down. It works to a degree, so before she can think about it much more, she opens her mouth to speak.

"The song I'm singing is Where Did the Party Go by Fall Out Boy." Natalie hits play and the bass line begins and she closes her eyes, tapping her foot along. When the first words came up she was ready. Natalie opens her eyes and sings her first notes strong and clearly. As the song progresses her nerves melt away to be replaced by her character.

The class room bursts into thunderous applause as the last note of music fades and a look of shock cements itself onto Natalie's face. Niall beams with pride as if it were himself up there being applauded and claps the hardest. A look of disdain is etched onto Alyssa's face. Natalie's face breaks into a beaming smile as her eyes lock on Niall's. He stands as she rushes forward and throws her arms around him. She presses her lips to his in a brief but ecstatic kiss and the class 'aw's'. Niall can see Harry, in his seat behind him, who was watching the scene look away at that, but Niall doesn't dwell on it.

"Babe, that was incredible! I had no idea you could sing like that!" Niall exclaims. "See? I told you you had nothing to be nervous about!" Natalie is speechless as she heads back to the front of the
class to receive comments and critique. The first hand to shoot into the air, surprisingly, was Alyssa's.

"It was pitchy" she snaps. Ms. Stew raises her eyebrows.

"You think so? Because honestly the only criticism I can think of is that she was nervous in the first place." Alyssa's glare is now digging into the teacher, but she ignores it as she turns to Natalie now.

"That was incredible Natalie, I really didn't expect that huge sound! The quality of your sound and the control you have over your voice is amazing. The only thing I'd like you to work on is your middle range. You're an alto right?" Natalie nods and Stew continues. "Well you can go low and way high, its just those first few soprano notes that sound only the tiniest bit weaker than the rest. Other than that, you're honestly are amazing." Natalie thanks the teacher profusely as she sits back down and Niall wraps his arms around his chuffed girlfriend.

"Mr. Styles, did you come prepared to go?" Ms. Stew inquires.

"Yeah" Styles mumbles to Niall's surprise and then stands and heads to the front of the class. He plugs in his phone and then turns to face the silent class.

"Okay, what are you singing?"

"You Found Me by The Fray." Niall sits up straighter, interested to know if Styles could sing. Suffice it to say, he was not disappointed. Niall was captivated by Styles' voice and he didn't notice Natalie looking at him curiously as he stared unabashedly at Styles as he sang. Niall doesn't even hear the comments and critique around him as he stares at Styles once he had finished his song. Once he leaves the front, Niall closes his eyes, slouches down and groans quietly.

"What's wrong babe?" Natalie asks in a whisper. Niall just shakes his head not about to tell his girlfriend that he was probably going to be thinking about Styles now for the remainder of the day. He didn't even notice that Zayn had taken the spot at the front of the room but now he noticed as he began to sing All of Me by John Legend. Zayn sounds incredible and Niall applauds him, impressed along with his other class mates. Next up was Jade and she did If I Ain't Got You by Alicia Keys, and also sounded amazing.

"Niall? In front of the class, or just me?" Ms. Stew asks.

"Uh, just you..." Niall requests. Natalie pouts up at him.

"But I went in front of the class!" Niall smiles.

"Next time. I promise." Natalie relents and Ms. Stew kicks everyone out of the room.

"Okay, everyone out! You might as well just take your stuff with you because Niall is the last one for today. The bell is going to go in a few minutes so enjoy your lunch!"

"If the bell goes, don't bother waiting for me babe" Niall tells Natalie. Everyone files out of the room and soon the door is closing and its just Niall standing at the front of the room.

"Okay, so what are you singing for me Niall?" Ms. Stew asks.

"Haven't Me You Yet by Michael Bublé" Niall announces.

"Oh! My husband!" Ms. Stew says with a smile, fanning herself with her hand theatrically. Niall laughs and then plugs in his phone with the track on it.
A couple minutes later he was finished and packing his bag up as Ms. Stew recorded his mark.

"I have to run to catch someone for lunch. You don't mind turning off the lights and shutting the door for me, do you Niall?" Ms. Stew inquires, hovering near the door with her purse slung over her shoulder. Niall shakes his head.

"Not at all."

"Great, thanks" Ms. Stew exits the room and Niall slings his bag over his shoulder. Niall accidentally drops his phone behind the chair and crouches to retrieve it, when he spots a black lighter near it. He grabs both items and examines the lighter as he turns around. He looks up and comes face to face with Styles, again. This seemed to be a recurring theme. Niall stares up at him for a moment until Styles raises an eyebrow.

"I believe that belongs to me" he states, inclining his head slightly at the lighter in Niall's hand.

"Uh... you dropped it behind my chair..." Niall mumbles, holding out the lighter for Styles to take. He obliges and their fingers brush briefly, but its long enough for Niall to feel a shock shoot up his arm that makes his fingers tingle. His eyes widen in surprise and he takes a step back. Styles seems almost caught off guard and Niall wonders if he had felt the shock too, when his dimples quickly pop into place with that signature smirk.

"Still don't know my name, do you?" Styles takes a step forward to match the step that Niall had taken back.

"N-no" Niall stutters as Styles comes into extremely close proximity once again.

"You're enjoying this little game we're playing, aren't you?" Niall shakes his head no, and honestly, he can't tell if he is telling the truth.

"Keep telling yourself that love. All you have to do it admit it and ask" Harry murmurs, face so close to Niall's that their lips are almost brushing. Niall is almost hoping Styles will stop taunting him already and just force his lips onto his. Just as Niall thinks his heart is about to beat out of his chest, Styles winks and is gone, breezing out of the room just like that. Niall draws in a shaky breath and then starts towards the door.

"Niall!" Niall looks behind him and sees Natalie coming down the hall from just outside of the room.

"I thought I told you to go to lunch?" He mumbles. Natalie shrugs as she jogs up with a smile.

"Well I waited" the smile fades from her face though as she sees Niall's expression.

"You alright babe?" Niall nods.

"Yeah, fine. Why?" He replies vaguely. Natalie stops suddenly and Niall turns to look at her. She had an odd expression on her face and Niall can tell already that he isn't going to like what is about to come out of her mouth.

"What's going on between you and Harry, Niall?" Niall hadn't been prepared for that question.

"Who's Harry...?" Niall asks, truly confused. Natalie folds her arms with a frown on her lips.

"Okay, you may be new and all, but I find it hard to believe that you don't know who Harry Styles is" Niall is still confused. Harry Styles? Was he supposed to know a Harry Styles? Niall was pretty
sure he didn't know a Harry. Wait, Harry... Styles... the revelation hits Niall like a ton of bricks and the shock must show on his face, because suddenly Natalie's frown is transforming into a look of confusion.

"What's up with you Ni? You've been acting strange for a while now..." Natalie mumbles. Niall feels almost like he needs a moment to catch his breath. Just like that, he had learned Styles' name.

"I'm fine Nat, I promise. Harry just likes to mess with me." he covers, trying his hardest to not sound breathless. Natalie stares at Niall for a moment longer before sighing and nodding. Niall holds out his hand for her and she takes it as they begin walking down the hall once again.

"Josh wants to go to the plaza today" Natalie tells him.

"Okay" Niall agrees, mind wandering to what he had just learned. Harry... it suits him Niall thinks. The curls, the crooked grin, the soft looking pink lips...

"You know I really like you, right Ni?" Natalie's voice intrudes into Niall's thoughts and he instantly snaps back to the present, guilt rising up in the pit of his stomach. He was with his girlfriend and he was thinking about Harry's lips. What was wrong with him? Niall ducks his head down and plants a soft kiss on her cheek.

"I really like you too Nat" he mumbles into her skin. The corners of her mouth tug upwards into a small smile as he squeezes her hand in his gently.

"Guys! We were just leaving! You coming?" Perrie calls down the hall, spotting them coming towards the group.

"Yeah, sorry, just had to do something" Natalie explains with a smile.

"Hey, where's El?" Natalie asks. Jade shrugs.

"Haven't seen her since English" the group exits the school and just as they are rounding a corner, Eleanor bumps into them from the opposite direction.

"Oh! Hey guys! I was just coming to find you!" She smiles, a faint pink seems to be fading from her cheeks as she straightens her blue, white and black Clumber tie under her jumper, and now that Niall thinks about it, she had been looking behind her when she bumped into them. What had she been doing? Niall glances around the corner and sees a black dress shoe disappearing around the other corner. So she had been with someone... but who?

"Where have you been El?" Josh asks raising an eyebrow.

"Oh you know... just... doing, uh, drama stuff" she shrugs. It was rather unconvincing, but Niall really didn't care for an interrogation right now, so he interrupts before Josh can say anything else.

"I'm starving! Should we get going?" he announces loudly.

"Yeah, lets go" Zayn agrees. They all begin walking again and Niall happens to glance over just as they are passing the section. He spots Louis and a certain tall, green eyed boy that frequented there. Niall releases Natalie's hand.

"Hey, I need to go talk to Louis about football tryouts, so I'll catch up, yeah?"

"Sure, but don't be too long" Natalie dismisses him before going back to her conversation with Jade. Niall turns and begins jogging in the direction of Louis and Harry. Louis' back is to Niall but
Niall can see Harry's face, and at that moment, he happens to look up. Their eyes meet and a grin snakes its way onto Harry's face. Niall reaches them and Louis sees him. He opens his mouth to say something, but Niall cuts him off.

"Harry" Harry raises his eyebrows, grin still in place.

"Your name is Harry" Niall repeats. Now Louis raises his eyebrows.

"Am I missing something...?" he begins, but is cut off by Harry now.

" Took you long enough" Louis looks from Harry to Niall and back.

"Natalie kinda unintentionally told me..." Niall explains. He swears he sees a shadow cross Harry's face at the mention of Natalie's name, but just then Louis seems to clue in and mumbles a quiet 'oh'.

"Y'know you could have just asked me" Louis points out. Niall looks at Louis sheepishly with a shrug. That would have felt almost like cheating to Niall. Even though technically it wasn't actually a game in the first place...

"I didn't even know you two talked to each other..." Louis muses.

"We don't" Niall confirms. Louis looks confused once again.

"Then how did this..." he frowns and Harry just chuckles as Niall shrugs nonchalantly.

"Anyway, footie tryouts are tomorrow, aren't they?" Niall changes the subject. Louis nods hesitantly as Niall grins.

"Great! I'll see you there! Gotta go catch up with my friends so bye" He waves as he backs up and then turns around and begins in the direction of the plaza in a better mood than he had been in in days.

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Okay! So this is officially chapter 7! Woo!

The playlist is now officially posted on 8Tracks!

Here's the link;

http://8tracks.com/kissmeinthedark/give-me-therapy

Go check it out :)

So how did you like Niall finding out Harry's name? Took him long enough, huh?

Please vote, comment and share this story and get the reads up! It would be SO great :) 

Love!

-Sam xx
Chapter 8- Try Outs

Chapter Song: Again Again by Lady Gaga

Tuesday, September 24, 2013

Niall had spent the majority of his night tossing and turning as he thought about Harry. The name seemed to fit him so well. Niall also loved the way it rolled off of his tongue so easily. Niall just... liked it. He had finally admitted to himself last night that he did in fact have a small, tiny, miniscule... crush on Harry. There was nothing wrong with that, right? Loads of people were Bisexual...

"¡Adiós y buen día!" Senõra Dennis calls to her class as the bell goes. Niall stands and begins heading to English class with Natalie until they part ways as she heads to Information Technology. He chews on his thumbnail absently as he thinks about seeing Harry today. Niall feels his phone vibrate in his pocket and pulls it out, glancing down at the screen to see a text from Natalie. Niall is about to open it when he walks straight into someone. He is knocked off balance but before he falls the person he slammed into places their hand on his lower back, successfully stopping Niall from falling.

"Sorry, I wasn't-" Niall begins as he looks up at the person he had run into. With the way things were going these days, Niall really wasn't surprised that it was Harry. Niall feels his back tingling where Harry's hand was still as he stares at him.

"Careful babe" Harry winks before disappearing into the class. Niall's breath had caught at his use of the word 'babe' and he takes a deep breath before following after him into the classroom. Niall takes his seat beside Harry and glances over at him. His long fingers are tapping away at his phone screen and Niall stares for a moment, never noticing how big his hands were until now. Harry's fingers stop moving and he quirks an eyebrow up as he notices Niall staring.

"Are you reading my text?" He asks humor in his voice. Niall quickly looks up to his face.

"No" Niall shakes his head quickly before pulling out his binder and looking towards the front as Mr. Payne enters the room just as the second bell goes.

"Today I'll be introducing a project to you guys based around the last few chapters of To Kill a Mocking Bird and putting you into pairs to complete it. It is only a couple days of work, if you start it straight away, but I'm still giving you until Friday to complete it." Niall groans. Great. A new project. He just hoped he got paired with someone he could stand. Mr. Payne goes on to explain the project and admittedly Niall zones out, staring blankly at the front of the room with his head propped up on his hand. Harry finds it rather adorable and takes the opportunity to study Niall's face. His blue eyes were just as striking as ever and Harry admires his pale, porcelain skin and soft looking pink lips.

"Niall and Zayn, Harry and Josh" Harry realizes that Mr. Payne had been reading out the pairings for the project and smothers a deep groan when he also realizes that he was partnered with Josh Devine. Niall on the other hand, sighs in relief when he hears that he is partnered with Zayn. Josh drops his head down onto his arms on his desk in front of Niall and Niall remembers that Josh hates Harry for an unknown reason. Niall made a mental note to ask him later.

"Okay, now that you know who your partner is I'm going to hand out this sheet. Its the marking rubric, and I want you all to know that you are being marked separately. It is up to you and your partner to split the work evenly in half so that you can receive your due credit once you hand it in."
Harry frowns. He was really not going to enjoy this project.

"So now I want you all to get together with your partner and begin planning this, because you have from now to Friday to complete it." Niall and Zayn spend a couple minutes talking before actually getting down to work and quickly splitting the work up. Zayn wants to do the written bit so Niall is left with what he hopes is the easier part, finding visuals.

Josh and Harry take much longer to decide, on account of the fact that they wouldn't even talk to each other for the first 5 minutes. Eventually Harry loses patience and sighs.

"I'll do the writing" he grumbles, staring down at his phone. Josh doesn't look up either.

"Fine, less work for me" he states flatly. Harry exhales with a huff, deciding now that that was out of the way, the rest of the period was irrelevant. Harry stands, shoving his phone back into his pocket and exits the room, planning to go have a smoke before next block. Niall watches him leave and then returns his attention to the rubric in his hands, planning with Zayn until the end of the block.

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"I can't believe I'm stuck being partners with Harry Styles! Out of everyone in the class, I get Harry Styles!" Josh wines to Zayn and Niall as they all head down to the first floor for their next classes.

"What did Mr. Payne want?" Zayn asks, hoping to change the subject. Josh had been asked to stay behind for a second when the bell went to speak to Mr. Payne.

"He just said to not worry about Harry's half of the project. I bet you the slag won't even do it. Oh well, he can have fun failing. I bet his mark is like 45 or something. He doesn't even do anything in class." Niall wanted to correct Josh and tell him that Harry did do work, in fact when ever Niall happened to catch a glimpse of the mark at the top of any of Harry's assignments, he seemed to receive better marks that Niall himself. Niall opted to keep his mouth shut though, figuring that it probably wouldn't go over well with Josh.

"See you guys at lunch" Josh says bye to Zayn and Niall as they reach he Chorus room. Tuesdays were Niall’s favourite day, because Tuesdays meant double block Chorus. Zayn and Niall head over to the girls who were huddled together, talking quietly about something. Zayn wraps his arms around Perrie's waist and she jumps, not having noticed him coming up.

"You scared me!" she gasps, leaning back into Zayn's chest. Niall plants a quick kiss on Natalie's cheek as she turns to greet him.

"Hey, Malik!" Zayn turns his attention towards the door and spots Jon in the doorway, beckoning to him. A look of annoyance flashes onto his face as he releases Perrie.

"I'll be back in a second" he grumbles. The girls and Niall all head over to the chairs and sit down. Harry saunters in, taking a seat behind Niall 5 minutes before class is set to begin, but Niall pays him no mind, continuing to talk to the girls about the marks they hoped to have received from the solo's. Harry slouches down in his seat before deciding that he didn't want to be at school any longer. He really just wanted to go home, grab some food and go back to bed. Harry ponders whether or not he had any reason to stay any longer and decided that there was really no point aside from the fact that footie tryouts were later and he was supposed to go to Louis' after. He'd just make sure to be back by the end. Harry studies Niall in front of him. He was leaning forward, listening to something Perrie was saying. Everything about this boy was attractive. I mean, he even made the God awful school uniform blazers look good, though he wasn’t wearing his at the moment. Harry wanted to catch his
attention for some reason.

Niall felt someone kick the back of his chair and he knew exactly who it was. He turned around, eyes meeting green and that damn smirk.

"Did you really just do that?" He asked raising an eyebrow. Harry shrugs and Niall shakes his head and turns back to Natalie, Perrie and Jade. A couple minutes later he feels Harry kick his seat again.

"How old are you? 4?" He asks turning around to see Harry chuckling. Harry leans forward and stands up, slapping Niall's shoulder casually.

"I was just fucking with you mate" he shakes his head, smirk still gracing his lips.

"Where are you headed? Class is starting in a minute." Niall inquires curiously. Harry winks at Niall and Niall swallows hard.

"Bunking. See you later" Niall watches as Harry exits the room and then turns back to the girls. They are all watching him curiously.

"What?" Niall raises a hand to his face self consciously before Perrie raises her eyebrow.

"Since when are you friends with Harry Styles?"

"I'm not"

"Oh sure you're not" Perrie scoffs. "He talked to you, and last time I checked he only ever talked to his mate Louis and his dealer"

"But he's majorly hot" Jade adds unhelpfully.

"Yeah but he's also a major douche bag" Natalie finishes. Niall shrugs but was secretly happy at that information. He was one of the only people Harry spoke to. That had to mean something. Zayn renters the class just in front of Ms. Stew and takes a seat beside Perrie.

"Let’s start off class like this. I'm going to call each of you up one by one and you can see your marks from the solos" Niall waits patiently until he is called up, congratulating Perrie on the 100% that he was certain she would receive. Niall stands and goes up to Ms. Stew's desk as he is called. She points to his percentage and his eyes widen when he sees the one and the two zeroes following after it. He gets back to his seat, grin breaking onto his face.

"100%" he mumbles.

"Oh my god! Great job Ni!" Natalie cheers. The others congratulate him as well, and as it turns out, each member of their group received a deserved 100%. By the end of the class they were all in high spirits and eager to get to lunch.

"Why are you all in such good moods?" Eleanor asks when the group from vocal joins her and Josh.

"Good marks from the solos" Jade beams.

"Damnit! I should have taken vocal, I mean, even if you can't sing the teacher can't fail you if it seems like you're trying!" Josh sighs. Niall laughs as the group sets out to lunch.

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"Let me see those knees up nice and high ladies!" the coach calls as the lads jog in place during the warm up.

"Okay, okay enough! Everyone go grab a football we'll start with simple drills to test your coordination" he instructs. As soon as Niall grabs a ball he begins dribbling between his feet.

"Okay, do as many keep-ups in a row as you can and I'll come along and assess you" Niall toes the ball off of the ground and begins bouncing it on his feet, knees, chest and head.

"Show off" Niall hears someone direct at him and he slightly glances to the side, keeping his eyes on the ball at the same time. He spots Louis bouncing the ball off of his forehead a couple times before dropping it back down to his knee.

"I could say the same to you Tommo" Niall shoots back with a grin.

"Very nice Horan, Tomlinson" coach comments, stopping for a moment to watch the lads before continuing on as he scribbles something on his clipboard. Niall hadn't noticed Louis slowly inching closer to him until he feels Louis hip check him off balance and his football comes down and smacks him in the back of the head.

"Darn! Louis!" Niall exclaims. Louis' face contorts and he can't stop the loud bark of laughter that bursts out.

"Did you just say darn?" He splutters at Niall, catching his football and turning his laughing face towards the now blushing Irish man.

"No..." Niall lies, looking away to the bleachers to avoid Louis' amused gaze. That's when he spots Harry. He is sitting on the top bench in the corner, but his gaze is directed at Niall himself. Niall begins to wonder why Harry is specifically staring at him when Louis' voice sounds from over his shoulder.

"Oh! I thought Harry had left for the day" Niall realizes that Harry probably wasn't actually staring at him, but at his best mate who was directly behind Niall the entire time. Niall shakes his head and looks away. Obviously Harry wasn't staring at him...

"He did leave. In Chorus class." Niall comments.

"Oh I see. He just had to come see his Irish Princess play" Niall blushes furiously at this and swallows with difficulty as Louis shoots him a cheeky wink before jogging over to some other lad and trying to distract him enough to miss a keep up.

"I'm not a princess..." Niall mumbles, beginning the drill again. Niall can't entirely focus on the remainder of the try out as the knowledge of Harry sitting just a few feet away on the bleachers keeps him casting brief glances in that direction every now and again.

***

Niall throws the net of footballs in the storage shed before beginning to jog after Josh and Zayn to the locker room. As he nears the door someone falls into step beside him and Niall glances over to see Harry.

"Hey" he says as nonchalantly as he can. Curiously, his stomach does a little flip as he sees the small smile tug at Harry's lips.

"Hey blondie" Niall runs his fingers through his messy hair with a snort.
"What are you doing here?" He asks trying not to sound too hopeful. Harry glances at him out of the corner of his eye.

"What's it to you?" Niall feels the heat rising to his face before he answers.

"Nothing I just- you aren't trying out and uh," Harry chuckles.

"I was joking mate, I'm going to Louis' place so I had to wait for him." Niall tries to not sigh in relief at being let off the hook and nods. Louis exits the locker room just as Niall and Harry reach the door, laughing with Zayn about something. Niall wonders when they had become such good friends...

"See ya mate, good luck with the bird!" Louis calls as Zayn waves to Niall before heading in the direction of the car park. Niall heads into the locker room leaving Harry and Louis behind. Just before the door closes though he hears Louis' cheeky comment.

"Close your mouth mate, you're drooling" he also hears the solid thump of what he assumes is Harry's fist hitting Louis' shoulder or back. Had Harry been 'drooling' over Zayn? Niall knew that Zayn was an attractive lad, by anyone's standards, and Niall wasn't even into guys. So why did just the thought of Harry drooling over someone else sting so much?

SO sorry for how long this took guys! Exam week is coming up and school has been mad recently!

Not trying to make excuses, just letting you know that until the 25th -ish, my update times will kinda be a little odd. I'll try my best though!

So what did you think of this chapter? Footie try outs have begun! The next chapter is gonna be fun ;)

I just want you all to know that I always read your comments and see your votes and you don't even know how much they mean to me! Your comments make me want to write more and more and I just love every single one of you! Thank you all so much for reading this far and I hope you continue to enjoy this! I've got some big plans for the future of this fic.

I hope its not too generic or similar to other fics. I wanted to steer clear of making a fanfic that was the same as so many others, but in order to write my idea I had to use 'bad boy Harry' and whatnot and I'm cringing XD

Anyway, love you all!

-Sam xx
Chapter 9- Reflection

Chapter Song: Fucked Up Kids - The Maine

Friday, September 29, 2013.

Niall had been having a pretty good week in his opinion. For the past 3 football try outs Harry had been present in the bleachers, Niall assumed it was to support his mate, but he was there for Niall to admire from afar all the same. For the past 2 try outs Harry had also walked with Niall to the bottom of the hill that the school was on, on the pretense that he was going in the same direction anyway. They parted ways at the bottom but Niall enjoyed the 3-ish minutes it took anyway because it was 3-ish minutes alone with Harry.

He was learning that Harry was an interesting person to just observe. He was nearly a whole head taller than Niall, so one of his steps was almost one and a half of Niall's. He had rather large hands and Niall thought his iPhone looked tiny in them. Niall also found himself admiring Harry's plump lips the more he talked. Niall knew it was wrong but he couldn't stop himself.

"Niall heads up!" Josh calls, disturbing Niall's thoughts about Harry's lips. Niall then sees the football hurtling towards him and jumps into the air to head the ball into the back of the net he was standing near. He needed to focus. Tryouts were about to end anyway.

"Alright lads! Bring it in!" Coach calls.

"Okay, so this was the very last tryout. I'll be posting the list on the board outside of the PE office on Monday so go check it then. I'm really excited about the line up this year; there are some really great players here. All of you deserve to be on this team so don't be too upset if you don't make it. After all, you could still end up part of string 2, yeah? Just keep your heads up and be happy for whoever makes it." Coach finishes. The boy's heads all bob up and down showing their understanding. They are dismissed to get showered and changed and Niall instantly turns to the bleachers, catching Harry's eye. The tall boy grins as he stands and begins making his way down to Niall. Niall starts walking towards the bleachers himself before he is stopped.

"Hey Niall! Where are you headed mate? Locker room's this way!" Niall glances back over his shoulder to see that Zayn is the only one still on the field but is walking backwards towards the locker room as he spoke.

"Yeah I have to, uh talk to someone before I go change though." Niall says. He wasn't actually sure what he was going to say to Harry but Zayn shrugged and turned around, jogging towards the school and not questioning it. Niall watches as he disappears through the doors before turning back around to see that Harry had reached the bottom of the bleachers. He was talking to a group of girls who had been watching the tryouts today. Niall alters his path to head towards them but stops dead when Harry suddenly leans forward and plants his lips onto the lips of some tall, skinny, blonde girl. Niall spins around, almost like Harry had slapped him in the face. He brings a fist to his mouth and bites down on the knuckles to silence the sob that is begging to escape his lips. He's not going to cry, that would be weird. It just, stung a little. He begins walking quickly away from the scene playing out behind him just wanting to get away.

Niall didn't know why he had thought he and Harry had something going on. Obviously they didn't. Niall had a fucking girlfriend. Niall chuckles bitterly to himself as he enters the now almost fully empty locker room. He pulls his shirt over his head and removes his shorts, grabbing a towel and his clean clothes and heading over to the showers as he hears the locker room door open again.
He drops his boxer briefs on the bench and steps under one of the shower heads, turning it on and sighing as the warm water runs down his back.

Harry glances around the changing room and sees that it is vacant except for Niall's things. He begins heading over to the shower room where he hears the water running which means that Niall was already in there. As Harry nears the room Zayn steps out of one of the rows of lockers and looks surprised to see Harry.

"Harry! What are you doing in here?" Zayn asks. Harry's eyes dart around the room, searching for a plausible excuse. He couldn't very well admit that he was here pining for a guy who is dating someone, and is also one of Zayn's best friends.

"Uhh, Louis forgot something and I'm just grabbing it for him..." Harry crosses his fingers that Zayn would believe it. Zayn seems a bit sceptical as he scratches at the back of his neck but then nods.

"I'd better get going, so see ya" Zayn says and Harry nearly sighs in relief at the end of the interaction. He takes a seat on the bench outside of the shower room and runs a hand through his hair. What was he even doing in here?

"How do you know Zayn?" Niall's voice interrupts his self implorance.

"He's in the section every now and then" Harry chooses to leave out the fact that when he's there, he is selling to all of the scraps who are regulars there. Niall says nothing for a while and Harry is beginning to think he isn't going to when he pipes up again.

"So do you always snog random girls in public?" There's something in his tone that Harry can't quite place, but it makes him smirk. Harry stands up from the bench and moves to lean on the door frame of the shower room, folding his arms across his chest and shooting his smirk at Niall.

Niall spots Harry and his face flushes red. He furrows his brow and turns his back to Harry as he rinses the soap off of his shoulders. All Harry can see, to his disappointment, is Niall's lower back and up, because of the shower ledge, but he admires how even the back of Niall's head is attractive. Not to mention Harry would definitely like to cover some of that pale skin in dark love bites sometime soon...

"Why are you in here?" Niall asks with that same edge in his voice. Harry raises an eyebrow.

"Are you jealous Blondie?" Harry hadn't kissed Taylor willingly, she had pulled him onto her, but he knew that wasn't what it had looked like. He had briefly dated her, but that had only lasted a couple days because Harry found that Taylor was suffocatingly clingy. First of all, Harry wasn't into lengthy relationships, he was more of a fuck-and-fling guy, so when Taylor started glaring down any female who approached, he became standoffish and then she became needy too, so Harry broke it off and steered clear of her. She keeps trying to get back with him, but he denies her every time. She was becoming desperate so that was why she had grabbed Harry and forced their lips together.

He wasn't going to try to explain this to Niall right now though because he was clearly bothered by it and probably wouldn't listen anyway since he had stormed to the locker room as soon as he saw Taylor on Harry's lips.

"No! Of course not! Don't be stupid..." Niall mumbled the last part unconvincingly as his ears turned pink, betraying his bluff. He shuts the water off and pulls his towel off of the short wall. He bends a bit to dry everything below his waist off and wrap the towel around his waist. Niall stands and shakes his wet hair and then runs his fingers through it, causing it to stand up quite sexily in
He exits the showers and brushes past Harry, heading over to his clothing laid out on the bench. Harry takes a moment to admire Niall's swaying ass and muscled back that Harry suddenly has the urge to run his hands over, before he pushes off of the wall and stands upright.

"So does that normally happen with random girls anyway...?" Niall inquires out of nowhere. His voice is flat and unreadable, along with his body language as he slips boxer briefs on under his towel. He drops the towel on the bench now and Harry wants to grab his cute as fuck ass.

Harry has had enough. He crosses the room in 3 long strides and spins Niall around. Niall's azure eyes widen as he is suddenly shoved up against the lockers behind him and Harry presses his lips to the blonde lad's roughly. Harry instantly goes about making the boy weak. He nibbles and licks Niall's lips expertly as he raises a hand to Niall's still damp hair, and then scrapes his fingernails lightly down his scalp, successfully earning a shiver. When he pulls away a moment later, Niall is breathless and red in the face.

"Not just girls" Harry smirks.

"W-what...?" Niall stutters, clearly having forgotten his original question.

"W-why did you do that?" he squeaks, flustered. Harry shrugs and turns his back to Niall as he crosses the room again.

"You didn't push me away, so why does it matter?" Harry leans against the opposite wall of lockers, crossing his arms across his chest and staring at Niall with a slight smile playing at the corners of his mouth. Niall's face flushes bright red and he quickly spins around and finishes dressing in silence.

Niall shoves his stuff into his sports bag and slings it over his shoulder and pockets his keys, wallet and phone. His mind was racing almost as fast as his heart. He could still feel his lips tingling and he bet his face was still flushed red. He glances at Harry out of the corner of his eye and sees that he is staring right at Niall with a smirk in place. He knew what he was doing to Niall. Niall huffs and starts towards the door with Harry now following behind. They walk in silence to the edge of the school property as Niall's mind continues to race.

What is this to Harry? Is he actually interested, or does he just like screwing with me? Niall frowns at that thought. He hoped not, but to be honest, he wasn't sure. They reach the foot of the hill and Harry turns to Niall, catching his attention.

"See you around" he says before shooting Niall a wink, turning and crossing the street to head home. Niall watches as Harry pulls a pack of fags from his pocket and places one between his lips. Niall just watches him until he exhales the first cloud of smoke and then turns and starts on his own way home in the opposite direction. He was beginning to believe all of the rumours surrounding this lad now. Harry Styles was nothing but trouble.

**********************************************

So sorry for the long wait guys! Thanks for sticking around though!
I had exams last week and yesterday I was at a concert so I had no time to post this, but here it is now.
I have one more exam coming up this week but then I'm finished and my updates will be more regular.
I want to pick a specific day to have the new chapter up each week. How does Friday night, or
Saturday sound?
I've been writing a lot for my series of Narry drabbles that I started so I suggest checking them out :)
What do you think of that chapter? The Narry kiss finally happened!
Anyway, hope you've all been well, and I hope you are enjoying this story so far!
Votes and Comments mean so much to me so I would really appreciate them :)
-Sam xx
Chapter 10- Shit...

Chapter Song: Bounce - The Cab

Monday, September 30, 2013

Harry wasn't sure why he was even getting out of bed this morning. He was tired and a bit hung over. He had ended up at a mate's house late last night and they had gotten a bit wasted. Harry is seriously tempted to just go back to bed when his head throbs dully, but then he remembers the reason he's up in the first place. Niall would be at school. He had finally kissed him on Friday and was not (*cough* definitely was *cough*) eager to see him today. Harry groans as he lifts himself up out of bed. He dresses quickly and grabs his pack of fags, opting to smoke a couple of them instead of bothering himself with making breakfast. He'd just text Louis to bring him a couple sandwiches in first block.

He exits his house through the kitchen door and thanks God that he hadn't run into his sister on his way out. She would have only hassled him to find out why he was actually making an effort to get to school today. Harry drives to the school and parks down the block in his usual place before walking up the hill. His head is still throbbing not to mention 3 dicks that had clearly had too much to smoke or drink before driving to school, nearly ran Harry down on his way into the car park. By the time he made it to the section he was in a foul mood and regretting his choice coming to school this morning. He leans against the wall and pulls out his pack, placing a cigarette between his lips and lighting it. He inhales a moment later, and makes quick work of his first smoke of the day. He drops the butt and almost instantly pulls out his pack once again, replacing a new fag between his lips and lighting it.

"Woah there mate! Slow down! Do you want cancer before you're 20?" Harry doesn't even glance up at Louis, just flips him off.

"Shut the fuck up Lou, you're one to talk. You smoke more than me and I smoke a shit ton."

"Details, details" Louis waves his hand carelessly before pulling out his own pack, almost as if to punctuate Harry's words. Harry snorts and taps the ash off of the end of his fag.

"Um... Harry...?" Harry's mood lifts instantly at the sound of the Irish boy's voice.

"Oh hey mate" Louis greets Niall. "Want one?" He offers his pack of fags up to Niall. The lad just glances at it before shaking his head no.

"No thanks, I don't smoke" Louis snorts loudly, receiving a glare from Harry before he bobs his head back down to take another puff from his 'cancer stick'. Louis grins wryly before lighting his own.

"Anyway, I wanted to talk to Harry" Niall clears his throat.

"Yeah?" Harry raises his eyes to settle on the boy's pale face. Niall glances at Louis for a moment before Harry gets the message.

"Fuck off Tommo, I'll see you in first" Harry dismisses Louis.

"Fuck yourself" Louis scowls before punching Harry in the shoulder and walking off, fag stuck between his lips. Harry's eyes drift back to settle on Niall's face once again, and Harry notices that he is considerably more nervous looking now. After a moment of silence, Niall begins to speak again.
"I- I uh... I was wondering if you- if you'd want to, I don't know... uh... get something to eat sometime...?" He squeaks out, staring hard at Harry's forehead, so that he won't have to look into his eyes. Harry found it rather curious that the boy's normally carefree and confident demeanour completely vanished when in the presence of Harry himself. Curious, but rather intriguing.

"It depends," Harry pauses and Niall furrows his brow in concentration, determined to answer Harry's next question correctly.

"Will this be a date?" Niall is caught off guard.

"Yes?" he asks quietly. When Harry doesn't answer right away, Niall quickly attempts to back pedal.

"I mean no! Of course not! Well it doesn't have to be... If you don't want it to be then no I mean, I wouldn't mind if you wanted it to be, but if not then it won't be I-"

"Then no." Harry cuts Niall's flustered rambling off abruptly and drops the butt of his fag on the ground, stepping it out before beginning to walk away, smirk still in place.

"Wait, Harry!" Niall calls exasperated. Harry stops walking, smirk growing into a grin.

"Yeah?"

"Yes? It will be a date?" Niall asks.

"When" Niall doesn't answer right away, but after getting over his initial shock at not being turned down, answers Harry's question.

"Thursday? 7?"

"See you then" Harry shoots a wink back over his shoulder which causes Niall's pale face to turn slightly pink as Harry walks away. Ashy smile is creeping its way onto Niall's face. Harry silently cheers. Clearly the kid was interested in him to some extent. Harry just wasn't sure to what degree.

***

"Hey babe" Niall greets Natalie as she catches him on his way to Spanish. He wraps his arms around her in a tight hug. Right as he pulls away and she links their fingers together, Harry brushes by on his way to Business class, bringing memories of earlier that morning to mind. Niall swallows hard. He shouldn't feel guilty; after all, he wasn't the one who asked for the date in the first place. That had been Harry. Niall watches as Harry enters a stairwell on his way up to Business until he disappears. Natalie tugs Niall into their Spanish room and over to their seats as Niall forces Harry out of his mind. He had nothing to worry about. It wasn't really a date and no one knew anyway...

***

"You okay Josh?" Jade asks concerned, peering up at her shell-shocked boyfriend. It was the 20 minute break in between blocks 2 and 3 and their little group had all met up in the hallway before classes. Josh had come up to the group uncharacteristically quiet and Jade had take notice.

"I- yeah, I just..." Josh sighs and looks up at his friends who were all looking at him in question now.

"You guys know the English project that was due Friday?" He asks. Zayn, Eleanor, Jade, and Niall all nod, Perrie and Natalie shrug instead.
"You guys know how I was partnered with Harry Styles?" they all nod and shrug once again and Josh continues.

"Well we all got our marks back today and we got a 95" when he receives blank stares in response, he sighs impatiently.

"You don't understand, Mr. Payne told me not to worry about his half and I assumed it was because he wouldn't do it" Josh tried to explain. No one understood what he was getting at still.

"So...? You got 95, congrats?" Natalie was genuinely confused. Josh shakes his head urgently.

"No, I didn't get a 95, we got a 95. Like together."

"So he did his half, surprise, surprise, why is that a big deal?" Zayn asks now.

"Because he didn't just do his half, he aced it! I only got 84% on my half so my mark together with any shitty mark I had expected him to get wouldn't add up to 95%! He did his half, and got 100%!" The group is silent now as they take in his words.

"Woah. Pair me up with him next please" Jade breathes earning herself a glare from Josh.

"Mr. Payne must've just given him an amazing mark on this project because like you said, he's probably at 45 or something. It was probably just to bump him up so that he won't fail. Mr. Payne probably just doesn't want to have to deal with him next year again" Niall reasons for Josh's sake. He really didn't believe a word he had just said, but if it made Josh feel better... Clearly Natalie didn't believe him either by the look on her face. Niall just shrugs at her with a wry smile on his face.

"Yeah, yeah you must be right" Josh agrees before cracking a weary smile.

"Have you checked the list for the footie team yet?" Niall's eyes widen as he shakes his head no. He had completely forgotten thanks to Harry.

"After chorus?" He looks to Natalie now, wordlessly requesting her be there. She nods just as the bell rings. They all disperse to various classrooms, Niall and Perrie heading to Chemistry while Josh, Eleanor and Natalie head up to Maths, Zayn goes to Art and Jade is off to Food and Nutrition. Chem class crawls by and Niall nearly falls asleep twice after being told to work on their written lab reports. He sighs in relief when the bell finally rings for 4th block.

Niall and Perrie join Zayn on his way to Chorus as well and they all enter the classroom together. Niall is praying that this class wouldn't be very strenuous, not feeling up to having to belt out the tenor parts of unknown Broadway tunes. As luck would have it, there was a substitute teacher, and when the teacher isn't there in Chorus class, nothing is done. Basically it was a free period, so everyone just sat around the room in groups and talked, hung out, did class work, Niall and his friends included.

Harry entered the room and glanced around, taking in the instruction less room and silently cheered as he turned to leave once again. Free period.

"Mate!" He hears Zayn call from behind him. He glances back and sees that Zayn is in fact calling to Harry himself, and stops, waiting for Zayn to cross the room to him. Harry glances past Zayn to the blond boy sitting on the floor but he frowns when he sees Natalie in his lap. Niall was tickling her and she had her arms linked around his neck as she threw her head back and laughed. Niall had a wicked grin on his face and once his tickling attack ceased he tugged Natalie in for a sweet kiss. Harry looks away, not wanting to see anymore.

"Hey bro, Cal is planning a sick party for Friday and needs people to bring drinks and stuff. You
gonna come?" Zayn asks with a shrug. Harry raises an eyebrow.

"His parents'll murder him"

"Nah, they're outta town. So you down?" Harry shrugs.

"Probably. Far as I know I'm free. There'd better be 'stuff' there." Zayn nods with a grin.

"My bro is puttin' together a ton for Friday, wants to cash in on this party. You know it'll be there. Pass the invite along to Louis, Jon, Michael, Ed and Maz, yeah?"

"Not comin' 'round today then?" Harry asks. Zayn shakes his head no and Harry nods.

"See you later then, I'm bunking but I'll let them know at lunch." Zayn nods once before giving a brief wave and turning to head back over to Perrie. Harry takes one last glance at Niall and of course sees Natalie still in his lap, still grinning up at him. Harry rolls his eyes and quickly exits the room, heading for the nearest exit, planning to smoke a joint and get a head start on his lunch time high.

***

"Gotta go to my locker so I'll meet you guys in the caf, yeah?" Zayn nods and begins to walk away with Perrie and Jade. Natalie had gone to the toilets so Niall was finally alone for the first time since this morning. He reaches his locker and quickly spins the combination, stowing away books before shutting it and turning to head in the direction of the cafeteria. Niall opts to take the shortcut through the hallways by using the one that joined one side of the hall to the other in the centre. He enters one end and none other than Harry Styles was coming from the other.

"I don't see your fake girlfriend anywhere; you let her off her leash?" Harry says. Niall stops in front of him, glaring.

"She's not my fake girlfriend, and I don't keep her on a leash" he narrows his eyes as Harry steps forward. Niall gets a whiff of the sour scent of weed and wrinkles his nose.

"Are you high?" He asks. Harry grins.

"Only a little. Now don't change the subject, we were talking about your fake bird"

"She's not!"

"Of course she is" Harry breathes, backing Niall up against the wall in the position he seemed to favour.

"I mean, why else would you be making a show of touching her, hugging her, holding hands with her, k**issing** her." Niall shakes his head no, even though Harry's words were beginning to make him doubt himself.

"T-that's not true-" he had been being more affectionate with Natalie today for some reason. It probably had something to do with the fact that he was cheatin-

"Yes it is, and you know it. But let me tell you something..." Niall's eyes flick down to Harry's nearing lips and the only thought in his head is about how much he wishes Harry would kiss him again like Friday. Harry must pick up on Niall's thoughts and leans in and connects their lips firmly. He kisses Niall long and hard and when he pulls back, he tugs Niall's bottom lip between his teeth lightly before letting go and stepping back.
"Next time you use those lips, it'd better be on me" and just like that, Harry is gone back down the hallway and out of sight. Niall's mind is blank. He stands there dumbly unable to remember what he had even been doing in this hallway in the first place.

"Was he right?" Niall turns towards the voice and pales (more than usual) as he sees who had witnessed the scene with Harry a moment ago.

"Zayn-" Niall cuts off, unsure of what to say. Zayn walks closer until he was standing in front of Niall.

"So was he?" Niall shakes his head no.

"No he- I- she's not, no" Niall tries. Zayn just shakes his head.

"I saw you two on Friday too. It's gonna have to be one or the other Niall, make your choice. I won't let you lead Nat on" he said it with a calm expression on his face, but there was no missing his deadly serious tone. Zayn turned to head back to the cafeteria, signalling the end of their short exchange, but turns to look back at Niall first.

"You coming?" Niall nodded hesitantly. He really didn't want to be around the others, and especially not Natalie right now.

"I'm gonna go check the football team list first." Zayn nodded and left in one direction (no pun intended I swear) while Niall headed in the other. On his way to the PE office Niall thought back to his and Harry's second kiss.

Niall should have stopped him. Niall knew he should have stopped him. Heck, Niall shouldn't have even thought about kissing Harry in the first place, but as soon as Harry's lips touched Niall's, his mind had been wiped completely clear of any protests that could have formed on his lips. Come to think of it, all coherent thought had fled at the mere brush of Harry's lips against his. Niall had established that he was a horrible person.

He reaches the board and his eyes scan the line up and... There he was!

**Niall Horan - Centre Forward**

Along with:

**Louis Tomlinson - Centre Forward**  
**Dillon Chapman - Left Midfield**  
**Calum Hood - Centre Midfield**  
**Phillip LaFontane - Centre Midfield**  
**Jack Harries - Right Midfield**  
**Zayn Malik - Left-Back**  
**Ashton Irwin - Centre-Back**  
**Jake Patill - Centre-Back**  
**Finn Elliott - Right-Back**  
**Josh Devine - Goalkeeper**

He grins just as coach comes out of his office.

"Horan, nice playing during tryouts. I'll be expecting that during practice this afternoon." Niall nods, grin still in place as he began to back up, walking backwards towards the cafeteria.
"Yes sir, see you there" he turns and jogs off, excited to reach his friends and tell them the good news, the situation with Harry forgotten.

"Niall! There you are!" Perrie exclaims as he enters the cafeteria and heads towards their usual table.

"Judging by that shit-eating grin on your face, you made it" Josh observes. Niall nods as he takes a seat.

"Striker, with Louis." Josh grins.

"Nice mate, I'll be cheering for you at the first game of the year" Niall just shakes his head.

"No you won't, you'll be on the field with me, goalkeeper" Josh's grin grows wider and he lets out a whoop.

"Who else made the team?" He asks.

"Zayn is Left defence, uh, Ashton, Calum, Jack, Finn Elliott, Jake, Dillon and Phillip" Niall lists off. Josh slaps Zayn, who was sitting beside him, on the back.

"Guess I'll be seeing lots more of you lads now"

"Guess so" Niall agrees. The lunch hour turns into more of a celebration than lunch time now as they all decide to head down to the plaza instead of staying at the school, to celebrate.

***

Niall was nervous for PE class because that meant seeing Harry for the first time since his little ambush in the hallway. He really shouldn't have been worried though, because Harry just acted like he usually would. Minimal participation, shoving around Louis, Michael, Ed and Luke, ignoring Niall for the most part. Practice went well, the boys were told that there would be practice 3 times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Fridays and Harry acted normally then too. He walked to the bottom of the hill with Niall like usual and went on his way with a wink and a "see you tomorrow" that left Niall grinning.

Tuesday was normal as well and Niall hung out with Louis, Michael and Ed in the section, trading glances with Harry every now and then. Wednesday was much like Tuesday and practice went like practice on Monday, but Wednesday night after practice, Niall began to feel nervous. He tip toed around the house, not wanting to set his brother off or get beaten on. He couldn't let his brother ruin his Thursday. He didn't know what to expect from this 'date' and was excited. Or was that feeling guilt...

************************************************************************************************************

Oops! Niall's kinda gotten himself in deep, eh?

So what did you guys think of that? Did you guess that Zayn was the one who had seen Harry and Niall?

How much longer do you think Niall and Natalie will last?

All important, soul searching questions XD

I meant to post this on Friday, but I was at Warped (Watsky, The Summer Set, Mayday
Parade and Breathe Carolina were SICK) and then on Saturday I didn't get up until like 4:00

Well, its up now, so I hope you enjoyed it!

Your comments are my life force, so by all means, keep them coming <33333

-Sam xx
Niall checks his phone for the time and stows it away in his pocket. He glances at his reflection in the mirror one last time, making sure his quiff looks good before heading for his bedroom door. He peeks out, looking for Greg. Once he is satisfied that his brother is busy elsewhere in the house, he silently shuts the door and turns to his window. He slides the window up and clambers out to the grass below the sill. He shuts the window behind him and jogs to the sidewalk and down the street a bit before slowing down. He glances behind him briefly and then focuses on where he was going.

Harry had offered to come pick him up, but Niall had declined. He didn't want Harry to ever meet his brother. Ever. Niall feels his phone buzz in his pocket and pulls it out, seeing a text from Harry lighting up the screen. He had taken Niall's phone at school earlier in Chorus class and put his number into it, sending himself a text so that he had Niall's number as well.

**H: how does the sandwich shop on king st. sound?**

The text is about where they will be meeting to get food and Niall agrees. He had been wanting a roast beef sandwich sometime soon anyway.

**Niall: delightful. don't get too excited on me now**

Niall jokes.

**H: how can i not when the promise of sandwiches is so close?**

Niall rolls his eyes. He had been trying to be cheeky and Harry had gone and ruined it with sarcasm.

**Niall: idiot. i was talking about me not sandwiches**

**H: why would that be exciting? you're nothing special...**

Niall grins.

**Niall: sure seems like it with the way you're always pinning after me. what, you have nothing better to do ?**

He counters.

**H: ouch, that stings. see you soon blondie**

**Niall: blondie ? is that the best you can come up with ?**

Niall chides.

**H: well i would call you sexy but that might make you uncomfortable...**

Niall bites the inside of is cheek to hold his shit-eating grin at bay as he reads Harry's last message.
His face is red, he's sure of it, but he doesn't care. He types back one word before he can change his mind and clicks off his phone screen, putting it back into his pocket.

***

**Niall: touché**

Harry grins at the latest message from Niall before clicking off his phone screen and discarding the device onto his bed. He tugs on his worn black boots and then picks his phone back up again, heading down the stairs. He swipes his keys off of the counter and checks to make sure his wallet is in his pocket before leaving the house. He climbs into his black Escalade and starts it up, changing the radio station to a different one. If I Could Change Your Mind by HAIM is now playing through his speakers as he drives down his street. Harry is tapping along to the beat as he pulls out of his neighbourhood. Soon he is nearing the sandwich shop called 'Wich Craft' and parks, climbing out and checking his reflection in the window. He was wearing a plain black v-neck and his black skinny jeans and black boots with a black trench coat. Harry enters the small shop and his eyes comb the room until they land on a certain blond haired Irish lad. A grin slides onto his lips as he strides to the booth near the back of the shop where Niall was fiddling with the salt and pepper shakers.

"Hey" he greets him, sliding into the booth on the opposite side of the table and removing his coat. Niall looks up, and smiles.

"Hey, took you long enough" Harry glances at his phone screen seeing that is was in fact, 19:05 and shrugs one shoulder, looking back up to Niall.

"Its only 5 after, chill. It almost seems like you were looking forwards to this" Harry raises an eyebrow with a small smile. Niall just scoffs and shakes his head.

"Of course not! I just had nothing better to do" he supplies. Harry rolls his eyes.

"Yeah, of course not" Niall grins as a girl comes up to their booth to take their orders.

"Hi! What can I get you boys?" They each order their sandwiches and drinks and once the girl leaves there is an almost awkward silence. Harry decides to break it soon though, not wanting awkward, to turn into actually awkward.

"I forgot to say, congrats on making it onto the football team" Niall smiles.

"Thanks, I was kinda surprised I made it as striker" Harry raises an eyebrow.

"How come?" Niall shrugs

"Have you seen Louis play? Or Phillip? They're really good"

"You know you're really good too" Harry states. Niall smiles.

"Thanks. How come you didn't try out?" Harry almost laughs, but instead suppresses it to a wry grin.

"I've kinda got 2 left feet when it comes to footie" he supplies. Niall shrugs.

"Maybe I could give you some pointers some time"

"Trying to get another date with me so soon?" Niall tries to stop the blush colouring his cheeks but he can still feel them tinge a bit pink.

"No, just trying to be nice. Its a novelty these days" Harry snorts in amusement.

"Damn straight" they talk a bit more as they wait for their food and once it comes they manage to finish it rather quickly.

"I didn't realize I was so hungry" Niall states taking a sip from his Coke. "That sandwich was also better than I had expected it to be" Niall observes and Harry agrees with a nod. The boys talk and banter back and forth for another 20 minutes before the table is silent once again in that almost awkward silence. Harry gets that familiar itch and curses his craving for a cigarette right now. He grabs his coat and retrieves his pack before shrugging the coat on. Niall raises his eyebrows in question, wondering why Harry was donning to leave so soon.

"Do you mind if I...?" Harry wiggles his pack as if to finish the sentence and Niall nods.

"Not at all, I'll come with, I should be heading home soon anyway." Niall shrugs on his own jacket as he talks, thinking back to how Greg thought he was home right now. He would be in
serious shit if Greg wanted anything while he was gone. They make their way out of the shop after paying and Harry leads Niall to the sign at the side of the shop advertising a smoking area and leans against the wall. He pulls a fag out and lights it and inhales, blowing the smoke in the opposite direction of Niall on the exhale.

"Tonight was fun. You're not as bad as I thought you would be" Niall says with a grin. Harry childishly sticks his tongue out at Niall causing the Irish lad to burst out laughing. Harry grins at that, deciding then that he loved Niall's laugh and wanted to hear it a lot more. Harry takes another drag and raises an eyebrow at Niall after he stares at Harry for a bit.

"Nothing. Just it seems like 90% of the time I talk to you you have a fag between your lips" Niall states smiling. Harry grins.

"Does it make me look cool?" He asks striking a pose that causes Niall to laugh loudly again.

"No you look stupid" Harry feigns insult.

"I'm hurt Niall. Wounded even" Niall just gives Harry's shoulder a shove with a shit-eating grin plastered onto his face. They fool about like that until Harry finishes his fag and then for about 15 minutes after until they are both feeling the cold that surrounded them. Niall checks his phone for the time and curses in Spanish.

"I have to get home soon" Harry looks at him seriously.

"Did you just curse in a different language?" Niall shrugs a shoulder.

"Spanish. So?" Harry squints at Niall.

"I've never heard you swear. In English at least" Niall suppresses another blush begging to colour his pale cheeks.

"I don't" Harry continues to scrutinize Niall for a moment until a grin slowly spreads itself across his face.

"Perfect" Niall is confused.

"Sorry?"

"I've now set myself a goal. Make you swear in English. And not just pussy words like 'damn'. I'm going to get you to say 'fuck' at least once." Now Niall is blushing and shaking his head.

"I won't" Harry grins.

"You will" Niall just shakes his head one more time.

"I have to go now. Tonight was fun and I'll see you at school tomorrow" Niall turns to go but Harry grabs his arm and spins him back around. He is surprised at first until Harry presses his lips to his and Niall just reflexively responds in like. He realizes what he is doing after a moment and wants to push Harry away, but can't seem to will his arms into actually completing the task. When the kiss ends Niall is breathless and just nods when Harry winks and says a quick "see you tomorrow" before disappearing around the corner. The reality hits him after a moment though and he spins around and quickly begins walking away from the shop in the direction of home.

Niall was an idiot. A complete and total idiot. If he'd had half a brain he would have pushed Harry away. Hell, Niall shouldn't even be on that date in the first place. Niall half wished his brother were there to give him the swift sucker punch to the gut he deserved. He was cheating on Natalie and he knew it, but the worst part was, he didn't feel half as bad about it as he should have. Niall was an idiot. Scratch that, Niall was a moron.

He reaches his porch in record time and rounds the side of the house, sliding his window open and climbing through into his bedroom. Niall kicks off his black chucks and wiggles out of his jeans, discarding his jacket and t-shirt on his way to his bed. He slides under the tangle of blankets and scrambles blindly under his bed for his charger chord. Once he finds it he plugs in his phone, sliding it back under the bed and the sinks down into his pillows with a sigh. Tonight had gone just as he had wanted it to and he had had a great time, but that was exactly what seemed to be the problem. Now he found himself looking forward to the next time he would have to spend with Harry, and that was a problem. A problem Niall decides to ignore, alongside the problem of how much he had enjoyed that kiss...
So sorry for the wait, this was supposed to be up on Monday, but procrastination!

I am honestly the master at it.

Anyway, what did you think of this chapter? I don't really have much to say about it except for the fact that I decided to be really cliché and make the song See You Again by baby Miley XD

I'm really enjoying building Harry and Niall's friendship because Harry pretends to be such an asshole and Niall can see right through it, so he can bring out the real Harry.

That was kinda a bit of a sneak preview inti future chapters, so I hope you appreciate it XD

Please leave me some feedback, you guys give me some great ideas and I love hearing from you.

Don't be a ghost reader, I'd like to interact with you guys :)

Love you!
-Sam xx
Chapter 12- Blackmail

Chapter Song: Secrets - OneRepublic

Thursday, October 10, 2013

Niall and Harry were becoming fast friends, that was evident over the course of Friday and the next week. Harry was rather forward about the fact that he fancied Niall, finding it amusing when a cheeky comment would make the pale boy flush vermillion in embarrassment. Niall got on pretty well with most of Harry's mates in the section as well, especially Louis. Being on the footie team together had also aided in the building of their friendship and they were often hanging around each other, laughing about some joke or calling obscenities down the halls at each other in passing.

None of this was going over too well with Josh of course. Though he didn't mind Louis so much, Niall had yet to ask him what he had against Harry Styles.

It had been like this since the Friday after the sort of date and Niall was pretty happy with how things seemed to be going. He and Natalie had even gone on a real date on Saturday, to the zoo a couple towns over. They had had a lovely time and then hung out a bit on Sunday, but then both of them had to work for the remainder of the day.

Right now Niall was sat in the back of Geography class with Louis beside him in 4th block, chattering away about something or other.

"So how was the date last Thursday?" Louis asks with a grin.

"So he told you then" Niall states looking to Louis now. Louis just shakes his head.

"Not exactly, I read his texts. Then I pestered him until he caved." Louis admits. Niall laughs at how Louis-like that was.

"Technically it wasn't a date" Niall says, marking something from the textbook down on his notepad.

"Don't tell Harry that!" Louis chuckles and Niall joins him.

"He's really quite forward" Niall admits. Louis nods.

"One of his many 'charming' qualities. Don't worry about it. He's a bit like a Warhead. He has that sour, asshole outer layer that no one particularly likes, but when you get past that, he's got a-"

"Sweet and delicious centre?" Niall asks with a wry smile.

"You tell me" Louis winks with a grin, causing Niall to realize exactly what he had said and how it had sounded. He blushes and rolls his eyes at Louis and his gutter-mind.

"No but really. He's not actually that bad" Louis reiterates after Niall's self-inflicted embarrassment subsides. Niall nods just as Eleanor comes up to their table.

"Hey Niall, Lou" she greets them. Niall responds with a like 'hey' and Louis gives a nod before ducking down to start his class work. Niall finds that odd but doesn't comment on it until after Eleanor leaves with his pencil sharpener that she was asking for in hand.

"Suddenly a diligent student? When did this happen?" Niall asks with a smirk in his voice. Louis chooses to ignore Niall until his next comment.

"Hey Niall, Lou" she greets them. Niall responds with a like 'hey' and Louis gives a nod before ducking down to start his class work. Niall finds that odd but doesn't comment on it until after Eleanor leaves with his pencil sharpener that she was asking for in hand.

"No but really. He's not actually that bad" Louis reiterates after Niall's self-inflicted embarrassment subsides. Niall nods just as Eleanor comes up to their table.

"So you fancy El, huh?" Louis glances up at him and then to Eleanor's desk at the front of the room where she was chatting with some other girls while working away.

"No, what makes you think that...?" He replies rather vaguely. Niall snorts.

"You're an even worse liar than Harry mate. And that's saying something..." Louis shoots Niall a glare which makes Niall laugh, drawing the teachers attention to the pair.

"Niall! Do you Louis need to sit on opposite ends of the classroom?" Mrs. Burles asks.

"No ma'am" Niall answers as Louis just rolls his eyes. Niall turns back to Louis now.

"How long have you fancied her?" Louis averts his eyes and clears his throat.

"Uh, since..." Louis mumbles the last bit and Niall doesn't quite catch it.

"Sorry?" Louis sighs.
"Year 7..." Niall's eyes widen.
"You're joking!" He exclaims a tad louder than he had meant to.
"Louis! Niall! Last warning!" Mrs. Burles snaps. Niall apologizes and once again turns back to Louis.
"You've fancied her since year 7?" Niall asks incredulously in a whisper. Louis nods sheepishly, looking towards the brunette in the front row once again.
"We have drama together" Niall is surprised and it must show, because when Louis looks at him he frowns.
"You're in drama?" Louis nods looking annoyed.
"Yeah, I like acting. Listen, if you're gonna mock me too, save it. My other mates already do enough for you too." Niall shakes his head.
"Nah, I won't mock you. I just didn't have you pegged as the drama type." Louis seems a bit relieved at that but just shrugs.
"Do you talk to her?" Louis shrugs a shoulder and scribbles an answer from his textbook down on the page.
"We were partnered for an improv assignment. We kinda have to talk to each other."
"Well are you going to ask her on a date?" Louis frowns, looking back up to Eleanor now.
"She's too smart to go on a date with a scrap like me, she'd never say yes" Niall raises his eyebrows.
"Really? Well she seems to know quite a bit about you for a scrap she'd never date." Louis' attention snaps to Niall now and he seems extremely interested.
"Oh yeah? Like what?" Niall shrugs.
"On my first day here when you stopped Josh and the rest of us on our way to lunch, afterwards Josh was warning me to stay away from you and your lot-
"That fucking prick. Of course he was. This must really piss him off then" Louis interrupts, referring to their budding friendship. Niall glares at Louis for interrupting and Louis raises his hands in surrender.
"Sorry, sorry, won't happen again. Please, go on" Louis grins.
"As I was saying, he told me not to get involved with you and Eleanor jumped in saying that you really weren't all that bad. She said you flunked year 12 twice 'cause you just wanted to get high, but you were determined to graduate this year." Louis nods.
"So she said I'm not that bad, huh?" Niall snorts.
"Is that all you heard?" Louis grins.
"Of course not! I heard something about graduating and getting high too." Louis states, smirking. Niall rolls his eyes and the two of them go back to working on their textbook questions for a minute.
"So what exactly is the deal with you and Harold though?" Louis asks, not looking up.
"Honestly, I don't really know." Niall admits truthfully.
"Well do you fancy him?" Niall shrugs.
"Again, I don't really know. Maybe a little?" Niall can almost read the word bull shit newly emblazoned across Louis' forehead at that.
"Bull shit. The answer is simple Niall. Either you fancy him, or you don't." Niall sighs.
"Then yeah, I guess I do" he admits quietly. Louis grins and slaps him on the back. Hard. Niall winces and rubs his shoulder.
"Good for you mate. Now you can tell him that, so he'll stop texting me at all hours about you" Niall's eyes widen.
"He... what?" Louis exhales through his teeth, sweeping his fringe to the side where it had slipped into his eyes a bit.
"He texts me at bloody 3 in the morning whining about how he doesn't think you actually fancy him back but he doesn't want to stop harassing you. He also whines a lot about how your bird is the whole fucking problem" Niall stares at Louis like he's grown a second head for a moment before hunching down and scribbling away furiously on his notepad, unsure of what to think.
Louis stares at Niall like he's gone crazy as the lad begins mumbling quietly to himself in rapid
Spanish as he scribbles away. Eventually he seems to come to some sort of a decision and sits back up with a final 'si' and finally notices Louis' look. He blushes bright red a instantly.

"Sorry, that wasn't English, was it?" Louis shakes his head.

"Do you do that a lot...?" Louis asks, still staring weirdly. Niall shrugs.

"Not entirely sure honestly. I kinda don't notice when I talk to myself in a different language. I think in Spanish sometimes..." Niall admits before shaking his head, almost as if to clear it.

"But that's not what I wanted to say! Listen, I need you to not tell Harry, okay? I'm planning on breaking it off with Natalie, uh, soon. Just don't tell him, alright " Louis narrows his eyes at him. Niall chews his lip. He had sort of lied about the breaking up with Natalie bit. He had all bit given up on ignoring his feelings for Harry, but he still really did like Nat and didn't want to hurt her. She really liked him, so if Niall broke it off with her and hurt her feelings or made her angry, he'd feel like an absolute prick. Plus, his friends would hate him for dumping her for someone else. Especially Harry Styles. No, she'd have to stop liking him him as a boyfriend before Niall ended it.

"And why not? This would make him stop annoying the fuck out of me"

"Well just remember, I know about your little crush on Eleanor now" Louis looks disbelieving.

"Are you really trying to blackmail me Horan?" Niall shrugs.

"No, just bargain. You don't tell anyone about my crush on Harry or breaking it off with Nat, and I don't tell anyone about your crush on El" Niall thinks Louis is about to go off on him or something, but instead a grin creeps onto Louis' face.

"A man after my own heart. Blackmailing your way to what you want" Niall grins right back and Louis sticks out his hand. Niall takes it and they shake on it.

"You've got yourself a deal"

**********************************************************************************************************************************************

Sorry for that mini update there but at least there is one, huh?

I was SUPER unsure about this chapter so it kinda sat stagnant on my writing app for about a week.

Not to mention the fact that I've kinda become a tad obsessed with Orange Is The New Black and am almost finished season 2...

Guilty of binge-watching that show this week to aid in my procrastination...

Sorry...

The next chapter will be up soon because I've written quite a bit of it already. Like before I had even published part 5... wow...

I've got a preposition for you guys.

Sometimes I procrastinate or have writer's block and I have a book of Narry drabbles that I started a while ago.

If there are any scenarios that you want me to write our favourite couple in, like AU's like Omegaverse, college/uni, new dads, work colleagues, or 'real life' scenarios like secret relationship on tour with the boys, them playing in the pool with Lux maybe, the boys setting them up or something, or even something that you want to see happen in the future of this fic, please send me some prompts.

I want to be writing some drabbles on the side so I'm not, not doing something Narry related, at all times. If that made sense.
Anyway, I would be SO grateful if you’d PM me some prompts or comment them this week.

Thank you lovelies!
-Sam xx
Chapter 13- Nosy Mates and Unwanted Car Rides

Chapter Song: All Signs Point To Lauderdale - A Day To Remember

Friday, October 11, 2013

"Hey Irish!" Louis calls down the hall after Niall as he heads to English class. Niall looks behind him to see Louis forcing his way through the students headed in to opposite direction, who are protesting by swearing at him. Harry is following closely behind and nods to Niall once they reach him.

"I heard coach is planning to work us hard today because we just got our game dates!" Niall's face lights up.

"Really? When's the first one?"

"We have a week and we're playing here as home team." Niall lets out a hiss of 'yes!' excitedly as he imagines their first game of the season.

"Who are we playing?"

"Someone told me it was All Saints" Niall nods just as second bell goes and Louis begins walking with the 2 boys who were headed to the East wing for English.

"What class do you have now?" Niall asks him.

"English. I think Mr. Payne specifically asked for me to not be placed in his class though" Louis snickers and Harry lets out a snort, reminding Niall of his presence on the other side of Louis.

"Gee I wonder why" Harry states sarcastically. Louis grins.

"I only glued his pens to his desk once or twice..." Niall laughs as they reach the room and Harry continues on into it. Niall expects Louis to continue down the hall to his own classroom, but instead he heads into the room, Niall right behind him.

"Payno! Long time no see!" Louis exclaims, spreading his arms wide with a shit-eating grin in place, directed towards the teacher. Mr. Payne sighs and leans back onto the chalk ledge behind him as he sees his former student.

"Hello Louis, I don't know if you noticed, but we were kind of in the middle of a lesson before you interrupted." Niall snickers with Harry from their seats in the back of the room as Louis continues to grin widely and Mr. Payne continues to look vexed beyond comprehension.

"No worries Payno, I just wanted to pop in and say hi to my favourite teacher"

"That's very nice, and not that I'm not enjoying this little surprise visit, but I suggest you go to your own classroom now. And its Mr. Payne to you." Mr. Payne raises an eyebrow. Louis begins backing towards the door now, grin ever present.

"Alright Payno, no need to call security" Louis says, completely ignoring Mr. Payne's last comment. He ducks out the door, shutting it behind him, but not before shooting Niall and Harry a wink in the back of the room. Niall is silently shaking with laughter, but still notices the way Eleanor was staring after Louis like he was the funniest person in the world. Niall made a mental note to mention that to Louis later...

***

Niall, Josh, Zayn, Jade, Perrie, and Natalie are just getting back to the school after walking down to the plaza for lunch.

"Does it look like its going to rain to you?" Jade asks Josh. He looks up to the darkening sky and frowns.

"I hope not, we have footie practice after school" Niall and Zayn hum in agreement as the group reach the doors and enter the school. They are standing around talking in the hallway when the bell for class goes so they all disperse in various directions, Niall headed to Music Technology, Zayn and
Natalie to Psychology, Josh to Biology and Eleanor, Jade and Perrie to PE. Classes seem to fly by because it is Friday, and before Zayn knows it he is behind Niall on their way to PE.

Harry had shown up in Psychology, reminding Zayn of his deal with Niall from the Thursday before. He grabs the blond boy by the arm, tugging him off to the side of the hall for a minute so he could ask. Niall looks a bit surprised as he waits for an explanation.

"So have you chosen?" Niall looks confused now and frowns at Zayn.

"Chosen... what exactly?"

"Natalie or Harry." Zayn says straight up. Niall seems to bristle at the reminder and glares coolly back at Zayn.

"This is none of your business so just step off, okay Zayn?" Without waiting for an answer, Niall turns and steps back into the steady flow of students on their way to classes, and has vanished in a moment. Zayn wants to say he is annoyed by Niall's sudden mood swing, but honestly, it really wasn't his business. Now if Niall continued to lead Natalie on, or he started cheating on her (of his own free will, not Harry forcefully kissing him in the hallways) it would become Zayn's business, and he would tell her.

Niall steers clear of Harry and Zayn during PE, and continues avoiding Zayn into practice after school. Niall doesn't see Harry in the bleachers, so he breathes a sigh of relief when practice winds down and he won't have to walk to the bottom of the hill with the last person he wanted to see at the moment. Harry was the root of his whole problem here but it seemed like no one else could see that. The problem was always Niall to everyone else. Why couldn't Zayn confront Harry about pining for an unavailable guy instead of telling Niall to make a decision he obviously couldn't.

Niall rinses the soap from his shoulders as he thinks about all of this in the locker room after practice.

"See you Monday Irish!" Niall hears Louis call from the front of the locker room, being one of the last to leave.

"Yeah bye Louis!" Niall calls back as he shuts off the water and grabs his towel. As he walks back out into the main room Josh exits one of the locker rows, laughing with Jack and Ashton.

"Bye Niall" Josh says on his way by. Niall waves in response and sets about dressing. He notices Zayn leaving a moment later as well with Calum but ignores the wave Zayn offers. Soon Niall is dressed and grabbing his sports bag to leave.

"Hey Niall, wait up" Phillip calls from behind just as Niall is pushing the door open. Niall does and soon the pair are walking towards the car park around the side of the building.

"So did you happen to catch who we're playing next week when coach read out the roster? Finn was distracting me and I missed it." Niall smiles and tells him and they talk about how they think the game will play out until they reach Phillip's car.

"See you Monday mate" Niall waves and continues on, leaving school property now, just as the first raindrop hits his nose.

"Just great" Niall groans when he starts to feel more beginning to fall and watches glumly as the water dots the moving pavement beneath his shoes. By the time Niall reaches the bottom of the hill it is pouring and Niall is cursing the grey sky above him. He has pulled his blazer up to shield his head somewhat, but its not working much as his drenched hair plasters itself messily across his forehead. Niall groans and drops his arms, blazer hanging limply at his side as he give up his futile attempt to keep somewhat dry.

Niall is debating whether or not he should step into one of the shops he is passing and wait out the down-pour just as a familiar voice calls his name.

"Need a ride?" Harry offers. Niall looks up to see the boy he was hoping to not see again until Monday, in the drivers seat of a shiny black Escalade.
"That's a really friggin nice car." Niall thinks to himself, but keeps walking, looking back towards his feet.

"No thanks" he declines Harry's offer even though the rain was icy cold and his fingers were beginning to become numb. Harry keeps the car inching forward to keep up with Niall and tuts.

"Don't be stupid, its pouring and you don't live the next block over." Niall frowns and stops walking, looking at Harry now, who puts his foot on the break pedal.

"How do you know where I live?"

"I don't. I just know you don't exactly live close to the school because I saw you the other day walking home form somewhere when I was on my way to work." Harry explains. Niall is still frowning though and Harry sighs.

"Will you please just get in? You avoided me all last block for no reason so you at least owe me this. I'm trying to be nice." Now its Niall's turn to sigh now and he glares down at his shoes.

"I'm sopping wet. I'll ruin your leather." Harry scoffs.

"Please do. This was my dad's shitty idea anyway." Niall is confused by that statement but decides to get in anyway as a particularly cold stream of water runs down his back. Once he slams the passenger door behind him Harry pulls away from the curb.

"What did you mean this was your dad's idea?" Niall asks, staring out the window.

"I wanted a different car but my dad chose this one. Said is was nicer and more expensive. It was just a way to ease his guilty conscience if you ask me." Niall is even more confused by that now.

"Guilty conscience?" Harry looks at him from the corner of his eye and shrugs.

"That's a story for another place and time." He replies, leaving Niall unsatisfied, but he drops the subject all the same. Niall takes in Harry's appearance now. He had a grease stained bandana tying back his unruly curls and was wearing minorly oil stained coveralls, unbuttoned down his chest, revealing an also oil stained white wife beater and brown work boots. Niall now notices the brown work gloves sitting on the centre console and raises his eyebrows.

"Where are you headed?"

"Got called into work last minute" Harry answers, flicking on his blinker as he turns.

"Where do you work?"

"That little garage near the edge of town." Niall nods, but is a bit surprised, not having pinned Harry as the messy work kind of guy.

"One of my neighbours work there" Niall offers and then points out his street with a 'turn down here' before Harry asks the question he had been dreading.

"So what did I do to get you avoiding me last block?" Niall looks away and back out his window, brow set and face stony.

"Nothing" he mumbles, once again put back into his foul mood. Harry snorts.

"That was so convincing. You should be an actor" Niall doesn't answer. Harry sighs, becoming annoyed.

"Oh come on Niall! I've barely talked to you all day and suddenly you hate me? What could I possibly have done?"

"I said nothing Harry, okay? You didn't do anything so just drop it!" Harry is silent after that and so is Niall until they reach his house and he has to speak up.

"This is me" Harry stops, pulling up to the curb and Niall grabs his bag with a mumbled, 'thanks' refusing to meet Harry's eyes before making to hastily exit the car. He has a foot and his head out, and is once again being assaulted by the icy storm, when Harry reaches out and grabs his wrist.

"Niall, wait" Niall's eyes are trained on the front door as he huffs in irritation.

"What?" He snaps. Harry lets go of Niall's wrist in surprise and Niall looks down at Harry, brow furrowed, but when he see's Harry's surprised face, his softens. Harry was right. He was acting like Harry had done something to him, but it wasn't Harry's fault. He didn't even know about Zayn's recent interference.

"Sorry. What is it?" Harry clears his throat nervously before looking down at his hands.

"I was just wondering... would you want to, uh, like, hang out tomorrow night, after I finish work?" Niall feels his heart rate accelerate.
"It depends, will this be a date?" Niall mimics Harry's question from the week before and Harry flashes him a grin before nodding. Niall smiles.

"Then yes. What time?"

"Around 7? I'll come pick you up." Niall's smiling face changes to stony in one second flat.

"Not here. Don't ever come here. I'll call you later and tell you where to pick me up." With that he straightens up and slams the car door and makes his way up to the front door, leaving Harry happy, but confused. Why was Harry not allowed to come here?

Niall reaches the front door Harry watches him open it. He is about to step into the house when his eyes widen and a hand reaches out and grabs him by the arm, yanking him into the house. Harry's pulse speeds up and he grips the steering wheel hard until he sees Niall's annoyed face in the door way again as he shuts the front door. Who was that?

Harry pulls away from the curb with his brow furrowed, his mind racing.

***

Niall feels the grin creeping up onto his face as he shuts his bedroom door. He was going on a second date with Harry. Just as quickly as the grin appears though, it slides away along with his feelings of happiness, being replaced by a frown accompanied with a matching sense of guilt. What was he doing? He had a girlfriend! She was sweet, funny and gorgeous, and just about any guy in the school would drop anything for her! Niall sighs. He knew he had to make a decision. It was either his best friend, or the guy that he barely knew, but seemed to end up attached at the lips to more often than not.

Niall is suddenly overcome with a wave of fatigue and sinks down onto his bed, falling backwards and shutting his eyes. His uniform was still wet but he really didn't care at the moment. Just as his head hits the pillow though, his name is being called.

"Niall!" Greg's voice booms down the hall, startling the sleepy Niall and making him jump.

"Yeah?" He calls back, crossing his fingers Greg would just leave him alone tonight.

"Norma called, she asked if you could go in tonight and take someone's 6:00 shift! I told her you could. You have 20 minutes." Niall groans and covers his face with his hands. He was exhausted! The last thing he wanted to do right now was work an extra shift! He was working tomorrow morning too! Niall grudgingly rolls off of his bed, and sheds his damp school clothes, replacing them with his work uniform. He heads to the bathroom to redo his limp hair and re-styles it up into a quiff. He checks his phone for the time and sighs when he sees that it is now 10 to 6. He lived 20 minutes away on foot so walking was out of the question. He really doesn't want to, but Niall decides to risk it and crosses his fingers as he makes his way to the TV room to find his brother.

"Hey Greg?" He doesn't receive an answer from his brother, who was sitting on the sofa watching the tele, but Niall knows he heard.

"I saw a car in the drive, does that mean Andy fixed a new one up?" Now his brother nods in response.

"Uh, I have 10 minutes to my shift and won't make it on foot. Can I borrow the car?" Greg raises an eyebrow, still watching the TV.

"You don't have a license" Greg responds.

"Technically, neither do you." Niall points out. Greg seems to consider it for a moment and then shrugs.

"Keys are on the counter"

"Thanks!" Niall silently cheers as he heads to the kitchen and swipes the keys from their resting place. He must have caught Greg in a good mood today. Niall is heading to the front door now when he hears his brother's voice again.

"If you wreck it or get pulled over I will kill you little brother!"

"I'll keep that in mind!" Niall calls back, not doubting his brother's threat for a second. Niall opens the front door and is relieved when he sees that the rain has slowed to a lazy drizzle and he jogs out
to the car parked in the driveway. He opens the door of the silver Mazda and raises his eyebrows when he sees the interior. It was surprisingly nice this time. Normally they ended up with rusty junkers, but Andy must have pulled a couple strings this time.

Andy was their neighbour who worked at the garage on the edge of town that Niall had just discovered Harry also worked at. He was one of Greg's mates from a while back when they had lived in Ireland. Andy had lived there for about a year when he was finishing college and had moved back here once he finished to keep his uncle's garage open. He knew Niall's dad had left and that Niall's mum wasn't doing too well as a result, so he wanted to help out. He supplied them with fixed up cars for free so all the boys had to pay for was petrol.

Niall puts the key into the ignition and backs out of the drive, making his way to work. Neither Niall or Greg technically had a license, because Greg's license had expired and he hadn't had the money to renew it, and Niall could drive well enough, but he had never actually gone and taken the test.

Soon enough Niall is parking around the back of the little Bar & Grill called 'Stan's' and is heading in. When he enters through the kitchen he is met with the delicious scent of roasting hamburgers and barbecue chicken, and a frantic Norma. Norma was the owner who Niall was certain was in her late 40s to early 50s, but had the energy of a 20 year old and was tough as a bulldog. She was short, about 4'11, and always had her greying hair tied back into a tight bun.

"Niall! Thank the lord you're here! We've been packed for the past half hour and Marcus just called in to tell me he has the flu!" Niall smiles at the short lady and nods.

"No problem Norma, I'm happy to help." Norma clucks her tongue and raises an eyebrow.

"If you're so happy to help I suggest you get out there and start taking orders!" Niall laughs and grabs his notepad and pen from the shelf and ties the serving apron around his waist. He pushes out of the kitchen and waves to Alfie and Zoe, two co-workers behind the bar tonight, and heads to the first table, with a polite smile.

"Hi, welcome to Stan's. What can I get for you tonight?" Niall asks the two men sitting in front of him.

"Two beers and two cheeseburgers with sides of chips" the first man states. Niall jots that down with a nod.

"Anything else?"

"No that's all thanks"

"I'll have that order for you in a moment" Niall promises before heading back to the kitchen. He rips the page out and clips it up to the order rack for Dan and Sandy to read.

"Hey Niall, you alright?" Sandy greets him. Niall smiles at the man over the counter and nods.

"Yeah, hey" Niall heads back out to the bar and picks up the two beers for the men, taking them over to their table.

"Here are your beers, and your cheeseburgers are on the grill right now" he smiles. The men thank him and Niall moves to the next table, doing the same thing for 3 hours until his break and then the 3 after that until closing.

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"So Niall, how's Natalie?" Dan asks. Niall, Dan and Alfie are sitting at the bar at 11:00 after the place has closed for the night, having a beer.

"She's good. Haven't been seeing loads of her lately though." Niall answers, taking a sip of the beer.

"How come?" Alfie asks now. Niall shrugs.

"Football practice mostly. I'm a striker."

"Nice job mate! When's the first game?" The 3 lads talk about the Minster football team until Zoe is standing across from them on the other side of the bar, having finished wiping the other side down.

"You finished babe? Cause I'm ready to get home" She says with a yawn and a smile in Alfie's
direction. Alfie nods.
"Yeah sure, let's go" he drains the remainder of his beer and stands, giving Niall's shoulder a squeeze as he passes.
"See you tomorrow mate. You too Dan." Zoe waves as the two of them head for the back door and disappear into the kitchen. A moment later Sandy pokes his head out the door too.
"Hey, you still need a ride?" He asks Dan. Dan nods, also finishing off his beer and standing to go.
"Have a good night Niall" they both wave as they too disappear into the kitchen, and then Niall is alone. He thinks back to Zayn's demand that he choose Harry or Natalie and sighs, sipping on his nearly empty beer.
He cared about Natalie a lot, but truthfully, feelings for her had never really been there. He had always seen her as a good friend, not really a girlfriend. Niall didn't really like to admit it either, but he did fancy Harry quite a bit. He knew Zayn was right, he just needed to figure out what exactly he was going to do. He knew he needs to break up with Natalie and stop leading her on, but hurting her was the last thing he wanted to do. With a final sigh Niall swallows the last of his deer and collects the 3 empty beer bottles, flicking off the front lights on his way back to the kitchen. He drops them into the recycling and then pokes his head into the storage room where Norma was holed up, doing late night inventory.
"Bye Norma, I'll see you tomorrow. I was the last one out front so its all cleaned up and the lights are off." Norma looks up with a kind smile and a nod.
"Thanks Niall. And thanks again for coming in tonight. You're a life saver" Niall nods and waves.
"No problem Norma, have a good night"
"You too" With that Niall heads out to the car and is soon on his way home.

We're getting closer and closer to the end of Niall and Natalie!

Wait... that didn't come out right...

I meant, the end of their relationship

We kinda got a bit of insight into Harry's life in this chapter, so I want to know, what do you guys think his dad feels guilty for?

So now you all know where Narry work, and ftr I actually have no idea where Zoe and Alfie working with Niall came from...

I watch a lot of youtubers, okay?

Anyway, I finished Orange Is The New Black, so no more distractions from that, and I'm well on my way into season 6 of Supernatural, so soon rewatching that show won't be a distraction either :p

The next chapter of the mini Narry fic that I've decided to start will be up post-haste because I'm almost finished writing the second chapter, so please go check it out! Its only 10 chapters, and I'm going to alternate updating this one and that one.

I have their date and the next couple chapters in here all planned out, so those will be up quickly too.
Hope you're all enjoying reading this, I love you all and please keep the comments coming! They always put me in a better mood :)

Love you!

-Sam xx
Chapter 14- Greased Lightning

Chapter Song: 505 - Arctic Monkeys

Saturday, October 12, 2013
18:15

Niall is just deciding on what to wear about an hour before the date. He had gotten home from work a few minutes ago and had decided to shower and start getting ready early. Right now he is standing in his closet in a pair of boxers and trackkies to decide what to wear.

"Niall make- what are you getting ready for?" Greg asks as he opens Niall's bedroom door.

"Uh, I have to go to my mate Harry's house to work on a project for chemistry" Niall lies. Greg accepts it though with a nod.

"Yeah well make supper before you leave."

"Yeah okay" Niall sighs, trying not to sound reluctant. He throws on a t-shirt that was on the end of his bed and makes his way to the kitchen. Niall makes some spaghetti with basic tomato sauce and checks the time. It was now 18:30 and he only had about 15-20 minutes to get ready.

"Food's ready Greg!" Niall calls. A moment later Greg enters the kitchen and begins plating his dinner.

"Don't be home too late I have work tomorrow and I'm locking the front door at 10." He states simply. Niall acknowledges this with a 'mhm' and heads for the kitchen door. He is about to head towards his bedroom when his mother shuffles towards the kitchen.

"How are you feeling mum?" He asks gently. She looks to him, eyes that were once as bright a blue as Niall's own, are now just a dull grey.

"Alright" she mumbles, voice weak and faint. Niall forces a smile and rubs her arm.

"I'm going out tonight but I won't be home too late. If you need anything, ask Greg" she just nods and starts towards the kitchen again.

"You're a good boy Niall" she says quietly, patting his back on the way by. Niall feels like a damp blanket has been thrown over his mood. Every time he saw his mother these days he felt like simultaneously punching a wall and crying. Niall was beyond angry at his father. He was the whole reason they were now in England instead of still back in Ireland. He was the reason Niall's mother had shut down and shut Niall and his brother out. Niall feels his anger slowly rising and once he closes his bedroom door, he leans back against it and takes some deep breaths, closing his eyes. He couldn't let that man be a part of his life anymore. Niall forces his anger back and calms himself down, not thinking about Bobby any longer.

Niall puts everything out of his mind and walks to his closet, choosing his clothing and dressing mechanically, not thinking about anything. He does the same as he does his hair and before he realizes he is on his way out of his neighbourhood. Niall gives a long sigh, imagining that he can see his tension streaming out of his mouth with his breath. He feels his shoulders relaxing and slowly lets thoughts about the date filter into his mind.

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Harry checks his watch. 17:58 it reads. He rolls the creeper out from under the car he was working on and stands up, wiping his greasy hands on his coveralls as he heads over to the work bench along the wall of the garage. He grabs his pack of fags and lights one, taking a drag and exhaling the smoke into the already hazy air of the garage. He picks up his phone to check for any messages from Niall as he swipes his forehead with the grease stained rag from his pocket. There is a message from Louis asking if he could borrow some cash this weekend and a message from his mother asking him to stop at the shops on the way home and grab some milk and eggs. Harry quickly texts them back, to Louis no, and to his mother yes.
"Hey mate. You taking off?" Andy Samuels, Harry's co-worker had stopped at the bench next to Harry and was tinkering with a spark plug.

"Yeah, I was hoping to slip out now."

"Where you headed?"

"Home. Have to get ready for a date." Andy shoots a grin at Harry.

"I hope it's not still that Taylor girl" Harry rolls his eyes and takes another drag.

"Hell no. She turned out to be a whiny bitch."

"Don't they all!" Andy laughs as he begins rifling through the large tool box.

"Well what's her name this time?" he asks. Harry clears his throat awkwardly before answering.

"Um, well his name is Niall..." Andy pauses for a minute before going back to searching the tool box.

"Oh, well he must be a catch to hold your attention like this" Harry raises an eyebrow and exhales another stream of smoke.

"What do you mean?" Andy stops searching.

"Mate, you've been antsy since you got here at 10 and you've been checking your phone and watch every 5 minutes. Clearly you're either really nervous about this date, or really looking forward to it." Harry is surprised.

"I didn't know I was doing that" Andy shrugs and then looks at Harry as he is wiping his hands on a rag.

"Are you serious about him?" Harry is taken aback. He thinks about Andy's question for a moment. Was he serious about Niall? He had thought he was serious about a couple girls before Niall, but that was before he slept with them. This time felt different though. Maybe it was the fact that Niall was a boy, or maybe just the fact that this time, he really was serious. Harry had a feeling that Niall's skills in bed would in no way sway his infatuation with the blond haired boy. That is, if Harry ever got Niall to the snogging stage. Plus, he was pretty sure Niall was a virgin, so its not like he had any incredible skills in bed to floor Harry with anyway...

"I'm not sure, I think so, I just don't know for sure if he feels the same..." Harry answers slowly, deciding to leave out the bit about Niall having a girlfriend at the moment, then taps his cigarette to knock the ash off. Andy nods.

"I don't see why he wouldn't, and if he doesn't, stick with him, I'm sure he'll come around." Andy slaps Harry on the back and Harry smiles in thanks before grabbing his jacket and heading towards the door. Just as he reaches it, Andy's voice stops him.

"Oh and Harry?" Harry glances back to see Andy standing at the hood of a car now.

"I know Niall and I just think you should know this. Niall has had too many people he thought he could trust let him down, so be careful." Harry nods seriously before Andy's face breaks into a grin.

"Cause if you're not, I'll kick your ass!"

"Thanks mate!" Harry laughs as he finishes exiting the garage. He doesn't bother pulling on his jacket as he heads over to his car and opens the back door, chucking his jacket in and then moving to the driver side door. Before he opens the door though, Harry catches sight of his reflection. He studies it with a growing grin. His parents were going to have aneurysms when they saw him.

The top of his coveralls were hanging down with the sleeves tied around his waist quite oil stained, his white beater was also equally grease stained and his hair was messy and pushed back with a scarf tied around his head. He had filthy hands and face from being under the car and a light sheen of sweat because of the hazy, stuffy garage.

Harry takes one last drag of his quickly shrinking fag and then drops it onto the pavement and steps on it before climbing into his car and starting it up. 505 by the Arctic Monkeys was playing as Harry pulls out of the lot and he began to hum along quietly.

Stop and wait a sec, when you look at me like that, my darlin' what did you expect, I'd probably still adore you with your hands around my neck, or I did last time I checked...
Harry pulls into the drive of his house and turns off the engine. He grabs the milk and eggs that he had stopped to get out of the back seat along with his jacket and heads around the side of the house to the back door. He lets himself in with his key and pushes the door shut with his foot behind him as he plops the groceries on the counter and heads to the cupboard for a glass. As he is filling his glass with water Harry's mother enters the kitchen, takes one look at Harry and tuts in disapproval. He glances over his shoulder at her, sees her stern face and know what is coming next.

"Really Harry?" his mother sighs. Harry acts innocent.
"What?"
"I can't believe you drove home like that!"
"What? I just came from work" he turns around now and leans against the counter, sipping at his water.
"Are you trying to ruin the leather seats? Your father paid good money to get you such a nice car brand new! And you act like you don't even want it!" Harry has had enough. He rolls his eyes before pushing off of the counter and brushing by Anne carelessly.
"Well maybe I don't want it" he mutters irritated. Harry heads up to his room glaring at the hardwood floor he whole way and slams the door behind him when he reaches it. He places his glass on the bedside table and flops down on his bed, and feels his phone vibrate a moment later. He lifts it up and looks at the screen. The text message was from Niall.

**pick me up at t sweet shop down t road from school can't wait :)**

Harry smiles faintly and sends back a quick 'sure see you then x' before getting up, showering and getting ready for his date. He ties a new scarf around his head, pulling back his unruly curls and buttons a black plaid flannel up to about the middle of his chest. He is wearing his standard black skinny jeans and he pulls on his usual black boots before grabbing his phone and heading back downstairs.

Harry heads back to the kitchen and begins making himself a sandwich as his sister enters.
"Where are you going tonight?" She pours herself a glass of juice and then hops up, sitting on the counter and leaning back against the cupboard.
"Date" Harry answers shortly before taking a large bite of his now completed sandwich.
"Some new slutty girl who was throwing herself at you?" Gemma assumes, sipping at her juice.
"If you must know, he wasn't throwing himself at me, it just kind of happened" Harry omits the fact that technically he was the one throwing himself at Niall. Gemma is silent so Harry takes this as his cue to leave and snatches up his keys before quickly exiting through the kitchen door. He makes his way around the side of the house, finishing his sandwich by the time he reaches his car. He glances at his watch and reads the time.
18:50. Enough time to reach the sweet shop with a couple minutes to spare. As Harry is backing out of the drive he sees a silver Audi pulling up, signaling his father's arrival home from work. He was home early. Harry ignores his father's wave as he passes him and crosses his fingers that Gemma won't tell him about Harry going out on a date with a boy. He didn't want to have to take shit from one of his parents for the second time that day.

***

Harry lets his eyes rake over the attractive lad stretched out in the back of his Escalade with him. Niall's eyes were pinned to the huge outdoor film screen and a small smile was on his face as he watched Rizzo dancing around Frenchy's bedroom with the other Pink Ladies, making fun of Sandy.

"Look at me I'm Sandra Dee, lousy with virginity..." Niall was wearing a plain white shirt under an undone navy short sleeve flannel with black skinny jeans and colourful vans. He reaches for a handful of popcorn from the bag in between Harry and himself and shoves it into his mouth, making Harry chuckle quietly. Niall takes notice of Harry's muted laughter and looks at him, raising an eyebrow in question. Harry shakes his head in an amused 'never mind' gesture and looks up to the
screen. After a moment though he feels Niall's eyes on him still and looks back to see the blond boy staring at him with a slight smile on his face.

"What?" Harry asks quietly.

"You look good." Niall says simply before looking back up to the screen. Harry smiles and looks back up at the screen too. After a few minutes he reaches for some popcorn but instead of his fingers finding popcorn, they meet Niall's, in a cliché sort of way. Harry looks over at Niall and their eyes meet and before he can stop himself, Harry is leaning forward, hoping Niall will be doing the same. He silently cheers at his luck as Niall's eyes flick closed and so, in true Harry fashion, decides to tease.

Instead of Harry's lips meeting his, all Niall feels is warm breath fanning across them. He furrows his brow in frustration at Harry's lips hovering so close and feels Harry's lips curve upwards into one of his trademark smirks. Niall leans forward, closing the gap impatiently and connecting their lips. Harry lifts a hand to cup the side of Niall's face as their lips begin to move together. Niall's other hand goes to Harry's hip and his fingers slip under it, sliding along the smooth skin there. Harry attempts to slide closer, about to swipe his tongue along Niall's lip and initiate some much anticipated snogging, but he is stopped by the crinkling of the popcorn bag between them, and the warning tilt his can of Coke gives as his knee bumps it. Harry reluctantly pulls back with a wry smile at Niall. His cheeks are tinged a bit pink and Harry thinks it makes the boy look adorable.

"Not that I wouldn't love to snog the hell out of you, but I nearly spilled my drink, and I think we may have scarred the kids in the car over" a grin appears on Niall's face as Harry leans back onto the seat behind them and beckons for Niall to join him. Niall leans back too, shoulder pressed against Harry's as Harry slides his arm around Niall's waist, fingers resting gently on his hip. They go back to watching the movie and are at the bit where Sandy shows up at the fair at the end and Danny sing when Harry leans his chin on Niall's shoulder.

"So Niall..."

"So Harry..." Niall replies still not looking away from the screen. Harry curls his fingers further into Niall's side, making the blond boy squirm a bit.

"How ticklish are you?" Niall's attention snaps to Harry now and he narrows his eyes.

"You wouldn't..." Harry smirks and winks before digging his fingers into Niall's side. Niall yelps and attempts to squirm away but Harry just holds him tight, turning around to sit across Niall's legs, holding him in place and digging his digits into Niall's sides mercilessly. Niall's face is bright red as he struggles for breath and weakly hits at Harry's shoulders through painful laughter. Harry is laughing now too and continues to jab at Niall's sides even as years are beginning to squeeze from his shut eyes.

"Harry! Harry s-stop! I'm gonna- I'm gonna pee you ass!" Niall wheezes. Harry finally relents and sits back, watching in amusement as Niall gasps for air.

"You swore." Harry announces. Niall tries to glare up at Harry, but Harry can see right through it. "I didn't mean to, you made me!" Niall pants. Harry raises his eyebrows and shakes his head.

"I did nothing of the sort!" Harry slides off of Niall and settles back down beside him, reaching into the almost empty bag of popcorn and putting some into his mouth. Once he has finished, Harry crumples the bag to his mouth and flicking them out of the car.

"Swearing really isn't such a bad thing Niall." Harry shrugs, picking out the few kernels mixed with the popcorn and flicking them out of the car.

"Its a personal thing..." Niall shrugs. Harry raises the bag to his mouth and tips it down beside him, reaching into the almost empty bag of popcorn and putting some into his mouth. Harry picks up the bag, peering into it and collecting the final few pieces together in a corner.

"Swearing really isn't such a bad thing Niall." Harry shrugs, picking out the few kernels mixed with the popcorn and flicking them out of the car.

"Whatever man. The movie's over, do you need to get home by a certain time?" Niall shrugs.

"I'm getting locked out at 10 so if I want to use the front door, yeah." Harry nods and slides forwards and out of the back of the car, reaching back in for Niall's hand. Niall grabs Harry's outstretched hand and hops out of the back as well. Harry closes the back and they both circle the car, climbing back in the drivers and passengers sides. As Harry starts the car and pull out of the lot
and onto the road Niall checks his phone.

Nat: Hey babe, what's up?

Niall: out with a mate. we went to see grease at the drive-in

Nat: Oh cool! Who did you go with?

Niall: Harry

Harry glances at the silent Niall and sees he is texting someone. Harry quickly peeks at Niall's phone screen and then back at the road, swallowing hard. Shit. Harry had seen the contact name. Nat. Niall was texting his girlfriend while on a date behind her back with Harry himself. Niall slips his phone back into his pocket and the car is silent for a moment.
"Do you drive?" Harry asks to break the silence. Niall shrugs.
"I don't have a license."
"How come?"
"Never had the time to take the test." The car is once again silent as Harry turns onto Niall's street. He pulls up to the curb and turns to Niall with a forced smile.
"Tonight was fun. And I still can't believe this was your first time seeing Grease" Harry says. Niall just smiles.
"Tonight was fun" he agrees "and now I've seen Grease, so I believe my life is now complete."
Harry shakes his head no and squints his eyes at Niall.
"Most definitely not until you've seen Westside Story!" Niall laughs and opens the door, stepping out.
"You're a dork. See you Monday Harry." Harry raises his hand in farewell and then turns back to face the front and sighs as he drives away. Guilt wasn't a problem last time, so what made this one different?

I just really love the movie Grease, okay?

Mini update: I've been listening to episodes of All Time Low's podcast Full Frontal and laughing my ass off all week XD

I have the next 3 chapters planned, so they're coming soon!

Question: Have any of you seen West Side Story, Grease, Breakfast At Tiffany's or The Breakfast club? (those are my 4 favourite movies)

If so, what did you think? Also, if you've seen more than one of those, which one was your favourite?

I love you guys,

-Sam xx
Chapter 15- Secrets Are Best Kept Secret

Chapter Song: Good Kush And Alcohol (Bitches Love Me) - Lil Wayne ft. Drake, Future and Mike Will Made-It

Sunday, October 12, 2013

Harry's day had been pretty miserable so far. He woke up thinking about the date from the night before with an overpowering and entirely unwelcome sense of guilt. One word seemed to be bouncing around inside Harry's head. Cheating. Cheating. Cheating.

Writing, listening to music and working took his mind off of things so right now he was sat on the sofa, fingers poised above the keyboard of his laptop. Harry stared at the blank document for a moment before his fingers began typing away furiously.

Once he ran out of things to say, he stopped and read over the description of the character he had just come up with.

Bottle blond hair... striking blue eyes... pale porcelain skin... pink smiling lips...

Harry glares at his screen like the laptop had personally offended him. Even his distractions were no longer distracting him.

"What? Did your boyfriend cheat on you?" Gemma asks, entering the room and taking notice of Harry's foul mood. There was that word again. Cheat. Cheating.

"Fuck off" Harry simply growls before setting his laptop aside and storming out to the back yard.

He pulls out his fags as he begins to think.

This wasn't typical behavior for Harry. (The remorse he was feeling, not the snapping at his sister. That was pretty normal actually...) He had helped other people cheat on their boyfriends or girlfriends in the past, so why did it matter all of a sudden? Maybe it was the fact that Harry was genuinely interested in Niall this time. He wasn't just chasing down an easy lay. Harry couldn't shake the nagging possibility that he was ruining Niall and Natalie's relationship. Maybe Niall truly was interested in Natalie and Harry was just getting in the way. In all honesty Harry didn't care if Natalie was actually interested in Niall or not, he just cared if he was fucking up Niall's relationship with a person he genuinely fancied.

This train of thought was starting to piss Harry off and once he finishes off his fag he checks the time. 19:45. His parents would be home in 2-3 hours but its not like they would care whether or not Harry was home. Harry scrolls through his contacts until he reaches Louis' name and then hits call as he heads back into the house to grab his car keys.

"Hello?" Louis voice comes through the phone. Harry can hear a couple people shouting in the background and he figures Louis is probably out with a couple mates.

"Hey Lou. Where are you? I'm bored as hell and wanna smoke some."

"Oh shit, same mate. Maz actually just got here but we're all at Ed's. His parents are gone until late tonight."

"Sick, I'm heading over then."

"Come through the back. Ed said his neighbour'll have a fit if they see he's having people over."

"Yeah okay. See you soon" Louis hums in agreement and then hangs up as Harry is driving into the street. He makes it to Ed's in about 5 minutes and parks down the street a bit so Ed won't get into trouble. Harry rounds the house and knocks a couple times until the door swings open and an already stoned Mazzi is inviting Harry in.

"You reek of grass" Harry announces, kicking off his shoes.

"At least its the good stuff mate" Maz laughs, leading the way back to the other lads. Louis, Ed, Zayn and Michael are lounging in various places around the living room and Harry takes a seat next
to Louis on the floor, backs against the sofa behind them.

"Anyone want a beer?" Ed offers.

"Yeah" Maz pipes up. Harry raises a hand in the air for a minute to signal that he wanted one too and Ed leaves the room. He comes back a minute later with 5 beers and passes them around. Harry pops the lid off and takes a big swig before leaning forward and swiping a joint off of the table. There were a couple there alongside a couple bowls, one of which was already packed, and Mazzi's bong was there too.

Harry lights his joint and takes a drag.

"So Harry... who've you been screwing lately?" Michael asks. Harry kind of had a reputation of updating them on who was worth sleeping with in this town and who wasn't.

"Your mum" he quips raising his eyebrow and the joint to his lips. Michael scowls and takes a sip of his beer.

"Piss off mate"

"You asked." Harry shrugs "and she's totally not worth it" he adds with a smirk. Michael glares at Harry and Louis jumps in.

"You're a cunt" Harry shrugs again and takes a sip of his drink.

"Heard that before"

"Seriously though, who this week?" Mazzi asks with a grin. Harry just raises the joint to his lips to avoid answering. Truthfully he had been so preoccupied with Niall recently he hadn't slept with anyone in... a long time. For Harry anyway.

"The new kid" Louis unhelpfully announces. Harry chokes on his mouthful of beer and begins coughing.

"You're joking! How'd you swing that? He seems pretty... pure. Was he a virgin?" Ed asks. Harry, who has regained control of his lungs now, glares at Louis.

"I haven't slept with him. I haven't even kissed him" Harry lies about the second part.

"I call bullshit. I saw you two snogging in the hall a while back over lunch hour" Michael pipes up. Harry shifts his glare to Michael now.

"Hey Michael, you notice your mum walking funny recently?" Michael glares back.

"Fuck off you slag" Michael spits.

"Before you start throwing punches, what's the deal with new kid Harry?" Maz asks. Harry sinks back against the couch once again and shrugs.

"Nothing. I kissed him but we're just friends. I'm working on corrupting him. Did you know he doesn't swear?" Harry asks going back to his joint.

"I noticed. Well he swears, but not in English." Louis says.

"I know, it's weird as fuck" Harry says. Louis nods in agreement and grabs the bong from its resting place. He begins packing the bowl with some weed and when he finishes he picks up a lighter from the table. Harry spends the next 30 minutes listening to the other lads talk about how fit the new Psychology teacher was and passing the bong between him and Louis before he is brought back into the conversation.

"So Harry," Ed begins with a grin. Harry may now be high as fuck, but he can still tell he isn't going to like whatever Ed is about to say.

"You haven't screwed anyone recently... and it turns out Michael just broke up with his bird." Harry sighs and Maz and Michael laugh.

"Maz already tried to hook up with her, but she shot him down. We placed bets earlier on whether or not you'd be able to get her to tonight" Harry sighs and Maz and Michael laugh.

"Good fucking luck mate, she's stubborn as hell. I barely got her." Michael laughs. Harry holds up his hand and Michael lobs it to him. Harry catches it easily and opens up to iMessage. He sends Mary a short message saying something like 'hey Mary it's Harry from school' and waits for a moment. The message pops in quickly.

Mary: Hey Harry, I was just thinking about you believe it or not ;)}
And so the flirting begins.

Harry sighs mentally. Within 5 minutes Harry has an address and a winky face. He shows this to the lads with a smirk and they all cheer.

"She lives around the corner. You can literally walk there." Michael grins. Harry stands and throws Michael's phone back to him.

"See ya" he calls behind him as he heads back towards the door. As Harry is nearing Mary's house he sighs. He hadn't been able to ditch his thoughts about Niall even getting stoned. Maybe Mary had some vodka lying around...

"Hey" Mary greets Harry after he knocks on her door. Soon they're snogging on the sofa. Harry's hand wanders to Mary's breast and after a moment she pulls away with a little smile.

"I think my dad left some Jack and Whisky in the kitchen, give me a second..." and after that things started getting fuzzy. Between the two of them the full bottle of Jack was soon empty, the Whisky too and they were both feeling the effects as they returned to snogging. Mary tugs her shirt up over her head and Harry's hands rest on her hips as they continue to snog. Mary begins grinding down on Harry's lap.

Harry may have been drunk and stoned but he just couldn't get into it. He slides his hand to Mary's ass and gives it a squeeze, determined to have a good time tonight. Harry stops thinking and just lets his body do what it wanted. An image of Niall drifts into his mind against his will and he can't help but imagine snogging him like this and suddenly, this just didn't feel right anymore. Harry pulls away from Mary with a sigh.

"Sorry babe I just- I can't do this right now." he stands with his back to her on the sofa. He had to get out of here ad clear his head.

"Harry, I-"

"It's not you Mary. Just forget it. Maybe some other time." Harry heads to the door and steps into his shoes, pulling open the door.

"See you around"

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"Stupid, stupid, stupid!" Harry mutters to himself as he shoves his hands deep into his pockets and starts down the sidewalk. This was a mess. What was he doing? He sighs and looks down at his shoes with a frown. Things always get complicated when he let his feelings get in the way.

Harry hears muffled grunts and groans of pain up ahead and looks up to see a dark figure of a man kicking at a dark shape on the grass beside his house. Harry stops and squints at the 2 shapes as he hears another muffled groan and then see's the shape on the ground shift and try to crawl away. His eyes widen as he realizes that this man was beating this other person bloody right in front of him. Harry jolts forward towards the 2 people.

"Hey! What do you think you're doing?" Harry yells. Both people's heads snap up and Harry nearly chokes when he see's the face of the person who is still on the ground.

"None of your fucking business kid, now get off of my property!" The man yells before storming back into his house and slamming his front door shut behind him. Harry reaches the boy's side and offers a hand to help him get up. He brushes it off though and stands shakily with an arm wrapped around his rib cage.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Niall asks with a cough. He spits his bloody saliva on the grass and looks up at Harry with a glare. Harry is surprised by Niall's use of the word 'hell' but doesn't let it show.

"Saving your ass apparently" Harry raises an eyebrow.

"I didn't ask for your help" Niall grits out.

"You didn't have to, you were having your ass handed to you" Niall huffs and turns, in an attempt to walk away before stumbling and nearly ending up in a heap on the ground once again. He curses quietly in some other language before steadying himself once again.
"Who was that?" Harry asks, reaching for Niall's shoulder. Niall stiffens before shrugging Harry's hand off and starting forward once again, steadier this time.
"No one" Niall lies. Harry takes a couple long strides forward as Niall heads for the side of the house and grips his shoulder harder this time, spinning him to face Harry.
"Bullshit Niall. Now tell me who the fuck that was or I swear to God I'll-"
"You'll what? Punch me? Kick my ass? Nothing I haven't already been through" he spits bitterly. Harry is silent. Niall sighs and takes a step back, looking down to his bare feet.
"My brother" he says softly. Harry is shocked. His brother? His brother was the one who was just beating him to a pulp?
"I swear to God if you tell anyone what you just saw it'll be the last thing you do Styles" Niall threatens with his glare focused fully on Harry once again. Harry knows it's an empty threat but he still nods.
"You should go" Niall turns to go once again before being stopped by Harry's voice.
"Niall wait" he stops, waiting for Harry to continue.
"You have to tell me if this happens again" Niall spins back around at that, rage written all over his face.
"And why would I do that?" He glares daggers. Harry isn't fazed.
"Because no one deserves to be treated like that" Niall stomps forward until he is right in Harry's face before speaking again.
"You don't know anything about me so shove off. Now get the hell out of here and don't come back." Niall hisses before turning around again and storming to the side of his house. Harry watches as he pries open a window and sticks his head inside, looking around before climbing in and shutting the window behind him. Harry sighs before turning and beginning to walk away, mind swimming. He hadn't even known Niall had a brother. Harry walks for a while, unable to think clearly. Why were things so fuzzy suddenly? Harry shakes his head sharply to clear it and then realizes as his world spins a bit, why things were so fuzzy. He was still drunk. Right.
Harry makes it back to his car and climbs into the drivers seat suddenly overwhelmingly groggy. He needed to drive home but right now he couldn't find the ignition with the key and he drops them as his fingers fumble. He blindly searches around on the floor for the keys but can't seem to find them. Harry sits back and closes his eyes as his head spins and he yawns tiredly.

I'm sure I'll be able to find the keys after a quick rest...

************************************************************************************************************

Harry knows! What do you thing he'll do now?

The next chapter will be kinda short, kinda just a filler, but the one after that will be an important event

Sorry for taking so long with this one, I started school last Wednesday and things got crazy.

Now that I'm settling into my routine though, I'll work out some sort of a posting schedule so that updates will be more regular.

I love you all so much and thanks for sticking with me still :)

-Sam xx
Harry was growing tired by Friday. Niall was ignoring him whenever he tried to talk to him. He wouldn't even look at Harry. All Harry had done on Sunday was, oh I don't know, saved his ass, but Niall was still avoiding him at every possible moment.

The bell goes for fourth block and Harry exits the Chemistry room and heads straight to the nearest exit. He was probably going to see who else in the section felt like bunking and then head off. He pulls out a fag and lights it on the way.

"Hey Styles! You never told us what happened on Sunday!" Michael calls as soon as he sees Harry round the corner. Harry sighs but forces a crooked grin onto his face. Good thing he had a vivid imagination.

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Niall groans as he heaves his work-sheet laden binders and heavy textbooks back into his locker.

"Woah that's quite the work load" Niall hears Louis comment from behind him. He turns with a huff of annoyance.

"Yeah its ridiculous. Its like my teachers are plotting against me or something. I don't understand how you barely ever have course work"

"Stick with me Niall and you'll never have to worry about that much course work again" Louis grins, swinging his tie at his side. A couple students have to dodge the renegade tie as it snaps dangerously close to their heads as they are walking by the two boys. Louis is oblivious to this of course though and makes no move to stop his assault on the passers by. Niall shakes his head with a laugh.

"Yeah, you're right, if I stick with you I'll never have to worry about any course work again because I'll be expelled" Louis feigns injury.

"I'm appalled you think I would ever get you expelled! I'll have you know, teacher's love me!"

"Tomlinson!" Louis and Niall's heads both snap in the direction of the sudden shout and see a red faced Mr. Rowson glaring down the hall at them.

"Tie. On. Now." Louis snaps his hand up in a cheeky salute as a crooked grin is now directed at the affronted teacher.

"Yes sir." He nods mock seriously, sling the tie around his neck. "Don't strain yourself" he mutters as his fingers begin to knot the black, white and blue tie loosely around his neck.

"Oh yeah, they just adore you Louis" Louis punches Niall in the shoulder with a crooked grin.

"You got reprimanded by the head of your house too! Good luck sweet talking yourself out of that demerit at the end of the week!" Niall laughs. Louis scowls.

"Well you're just lucky Mr. Walker is half blind! He couldn't tell someone from Thoresby apart from Rufford!" Niall laughs. The man may be getting a little old but that was a ridiculous exaggeration and Louis knew it. Even with his thick spectacles Mr. Walker could easily tell Red from Green and didn't hesitate to demerit anyone trying to by pass the strict dress code. Speaking of which, the tie wasn't the only part of the dress code Louis was violating.

"Where's your blazer? How'd he notice the tie and not the blazer..." Niall muses as they start down the hall together. Louis winks with a grin.

"See? Told you they love me"

"You paid them, didn't you. Or wait, you just promised to stop showing up in class, right?" Niall guesses jokingly. Louis raises his eyebrows and stares at the amused Niall for a moment.

"Have you quite finished?" Niall just laughs as they exit the school and round the corner.
"...and that's about it." Harry finishes saying as Louis and Niall reach the section. Ed, Michael and Maz burst out laughing.

"Mate, you have got to teach me your ways!" Michael laughs.

"Louis! You just missed Harry telling us about Mary!" Ed grins at Louis when he and Niall join the group.

"Aw shit! You'll have to tell me after school!" Louis grins at Harry. Harry nods and his eyes shift to Niall for a second just to see him looking everywhere else but at Harry. Harry sighs as Michael, Ed and Maz begin talking amongst themselves, heading away from the group a bit. Louis pulls out a fag, sticking between his lips and Harry pulls out his own pack.

"So are you actually going to do that Business project that was assigned today?" Louis asks Harry. Harry snorts and shakes his head no.

"I didn't even read the description. Fuck that." Louis nods in agreement.

"Too bad its like 10% I have to do it." Louis sighs. Harry shrugs.

"Sucks." He notices Niall watching his hands as he opens his pack of fags and pulls one out.

"Want one?" Harry offers before realizing.

"Oh sorry, I forgot you don't smoke" Harry says it more condescendingly than he had meant to, but he only realizes his mistake when he catches the hurt look on Niall's face. It's gone almost as soon as it appears though. Niall looks away from Harry, face neutral and Harry casts his eyes to his feet angrily. He shouldn't feel guilty all of a sudden, what happened to asshole Harry who didn't give a shit? Harry ponders that for a moment before almost snorting aloud. Who was he kidding, he was never that douchy.

"Sorry..." he mumbles, but is unsure if Niall had even caught his half-assed apology.

"Woah! Is it suddenly tense as fuck here, or is it just me?" Louis unhelpfully states.

"Shove off Lou" Harry scowls and Louis just shrugs.

"I just remembered, I have to go talk to Mrs. Burles before last block." Niall mumbles before turning to go.

"Don't forget about footie practice!" Louis calls after him.

"Wouldn't dream of it!" Niall calls back, and then pauses.

"Actually, can you tell coach I'll be along in maybe 30 minutes, I have to do some English work after school." Louis nods and Niall smiles and raises his hand in a wave as he disappears around the corner.

"What the hell happened?" Louis turns to Harry as soon as Niall is gone. Harry frowns in confusion.

"With Niall! One minute you're snogging him, the next he won't even look at you!" Harry just takes a long drag from his fag and blows out the smoke languidly to prolong answering the question. He looks away from Louis and shrugs.

"You're full of shit." Harry looks back now, slightly annoyed.

"Ask him yourself. He'll actually fucking talk to you."

***

Harry steals a final look at Niall's hunched over form at the table across the room. They were the only 2 in the English room besides Mr. Payne. Harry was writing a test he had missed when he had bunked class on Thursday. Niall was doing what looked to Harry from where he was sitting, like some extra credit assignment. Harry scribbles down the final paragraph of explanation and then stands. He walks up to the front and drops the paper down onto Mr. Payne's desk. Mr. Payne didn't notice at first because he was reading over something scribbled on a notepad.

"Liam" Mr. Payne looks up at Harry and Harry gestures to the paper he had placed on the teacher's desk.

"I'm done, so I'm gonna go." Niall had heard Harry use what he assumed was Mr. Payne's first name and looked up at the pair. That was kind of odd. Mr. Payne nods and Harry turns to go.

"Harry," Mr. Payne calls before Harry passes his desk though. Harry pauses, looking at the
teacher.

"Mind letting your mum know that Danielle and I are in fact free to come to her party on Saturday?" Harry nods and turns to go again when Mr. Payne calls him back again.

"You're being more asshole-ish than usual, so either get over whatever your problem is so you'll stop taking it out on me, or fully expect me to drag it out of you on Saturday." Harry cracks a wry grin that Mr. Payne returns before fist-bumping the teacher and exiting the classroom. Niall was staring openly as the scene had played out in front of him and was now confused. He's never known a student and teacher to have a relationship like that. It was almost like they were good mates. Mr. Payne notices Niall's staring and smiles apologetically.

"Sorry, you'll keep what you just saw under wraps, right?" Niall nods hesitantly and Mr. Payne nods before turning and beginning to erase the writing on the board. Niall is curious now though.

"Mr. Payne?" The man stops erasing and grimaces, placing the eraser down on the ledge and turning around to face Niall again.

"Uh, after school hours, just call me Liam. Mr. Payne makes me sound like my Dad..." Niall nods, taking in the man's appearance. Liam really wasn't that old. If he had to guess, he'd say early 20s, like 25 maybe? He had removed his blazer and his tie was now hanging loosely around his neck. The top button of his shirt was undone as were his cuffs, which were pushed up to the man's elbows.

"If you don't mind me asking, how old are you?"

"24. I graduated young and my Uncle Simon works on the school board so he got me this job here fresh out of teachers college." Niall nods. That made sense.

"So uh, how come you and Harry seem like mates?" Liam approaches, stopping at the desk in front of Niall's and sitting down on the table top.

"Harry's mum and I have been friends for a long time and after I finished school and moved here with my fiancé Danielle, I found out that Anne and her family had moved into the area as well. I've known Harry since he was a kid, I mean, he used to call me Uncle Liam," Liam chuckles a bit before continuing.

"I'm really not that much older than him, you either, but whatever. Anyway, I'm kinda a bit like his older brother now. He acts like a bitch during class but I smack him for it if I see him on the weekends." Niall and Liam chuckle together at that.

"I'm not sure but I think I might get fired if the board finds out that I'm abusing a student, even if its after school hours" Liam grins and Niall laughs. After a moment, Liam speaks again.

"You seem like a good kid Niall, and I only told you that because I know you're friends with Harry. Listen, I don't want to sound like his mum, but we all have shit in our lives frankly, and having known the kid for a while, I know that Harry has taken a lot of shit in the past few years. He needs actual friends to be there for him and encourage him, and he really doesn't have many. Me, Louis Tomlinson, his mate Andy, we're kinda all he's got at the moment, and 2 of us are at least 5 years older than him. I don't know what's going on with him right now, but I can see that it's fucking with him pretty bad, so I just want to know if you'll talk to him? I threatened to drag it out of him on Saturday, but having given him a fair warning, I know if it's serious he'll now have time to come up with some lie to get out of telling me. Will you talk to him?" Niall swallows hard, but nods.

"Yeah, sure" Liam smiles kindly and stands up from his perch on the desk.

"Thanks. You don't have to finish that today. You can take it home if you'd like. I know its a lot for one day." He states, motioning to the papers Niall had been writing on to do the mini assignment to raise his mark. Niall nods and begins collecting the sheets and stowing them in his bag.

"Also, I kind of have a thing that I promised to take Danielle to in like 30 minutes and I already know we're going to be late" Liam grins and shrugs. Niall returns the grin as he slings his bag over his shoulder and Liam begins walking backwards towards his desk.

"It was nice talking to you Niall, but remember. Once you leave this room, this conversation never happened" the grin stays on Niall face as he nods and begins heading to the door.

"See you later Liam" Niall waves as he exits the room.

"Yeah, bye" he hears Liam call after him. Niall is walking down the hall on his way to the locker room when he hears the loud thud and string of curses that follow. He alters his path towards the
affronted person out of curiosity but nearly turns back around once he sees who it is. Harry is breathing heavily and glaring into his open locker. Niall forces himself to keep walking but feels Harry's eyes following him. He flinches when once he passes Harry the lad whips around and slams his fist into the open locker door. Niall risks a glance back and sees Harry with his forehead pressed to the locker door now and his fist hanging limply at his side. There was a dent in the metal from where Niall assumes Harry's fist had connected with it and Harry's knuckles are an angry red. Niall quickly rounds the corner and jogs to the locker room in haste.

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Harry pulls into the mostly empty car park and turns off the ignition. He pulls out a joint from earlier in the day and slides a lighter out of his skinny jeans to relight it. He wanted to be anywhere but school or home right now so here he was. A mostly vacant car lot behind some grungy, rundown department store next to a tattoo parlor. Harry puffs at his joint leisurely but frowns when a few people round the corner. It was Jon, Zayn, and some bird who looked like... Perrie Edwards... Harry gets out of the car and begins heading towards the 3 of them.

"Hey," Perrie jumps and looks back over her shoulder. She giggles tipsily when she sees that it is Harry.

"Hey Styles" Jon grins. Harry reaches the trio and the end of his joint at the same time. From his closer vantage he can tell that the giggly Perrie isn't drunk, but stoned much like her currently too affectionate boyfriend.

"What are you doin 'round here?" Zayn asks as his fingers skim across the line of exposed midriff between where Perrie's crop top ends and her skinny jeans began.

"Smoking. What about you guys looks like you've already done that." Harry says gesturing to Perrie who giggles once again.

"We were taking Perrie here to the Pit." The Pit was this underground club of sorts. All graffiti and smoke full of sketchy people selling sketchy drugs, loud music and dim lighting. A place where you'd better watch your drink if you want to leave as intact as you were when you came in.

"Wanna come with?" Zayn asks. Perrie gasps and claps her hands together.

"That's a brilliant idea! Harry come with us!" She exclaims, grabbing Harry's arm and hugging it to her. Harry looks at her weirdly and she seems to find it the funniest thing ever but she lets go of his arm. She's never even spoken to him until now.

"What the fuck did you give her?" Harry asks as they begin walking.

"Z's bro gave him this amazing shit to test out and mate this is the best time I've had since my first crack at coke."

"No shit" Harry muses. That stuff sounded incredible.

"Got any more then?" Zayn digs around in his pocket before pulling out a bag of the stuff and handing it to Harry. Harry stows it in his pocket for later. Soon they reach the nondescript entrance to the Pit and bang on the locked metal door. Some lanky kid with yellow teeth and greasy hair peeks out at them.

"Can I 'elp you?" he asks with a whiny cockney accent.

"Yeah, my brother is A." Zayn announces. Zayn and his brother both went by the first letters of their first names a lot of the time. The kid grins and opens the door wide, theatrically sweeping his arm down, presenting the way forward.

"Any brother of A's is a friend of ours." The 4 of them enter the short tunnel like room and continue on to the second door that they can vaguely hear music pumping from behind. They bang on this door too and this time they are let in with no questions asked by a tall, muscular man who always looked angry.

"Hey Patty" Harry nods to the man. The man cracks a smile at him and slaps Harry on the back.

"Hey Styles, haven't seen you around here in a while."

"I know, been busy" Harry shrugs.

"They just put out the new hooch I'd grab some before Phil shows up to work the bar if I were
you” Patty mumbles with a grin. Harry laughs and nods.

"Thanks mate, see you." Harry turns around to find that his friends were gone. He shrugs and heads for the bar like Patty had suggested and once he picks up a drink heads off to find a place to do a line of the stuff Zayn had given him. It had better be some strong shit.

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Niall closes the front door behind him and heads down the hall. He changes into some black skinny jeans and a plain white t-shirt. He was headed off to Natalie’s dance competition. She did hip hop and had invited Niall to come see her dance. They would probably grab some take away afterwards. Niall throws on a hoodie and sticks his phone, wallet and keys in his pockets before stepping into a pair of black Vans and heading back out the door.

The competition was at 5 and it was half 4 right now. When Niall arrives at the studio he finds Natalie rather easily.

"Nat! God I'm so nervous! What if I fuck up? What if I fall or forget a step? What if-" 
"Nat!" Niall cuts her off by grabbing her flailing arms and holding her hands in his. 
"You're going to be amazing. I know it." Natalie's name is called and she is told that she'll be going on in 15 minutes.

"Don't panic, just do what you always do when you have to sing in front of the chorus class. Pretend to be confident." Natalie nods and takes a deep breath.

"Thanks Ni, now you'd better get out there if you want a good seat." Niall smiles and nods. He turns to go but Natalie grasps his arm, stopping him.

"Wait, kiss for good luck?" Niall nods and leans in giving her a short, quick peck on the lips.

"You'll do fine Nat." Niall says once more before leaving the back room to find his seat.

"The competition goes by rather quickly and Natalie is 3rd out if 10 girls to dance. She comes in second place and they opt to grab some pizza as celebration. They part ways at around 10 and Niall arrives home at 5 past. And that is when the trouble begins.

"Where the fuck were you?" Greg asks as soon as Niall enters the house. Niall kicks off his shoes and tries to act nonchalant.

"Out with a couple mates." Niall grabs his guitar that had been leaning up against the wall and heads to the TV room. He sits down on the sofa and begins strumming softly.

"Out where?" Greg asks from the doorway. Niall stops strumming the strings and sighs.

"We got some pizza" he offers as he unzips his hoodie and tosses it down beside him. His fingers go back to work on the frets of the guitar as his other fingers pluck at the strings.

"You've been gone since at least 6 when I got home. On what fucking planet does eating pizza take 4 hours, jackass?" Niall opens his mouth to give another excuse when his brother takes a step forward and suddenly he knows he is in trouble.

"What the fuck is that?" Greg is staring down at the sofa next to Niall where his phone had spilled out of the pocket of his hoodie when he had tossed it down next to him. Niall winces and shakes his head once again.

"I can explain,"

"Have you been stealing money from me little brother?" Greg asks lowly. Niall takes a step back as Greg glowers at him, shaking his head vigorously.

"No! No never! I just figured, since I work, maybe I could save up a bit a money here and there and eventually I could pay for a phone!" Greg steps closer, fists clenched.

"DON'T LIE TO ME YOU SELFISH BASTARD! I PROVIDE FOR THIS PATHETIC FAMILY AND THIS IS HOW YOU REPAY ME? STEALING?" Niall winces and shakes his head once again.

"I didn't-"

"I SAID DON'T LIE TO ME YOU PIECE OF SHIT" Greg roars, swinging a fist at Niall. Niall tries to dodge it a tad too late and ends up with a brutal right hook to the rib cage. He whimper and dashes around the sofa, trying to get away. Greg chases after him and Niall barely has time to swipe
his shoes back up before dashing out the door. Greg pounds after him for a while, screaming profanities, but Niall is lucky. Thanks to all of those footie practices, he was actually in decent shape and got a block over before he needed to slow down. By then Greg had given up the chase. Niall stops to catch his breath and that's when he realizes that he was still holding his guitar. He smiles grimly as he finally slips on his shoes. At least there was a minor plus to this. He would have something to do on whatever park bench he ended up sleeping on tonight.

Niall shivers as a breeze raises goose pimples on his exposed arms. Too bad he hadn't also grabbed his hoodie on his way out. Niall begins walking again, trying to figure out what time it was. He had gotten home at about 5 past 10. He must've been home for about 10-15 minutes, so his best guess would make it around 10:20-10:25. Niall sighs. He was in for a long night.

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Harry slings his arm around the wobbly Perrie as they laugh together. It was around 1:30 and the 4 of them had finally left the Pit and started home. Perrie had grown on Harry, even in their plastered state. He was rather wasted and still high on that stuff Zayn had given him. Damn was it potent. He would have to invest in some next time he bought his usual stuff.

"You know you're really fit Harry, and if I wasn't dating a god I would probably be going home with you right now." Perrie says (or at least that's what Harry assumes she says. It was a lot more slurred and broken than that).

"Well if I weren't gay I'd probably say the same thing about you." Harry tries to say but that too comes out rather slurred. Perrie seems to find that the funniest thing ever and stumbles away from Harry and straight into Zayn, who pulls her to him by the waist as she laughs. He was considerable less wasted than she was and smiles after nipping at her neck lightly.

"My house it is then" he mumbles, supporting the poor girl. Harry really isn't as wasted as he was when they had left the Pit but he figures it is still not a good idea to drive right now so he opts to walk with the other 3. He parts ways with them at the edge of his neighbour hood and makes it home by quarter to. He stumbles up the stairs groggily, all of the things he was high or drunk on slowly beginning to wear off. He drowsily pushes into his bedroom and somehow manages to strip off his clothing and fall into bed with his head on the pillow before passing out.

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This was supposed to be a lot shorter than it ended up... oh well...
Wow that was a busy chapter, huh?
So Perrie... she's not as innocent as she seems then...
How do you reckon she ended up mixed up in that sort of stuff?
Couldn't have had anything to do with dating a drug dealer now, could it?
And now Niall is roaming Southwell all alone at night... that's pretty shitty, huh?
You figure Harry is a little upset about Niall ignoring him? Yeah. Thought so.

I hope you all enjoyed this update because it could potentially be the LAST ONE in a while.
I am moving so we're going to be doing a lot of packing and selling these next few weeks and things might get a bit crazy.
Of course I'll still try my best, but I can't make any solid promises. Sorry!
I hope you all can forgive this and be patient with me. Updates will be slow for the time being.
Just giving you a heads up, I love you all and thank you so much for reading this if you did!
-Sam xx
Chapter 17- Late Night (Early Morning?) Phone Calls

Chapter song: Of The Night - Bastille

Saturday, October 19
3:00

Harry is woken by his phone ringing on the table beside his bed. He rolls over onto his stomach and groans, face down into his pillow, he just wanted it to stop. His head is pounding, headache the result of a full blown hangover and the heavy guitar blasting from his phone is not helping. After a couple seconds he sighs and rolls back over, grabbing his phone and hitting the the green answer button.

"Hello?"

"Harry?" Harry's eyes open and he's slightly more awake than before as he hears the timid Irish accent from the other end of the phone.

"Niall? Why are you ringing me at..." Harry checks his clock and groans. "...at 3:00?" He had been asleep for an hour. Brilliant.

"I- I uh, didn't have anyone else to call..." Niall mumbles.

"Why? What's wrong?" Harry asks, laying back down with a hand over his eyes. The pain in his head is slowly fading to a dull throb in the back of his skull now.

"I'm kind of- uh, well I..." he begins to stutter and Harry frowns.

"Niall! Mate! Just spit it out!" he hears Niall take a deep breath.

"Can- can you come pick me up...?" Harry wasn't expecting that. It was 3:00 after all. Niall takes Harry's silence as a no because he suddenly bursts out in apology.

"I'm sorry! I mean I know it's really early and I've kind of been a jerk this week but you were the only person that I-" Harry cuts his rambling off.

"Niall! Its fine! Where are you?" Niall seems to flounder for a moment before answering.

"I don't... know exactly..." Harry frowns.

"What? What do you mean?"

"Well I'm at a petrol station on the edge of town ringing you from a payphone..."

"Niall, what?" Harry groans.

"I left my house okay? I couldn't stay and I didn't think alright? I've been walking for a few hours or so and finally the thought of calling someone hit me and guess what? You are the only person other than my dad who I could have called and therefore the only option." Harry had sat up when Niall had gotten angry and was wide awake now, pushing aside the bright flash of pain that had stabbed through his head when he sat up too quickly.

"Niall... why wasn't your dad an option...?" Harry asks quietly. Niall inhales sharply.
"I'm not talking about it over the phone." He states flatly. "Now are you going to come and get me? Or will I just see you at school on Monday?"

"Yes Niall, I'm coming to get you." Harry decides, climbing out of bed with the phone still pressed to his ear and grabbing a pair of his skinny's up off of the floor, sliding one leg in and hopping on it to get the other in.

"What shops or places have you passed?" Harry asks. They manage to narrow the options of petrol stations down to two.

"Oh and there's like, a wood behind this one." Niall adds as Harry is buttoning a red plaid flannel over his chest and slipping on some white converse. Harry knows where that petrol station is. He and his 'mates' had gone there a few times to blaze up.

"I know where that one is. Don't move, I'll be over in a couple minutes."

"Oh yeah, cause I've got places to go right?" Niall says sarcastically as they hang up. Harry heads down the stairs, slipping on a jacket and scoops his sister's keys up off of the kitchen counter as he heads out the back door and around to her car. He climbs in and starts it up and within 5 minutes is nearing the petrol station. Before he pulls in he sees a form that he knows is Niall, hunched over on the curb, knees propping his arms up and his head resting on his arms. Harry pulls up, parks at the side of the road and climbs out of the white Lexus. Niall looks up and stands, curiously enough, dragging a battered old acoustic guitar up with him when Harry beckons him over to the small petrol station shop.

Harry begins digging around in the pockets of his jacket until he finds what he is looking for and withdraws his hand. In it is his package of cigarettes. He flicks the top open and pulls one out, resting casually between his lips before looking up to Niall. Niall has his eyes trained on the wall somewhere beside Harry's head, with one hand in his pocket and with the other he is drumming his fingers agitatedly on the neck of his guitar, resting by his side.

"Want one?" Harry offers, holding the pack up. He already knew what Niall's answer would be but he decides to give it a go anyway. Niall shifts his eyes to Harry now and hesitates before shaking his head.

"No thanks, I don't smoke." Harry scoffs.

"You don't do anything" Niall scowls and shifts his eyes back to that place on the wall as Harry shrugs.

"Suit yourself" he replaces the pack in his pocket and pulls out a lighter. He raises the lighter to the end of the cigarette and cups his hand around them as he flicks the flame to life. A moment later he pockets the lighter again and takes the cigarette out of his mouth, blowing a stream of smoke out of the side of his mouth. He leans back against the wall, putting his free hand in his pocket and looking at Niall.

Niall frowns as a bit of the smoke is blown into his face and shifts restlessly on the balls of his feet as Harry raises the fag back up to his lips and takes another puff, exhaling into the breeze this time so that the smoke won't blow back into Niall's face.

"You sure you don't want some? It would calm you down." Harry tries again, this time offering some of his own cigarette. Niall frowns at him and shakes his head and Harry sighs.

"Fine. Why are you out here Niall?"
"I told you. I left my house." He answers shortly. Harry ruffles his hair exasperatedly.

"Yes, but why?" Niall looks down to his black Vans and kicks a small stone near his toe.

"My brother was being... difficult... again" Harry raises his eyebrows. Niall had waited until now to tell him that his brother was beating on him again.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner? I would have come and gotten you from your house Niall!" Harry furrows his brow frustrated. Niall glares at him.

"I'm 18 Harry! I don't need you babysitting me or rushing to my rescue whenever my big bad older brother is beating me up" Niall adds a quiet 'like I deserve' at the end as he looks back down to his shoes. Harry sighs.

"I know that Niall, but you're the only actual friend I've had since I moved here other than Louis and I don't know, I guess I- I just care about you is all..." Harry breaks off and Niall looks back up to him, anger gone. It's the real, sad and vulnerable Niall that is looking at Harry, the Niall that Harry just wants to grab and hold and promise he'll never leave. He can see Niall wanting, begging to believe Harry, but Harry knows. He's been betrayed by too many people who were supposed to care about him to trust that easily. Harry wants to prove himself to Niall, no, he needs to prove himself to Niall. Harry wants to lean forward and kiss Niall, for real, but he figures it's not the best time, so instead he just raises the fag back up to his lips and inhales. shooting a glance back over to Gemma's car.

When he looks back to Niall he notices the goose bumps the lad's arms are covered in and frowns. He was wearing a t-shirt and when the sun had gone down it had become considerably cooler. Harry took one last drag of his fag, drops it onto the pavement and puts it out with the toe of his converse. He gestures in the direction of the car and Niall begins walking with him. They climb into the Lexus and Harry starts it up before realizing he didn't know where to take Niall.

"So you staying at mine then?" He asks nonchalantly, secretly crossing his fingers that Niall will say yes. Niall shrugs, suddenly embarrassed. He hadn't really planned this far...

"I suppose.. If that's okay I mean..."

"No it's fine," Harry silently cheers and turns his head, pretending to check out the window as he pulls away from the curb, but really just hiding his grin from Niall.

"So on the phone, when you said your dad wasn't an option, why not?" Harry asks after the car is silent for a moment. He glances at Niall out of the corner of his eye and sees his body language shift from slowly relaxing to tense once again. He is silent for a moment before answering.

"My dad doesn't live with us anymore..." Harry knows that isn't the only reason, but he doesn't press, and just nods in understanding.

"He- he had some- some issues and he was-" Niall stops again and takes a deep breath. "Maybe I'll tell you some other time." He says instead. Harry nods again and turns the radio on quietly to some Indie station and begins tapping along on the steering wheel to Chocolate by The 1975.

No you're never gonna quit it if you don't start smoking it, that's what she said, she said we're dressed in black from head to toe, with guns hidden under our petticoats, no we're never gonna quit it, no we're never gonna quit it no...

"Do you play?" Harry asks Niall, keeping his eyes on the road. Niall looks over to him.
"What?"

"Guitar. Do you play any?" Harry reiterates.

"Oh. A bit, yeah" Harry nods.

"I mean, I've never had lessons or anything." Niall fingers a string gently and it hums quietly.

"I play by ear mostly."

"That's really cool. Not everyone can do that." Niall 'hm's distractedly and Harry glances at him. Niall's eyes are searching the streets and taking in the direction that they seem to be headed with a furrowed brow.

He lives here? Wow. His family must be pretty well off. Niall is thinking as they turn down a street into one of the wealthiest neighborhoods in Southwell. Being from a rather poor side of the town Niall had rarely ever been here but whenever he had happened to pass through he found himself imagining what kind of over privileged lives the snooty people in the surrounding houses lived. Harry notices the slight frown darkening Niall's beautiful face and looks towards him.

"What is it?" He inquires. Niall looks to Harry and shrugs.

"Nothing." Though when Harry reaches the biggest house at the end of a court and pulls into the drive, Niall's eyes widen.

"You- you live here?" Niall asks in surprise. Harry sighs and nods. This was always how it was. People would find out his family had money and then either push him away or try to get closer in order to be able to benefit from that money. Niall seems to shake off his initial shock though as he climbs out of the car with his guitar and glances back to see Harry staring openly at him. Niall smiles and beckons for Harry to lead the way, and Harry climbs out and complies, taking this as a good sign. He leads Niall around to the back door and they enter through the kitchen, Harry carelessly tossing his sister's keys back onto the counter once again. Niall is rather quiet as they make their way through the house and stop in the hall at the foot of the stairs.

"Do you want the guest room? Or do you want to stay on the sofa in my room." Harry secretly crosses his fingers behind his back as he waits for Niall's answer.

"Your room" Niall responds without hesitation and then blushes at his own eagerness. Harry smirks and winks, he loved to make the blond boy squirm, and then turns and ascends the staircase with Niall in tow. They reach Harry's room and enter, Niall glancing around. Harry's room was really cool. His walls were all black except for 1, which was white with bright spatters of different coloured paint all over it. Harry kicks off his converse at the foot of his king sized bed and flops down backwards onto it. Niall slips his Vans off and heads over to the couch against the wall near the bed. He admires Harry's splayed out form on the bed. He was wearing colour. It was the first time Niall had seen him in anything other than black or the school uniform, and Niall thought it looked really good on him.

"So are you going to tell me what happened? You've dealt with your brother for a while now and yet I feel like you don't usually spend your nights roaming the streets." Harry pipes up. Niall sighs and leans back.

"He found my phone and now thinks that I've been stealing money from him to pay for it. He wouldn't listen when I tried to explain."

"Shit." Harry mumbles. Niall 'hm's' in agreement before falling silent. Neither of them say...
"What's it like?" Niall blurts out randomly.

"What?" Harry asks.

"What's it like growing up like this?" Niall asks quietly. Harry closes his eyes and braces his hands behind his head before sighing quietly.

"Hell." Harry knew that Niall's life was pretty shitty from the bits and pieces that he was unintentionally uncovering. He figured in the long run his life really wasn't that bad but Niall kind of deserved to know a bit about Harry, after all, Harry knew about Niall's fucked up brother now. Niall waits for a moment for Harry to go on and settles back into the sofa cushions once he does.

"I grew up like a normal kid in Holmes Chapel in Cheshire. Well, as normal as a rich kid is. I was spoiled and given everything I could have possibly wanted. In return I was expected to be the perfect, model son, in my perfect, model family. I had no problems with that for a long time. Listened to my parents, got straight A's, it was all fine. Until 2 years ago." Harry sighs before continuing.

"I came out to my parents as gay, thinking that they would be supportive. Holy shit was I wrong. Apparently a gay son didn't fit their idea of the perfect family. They told me that it was just a phase and that we could work through it together. They told me they'd get me a therapist and everything would be fine." Harry spats bitterly. Niall is taking this all in in shocked silence.

"I told them to go fuck themselves and the goddamn therapist. I asked them why the fuck they thought they knew more about me than I did considering the fact that I rarely even saw them. My dad works mad hours, early and late, at this huge ass corporation, and my mum has always done the same at the law firm she works for. I mean, my sister basically raised me herself." Niall's brows furrow.

"Wait, sister? You have a sister?" He asks in confusion. Harry grunts in affirmation.

"How come I didn't know about your sister?" Harry cracks his eyes open and squints at Niall.

"I didn't know about your brother until I caught him using you as a punching bag" Niall swallows hard and nods.

"Good point"

"Don't take it personally though. Louis is the only other person who even knows I have sister. She goes to our school but she uses my mums last name instead of Styles. She doesn't want anyone to know we're related." Niall raises his eyebrows.

"Can't imagine why" he smirks. Harry winks before closing his eyes again and resuming his story.

"You know that saying; money doesn't buy happiness?" Niall grunts a 'yeah' and Harry continues.

"Well my parents have their own version; money doesn't buy happiness unless you have lots and spend it on the right things."

"Wow" Niall raises his eyebrows and Harry just 'hm's in agreement.

"Because I wouldn't accept their therapy proposal, they figured that I was just looking for attention, and what I really wanted was more stuff. They tried buying me more and more shit and eventually I made them stop. I had decided that enough was enough. I stopped being that model son.
I stopped caring about just about everything. I started causing trouble at school and skipping, I ended up experimenting with drugs and alcohol and got myself into a shit ton of bad situations. I ended up in the hospital a handful of times after I accidentally overdosed or gave myself alcohol poisoning."

Niall is once again speechless as Harry continues his story.

"I slept around, I spent all of my money on anything I could get a high off of, and I did all of it to get back at them. Word spreads like wildfire in small towns, so within a week everyone in Holmes Chapel knew about how I had suddenly become a scrap. My parents were angry that I had ruined their reputations as perfect parents of a perfect family and so one night they just decided to move us away. We left town and ended up here, staying in a hotel until the movers that they had called moved all of our shit into a new house. They both applied for transfers at their work and started fresh. Gemma," at Niall's confused; 'who?' Harry clarifies.

"My sister, Gemma, she signed up for school as 'Gemma Cox', not wanting anyone to know we were related. I kept to myself, not wanting to talk to or associate with anyone really, until an excessively annoying cunt from Yorkshire pestered me enough that I snapped and punched him in the nose. We both ended up in detention and that's how I became friends with Louis." Harry chuckles and shakes his head.

"So yeah. Now I have a reputation at school as a fucking bad boy, but I'm not complaining. It makes my life more interesting." Harry falls silent now, finally having come to the end of his story it seemed. The room is silent for a while as Niall takes it all in. He is lost in thought about Harry's previous words, when Harry's voice penetrates his thoughts.

"Are you gay Niall?" Niall glances up to see Harry still in the same laying down position as before.

"I don't know..." Niall answers vaguely. To be honest he hadn't really given his sexuality much thought recently. Up until Harry, he had really only had a thing for girls so he was unsure what this meant. Harry sits up and looks at Niall.

"Do you want to find out?" Harry offers. Niall feels his heart pace quicken at Harry's words and he raises his eyebrows. Harry gives a lopsided grin and pats the bed beside him.

"C'mere" butterflies begin to attack the walls of Niall's stomach as he slowly stands up and makes his way over to Harry. He sits down and Harry scoots a tad closer, placing one of his big hands on Niall's thigh. Niall glances down and back up to meet one of Harry's smirks that sends the butterflies in Niall's stomach careening in all directions. If he wasn't gay yet, he would be after this. Niall swallows with difficulty as Harry begins to lean forward. Niall is soon running out of air and beginning to figure if this doesn't end soon he may have an awkward time hiding the semi he'll be sporting. Harry pulls back and stares at Niall with a satisfied smirk.

"Don't even fucking try to tell me you're not gay Niall Horan." Niall blushes vermilion and Harry
laughs, sliding off of Niall's lap and down to the bed beside the Irish lad. Niall flops backwards and so does Harry as Niall's brain processes what had just taken place. He had just snogged Harry, and enjoyed it more than he has ever enjoyed snogging anyone. Niall knew what he had to do. Zayn was right. He needed to choose between Natalie and Harry and after that, he had realized that he had never actually been interested in Natalie as anything more than a great friend. He needed to stop leading her on and break it off. Niall sighs and Harry looks over at him.

"What?"

"My girlfriend." Niall says simply. Harry begins to laugh and Niall cracks a wry grin too. After a moment once the room is silent again, Harry speaks.

"So Niall, now that you know my sob story, what's yours?" Niall doesn't answer right away. There was no way he was telling Harry about his dad. He avoided thinking about the man at all costs, forget reliving the experience of actually living with him.

"I- uh, well my dad left a couple years ago. He had some- uh- anger management issues. He drank a lot and yelled a lot and it wasn't really good for any of us. Eventually my brother got fed up with the old man and told him to leave. He did, and never came back. Greg moved all of us down here to start again I guess." Niall had given Harry the extremely watered down version but that was as good as Harry would get out of him. Harry is silent for a moment until he sits up.

"Okay fine. Don't tell me. I mean, I just told you why I'm fucked up, but whatever." Harry mumbles the last bit as he moves up the bed until he was leaning back against the back board. The room is silent for a moment and Niall has that moment to feel vaguely guilty about the fact that Harry had told him his story. Niall just couldn't though. That was just too much to ask.

"Play something?"

"Huh?" Niall finally sits up and looks back at Harry. Harry gestures over to Niall's discarded guitar leaning against the sofa.

"You said you play a bit, so play something." Niall raises an eyebrow and Harry smiles wryly.

"Please" Niall smiles now and nods. He stands and heads back over to the sofa, picking up his guitar and thinking through the songs he knew how to play from memory. He finally settles on one and begins to play.

*My ship went down, in a sea of sound, when I woke up alone I had everything...*

Niall opens his mouth and begins to sing and Harry is mesmerized.

*A handful of moments, I wished I could change, and a tongue like a nightmare that cut like a blade. In a city of fools, I was careful and cool, but they tore me apart like a hurricane. A handful of moments I wished I could change, but I was carried away...*

Niall lets the music flow from the guitar and the words come easily. He loves the calm feeling that spread over him every time he played.

*Give me therapy, I'm a walking travesty, but I'm smiling at everything, therapy, you were never a friend to me, you can keep all your misery.*

*My lungs gave out, as I faced the crowd I think that keeping this up could be dangerous. I'm flesh and bone, I'm a rolling stone and the experts say I'm delirious.*
Give me therapy, I'm a walking travesty, but I'm smiling at everything, therapy, you were never a friend to me, you can take back your misery.

Arrogant boy, love yourself so no one has to, they're better off without you, arrogant boy, cause a scene like you're supposed to, you're lucky if your memory remains.

Give me therapy, I'm a walking travesty, but I'm smiling at everything, therapy, you were never a friend to me, you can take back your misery, therapy, I'm a walking travesty, but I'm smiling at everything, therapy, you were never a friend to me, you can choke on your misery.

Niall plays the final few chords and Harry, quite frankly, is speechless. It had sounded absolutely incredible. Niall looks to Harry now, waiting for some sort of reaction. Harry realizes this and finally clears his throat.

"Yeah, I guess you're alright for some one who only plays 'a bit'." Harry shrugs. Niall smiles and Harry returns it.

"What song was that?"

"Therapy by All Time Low." Niall's words are punctuated by a yawn and Harry smiles tiredly. It was early in the morning after all and his head was still throbbing dully from his hangover. He closes his eyes and massages his temples slowly.

"What time is it?" Niall glances at the digital clock on Harry's bedside table and reads out the time.

"4" Harry sighs and flops down onto his back. Niall raises his eyebrows.

"Harry? Are you hung over?" Harry sighs.

"How could you tell?"

"No offense but you look pretty crappy. You go to some party yesterday?"

"I guess you could say that. More like an underground shit-hole club."

"You drink too much?" Harry chuckles.

"That's only half of it. Do you drink?"

"Yeah, every now and then. What do you mean drinking was only half of it?" Niall asks. He assumes Harry had smoked too much of something as well as downed a couple too many drinks.

"Hah yeah. Zayn gave me some shit that's a hell of a trip, but it makes your head feel like it's been slammed into a brick wall several times when you finally come down." Niall squints at Harry's stretched out form in question.

"Zayn... Malik?"

"Shit. You weren't supposed to know. Oh well..." Harry mumbles tiredly, beyond caring at the moment.

"Know about what?" Niall presses. Harry rolls over and pulls back his black duvet, shifting under it mostly before just flopping out over the rest of his bed, seemingly giving up.

"About him dealing for his brother."
"Oh." Niall absorbs this as he surveys Harry's splayed out form. Somehow he wasn't overly surprised. He wondered if Perrie or Josh knew this though...

"Okay, I'm going to sleep, I'm fucking dead right now." Harry mumbles, and then adds, "There's a blanket over on that shelf you can use, and here," Harry grabs the second pillow on his bed and lobbs it in the general direction of the sofa. Niall smiles as he stands to retrieve the blanket and pillow that had fallen a meter or so short of the sofa. Once Niall situates his sleeping arrangement he glances over at Harry to now see him fully under the duvet now, laying on is stomach with his now bare shoulders and shoulder blades exposed. His red flannel had been discarded on the floor next to the bed along with his skinny jeans. Niall lets his eyes trail over Harry's muscled back and sighs quietly before slipping off his own jeans and climbing under the blanket laid out on the sofa.

Niall gets comfortable and after a couple minutes the fatigue hits him and his eyes begin to droop. His mind drifts back to Harry so readily agreeing to pick him up tonight. Harry didn't seem to care about much so the fact that he had taken an interest in Niall made Niall himself feel rather lucky. Not to mention tonight he had worn colour for the first time that Niall had ever seen and he had looked really fit...

"You look good when you wear colour. You should do it more often" Niall announces sleepily into the darkness.

"You're good at snogging, we should do it more often." Harry mumbles cheekily. Niall grins and silently agrees with that suggestion.

****************************************************************************

There it is! The moment we've all been waiting for! Niall has finally come to his senses!

About time, huh?

Sorry for the long wait, but like I said at the end of the last update I'm moving in 2 weeks and my house is slowly being disassembled.

Packed up most of my bedroom now so things are being moved already.

I'm going to be writing some drabbles to make up for the lack of updates over here.

Go check out my book of Narry drabbles and leave me a prompt!

I love you guys!

-Sam xx
Harry blinks awake blearily wondering if last night had all been a dream. When he rolls over and spots Niall asleep on his sofa though, he almost sighs in relief. Last night he had finally told someone besides Louis his story and Harry doesn't think he would have handled it incredibly well if he had found out that it had all been a dream. It was like a huge weight had been lifted off of his shoulders.

Harry just lies there and watches Niall as his chest rises and falls lightly for a couple minutes. He hadn't had any plans for today and he assumes Niall didn't either since he had been unexpectedly fleeing his house last night. Harry assumed that meant he wouldn't be heading home right away. Harry had left his car in the lot behind that tattoo place and needed to go get it at some point today so there was one thing to do at least.

"Can you stop staring at me, it's kinda creeping me out." Niall's sleep laced voice sounds. Harry almost groans. His morning voice was so...

"Sorry" Harry says, but doesn't look away yet. Niall opens his eyes now and lazily smiles at Harry. Harry raises an eyebrow and smirks at Niall before rolling over onto his back and staring at his ceiling.

"Uh, thanks again for picking me up last night..." Niall says.

"It's fine Niall. I didn't mind."

"You were hung over, I know you minded." Harry smiles.

"Actually I was probably still a little tipsy because it's all a bit fuzzy now that I think about it. I remember the important bits though..."

"Such as...?" Harry grins now and looks over at Niall again, puckering his lips and making loud smooching noises. Niall blushes and rolls his eyes.

"Of course..." he mutters under his breath.

"So what do you wanna do today? Unless of course you already had plans..." Harry pipes up.

"No, I didn't have any plans. I don't remember if I'm working today cause when Greg took my phone he also took my work calendar."

"I can drive you to find out if you don't mind walking for a bit."

"Why?" Niall asks sitting up some and ruffling a hand through his hair.

"I was too wasted to drive last night and left my car parked behind a shop in town. We can eat breakfast here and then go get it."

"How'd you get home last night? You were driving a car when you came to pick me up." Niall asks.

"It was my sister's. I walked back with Zayn and them."

"Zayn 'and them'?" Niall inquires curiously. Harry raises his eyebrows.

"Nosy."

"You don't have to tell me, I was just asking." Harry chuckles and follows suit, sitting up and settling back against the headboard.

"It was Jon, Zayn and his bird." Niall pauses in adjusting the blanket covering his legs for a moment.

"Zayn's bird?"

"Yeah."

"As in Perrie Edwards?"

"Yeah," Harry repeats as Niall blinks a few times, taking in this information.

"She went to the club with you guys?"

"Yeah, although I'm not sure if she agreed to go before or after she got stoned." Niall utters a little
'woah' at this new realization about his friend but seems to take it in stride.  
"Oh, well-" Niall is cut off by a female voice calling Harry's name.  
"HARRY!!" Harry frowns but ignores it.  
"Keep going, it's not important." Just as he says that though his name is called again.  
"HARRY MUM SAYS DON'T IGNORE HER THIS IS IMPORTANT!" Niall assumes it's Harry's sister (because really who else would it be?) and Harry gives a heavy sigh before throwing back his blankets and snagging a pair or trackies from the floor to pull on quickly.  
"Sorry, give me a minute." He leaves the room and Niall can hear hushed talking but he can't make out any of the words being said.  
***
"Mum made us breakfast" Gemma says. She is standing about halfway up the stairs and Harry stops to stare at her suspiciously.  
"Why...?" Gemma shrugs helplessly.  
"I'm as lost as you are. I asked her and all she said was 'Can't a mother look after her children every now and then'?!"  
"Not an absentee mother who's only ever home on select weekends and holidays..." Harry frowns.  
"I've got a mate over Gem, cover for me?"  
"How?" Gemma sighs figuring maybe covering for Harry would get her out of whatever it was their mother wanted to talk about too.  
"Tell her I... have a really bad hang over, or... brought someone home last night? I don't know, but Niall and I will sneak out the front door, thanks!" Harry says as he backs towards his bedroom door.  
"Gee, thanks for the help Harry, really gonna have fun digging you out of this one..." Gemma mumbles to herself as he trudges back down the stairs towards the kitchen.  
***
"Change of plans, we've gotta go now." Harry announces as he returns, shutting the door behind him and heading straight for his chest.  
"How come?" Niall, who had been just about to investigate (read: nosily poke through) the private looking leather-bound journal on Harry's night stand, squeaks as he straightens up rather hastily, nonchalanly pushing a hand through his hair in an attempt to look casual, and not at all like he was just about to read what looked to be Harry's diary (but real men don't have diaries of course, they have journals). Harry squints suspiciously at Niall and approaches, gingerly picking up his journal and stepping back towards his chest, as Niall flashes what he means as a casual grin (but probably just looks like he's in mild pain) at Harry while scratching the back of his neck.  
"My mum made breakfast" Harry says, as if that made perfect sense (which, to Niall, it did not of course).  
"And that's a problem because...?" Niall asks, taking a seat on the edge of Harry's bed as Harry begins rifling through the clothing inside the chest drawer he had just pulled open.  
"When your mother makes you breakfast, for the first time since you were, well, old enough to eat solid food, there has to be a catch, and knowing my mother, It'll be something about boarding school or something." Harry selects a black plaid flannel and tugs the flannel on as he heads back over to his bed with a second shirt in hand.  
"You can wear this if you don't wanna wear your clothes from yesterday." he says, handing Niall the white baseball shirt with yellow sleeves. Niall holds it up and inspectts it. A smile grows on his face when he says what it says.  
"The Eagles! They're one of my favourite bands."  
"Well in that case, keep the shirt. It's really not my style anyway." Niall grins and since he had already put on his jeans so he pulls on the shirt, wincing as the bruise on the left side of his ribcage twinges. When Greg had hit him last night it must have been harder than Niall thought since it had bruised. He glances back up at Harry to see him now wearing black skinny jeans and his flannel is buttoned up about halfway, showing the swallow tattoos and the top of the butterfly on his chest.  
Harry grabs his car keys and phone and they exit the room together. They creep down the
staircase and Harry peers down the hallway to the kitchen before turning in the opposite direction and heading for the front door. Harry eases it shut behind them and they cross the front lawn and start down the street. After a couple minutes of walking in silence Harry pulls a pack of fags out of his pocket and wiggles it.

"Do you mind?" He asks.

"Go ahead." Niall waves dismissively. 15 minutes and a fag later, Harry and Niall finally reach the tattoo parlor that Harry's Escalade was parked behind. They get in and Harry starts it up and pulls out of the lot.

"Do you drive?" Harry asks to start conversation.

"No. I never get the chance to take the test." Niall responds. He twists to the side a bit to grab his seatbelt and sucks in a sharp breath as his bruised side twinges. He grits his teeth and buckles up, waiting for the pain to fade. Harry surveys Niall in his peripheral vision.

"You alright?" Niall looks at Harry with a frown.

"Yeah. Just managed to bruise my ribs the other day."

"How?"

"A football got kicked at me." Niall lies. Harry doesn't say anything but nods.

"My mum is having a party in-" Harry glances at the time on the centre console before continuing. "-about an hour, so let's not go back there." Just as he says that, Harry's phone goes off and he glances down at the screen to see who had texted him. He unlocks his phone with one hand, glancing back and forth from the screen to the road. He types back a reply and hits send. His phone goes off again after a moment and he is about to check it again and Niall interjects.

"Keep your eyes on the road!" Harry looks at Niall now and raises an eyebrow.

"Fine." He tosses his phone into Niall's lap and replaces both hands on the steering wheel.

"You answer her for me." Niall picks up the phone.

"Who?" He asks, turning on the screen to see a couple notifications. One of them is a text from Harry's mother.

"My mum probably."

"Password."

"2525" Niall snorts.

"I think everyone with an iPhone has that password." Niall types in the password and the conversation with Louis opens up.

Anne: were are you? I made breakfast

Harry: I'm driving

Anne: We need to talk Harry, please come home right now

"Let me guess, 'come home Harry, we need to talk'." Harry imitates his mother in a high pitched voice.

"Pretty well, yeah."

"Ignore it." Harry sighs. He didn't feel up to facing his mother today. Niall notices the date on the phone screen when he hits the lock button and curses under his breath.

"Did you say something?" Harry asks, glancing at Niall in question. Niall looks up at Harry and sighs.

"I have work in an hour, I just remembered."

"Where do you work?" Harry asks.

"Stan's, but I need my uniform." Niall replies. Harry flicks on his blinker in response and turns down a street into Niall's neighbourhood. Soon they're outside Niall's house and he unclips his seat belt.

"Be back in a second." Niall mumbles, opening the door and climbing out. Harry watches as Niall
jogs round the side of the house to his bedroom window and climbs inside. He emerges a moment later stuffing clothing into a bag and slinging it over his shoulder as he jogs back to the car.

"Was your brother home?" Niall shakes his head.

"Nah, probably working." Within 5 minutes Harry is pulling in behind Stan's in the staff parking lot.

"You can come in if you want, I don't start for another 20 minutes." Niall leads the way to the back door to the kitchen and tugs it open they step inside.

"Niall! Thank god you're in early- who's this?" Zoe asks, pausing in her frantic unloading of the bus bin to give Harry a once over.

"This is Harry," Niall turns to Harry now and gestures at the slight girl.

"This is Zoe." Zoe smiles kindly at Harry eyes flicking between Harry and Niall.

"Zoe! There's another table-" Alfie sticks his head into the kitchen but cuts off when he sees Zoe smiling at Harry.

"What's going on?" He asks, stepping into the room.

"Alfie, this is Harry, Harry, that's my boyfriend Alfie." she accentuates the word boyfriend to appease Alfie as she looks at him. Right at that moment, Norma bursts through the door.

"Where are my employees? I don't pay you to slack off! Niall! Uniform on, and get out here!"

Norma's gaze falls on Harry and she raises her eyebrows.

"Are you back here to wash dishes?" Harry shakes his head.

"No, I'm with hi-" Harry starts, hooking his thumb at the place next to him where Niall had been standing, but was now nowhere to be seen.

"Then out!" She claps finitely and turns oh her heel, heading back out into the restaurant. Harry gives his head a small shake with a small smile. Zoe laughs, drawing Harry's attention back to her.

"And that's Norma, our warden." She jokes, grabbing the now empty bus bin and whirling around to quickly follow Alfie out of the kitchen.

"You don't have to stay." Harry hear's Niall announce from behind him. Harry turns to see Niall now wearing grey trousers and a white shirt with Stan's Bar and Grill embroidered on the left side of his chest, and tying a black apron around his waist. He tucks a order pad and pencil in one of the pockets of the apron and grabs a coffee pot.

"How long do you work?"

"Until 9." Harry shrugs.

"I have nothing else to do today." Niall stares at Harry.

"That's 8 hours." Harry shrugs with a smirk.

"8 hours of getting to stare at your ass in those very flattering work trousers." Niall rolls his eyes but can't help the small smile that creeps onto his face.

"Okay, do whatever you want but I have to start work now." Harry follows Niall out of the kitchen and around the bar. He takes a seat at the bar and Niall leans on the counter next to Harry.

"Are you really going to stay for 8 hours?" Harry shrugs.

"Maybe not the whole time but yeah." Zoe rushes past them and plants a half full coffee pot in front of Niall, grabbing 2 plates full of barbecue ribs and chips.

"Stop flirting and go top up table 8." She orders. Niall chuckles but obeys, taking the coffee pot and walking away.

"Stop distracting him!" Zoe playfully scolds Harry. Harry just grins. A moment later Niall is back, delivering a new table's order to the kitchen. Harry catches his attention on his way by.

"I have to work Harry!" Niall sighs, raising his eyebrows.

"Well I just wanted to give you more work!" Harry says in the same tone.

"So you want to order?" Niall asks, pulling out his order pad. Harry nods and orders himself some lunch.

"Thanks babe." Harry shoots Niall a wink as he makes to leave and Niall rolls his eyes but feels
his face tinge pink as he delivers the new order to the kitchen. At least Harry would make his shift
more interesting.

Fianlly! Chapter 18! God, I'm so sorry for the extended hiatus.

Here's my explanation;

1. I moved a couple months ago and things were kinda crazy

2. I had a crazy couple weeks about a week after I moved, I was in the musical Footloose at
my school and we had about 2 weeks of crazy rehearsals before and then shows about 1 and a
half weeks after that

3. I got really really really sick after the musical and spent an entire week off of school (if you
are reading my book of Narry drabbles you would have found out about that)

4. I went to New Brunswick for Christmas holiday to visit family for 2 weeks and I had barely
any time to even write a few quick drabbles

5. Now it's exams and I've been working crazy hard to finish summatives, ISU's and study for
my maths exam of Friday

So those are my excuses, sosososososososo sorry for not posting sooner, but I'm back now
so thing's should start moving again. I want to wrap this up at 35-40 chapters, so hopefully
that will be before the summer. I want to update more than once a week but things seem to
never work in my favour so maybe not.

Anyway, I hope you all enjoyed this, I also hope I didn't lose a bunch of you. Anyway,
comment if you enjoyed this please! I probably won't have another updat ready until after
Tuesday because that's my last exam, so stay tuned then.

I love you all!

-Sam xx
Chapter 19 - Stay Another Night

Chapter Song: A Daydream Away - All Time Low

Sunday, October 20

Niall hears Alfie's loud laugh from the bar and casts a curious glance his way. He was leaning on Harry for support as they laughed together, both clutching their beers. Niall chuckles at them and his eyes meet Zoe's, who was also wiping down tables on the other side of the room. She is grinning too and Niall finishes his last table. Harry and Alfie had hit it off as soon as Alfie's initial suspicion had subsided and had been drinking since closing. They were both sufficiently drunk now and Niall figures it's about time to get them home. Niall crosses the room to Zoe just as she is finishing her last table.

"You reckon we should get them home?" Niall asks, smiling as he watches the intoxicated pair. Zoe nods.

"Yeah that sounds like a good idea." She giggles.

"You about ready to go home mate?" Niall asks Harry as he joins him and Alfie at the bar, Zoe right behind him.

"Let's go home love, I think you've had enough." Zoe laughs, taking the beer from Alfie and setting it aside.

"No, Harry's so funny! Tell them a joke Harry!" Alfie insists, slipping down off of his bar stool.

"Knock, knock"

"Who's there?" Niall asks with a smile as Harry turns to him with a drunken smile on his lips.

"Hula"

"Hula who?"

Harry makes a 'p' sound and him and Alfie burst out laughing. Niall shakes his head with a short laugh and then takes Harry's beer gently.

"C'mon."

"Hey! I wasn't done!" Harry protests.

"Yes you were" Niall corrects. Tugging Harry to his feet off of the stool. Niall leads him back into the kitchen to grab their things.

"So did they finish off all of my beer or what?" Norma calls from the storage room.

"Not quite! I'll pay you back!" Niall calls. Norma pokes her head out as Niall is hanging up his apron and steering Harry towards the door.

"Don't worry about it love, Alfie drank it, he can pay me back." Niall smiles gratefully, slings his bag over his shoulder and pushes Harry out the door.

"Have a good night!" the pair head towards Harry's car. When they reach the drivers side, Harry fumbles in his pocket for the keys, managing to get them out, but then drops them. He stares at his fingers for a second, where they keys had been as Niall bends to pick them up. When Niall straightens up Harry spots the keys in Niall's fingers and crosses his arms.

"Niall! You stole my keys!" Niall smiles.

"How about I drive, huh?" Harry pretends to think very hard before nodding.

"Good idea. There are 2 of you right now, so that would be good..." Harry trails off, squinting at Niall's face. Niall laughs and unlocks the door, sliding in behind the wheel and throwing his bag into the backseat. Harry circles the car and gets in the passenger side as Niall starts it up. Harry plays with the radio dial as Niall pulls out of the lot and starts in the direction of Harry's house. He switches channels until finding one playing Uptown Funk.

"I love this song!" Harry exclaims, singing along to a line and making Niall laugh.

"How much did you have to drink?"

"Toooo many" Harry stretches out the word happily. Soon they are back at Harry's and the drunk
lad is nearly tumbling out of his car with a giggle.  
"At least you're a happy drunk" Niall muses, giving Harry a nudge in the direction of the door.  
Once they make it up to Harry's room Harry instantly begins shedding clothes and worms his way under his blankets. Harry blinks at Niall, eyes glassy and unfocused as he begins to feel tired. Niall smiles faintly but is then unsure of what to do exactly. He had stayed the night last night but had no idea if he was welcome to do so again. Even though he's drunk, Harry seems to notice Niall's uncertainty.  
"Wait," he mumbles before rolling back out of bed. He shuffles over to his drawers and rifles around in one before pulling out a battered looking Rolling Stones shirt and a pair of sweat pants. He pushes them into Niall's hands.  
"Stay another night," he instructs. Niall smiles faintly and accepts the clothing. On his way back to the bed Harry tugs on a pair of sweat pants and Niall changes into the clothes he was supplied. When he finishes Niall makes to head for the sofa when Harry stops him again.  
"Come sleep here." He mumbles, eyes closed and patting the bed next to him. Niall feels his cheeks heat as he thinks about cuddling up next to Harry, but complies nonetheless. When he slides under the covers Harry rolls over onto his stomach and Niall can feel Harry's fingers near his own and has the urge to link them together suddenly. Instead, Niall closes eyes and begins counting backwards from 99 silently, hoping that it will help him fall asleep quickly. Somewhere around 77 though his now drowsy mind drifts back to Harry sleeping next to him and he envisions himself carding his fingers through Harry's hair until both of them fall asleep from the action. Niall doesn't exactly know why, but Harry has been a constant presence in his mind since his first day at school. The only thing that has changed now is that he's allowing Harry to stay.

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:(
I felt the need to start this note with a sad face because that's how I've been feeling recently.
Zayn :(  
I don't fully understand the details but one of Zayn's friends who works for Modest! said that Zayn wanted a longer break after WWA but Modest! refused so against their will he flew home while the boys were doing OTRA and he was kindly asked to leave. Don't believe everything you read about this situation because a lot of it is speculation. The only one who knows the truth is Zayn and I'm sure he'll tell us when he can. Until we hear from him next, stay strong and take care of yourselves guys! You all mean the world to me and especially to the boys and right now the remaining 4 need just as much support as ever! You are loved and cared for and if you need to talk about anything at all please PM me on here or DM me on twitter @420nxrry. I love you all, take care of yourselves ♥
-Sam xx
Important Authors Note

Sooooooooooooo, bad news. (I suck and I'm sorry!)
I'm inexplicably stressed about this shitty story and I have decided to remove it for the time being.
I do want to restart it at a later date, once I've done some serious rewriting and plot laying, but for now, it's gonna come down.
So sorry, I just figure it'll be better to remove now and repost later when it's actually a good story, as opposed to making people suffer as my writing evolves.
I don't know how obvious it actually is, but over the past little while at the very least my vocabulary has expanded greatly, and I like to think that subsequently my writing has improved as well.
I think I'm going to focus on that genderbent Narry fic I started a while back and start another Narry fic with a much simpler plot line until I sort out Give Me Therapy.
Don't be mad, I've just decided to wipe the slate clean, and that will start with the removal of my painfully written Nouis fic from a couple years ago. Ah, the good old days.
Anyway, I'll send out a message whenever I get this story on track so that any of you who still care can puck it back up. Sorry for any upset this may cause, but updates were becoming slower and slower anyway, so I think I lost the majority of you anyway.
Lots of love, all the same!
-Sam xx

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