The Way You Make Me Feel

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The Way You Make Me Feel

by [The_Girl_Almighty](http://archiveofourown.org/users/The_Girl_Almighty)

Summary

Liam convinces a reluctant Louis to join his Jazzercise class, as his instructor is holding a ‘come and try day’ in celebration of his birthday. Louis, the diva that he is, does not make it easy for Liam, but is surprised to find that there is a lot to be said about Jazzercise when he runs into a pink spandex clad Harry during their first class. This sparks Louis to initiate ‘Operation Manhunt’, a months long endeavor with the goal to secure Harry as his future husband. Or at the very least, to get into Harry’s very, very tight pants. Even if Harry is oblivious to this small fact. Will Louis succeed in his mission? Or will he fall flat on his face?

OR

The one where Louis is forced to go to Jazzercise, and Harry is the hot, English instructor.
Welcome everyone to the crackhead Larry side of my brain! We haven't seen her in a hot minute, but she's back again to bring you this fic that was originally inspired by the picture of Harry wearing his rainbow 'Musgraves' shirt. I have wanted to write this fic for months, but got weigh laid with other projects and life in general. It wasn't until my Mum tagged me in a ridiculous 80's Jazzercise video on Facebook that this came to fruition, and I'm so glad that I'm finally getting to share this fic with you all. What originally was supposed to be a 15k one shot has now morphed into a nearly 50k monstrosity and is now a fully fledged, five chapter long fic! Yay! I hope that you all read this and laugh, and enjoy reading it as much as I have enjoyed writing it. This will be my very first completed solo fic! I know!! I'm bricking it too. Pray for me, and I hope you all love this little world and the characters that I have created.

A massive thank you goes out to my nearest and dearest soul bestie Lena, for her constant support. She inspires me to be a better writer, calls me out on my shit, and never lets me derail my fics with too many unnecessary emotions. If it wasn't for her, I don't think I'd ever get a decent fic finished. Please go and check her out on Twitter : @Wicked_Archer and all of her fics on AO3 : WickedArcher_08. They are all amazing I promise you. You are an amazing human being and I am so lucky to call you mine. Love you for always xx

Also a massive shout out to my other bestie Taylor, who has had to endure relentless questions related to the world of Jazzercise seeing as she is the only person I know who actually does Jazzercise. Thank you for helping me to make this fic what it is. I know you haven't read it yet, so I hope that you love it and I haven't completely murdered the sport for you. Don't forget to check her out on Twitter: @crescentmnshine and also check out all of her fics on AO3 : crescentmoonshine Her brain is ridiculous, Compare & Contrast is my current favourite. Just read it. I promise you won't be disappointed. Love you xx

A shout out also to Lea and Tayari, my beautiful babes, who I used as guinea pigs to make sure this fic wasn't complete shit. Thank you for all of your kind words of support and encouragement. Love you both xx

A shout out should also go to my Mum, without whom I would still not have written this fic. Thanks Mumma, Love you xx

And last, but certainly by no means least, all of you readers. I know, I know, if this was an acceptance speech I'd have gotten the gong long ago. You are the majority of the reason that I write. I write for myself, of course, but also to share all of the Larry worlds that float around inside my brain with all of you. Thank you so much for coming on this journey with me. Your love and support doesn't go unnoticed, and it appreciated more than you'll ever know.

Quick disclaimer: Do not read while eating, walking, or if you need to go to the bathroom. Keep away from small children. Do not read while in the presence of your boss, grandmother, or anyone else lacking a sense of humour. Reader is responsible for any injuries incurred by not adhering to these warnings.

Once again I hope that you all enjoy this fic, and grow to love the characters as much as I do.
Happy reading.

All the love

Z xx

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter One

Hey pretty baby with the high heels on
You give me fever
Like I've never, ever known,
You're just a product of loveliness
I like the groove of your walk,
Your talk, your dress - Michael Jackson

A Proposition

“Please, Louis!” Liam is whining, and not for the first time this week either. “Please, just do this for me? I promise I won’t ask you for another thing.”

“Where have I heard that before?” Louis asks, throwing a pointed look over his shoulder at Liam from his current position, sprawled out on his tummy in the middle of his bed. “You said that last month when you asked me to pretend to be your boyfriend for your ex’s wedding! Why on Earth you even wanted to go to that pathetic excuse for nuptials is beyond me. You’re better off without her, Li. I’m glad you have finally seen the error of your ways and joined us over here on the dark side. We have cookies, you know,” Louis replies, winking at Liam salaciously. Liam responds by rolling his eyes at him, trying and failing to hide a smile. This only serves to make Louis smile like the cat that got the cream. He knows that Liam knows he’s right.

“My abrupt realisation about my sexual orientation has nothing to do with this, Louis! Stop changing the subject! Will you do this for me or won’t you?” Liam questions, as he folds his tattooed arms across his chest, a child like pout on his lips.

“Abrupt realisation my ass! You have been making goo-goo eyes at Zayn I’m-a-moody-and-misunderstood-dancer Malik since you realised that you A, have eyes and B, what and who a Zayn Malik is. Make Niall do it. He already prances about, he is part Leprechaun afterall. He’s already halfway to enjoying it. He would probably love that shit, live for it even,” Louis fires back, still not turning to look his friend in the eye. He knows that Liam is blushing at the mention of Zayn. He’s lost count of how many times he’s been able to reduce Liam to a mumbling, blushing mess at the mere mention of the man. There is no fucking way on God’s green Earth, however, that he is doing this. Hell will freeze over before he agrees to help Liam, with this specific request at least.

“I do not make goo-goo eyes at Zayn! And I already asked, Niall. I already told you that, or have you not been listening to me this entire time?”
Honestly, I stopped listening at the word ‘Jazzercise’ because that word does not go with ‘Louis Tomlinson’ in a sentence in any realm, land or dimension. I don’t know why you even bothered asking me in the first place. You knew I was never going to agree.” Louis doesn’t miss the exasperated sigh that escapes his friend’s lips, and he chuckles quietly to himself knowing that Liam will eventually give up. Louis will eventually get his way, and Liam will have to go to his idiotic Jazzercise class alone.

“Louis! Have I really been talking to myself for the past half an hour?” Louis has been listening to him, he swears he has. But he has heard this exact same speech at least three hundred and seventy six times before, so excuse him for being a little exasperated by it. Each time it’s a new sport or exercise regime that Liam tries and fails to get him to sign up for. First it was a running club. The very idea seems idiotic to Louis. Who needs a club to run? That’s what treadmills were invented for.

Then there was diving, which didn’t seem too bad to Louis until he realised he’d have to wear the tiniest speedos known to man, and dive head first off a springboard from a height of up to ten meters. He’s not opposed to tiny pants by any stretch of the imagination, but Tom Daley he is not. Then there was the time that Liam tried to get him to join his Badminton team, which did have its merits. Any game that requires equipment like ‘shuttlecocks’ is okay in his books. Louis does love a good cock, after all. That was until he’d turned up to the first practice match, only to find that all of Liam’s teammates were middle aged, wheezing men, in far too tight, far too tiny shorts, so he’d promptly turned right back around and left. Since then it has been another activity every other week for the last six months, Jazzercise being the latest. Which, so far, Liam has only stuck to because it means he gets to perv on the illusive Zayn Malik once a week. Louis is yet to get a glimpse of the man, but Liam assures him he is ‘hot as fuck’.

“Yes,” Louis deadpans, when he has in fact been listening to every word that Liam has been saying to him. He just likes to get a rise out of him, and Liam makes it so easy. Louis kind of feels bad sometimes, only sometimes mind you, because Liam looks so adorable when he gets this abandoned puppy look on his face. Damn him and his dreamy, brown, puppy dog eyes. Liam shouldn’t make it easy for him though. He knows how Louis is, so he has it coming to him in some ways.

“Come on, Lou...” and Liam is back to whining again. Of fucking course he is. Louis loves him, he really does, but he is going to scream if he has to hear about one more way to get him in shape. Louis thinks he is in perfectly good shape, thank you very much. He has an ass to rival Kim Kardashian. He, however, can eat six sausage and egg muffins for breakfast and retain said ass without even lifting a finger. Well she doesn’t lift a finger either, or a leg, or any other body part for that matter, her plastic surgeons do. He loves being him. You just don’t find genetics like his anymore, which is such a fucking shame. “You know I wouldn’t ask you to do this if I had another option,” Liam continues, and this record is so far beyond broken, has been dredged up so many times before, that Louis is considering renaming the poor thing Lazerus. “Please?” Louis considers this for a moment, and then considers how much longer Liam is going to stand there whining in his doorway if he says no. He heaves a heavy sigh then and speaks, regretting it as soon as the words are out of his mouth.

“What is it exactly that you want me to do, again?” Louis asks, even though he is paying attention. He knows exactly what Liam wants him to do, but if he has to participate in this stupidity, under extreme duress he might add, then Liam is damn well going to work for it. No freebies. Liam knows how allergic Louis is to exercise. He is probably going to break out in a rash if he so much as even dares say the word Jazzercise again.

Liam sighs, then begins explaining his request all over again, as if he is speaking to a small child. Which to be fair, Louis is half the time. Small and a child, even though he likes to pretend he’s big and a fully functioning, self aware adult. He’s not any of those things though. “Next week is our Jazzercise instructor’s birthday. In the spirit of that, he has decided to have a ‘come and try day’, and
we are all supposed to bring a friend along. If we do, we get two weeks of lessons free. Both of us will. What I need from you is to be my friend,” Liam says, accentuating the word for emphasis, “and come and try. Please, Lou.”

Louis rolls onto his back then, crossing his arms behind his head to prop his head up further on his pillow, his gaze trained on Liam. “But?” He says in response, arching a perfectly shaped and threaded eyebrow, after studying Liam for a few moments.

“But what?”

“There is always a ‘but’ Liam, don’t play me for a fool. What’s the catch?”

“The-- the catch is-- um-- the catch is you have to come dressed in an 80’s inspired workout outfit?” It comes out as more of a question than a statement and Liam’s gaze drops to the region of the Earth’s core as he mumbles out his reply, rubbing a tattooed hand over the back of his neck. Louis’ eyes widen and a maniacal laugh erupts from him, bouncing off the walls of the room. Liam cannot be fucking serious. Is he serious? He he has rocks in his head if he thinks that’s ever going to happen. Which it isn’t. Not in a month of fucking Sundays, or in this case, Saturdays. Not only does Liam want him to prance about to outdated music, in spandex no less, he also requires him to do this at the ass crack of dawn on a Saturday. Not. Fucking. Happening. He loves Liam to death. He really does, but in the immortal words of Meatloaf, ‘I would do anything for love, but I won’t do that’. Louis loves meatloaf, both the singer and the dish. He is nothing if not cultured. But you know what Louis doesn’t love? Mornings, exercise, and 80’s ‘fashion’.

“No wonder everyone else said no! No fucking way. It’s not happening. Do I look like Olivia Newton John to you?” Louis says, his maniacal laughter returning at Liam’s exasperated and slightly crestfallen expression.

“I’ll go and get you a bloody sweatband, and we can find out shall we?” Liam says, a bite to his tone Louis was not expecting. Louis opens his mouth to retaliate, but he is cut off by Liam’s continuing rant. “For fuck’s sake, Louis. Could you pull your head out of your ass and for once do something a little uncomfortable to help a friend out?” Louis can do little more than stare at his usually quiet and agreeable friend, his mouth opening and closing with no sound coming out. He knows Liam is right. He is always the first to lend a hand when Louis needs it, he just hates exercise is all. Anything but this, and he would have said yes in an instant. Then Liam hits him with the ‘hard ball’, the ‘game changer’ when he says, “Don’t make me bring up ‘the incident’ at the next group get together.” Louis’ face drops and his mood instantly sours. He glares at Liam, completely shocked that he is actually being threatened. Threatened by the man who would never harm a fucking fruit fly. He would probably share his watermelon with the damn thing.

“You wouldn’t fucking dare,” Louis says through gritted teeth.

“Try me. We have sworn each other to secrecy for years over that bloody night Louis, but don’t think I’m above blackmail to get what I want. At this point I’d consider sky writing it if it means you’ll agree,” Liam says in reply, not backing down from Louis this time, and suddenly Louis’ mind is racing. They can’t let that get out. Ever. He just can’t. And fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuckity fuck. He really is going to have to do this isn’t he? It’s either do this for Liam and risk embarrassment. Or say no and be humiliated beyond the human brain’s wildest imaginings. None of their friends will ever look at either of them the same way again. Louis simply cannot let this ruin their entire group dynamic. He doesn’t regret the incident. He had an amazing night that night, but he isn’t sure the rest of their friends would see it the same way, and so they have been keeping this dirty little secret between them for years. Fuck that. And fuck this. And fuck Liam, the asshole. He knows Louis will never risk people finding out about... that.
“Fuck. Fine,” Louis concedes with a huff after weighing up all of his other options. Which there are none. It’s do this or be exposed, and he doesn’t miss the way that Liam’s face lights up like a bloody Christmas tree. “I’ll go to your stupid Jazzercise class with you. I will, however, be wearing running shorts and a muscle tee because I left my ‘Physical’ outfit in my other pants,” Louis says, praying that Liam will take pity on him and at least let him out of having to dress up.

“I have two outfits. You aren’t getting out of it that easily.” Fuck it.

“This is fucking blackmail, you know,” Louis grumbles, folding his arms over his chest, continuing to glare at Liam, while Liam simply smiles back at him, his chocolate eyes crinkling at the corners with it. That good looking asshole.

“I know,” Liam responds, voice sweet as he blows a kiss in Louis’ direction, before he struts back down the hallway from which he came.

**The Englishman**

“That’s it! I’m not going!” Louis yells from deep inside the bowels of Liam’s walk in closet, stomping his foot dramatically.

“Yes you are, Jim Carrey. I have not been stood here waiting for you to, and I quote, ‘Bake your face to perfection’, for the last bloody hour for you to back out. Now get your ass out here! We are going to be late!”

Louis groans at his friend’s enthusiasm, rolling his eyes at the nickname. How dare he use his favourite holiday movie against him at a time like this! For starters, it is barely six on a fucking Saturday, and he’s been up since five to allow himself time to put on a full face of glam makeup, because it’s the only thing that’s going to save this monstrosity of an outfit. He has also had no coffee and about three quarters of a minute sleep after staying out far too late the night before. He has a hangover that could topple a Woolly Mammoth, and he is getting dressed for Liam’s stupid bloody Jazzercise class. Just fucking terrific. As if that isn’t already bad enough, Liam has been screaming at him to hurry up for the last ten minutes, in a far too chipper, far too loud tone of voice, and Louis wants to punch him on the nose. He just wants to sleep. Is that really too much to ask?

“Alright, Leeroy. Keep your bloody wig on!” Louis yells back, inspecting himself in Liam’s full length mirror again before resigning himself to the fact that he is awake, dressed like the long lost boyfriend of a member of The Village People, and it’s Saturday. Jesus, take the wheel or, in his case, the spandex.

“What did you call me?” Liam asks with a chuckle as Louis begrudgingly stomps his way out of the closet. Oh the irony. It probably doesn’t help that not only is he quoting an iconic scene from *The Grinch*, he now probably looks like he’s re-enacting it, too. He’ll take it. He always knew he was destined for an Oscar. A Tony at the very least.

“Leeroy. He’s your gay Jazzercise alter ego. *Obviously* ,” Louis replies as if this fact is common knowledge.

“Heeey! Enough of the gay talk! I’ve only ever kissed one boy!” Liam protests. Louis just laughs, regretting it the second a searing pain shoots through his skull and he winces. He really shouldn’t
have done so many body shots last night. But the guy was hotter than hell and had abs of steel. Was he really the one at fault here?

“You did a lot more than bloody kiss him, and I am painfully aware of that fact. But the last time I checked, Zayn Malik was the object of all of your affections and wet dreams, Leeroy. And from what you’ve said, which is a lot by the way, he is all man. Although, I don’t like your chances if he ever sees you in this get up.” Liam looks horrified by the prospect of Zayn seeing him in his chosen ‘outfit’. Good. If Louis has to leave the house looking like a better looking, snatched version of Aerobics Ken, then Liam should be equally as horrified by the prospect.

“At least my shorts cover my balls,” Liam retorts, snorting at the murderous look that Louis is now giving him. “Call me old fashioned, but I believe that your shorts should come down past your nutsack.”

“And who’s fault is that? Hmm? I cannot believe you stuck me with... this!” Louis exclaims, flailing his arms wildly up and down his body. “And why the fuck do you even own those?” He continues gesturing to Liam’s short jorts. “Those things are a crime against fashion and humanity, Liam. I cannot believe that you call yourself my friend while in possession of those.”

“They are from another costume, Lou! Calm down. There is no way I would wear these out of the house on a normal day.”

“I don’t even want to know what kind of party required you to wear those,” Louis replies. Abrupt sexuality realisation his left ass cheek. When Liam crosses his arms and looks anywhere but at Louis, his cheeks flushing a rosy shade of pink, Louis continues. “And what’s your excuse for this simply delightful ensemble then?” Louis gestures to his own outfit which consists of a white, fitted crop top, tiny, drill fabric blue shorts, tube socks, hideously outdated trainers and a sweatband. “My only saving grace is that my face is so beat no one is going to be looking at my nutsack!”

“You’re going to make me regret this aren’t you?” Liam asks then, instead of answering Louis’ question.

“You fucking bet I am. It’s Saturday and I’m awake before two. So in actuality it’s still Friday for any normal, sane person. I’m tired. I’m hungover as hell and the cherry on top is that I look like the poster boy for every middle aged man’s, twink wet dream. You know, the types to act like they are straight, but have a gay porn stash seven suitcases deep under their bed, hidden away from their Stepford wives and their 2.3 children. Not that it makes a lot of difference because they probably haven’t been able to see their poor excuse for an appendage since 1988! Of course I’m going to make you regret this. I said I would ‘come and try’; I never said anything about being happy about it.” Liam has the audacity, the audacity, to laugh in his face, which only serves to make Louis even more annoyed.

“Don’t be like that, Lou. You look great! I mean I’d kill to have an ass and thighs like yours.” Louis perks up at the praise, preening like the peacock he is. He really does have a spectacular ass doesn’t he? Especially in these tiny fitted shorts. Even if he is worried about poking someone’s eye out with his dick in the process. There isn’t a lot of fabric between his dick and the outside world, so if anything, at least this class won’t be boring. “How about I buy you a large double shot iced coffee and a sausage muffin on the way? But only if you quit bitching.”

“With egg and cheese?” Louis asks then, batting his long eyelashes at Liam, because priorities.

“Yes,” Liam chuckles, shaking his head at him. “With egg and cheese.”

“Deal.”
“One more thing,” Liam says then, just as Louis is halfway to Liam’s bedroom door.

“Whaaaaaat?” Louis whines, throwing his head backwards dramatically, his arms hanging limply at his sides. He is too tired for this shit. He almost, almost, doesn’t even want to know. When Liam says anything remotely in the realm of that, in that sickly sweet voice, it never means anything good. Louis closes his eyes and braces himself for the worst.

“Come and take a selfie with me.” Yup. It’s that fucking bad.

“No,” Louis deadpans. Not on his fucking Nelly is Liam getting photographic proof of him in this outfit. Which in itself is a gross exaggeration of the term. Louis has such cute clothes that he could have styled to perfection for this. All of them, wasted. Maybe he will suffer through another class just to show the rest of them what real fashion looks like. Maybe. But probably not.

“Please, Lou.” Liam gives him a pleading look, brown eyes far too large, bottom lip poking out. Louis hates himself because he breaks.

“Fine, but I want two muffins and a hash brown.” He was going to agree anyways, but if he has to do this, he may as well make it worth his while. Liam simply laughs at him and rolls his eyes.

“Fine, two muffins and a hash brown. Any other requests or objections your Highness?”

“Only the one,” Louis responds, pretending to flick fake luscious locks over his shoulders at the mention of Royalty. “If this selfie ends up anywhere near a social media site, I swear on Ru Paul’s bedazzled ass, I will skin you in your sleep with a rubber chicken.” Liam cackles at him then, his low budget, peroxide blonde wig bouncing around his head as he does so. The bright pink sweatband doing nothing to keep it in place. Louis continues to glare at him, hands on hips, but Liam is undeterred. That bastard. He is supposed to be scared of Louis.

“A rubber chicken!” Liam exclaims after a further two minutes of hysterical laughter, and by this point, Louis is beyond done with his abs-for-days ass. Laughing at Louis is probably how he got them in the first place. He seems to do that a lot, Louis has noticed. Liam should thank him for his washboard-like physique, instead of forcing him into his stupid workout-of-the-month hairbrained ideas.

Louis throws his hands in the air in exasperation as Liam continues to laugh at him, now bent double holding his stomach. Yep. That’s definitely how he got those abs that Louis would just about die for, that asshole. When Liam makes no move to stop and is gasping for air, Louis begins stomping out of the room, only to be caught by the wrist and yanked backwards into said abs of perfection.

Liam hugs him around the middle as Louis tries and fails to free himself from his iron grip. Liam peppers his face with kisses while Louis squeals and wriggles in his arms, yelling at him to not ruin his makeup, and before long, both of them are a laughing tangle of limbs. When tears are streaming down Louis’ face, which he prays won’t leave streaks in his foundation, and he goes floppy in Liam’s arms, Liam finally releases him with one final kiss to his cheek.

“Come on, tough guy. Take a selfie with me so we can go, or we won’t have time to get your muffins,” Liam says then, holding his phone up at a ridiculous angle, both of their faces filling the screen.

“Ugh! Fine,” Louis says in protest, but he isn’t really mad. He loves his own reflection. There is no way he is going to turn down the chance at a selfie. He’s already taken about thirty, but Liam doesn’t need to know that. He just likes to rile Liam up. All in good fun, of course.
Just as Liam snaps the picture, Louis crosses his eyes, making a weird face. The result is a thoughtful looking Liam and a goofy looking Louis, complete with sparkling cat and mouse ears, filling the screen. Perfect. Now they can get this shit show on the road, and Louis can finally get some food in his gut. How that is going to go combined with the nine tequila shots he had last night and Jazzercise he doesn’t know, but if he ends up sick, he will at least have an excuse to bow out. Maybe that way he will be able to keep this sickening makeup look and his dignity intact.

“Come on then, you Adonis, you. Let’s go,” Louis says then as Liam pockets his phone and grabs their bags of supplies from his bed.

“Love you too, Lou,” is all Liam says in reply, and they are out the door.

Half an hour later, after making a pit stop at the nearest fast food restaurant, and drawing far too many looks from the poor boy at the drive thru window, Liam pulls his car into the car park of their local dance studio. Louis is now sufficiently fed and buzzing on caffeine, which he hopes will see him through at least the first half of the class. Not that he is actually planning on doing too much. He is awake and he is here. What bloody more does Liam want? However, in the event that Liam manages to persuade him into actually participating, he is sure the class won’t go for anymore than thirty minutes, right? Right? Suddenly he is filled with dread, having not thought to ask Liam just how long the class goes for. He’d simply agreed to accompany him as his plus one and hadn’t thought to ask any questions. Louis isn’t even really sure what Jazzercise is. He hopes it is nothing like the horrifying videos he’s be watching all week on YouTube. Fuck. This is going to be a complete fucking disaster, he just knows it.

“You ready for the best ninety minutes of your life?” Liam asks then as he swings the car into the first available parking space. Louis chokes on a mouthful of iced coffee at his words, gagging on the straw, spraying it all over the pristine interior of Liam’s car.

“What!” Louis exclaims when he finally manages to stop coughing long enough to speak. Gasping for air in the process. “You’ve got to be fucking shitting me.”

“What?” Liam asks as if he is totally confused by Louis’ outburst. “A ninety minute class isn’t so bad. It’s only a half hour longer than usual. You’re cleaning that up, by the way,” he adds as an afterthought, gesturing to the coffee dripping from the dashboard.

“You owe me, sooo fucking big for this, Leeroy,” is all Louis says in return, before using his wad of napkins to mop up the sprayed iced coffee. Liam merely rolls his eyes, far too used to Louis and his theatrics. He knows Liam will probably end up cleaning it up with actual cleaner later, but this will suffice for now. Liam is a bit of a perfectionist, after all. The freak.

When Liam declares that his car is sufficiently iced coffee free, they collect their bags from the back seat and begin to make their way into the studio. Louis almost topples over from the weight of his bag, not having carried it out to the car in the first place.

“Jesus Christ, Liam! What’s in here? The bloody kitchen sink?” Liam rolls his eyes and shakes his head before answering.

“No, you big Nancy. It’s only water, a towel, and a couple of hand weights.”

“Weights!?” This just keeps getting better and fucking better. “No one said anything about weights!
What game are you trying to play, Leeroy?” Louis shoots back, speaking far too loudly, attracting the stares of other class attendees milling about the carpark. He notes that one particularly uptight looking woman glares at him, before walking away with her nose in the air. That’s right, keep walking Karen.

“Of course there are weights Vivien Leigh, now stop being a dramatic cry baby and let’s go! And I don’t want to hear another word out of you unless you are spoken to directly. Got it?” Liam says in a stern tone as if he is speaking to a petulant three year old, even going as far as poking Louis in the middle of his chest for dramatic effect. His scolding works, surprisingly, because suddenly Louis is speechless and he may or may not be slightly intimidated, and even a tiny bit turned on by his friend. He’ll never fucking admit to either of those things though. Louis doesn’t say another word, a bloody miracle he knows, as he nods his head vigorously and trails along behind Liam into the studio.

The studio is small, but feels cosy, Louis notes, raking his eyes over the small foyer. He was expecting it to be bland, clinical even, with untouched white walls and zero personality. So he is surprised to find that it is bright, airy and full of life. The walls are painted bright, inviting colours, with motivational posters, pictures of unrealistically fit dancers and potted plants filling the empty spaces. Maybe this won’t be so bad after all. Who is he kidding? It’s going to be a living nightmare. He is at a dance studio for Gucci’s sake, on a Saturday, in fucking short shorts. And they aren’t even cute short shorts! This was never going to end well.

They are greeted by a smiling woman in activewear sat behind the reception desk, which Louis thinks is kind of ironic given her job description doesn't actually require her to be active. Her smile wavers slightly as she takes in the sight of Louis and Liam as they make their way further into the building. She recovers quickly though, her smile now seeming extra wide and extra sunny. How is she smiling this early in the morning? Louis wants to know all of her hipster secrets. How is it that everyone around them is so… cheerful? Louis pushes the thought to the back of his mind. The answer to that question requires far too much analysing and brain power, that right now, he can’t afford to waste on such trivialities. He needs that for far more important things, like keeping is eyes open and remaining upright. He’s sure that the answer will contain things like adequate sleep and ‘green’ smoothies. He’d rather be exhausted with two muffins and not nearly enough coffee churning in his gut, thank you very much.

After Liam signs their names into a little book the receptionist hands him and collects their name stickers, which Louis snatches out of Liam’s hands writing ‘Leeroy’ on Liam’s and ‘Chadwick’ on his own, they finally make their way down a hallway behind reception, into the studio where the class is being held. The room is beginning to fill with people, all of them dressed in varying degrees of hideously coloured spandex. Louis feels like he may cry. His poor eyeballs will never be the same after this. They have never been assaulted so much in his entire life. This is even worse than the time he walked in on Niall, balls deep in a girl they knew from Uni. Definitely much, much worse than that. He’d take Niall’s pasty white ass over the sight before him in a fucking heartbeat.

Louis squeezes his eyes shut then, pinching the bridge of his nose, trying to rid himself of the sight of ‘Dave’, the extremely hairy man troll, wearing a tight, metallic blue, spandex jumpsuit. Honestly, it’s twenty-gay-teen. Have these people never heard of waxing? Or Razors? Or a mirror, perhaps? Beards are so 2012. He turns around then, aiming to drop his bag on the bench he is standing beside, eyes still shut, when he runs face first into a solid wall of muscle, his bag hitting the floor with a loud thud. Louis’ eyes fly open, and he wobbles a bit, almost falling into an uncерemonious heap on the floor. Before he can fall to his untimely demise, which would at least save him from this shit show, he is steadied by firm hands grabbing him by his shoulders. He looks up, coming face to face with the most spectacular looking man he has ever seen, with eyes the most intriguing shade of green, and a toothy, dimple filled grin. He reminds Louis of a very attractive bunny, and he isn’t quite sure if he should be turned on or endeared.
“Shit, I’m so sorry,” Louis manages to mumble out, attempting to apologise for almost knocking the man over, making to move a step backwards. His heart rate is suddenly through the roof and is it fucking warm in here? He can feel beads of sweat forming on his brow and top lip, his hands feeling decidedly sweaty. Eww. Louis hates sweat. It's such a common and unbecoming bodily function that he avoids at all costs under normal circumstances. His makeup is far too expensive to waste on sweat. Did Liam drag him to a sauna yoga class again instead of Jazzercise? He thought that was last month’s workout of choice, because it definitely feels hot in here.

“Don’t be sorry,” comes the rumbling voice of the handsome stranger standing before him, who still hasn’t let go of Louis. Louis’ skin feels like it is on fire where his massive shovel hands are touching him, a mere scrap of material separating the two, and he doesn’t know whether that is a good thing or a bad thing. “Are you ok?” The man asks, softer this time, as if trying to save Louis from any further embarrassment. Bless his bunny heart. Louis has been embarrassing himself since the June of 2012. That ship has fucking sailed. This is merely another reason to add to the already overwhelming list. Each spectacle as idiotic and misguided as the last.

It is then that Louis allows himself to take in the full appearance of the man standing before him. He is tall, a good six inches taller than Louis at least. Which really isn’t that difficult for anybody. Louis may tell people he is a respectable five feet, nine inches, but everyone and their Granny knows that he is full of shit. Besides being seven feet tall, the man has long, practically sinful legs and thick thighs that are currently encased in skin tight, baby pink spandex. Louis licks his lips involuntarily as images of those same thighs, wrapped tightly around his head, race through his mind. He swallows hard, trying and failing to dislodge the lump that has taken up residence in his windpipe and calm his now racing pulse.

Can the handsome stranger tell how worked up he is getting? Can he tell how much Louis wants to drop to his knees and give him the best blow job he’s ever fucking had, right this very moment? He fucking hopes not. Just because the man is wearing pink spandex doesn’t mean his is attracted to men. It may have been a dare. Or he could have been forced into it by his hot, pain in the ass roommate just like Louis was. That aside, Louis happens to think that anyone with eyeballs should be attracted to him. He is fucking gorgeous, if he does say so himself. He wasn’t awarded ‘Best Ass’ four years running for nothing. And don’t even get him started on ‘the incident’.

The man continues to stare at Louis, never removing his hands from his shoulders, waiting patiently for Louis to answer his question, but he is far too busy blatantly checking him out for such mundane things as answering questions. This man is perfection. He is fucking art. A perfect combination of giraffe legs, bunny teeth and Michelangelo’s ‘David’, however, Louis prays that he isn't as anatomically stunted as the aforementioned statue of male perfection. So what if it takes him thirty seconds longer than is socially acceptable to answer his question? He can fucking deal with it. He is the one still holding onto Louis, after all.

Louis continues to stare at him unabashedly. If he notices, he doesn't say anything. Paired with his baby pink spandex leggings are dusky pink legwarmers, that only serve to accentuate his obscene thighs even more. Louis wants to trail kisses from the man's ankles, all the way up to his prominent hip bones, that can be seen, even through his ensemble. He wonder’s briefly if his skin will taste like rose petals, or will it be something more masculine like dark chocolate or whisky?

A matching dusky pink, glitterati-esque leotard, with a deep scoop neck, that has even Victoria spilling her secrets, encases his slim waist and broad chest. Louis notices for the first time then, that Bunny Boy’s arms and chest are peppered with an assortment of intriguing tattoos. Louis wants to spend hours carefully inspecting every one of them, tracing them with delicate fingertips and asking him what they all represent and the stories behind them. Louis has an array of tattoos of his own, but his have mostly stemmed from drunken antics, dares and boredom. These seem much more thought
out and deliberate. If he wants to strip the man bare and trace every one with his tongue and brand them with his come, no one has to fucking know.

His dick twitches in interest at the prospect of seeing this perfect male specimen naked, and fuck. No. No, no, no, no, no. This cannot be happening. He simply cannot allow himself to get hard in these shorts. He wouldn't say that he is hung like a horse, but he was almost certainly a respectable third in line when God was dishing out dicks. It will end up poking out the top of his teeny tiny shorts, which his unflattering crop top is going to do nothing to hide, or end up hanging out the leg and he really isn't in the mood to be arrested for indecent exposure. Not today anyway. His days of public nudity are few and far between at best, these days. Besides. He's not nearly drunk enough.

Louis decides to focus on something a little safer, moving his gaze up from the man's enticing body to his downright beautiful face. And mistakes were fucking made. If Louis thought his body was to die for, it was nothing compared to the salacious smirk and deep, sinful dimples gracing his features. Sweet baby Jesus. Louis can feel his heart beating wildly in his chest again, as Bunny Boy continues to smirk down at him, a twinkle in his eye that Louis feels may not be strictly platonic. He still hasn't let go of Louis’ shoulders, and it is becoming increasingly hard to keep his dick from standing at attention. Fuck. And are they standing closer together? When the fuck did that happen?

They must be because now the scent of vanilla, tobacco and something Louis can’t quite place is filling his nostrils, his mouth watering with it. It is a heady combination mixed with Bunny Boy's radiating body heat that is slamming into him like a Tsunami. Shit. He’s fucking done for if he doesn't get a grip. And not on his dick. Which is what he really wishes he had a grip on right now. Either to stave off his hard on or to wank himself to the best orgasm of his life. Right now, with this God smirking down at him, with his defined arms and chest, his deep dimples Louis wants to lick, has he mentioned those fucking dimples? And mid length chocolate curls Louis so badly wants to reach out and run his fingers through, he is about to choose ‘What is coming? For two hundred thanks, Mike’. Louis shakes his head then, as if waking up from a dream, and is just about to finally answer Bunny Boy’s question, when he is promptly cut off by Liam. Lord give him fucking strength. Can he admire his future husband in peace please? Is that too much to fucking ask?

“I see you’ve found the Birthday boy,” Liam says as he comes to stand beside them, clapping Bunny Boy on the shoulder, which prompts him to drop his hands from where they are resting on Louis’ to wrap Liam in a tight hug. Where he had gotten off to Louis has no fucking idea. He was too busy indulging in some eye candy to notice. And excuse the fuck you Liam, but what!? Birthday boy? He can’t be fucking serious. He just can’t. This cannot be the infamous instructor who is responsible for the horror scene going on around them. “Happy Birthday, H.” He hears Liam say then, the sound muffled by Bunny Boy’s shoulder.

“That’s so nice to meet you, Chadwick is it?” He asks as he holds one large hand out towards Louis.
Louis doesn’t miss the assortment of rings adorning his ridiculously long fingers, and Louis is most certainly not imagining those same fingers in much more exciting places.

“Uh, yeah, Chadwick,” he says through gritted teeth, shaking the hand that is offered to him, attempting to glare daggers at Liam as he does so. He is far too distracted by the way that Bunny Boy’s hand eclipses his own, his grip reaching all the way up past his wrist. Fuck. Think of the man troll, think of the man troll, Louis repeats in his head on a loop, finding that Dave and his very unflattering spandex ensemble is effect for keeping his dick from poking anyone’s eye out. Liam, however, that puppy dog eyed, muscle bound idiot has his days numbered, as do his ads. “It’s nice to finally be here, uh…” Louis’ sentence trails off as he realises he doesn’t even know the man’s name.

He seems to catch on though because he says, in that fucking voice like dark chocolate and silk, “Oh, Harry. My name is, Harry.”

“He’s the instructor! Harry. The one with the curls and the tattoos in pink. He’s the instructor?” Louis asks Liam for the ninety-third time in the space of five minutes.

“Yes, Louis. He is the instructor. He was the instructor when you asked me the first time, and he will still be the instructor if you ask me another three hundred times. Harry Styles is the instructor. Happy?” Louis is spiralling. Of fucking course he would not only make an ass out of himself by almost knocking Harry over, he also has a major fucking crush on the man. Of. Fucking. Course. Why do things like this always happen to him? Why is he the one that has to suffer through a ninety minute Jazzercise class at seven a.m. on a Saturday? Why does his class instructor have to be a dream boat? Why? Louis thinks he must have done something especially heinous in a past life to deserve this much suffering. It’s the only explanation. Or maybe God is punishing him for being gay, flamboyant and fabulous. That’s probably it. But in Louis’ mind God is a woman, and she’s no doubt on her period. Usually his life isn’t this much of a Greek tragedy.

“Styles? That’s his last name? Of course his last name is Styles,” Louis replies, as if this is the only important piece of information that Liam is relaying to him. Surely that must be a stage name. Surely? No one is actually called Harry Styles. His name is probably Alex Smith or something equally pedestrian. He probably just uses it because it sounds cool paired with his English accent. That’s right. English accent. Fuck. Louis could come untouched just listening to him read the fucking phone book. Are those even still a thing? He knows he has one holding up the broken leg of their entertainment unit, but are they still in circulation? Either way, Harry’s voice is deep and dreamy and English. Enough said.

“For the love of God, Louis, quit with the theatrics, and get your shit together. Harry is the instructor. Yes, he is hot. Yes, he is English. Yes, you are doing this, and yes, you are going to fucking enjoy it,” Liam snaps at him, grabbing his things from his bag. He gives Louis another stern look and then makes his way to an empty spot in the middle of the room before Louis even has a chance to respond. Louis finally shuffles his way over to stand next to Liam when the shock of being reprimanded for the second time in about twenty minutes wears off, and Harry starts the class.

“Good morning everybody!” Harry says enthusiastically, his voice amplified and booming around the room. Fuck. If Louis didn’t have a headache before, he sure as hell is going too now. Why is everyone so loud? It’s seven a.m. on Saturday for heaven’s sake! Louis can’t be the only one who has noticed that small detail. What does he have to do? Tattoo it on his fucking forehead to get them all to slow down a little and talk a little more softly? Some people have a fucking hangover when
they’re all quite finished. Granted, the hangover is mostly his fault, but that’s besides the point.

It is then Louis looks up, noticing that Harry is standing in the middle of a slightly raised stage that is centred in the middle of the back wall, wearing an ear mic and a grin. He is greeted with a loud chorus of ‘Good morning, Harry’s’ and what are they, in grade two? “Before we begin today’s class,” Harry continues, when everyone is quiet again, “I would just like to take a moment to say a few words.” Louis crosses his arms over his chest and taps his foot impatiently. No wonder the class goes for ninety bloody minutes. Harry talks slower than anyone Louis has every met. They’ll be here until midday at this rate. Although, to be fair, if Harry wants to spend the entire class talking Louis isn’t going to complain. His voice is incredibly sexy, so it wouldn’t really be a chore. Plus, that means he’d get out of whatever torture Harry is about to lead them through. It would be a win, win all round really.

“Firstly, for those of you who don’t know me, my name is Harry…” Harry is promptly cut off by a round of cheers and wolf whistles from the assembled class. What? They’re acting like he’s a bloody celebrity or something. Harry flashes them a bashful smile, his left dimple pulling deep into his cheek, and Louis just about chokes on his own spit. Holy fucking shit. This man should come with a fucking warning label or something. Or perhaps a prescribed dosage: Take once, three times daily for best results. That is definitely something Louis could get behind, or in front of, or underneath, or on top of, as it were. Harry raises a ringed finger to his lips, shushing them, a small chuckle being carried by his mic. Fuck. Louis is not going to survive this class. Not with Harry at the helm.

“Yes, yes, thank you, thank you,” Harry says then, motioning with his hands for them to pipe down. When the class mostly quietens down again, he continues on. “Thank you all for coming. And thank you to all of my existing class members for embracing this so wholeheartedly. It means so much to me. You all look amazing! So thank you. Yes, I’m looking at you, Dave,” Harry adds, looking toward the hairy man troll standing three spots over to Louis’ right. The burly man chuckles, the rest of the class wolf whistling and cat calling once more. This is getting bloody ridiculous. If the actual class is going to be half as painful as this is, Louis is going to need at least three weeks to recover. And possibly nine more tequila shots. Maybe Harry will let him do them off his body this time? God he fucking hopes so.

“Secondly,” and of course there is more, “thank you to each of you for wishing me a Happy Birthday for yesterday. Evie and I had a great day.” Wait. Who the fuck is Evie? This man. Standing before them all, in baby pink spandex, has an Evie? No one is that comfortable with their sexuality. Or are they? Besides Louis, Harry may just be the exception. Louis looks more masculine than Harry does currently and that’s saying something. Now Louis is just fucking confused. There goes his body shots idea. Or maybe Harry just has a Pokémon obsession. There’s a Pokémon called Evie isn’t there? Or is it Eve? Louis is sure it’s one or the other though. He’s a Pikachu man himself, small and feisty, right up his alley, although he’ll never admit that he’s anything but big, but each to their own he supposes. Or maybe Evie is a potted Hydrangea or a Peace Lily, and they simply have a very close, albeit weird, ‘bond’. That sounds like a much more plausible explanation. He wouldn’t put that sort of questionable behaviour past anyone this enthusiastic about being in spandex this early in the morning.

Louis makes a mental note, however, to grill Liam about who this mystery Evie is later. Not that he cares. Not really. Okay so maybe he does care. This man is far too gorgeous to let slip through his fingers that easily. Besides Mr. Abs-of-Steel and Liam, Harry is the only man Louis has seen in months that doesn’t make him want to scratch his eyes out. “And last but not least, today, because we have so many new and exciting faces joining us,” Harry continues, and Louis rolls his eyes, “we will be running a modified programme so that everyone is able to have fun and enjoy the class.” Oh, well. That’s nice of him, Louis supposes. He could have been a complete ass hat and continued on with his regular class and got a right laugh out of all the newbies floundering. Louis decides then that
he likes this Bunny Boy. And not only because he has a spectacular body he wants to devour. Whether he will feel the same way by the end of the class, is yet to be determined.

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“Is everybody sweaty!” Harry yells out, bouncing from side to side on the balls of his feet, twisting his hips and swinging his arms to the opening beat of yet another, high energy dance track blaring through the large speakers on either side of the stage. “You all look amazing!” Louis doesn’t fucking feel amazing. He hasn’t sweat so much in his entire life. He just knows his makeup is running all over his face, and at one point, his left false eyelash had been flapping about in the breeze. He feels like a hot fucking mess, and he probably doesn’t look much better. His hair is soaked with sweat, droplets of it flying from it as he bounces along to the beat, a continuous trickle trailing down his spine, his crop top now a second, gross, uncomfortable skin. He wants so badly to run to the nearest shower. He feels dirty and agitated, and it is doing nothing to help him concentrate on keeping his dick in line. And if all of that wasn’t bad enough, Louis feels like he may vomit if Harry keeps this shit up much longer. “If you aren’t sweating it isn’t working!” Harry continues. Oh it’s fucking working alright. Louis just knows that he is going to be a whining cripple for days after this, his thighs, calves and ass are already on fire. Please God let this end soon.

“Alright! Now the real workout begins,” is Harry’s next sentence, and Louis freezes. What!? What have they just been doing for the last God knows how fucking long?

“I’m surprised you made it through the warm up,” Liam says, panting and breathing exaggeratedly as if he is in labour, as he continues to bob along to the beat with Harry. He has to be fucking joking. That was the warm up!? Of fucking course it was. Only health conscious nut jobs would sign themselves up for this level of immense torture. Just then, the studio doors fly open, banging off the wall behind them loudly. Everyone but Harry stops to stare at whoever it is that has made such a grand entrance. And fuck. No fucking way. It is Mr. Abs-of-Steel from last night. Louis feels like he wants to fucking vomit, for an entirely different reason now, the sight of him making the nine tequila shots churn in his stomach, and he prays to every and any God that is listening that the man doesn’t recognise him.

“Oh God. He’s here. Shit. I hoped he wasn’t going to show! Usually if he isn’t here by the warm up it means he isn’t coming. Fuck. I look ridiculous Louis! He’s going to think I’m a creep. Just look at these shorts!” Liam whispers furiously in Louis’ ear.

“Who?” Louis asks, and he has to agree, Liam does look ridiculous and those shorts are a major fashion faux pas. If Louis is excited and a little smug at the fact that Liam is sweating for an entirely different reason now, he doesn’t show it. That’ll teach him for embarrassing him in front of Harry.

“Zayn!” Liam hisses back as if this should be obvious. He begins tearing his now sweat soaked and frankly hideous jumper from his body then, his wig going lopsided on his head from the action. He quickly runs over to their bags, trying to stealthily readjust his wig, pink headband now askew, and Louis can’t help but to snigger at him as he watches Liam run around in a flap. He is a sight to see, really. Even in those hideous shorts. He had clearly forgone a shirt in favour of the ugly jumper, so now he is racing around the studio in his jorts and wig, chiselled abs out for all to see. Liam really does have the hots for this guy, huh? What he doesn’t know, though, is that mere hours ago Louis was sucking tequila out of Zayn’s belly button. He decides to refrain from mentioning that small detail to Liam unless absolutely necessary. He’d like his balls to remain attached to his body, thank you very much.
“Sorry ‘m late, Harry. Big night,” Is all he says by way of greeting, and Harry waves him off with a smile as he makes his way to the back of the room to put his bag down. Grabbing a towel, hand weights and a drink bottle he makes his way back to an empty spot somewhere to Louis’ left. It is then that Louis notices that Zayn isn’t dressed like the rest of them. He is simply wearing tight fitting purple workout pants, with a thin, swirling line pattern at the knees, and an off-the-shoulder, baggy t-shirt. It’s all very dancer chic if you ask Louis. Something he’d have considered wearing had he had the option to chose his own outfit.

“How did he get out of the 80s dress code?” Louis whispers to Liam, still not paying attention to Harry who is already half way through the first set of real exercises.

“Oh-- uh -- he teaches -- the ballet class-- that’s on next,” Liam pants out between aggressive elbow thrusts and leg kicks. “I guess -- it’s hard to-- teach ballet in-- in this get up,” he finishes as he does a particularly obscene body roll, his abs fluttering with the motion. Fuck. If Harry doesn’t give Louis a hard on, Liam just might.

It is then that Louis’ attention snaps back to Harry realising that Liam is copying what Harry is doing. Louis watches as he bounces four steps forward on the balls of his feet, takes four steps back again, swinging his hips as he goes, kicks his legs in a distinctly chorus line-esque manner, flails his arms like a lanky chicken, no doubt attempting some kind of coordinated elbow thrust, and then rolls the entire length of his body. Holy fucking shit. Louis doesn’t miss they way that Harry’s cock bounces in his spandex leggings and that only serves to make Louis even more turned on. Is he not wearing any underwear!? God Louis fucking hopes not. Why the hell is he grilling Liam about Zayn when his future husband is up there doing that!? Their eyes meet from across the room, just as Harry comes to the end of another set, rolling his body even more suggestively as he continues, if that is even fucking possible, all while never breaking eye contact with Louis. And is there something wrong with his face? Is he having a seizure or something? His eye does this weird fluttering thing, his head snaps in Louis’ direction and his face contorts into a half smile, half grimace.

Only when Harry’s smirk returns does Louis realise that Harry is trying, and failing, to wink at him. It takes everything Louis has not to erupt into a fit of the giggles. Instead, he decides to play Harry at his own game.  

Oh Bunny Boy, you ain’t seen nothing yet , Louis thinks to himself as he prepares to show Harry what he’s got. He may have earned a four year degree in Cosmetology at University, but his real major had been shaking his ass at Cartel nightclub every Friday and Saturday night.  Surely he could pull something out of his arsenal of booty shaking, body popping abilities to make him appear less like a newborn calf.

“One more time! With gusto!” Harry yells before repeating the pattern of moves. Which he simultaneously seems to make look sexy and uncoordinated. Louis is perpetually caught between turned on and endeared, but he needs to focus. If it’s gusto Harry wants, then it’s gusto he is going to fucking get. This is Louis’ moment to shine bright like the diamond he is! Or reflect, as it were. Diamonds don’t actually shine. He isn’t sure when this turned into ‘So You Think You Can Jazzercise’, but it has. Louis finds he isn’t mad. If this is what he has to do to impress Harry, then that’s what he’s going to do. Harry better be prepared because the hot tamale train is about pull right on into the fucking station. Right as the beat drops Louis launches himself into the moves, as gracefully and in as sexy a manner he can manage in his current half drunk, half asleep, kinda turned on state.

Louis finds Harry’s gaze, watching him prance about the stage. He reminds Louis of a very young Mick Jagger; it’s uncanny really now that the thought is in his head. Louis bounces on the balls of his feet taking the four jumps forwards as the beat changes, before swinging his hips like a Latin dancer as he takes another four steps backwards. Shakira had it right. Hips don’t fucking lie. Louis then shoots an arm out, using Liam’s sweaty, muscular back to keep himself upright and kicks his legs as
high as he can. And people used to tell him football was a waste of his time. Louis would like to see anyone else in the room kick their leg level with their face.

God, he hopes his dick and balls stay in his shorts, and that the tight briefs he chose to wear this morning do their job. All he needs is his dick to be flopping about in the wind when he is trying to impress his man. Well, he isn’t his man, yet, and that is precisely why this has to go to bloody plan. A flailing dick is definitely not in the game plan. Not today, anyway. There is plenty of time for that later. When he completes four rather spectacular eye-high kicks, that he didn’t even think he could do anymore, he raises his eyebrow in challenge, Harry’s gaze never having left his for a second. He sees it when Harry’s eyes widen, having thought him incapable of such things no doubt, before throwing his full weight into two double elbow pumps. He knows Liam is gaping at him, and he knows he is going to get twenty questions as soon as this class is over about where the hell he produced those moves from, but Liam can stare all he fucking likes. Louis is gonna get his man, one way or the other, if it fucking kills him.

This is it Top Dollar. Show time, Louis thinks to himself as he completes these same moves one more time, and just as the rest of the class is about to attempt to roll their bodies, Louis stands side onto Harry, winks at him, and then rolls his small frame like he has never rolled it before. He thinks he may have overdone it slightly with the eye-high kicks, and the body roll because he now has a pain in his ribs he didn’t have before. But it is worth it. He sees it when Harry flounders, almost tripping and falling off the stage. He stops for a split second, throwing his head back, and did he just groan into the mic? Sweet Mary and fucking Joseph, Louis hopes that is what he just heard. Harry shakes his head then as if to clear it, his chocolate curls bouncing wildly and then continues with another set of exercises as the middle of the song begins. Acting as though nothing ever happened. Game on Bunny Boy. Game on.
Chapter Two

C.O.C.K

It has been almost two weeks since Liam forced Louis to join his Jazzercise class with him, and so far Louis is no further forwards at snatching up Harry, his oblivious future husband, than he was before he went. Louis hadn’t realised just how much of a workout Jazzercise was going to be until after his first lesson, when he had spent the next three days walking around like he had a dick shoved up his ass. He swears if he ever hears the word ‘squat’ again he is liable to cry. His ass and thighs had never felt so sore in his life, so much so, that he’d waddled about like a penguin, which of course Liam had found incredibly funny. If he had his way, he’d have been waddling for an entirely different reason altogether.

It’s now Wednesday night, and it has been a full week since Louis has regained the full use of his legs. Thank fuck. Having to flop down onto the toilet in fear of bending his legs had gotten really old, really fucking quick. Louis is bored and wants to go out, having not really left the house due to the unfortunate post Jazzercise side effects, but Liam isn’t having a bar of it. Since when did Liam become such a Grandad? It’s probably those glasses he has been sporting lately. Granted he looks cute as hell in them, but Louis is convinced that they are responsible for Liam’s sudden need to be in bed by nine every night.

“Leeyum! Come and get drunk with me!” Louis is yelling from his bedroom which is completely unnecessary. He knows Liam can hear him from his place in the living room.

“I don’t want to go out, Lou. Not in the mood. You go and have fun though,” Liam replies at a much more respectable level, their flat isn’t exactly the Taj Mahal, there is no need to scream like a banshee. Louis can hear him perfectly.

“Why not? We haven’t been out for ages. What’s gotten into you lately?” Louis replies, still talking much louder than he has to.

“It’s-- it’s nothing.” Liam sounds sad, almost dejected, and Louis knows that something is clearly wrong with his friend. He has heard that tone in Liam’s voice more times than he’d like to, and he knows what he has to do. Now is not the time for his dramatic ass to be needy. Now is the time for him to be there for Liam.

Louis leaves his bedroom, piles of sequin covered shirts, tight leather pants and bordello heels now laying forgotten, scattered across the floor. He can go out and shake his tail feather another night. He’s sure that Tina will forgive him this once. He heads down the tiny hallway, and flops down into a heap on the squishy sofa next to Liam, who is hugging a grey fluffy throw pillow to his chest. Louis’ small frame sinks down into the cushions of the sofa, and he leans back into them. It has taken them the better part of three years to get this sofa to be this comfortable. Which may or may not be attributed to the amount of dance parties and extracurricular activities that have been conducted on it. When Liam doesn’t move or speak after a few moments, Louis lets his body flop to the side, his head landing on Liam’s shoulder. Liam moves his arm from where it is hugging the fluffy pillow, bringing it to loop around Louis’ waist, squeezing gently. Still he doesn’t make a move to say anything.
“You okay, honey?” Louis says in a soft, concerned voice.

“Yeah. ‘M ‘kay,” Liam mumbles out in response, and Louis knows that Liam is anything but okay.

“Bullshit. Wanna talk about it? Or should I just implement the C.O.C.K now?”

“The what?” Liam replies, his lips lifting up into a half a smile, as he stares with wide eyes at Louis.

“The C.O.C.K,” Louis says as if Liam should know exactly what he is talking about. “You know, the Crying Over Cock Kit. Chinese food, wine, cheesy movie. We do it all the time, Li! How is it that you don’t know that’s what its called?” Liam actually laughs at him this time, as Louis remains perfectly serious about the whole thing.

“Yeah, think you better get the C.O.C.K out for this one, Lou. But I’m choosing where we get food from this time.”

“Only if I get to choose the movie,” Louis wagers looking up at his friend through his eyelashes.

“Deal.”

“Okay, you go get the food, I’ll go get the wine and we will regroup here in twenty,” Louis says then, and without another word they are both up and off the sofa, stuffing keys and wallets into their pockets and are out the door.

“As for you Troy Donahue, I know what you wanna do,” Louis sings, perched on the back of their sofa with his legs crossed at the knees, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively at Liam. He is decked out in a purple button up shirt, yellow frilly boy legs and a blonde wig. He is nothing if not prepared.

“You’ve got your crust, I’m no object of lust, I’m just plain Sandra Dee.” Liam is laughing hysterically at this point, trying and failing to drink his wine without sloshing it all over himself. Louis’ plan to cheer up his best friend seems to be working, so he carries on, not the slightest bit ashamed that he can pull off a rather uncanny and downright Oscar worthy Rizzo performance.

“Elvis! Elvis! Let me be!” Louis squeals in a high pitched voice, bringing the hand that isn’t currently grasping at a large glass of wine to his chest. He jumps down onto the sofa beside Liam then, sending half empty boxes of noodles and Kung Pow Chicken flying to the floor. “Keep that pelvis far from me!” This time he tries to deepen his voice as much as he can, gyrating his hips, his wine sloshing from the glass only adding to the disarray around them. “Just keep you’re cool, now you’re starting to drool!” Louis leaps from the sofa then, standing in something that feels suspiciously like a half eaten omelette, before strutting around the coffee table as he finishes out the song.

When the movie cuts to the next scene, Liam claps and cheers enthusiastically, and Louis takes a dramatic bow, adjusting his blonde wig, waving his hands around in a dismissive gesture as if he isn’t soaking up Liam’s praise like a fucking sponge.

“Bravo! Bravo!” Liam continues to shout as Louis returns to the sofa and flops back down beside him, filling both of their glasses with more wine. “I didn’t know you had that in you, Lou.” He finishes as Louis hands him his now full glass.

“Have you fucking met me?” Louis asks, utterly scandalised. “Of course, I had that in me! One,
"Grease is my favourite movie. Two, Rizzo is my spirit animal, and three, I didn’t play Danny Zuko in the school play for nothing you know."

“You played Danny? I see you as more of a Kenickie actually,” Liam replies, his face soft, eyes thoughtful.

“So did I if I’m being perfectly honest. Although, that was until they told me who they had cast to play him. He was perfect. Same build and hair, with that smirk and swagger. He was fucking hot, Li. Right up your alley. It was then I realised that I would give my eye teeth to play Rizzo instead.”

“Wait!” Liam shouts through a laugh. “Is that when you realised?”

“That I was gay? God, no. But it was the first time I’d ever actually wanted to be fucked senseless by someone. So I guess, it’s kind of objective.” Liam and Louis both fall into a fit of the giggles then, before Liam’s face falls slightly, and the room falls into silence, save for Sandy singing to her paddling pool. Louis never did quite understand the relevance of that. What a children’s inflatable swimming pool had to do with a douchebag boy she hadn’t even fucked, he’d never know.

“So. You gonna tell me what’s got you so down?” Louis asks softly then, turning his body to face Liam, crossing his legs underneath him. Liam heaves a heavy sigh, but looks to Louis before speaking.

“Tomorrow is Valentine’s Day.” Oh for the love all that is holy. Louis should have known. That’s how ‘the incident’ happened in the first place.

“Oh, Li. Not this again,” Louis begins as delicately as he can. Liam looks as though he is on the verge of ugly crying thanks to the bottle of wine he’s drunk, and Louis is far too drunk and emotionally stunted to deal with that shit. “You know you don’t need some pretty eyed wanker with abs and… I dunno, a cock ring, to make you feel loved right?” He continues, hoping to lighten the mood a little. It seems to work, even if only a little bit, as Liam smiles slightly even as his eyes continue to water. “I love you. Our resident Leprechaun loves you. Even if we never see him much anymore. And your family love you. You know that right?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I know, Lou. I know you all love me. It’s-- It’s just not the same you know?” Louis has never been one for grand romantic gestures. Well, not coming from him anyway, and he’s never imagined himself settling down in a committed relationship. He’s never seen himself as the matching ‘His and His’ bathrobes type. Or in a relationship that after a fast paced, whirlwind twelve months ends with them hating how the other chews, complaining that the other never changes the bloody toilet roll and fighting over which shitty take out joint they are eating at because none of them can cook to save themselves. That isn’t his idea of love or a fun relationship. He’d rather have safe fun with multiple hot someone’s, than be tied down to a ball and chain and be miserable. So, no. He doesn’t know. But he isn’t about to tell Liam that.

“Yeah, Yeah, I know, Lou. I know you all love me. It’s-- It’s just not the same you know?” Louis gives Liam a cheeky wink, and watches as his face goes from one of sadness to horror, his cheeks draining of colour before flushing a bright red. Yes. He damn well better remember.

“God! Don’t fucking remind me. I’m still in therapy to this day!” Liam says dramatically, and Louis swats him playfully on the shoulder.

“Oi! Enough out of you. It was the most magical night of your fucking life, or so you said the next morning before you’d completely sobered up.” Louis laughs at the look of shame on Liam’s face and
leans in to kiss his cheek.

“I honestly cannot believe I slept with you that night. Cheryl and I had been split up all of a fucking hour, and here I was chasing after you like a lost fucking puppy. And I can’t even blame it on the tequila. I was fairly sober in the beginning.” Louis’ face lights up at Liam’s words, his eyes crinkling at the corners.

“I know, love. You are much better off without Chernobyl anyway. Then and now. And whether or not our friendship had a, questionable, start or not, I’m still glad I met you. And I’m still glad you let me hop on that dick and bounce on it like a pogo stick.”

“Louis! Oh Gods, don’t you ever fucking say something like that to me again! You were wearing a very realistic wig and bordello heels! I thought you were a woman!” Liam exclaims and covers his face with his hands as Louis cackles on the sofa next to him.

“I can’t help it! You make it too easy! Not to mention you have no excuses. We fucked Liam. I have a dick. Not as if I sucked you off in the toilets and you can claim plausible deniability!” Louis yells back through a laugh, clutching at his stomach, blonde wig bouncing around his chin. “But if it makes you feel any better, I’m willing to help you get someone else to ride your dick instead.”

“What do you mean?” Liam asks then when he feels it’s safe to remove his hands from his face, and Louis stops laughing abruptly, rolling his eyes.

“You really are completely fucking dense when you want to be aren’t you? Zayn! You bloody idiot. I’m gonna help you get Zayn out of his pants and into yours, and you’re gonna help me get Harry into mine. What do you say?”

“Yeah? How exactly are you going to do that?” Liam asks smirking at Louis after contemplating Louis’ proposition for a few moments.

“Never fear young Padawan. I have a plan. And the force is strong with this one.”

**Operation: Manhunt**

“Louis for Christ’s sake! I am not buying a matching outfit with you. *Especially* not a camo matching outfit. And you call me a fashion disaster! Even I know camo is so 2009.” It is the next day, and both Liam and Louis are sporting massive hangovers, trying their best to find much sexier outfits to wear to Jazzercise on Saturday. So far all that Louis has managed to accomplish is being loud, obnoxious and to embarrass Liam. Not too shabby for this time of the day if he does say so himself.

“But Leeyum! We’re going on a manhunt! Doo doodoo doodoo doo!” Louis replies in earnest, singing along to the tune of ‘We’re Going on a Bear Hunt’ and proceeds to fake prowl between the clothing racks. Liam simply shakes his head, his eyes rolling so far back he can probably see the inside of his skull. “Don’t act like you don’t know exactly what I’m talking about Liam! All I suggested was camo trackies or yoga pants. This is not a reboot of Ali G: Indahouse! A killer outfit is halfway to being confident. Have you never heard of the expression ‘fake it till you make it?’” Liam almost chokes on his own spit at Louis’ words before he quickly recovers, full belly laughs taking over him. Yes, yes. He can thank Louis’ later for his ab workout. Maybe he can mention it in his obituary or something.

“Ali G! Oh my God, Louis! I cannot believe you just made one of the worst pop culture references
of all time. How do you feel?”

“Fuck off, idiot. You knew what I meant! Regardless. Do you want to fuck Zayn or not? Or, have Zayn fuck you? I mean, whatever man, it’s all gravy. I know a few people who are versa—” Louis’ rambling rant about Liam’s preference to top or bottom is quickly cut off by Liam snapping a hand tightly over Louis’ mouth. His chocolate eyes boring holes into him, as they stare at him wide and unbelieving.

“Have you lost your fucking mind!?” Liam whispers, just loud enough to have emphasis, so that there is no mistaking that Liam is both embarrassed and pissed off, but quiet enough that no one else around them will hear. “Could you say that any louder? Why don’t you just say it over the tannoy for fuck’s sake.”

When Liam is convinced Louis isn’t going to start screaming again, he releases him. “What’s got your tighty whitey’s in a fucking knot? It’s true is it not?” Louis asks back, a hint of annoyance and hurt creeping into his tone. He crosses his arms over his chest and fixes Liam with a stare, mirroring Liam’s own expression.

“Yes, it’s bloody true, Louis! You know fine well it is! But you don’t have to tell the whole of Rebel Sports that!”

“Is it supposed to be a bloody secret? ‘Cause honey, let me tell you, you are sporting a very short haired, very gay, Tim Riggins vibe. And Taylor ‘Daddy’ Kisch you certainly are fucking not.”

“What are you trying to say?” Liam replies, losing some of his steam, crossing his arms over his chest in an indignant huff. He may as well stomp his bloody foot for good measure.

“That you look like a gay cowboy, Liam. That’s what I’m saying.” Liam rolls his eyes at Louis again, but doesn’t say anything in return because he knows Louis is right. Louis is always bloody right. Especially when it comes to Liam, and who he is dipping his dick into. He’s never had a very good poker face. Something about his mum threatening that the Boogey Man would gobble him up in his sleep if he lied. Unlike Liam, Louis had been the one to do the gobbling, so he was never afraid of shadows in the dark, or things hiding under his bed. The only thing hiding under Louis’ bed was his porn stash, until the world went digital, and a stash of lube and condoms. Proper planning prevents poor performances and all that.

“Okay, so I look like I’m gay and a cowboy,” Liam says after a few more moments, as Louis lets him come to terms with the fact that he isn’t nearly as straight as he thought he was. And doing an even worse job at hiding it. “Even though I’ve never been on a horse in my life.”

“That may be so,” Louis begins, a smug smile pulling at the corners of his lips, “but if you trust the plan, I’ll have you walking like you just got off of one.”

At Liam’s horrified expression, Louis claps him on the shoulder and steers him in the direction of the tracksuit bottoms and activewear. Poor Liam. Louis does kind of feel sorry for him. He doesn’t know what it’s like to be that confused over his sexuality. He always knew. He just became more flamboyant and outgoing as the years went by. But Louis has the feeling that shy, mysterious, Zayn is just the kind of person that Liam needs, and he’ll be damned if Liam won’t get his man. And if by some sordid twist of fate it turns out that Evie isn’t a tea cosy Harry has a fascination with, then Louis will have at least helped one of them get laid.

Friction Burn
“Come on Elton, you’re not going to have a chance to warm up your ass if you don’t hurry up. And I’m not listening to you complaining for another week again,” Liam says as Louis roughly sticks his name sticker, which says ‘Elton’ in big black letters, to the front of his white tank top that is poking through the opening of his hoodie. It is the first class Louis has been to since his unfortunate ass cheek incident, so he is taking no chances at fucking this up. Operation: Manhunt is now in full swing, and if he has been making Liam run him through all of the Jazzercise basics all week so as to avoid looking like a baby giraffe, then no one needs to know. He doesn’t want to be a baby anything unless it is Harry’s baby.

“What do you think my chances are of getting Harry to help me warm up my ass?” Louis shoots back, and Liam’s spluttering reaction does not disappoint.

“Louis! You are the absolute worst. Who even are you?”

“That’s Elton to you, Leeyum. It was only a joke, keep your bloody stubble on. I’d say hair but, hey, you don’t even have that going for you these days.” He is only joking, sort of. Maybe. Not really. He’d Katniss Everdeen himself for Harry to help him warm up his ass muscles in a fucking heartbeat. And hopefully he can get more than an awkward encounter and a smirk out of him today. Louis hopes that if Cupid is watching, he does his fucking job and doesn’t accidentally match make him with Dave. Louis shudders at the thought as he rounds the corner and walks through the doors of the studio behind Liam.

Louis is momentarily distracted by more thoughts of Dave, only this time he wishes they were of him in tight spandex and not the images currently frying his retinas from the inside out. And as if on cue, he runs right into…

“Harry.”

“Good morning tiny dancer,” Harry says to him then, as Louis bounces backwards off of his hard chest, that same smirk in place, his rumbling voice setting Louis’ skin alight. Yup. He is so fucking gone for this man already. He can’t be blamed though. Anyone with functioning eyeballs is gone for Harry. “It’s nice to have you back, again. I missed you last week.”

Hold the fuck up. Did he just call Louis tiny dancer? Good gods this man will be the literal death of him. Of all the Elton John songs to choose, he chooses Louis’ undisputed favourite. But that isn’t important right now. What is important is the rest of Harry’s greeting. Did he just say what Louis thinks he said? He can’t have. Surely. There is no fucking way he said ‘I missed you last week.’ No. Louis must have misheard him. That just has to be it, because if it isn’t Louis may just pass out at Harry’s feet.

“Sorry? My mind is all over the place this morning,” Louis mumbles back hoping that Harry will repeat what he said, in exactly the same way he just said it. Louis holds his breath as he waits for Harry’s answer.

“I said, it’s nice to have you back. I missed you last week.” And there it fucking is. ‘I missed you last week’. Louis feels like he could squeal with joy. He must have made quite the impression on Harry, or does he say this type of thing to all of his students that happen to miss a class because their ass cheeks took a beating? And it wasn’t even the fun kind of beating. He fucking hopes not.

“Oh, umm-- yeah, sorry about that. My ass cheeks were on fire for a week.” Louis doesn’t have to divulge this information to Harry, but he wants to see his reaction. And he is not disappointed. Harry’s eyes darken the most minute amount, his eyes going wide, and his lips part to form a sinful
‘o’ shape. Louis can tell he is fighting to suppress a moan.

Louis has made this exact face and seen plenty of others make it in his time. He wishes that Harry fucking would moan though. He wants nothing more than to hear the noises that Harry can make. Wants to be the reason for them. But this is... Progress. This is definitely progress. And if Louis is smug and smirking at Harry, he doesn’t give a shit. He wants Harry to know that he wants him. He doesn’t want that to be a secret. This isn’t Harry fucking Potter. There is no Chamber of Secrets. Although, he’d be all for looking his Harry’s basilisk in the eye, given the chance.

“Are--” Harry stops, his voice having dropped a few octaves and he clears his throat before beginning again. And are his hands on Louis’ hips? Oh please God let that be real, and not Louis’ overactive and horny imagination. Harry squeezes Louis’ hips a fraction tighter as he begins to speak again. Yup. He is definitely holding Louis’ hips. Holy fucking shit. “Are your arse cheeks feeling better?” Holy fuck. Louis wasn’t prepared for those words to come out of Harry’s obscene mouth. Yet there they are. Spoken between them on a gravelly whisper. Almost like a secret. There they go with the fucking secrets again. Louis only has one chamber he wants Harry to be inside of, and it sure as hell isn’t full of fucking secrets. But if he wants to keep talking to Louis in that low, melodic voice of his, who is Louis to argue? More power to him. An evil thought enters Louis’ brain then, and he decides to throw caution to the wind and go for it.

“Why don’t you have a f--” Louis is abruptly cut off half way through his sentence by none other than Liam. Fuck. He keeps saying he is going to off him in his sleep. He may actually do it this time.

“Lou! Oh there you are. Oh hey, Harry, how’s it going?” Harry gives Louis a look then that he can’t quite process. He’s trying to communicate something to Louis he just knows it. He just can’t for the life of him work out what. Now he knows how Marlin felt in Finding Nemo.

“Hey, Liam. Yeah, great lad. You?” Harry replies politely, his voice back to its usual tone as he lets go of Louis as if he’s been burned. And what? How the fuck does he do that? And what was that about?

“Can I steal Louis for a minute?”

“Louis, huh? The name suits you,” Is all Harry says in reply, smiles at both of them, then walks away.

“Are you fucking kidding me? What is so fucking urgent that you needed me right this bloody second?” Louis questions, rounding on Liam the moment Harry is out of ear shot.

“Oh, umm. I'm sorry, Lou. Were you in the middle of something?” Louis rubs at both of his earlobes in a soothing gesture. Woosah. Woosah. Count to ten. Don't kill the simpleton. Louis repeats this in his head for a few seconds before he answers Liam’s question.

“Yes, we were in the middle of something. He just asked me if my ass was feeling better. What happened to ‘Operation: Manhunt’? I can’t hunt my man if some bumbling idiot keeps scaring off the game!” Louis doesn’t mean to be so harsh. He just felt like he and Harry were fucking getting somewhere. This is the first time they’ve spoken more than a few words to each other, and Liam had to fucking ruin it. He knows Liam didn’t mean to and didn’t expect him to know, but still.

“I-- I’m sorry, Lou. I was just so excited, and I wanted to tell you. I didn’t even think.” Liam looks at his feet then, his toes turned inwards. Louis lets out a loud sigh. He feels bad for yelling at his friend. He knows he didn’t do it on purpose. But wait. What has him so excited?

“I’m sorry, too. I didn’t mean to yell at you. What is it you wanted to tell me?”
“Well, umm. Zayn is here.” Louis’ interest is piqued as he watches his friend turn a rosy shade of pink, a gigawatt smile breaking out on his face. “And well, umm— he asked me if I maybe wanna grab lunch later?” He says it as more of a question than a statement, but Louis can’t help the smile that splits his face at his friends news. One down. One to go.

“Li! That’s amazing. What did you say?”

“I said I’d love too.”

“Then why do you look so terrified? It’s only lunch. He didn’t ask you to marry him or suck his dick or anything. Did he?” Liam’s eyes go wide as Louis finishes his sentence, and he smirks back at him. If anything Louis needs to take this time to help Liam work on his confidence. If that means he gets to show off for Harry in the process, he won’t complain. It was part of the game plan anyway. Zaynie boy has just expedited the process a little. No matter. Louis always has a Plan B.

“No! Of course he didn’t. He seemed pretty shy to ask me to be fair.”

“Well then. You’re a match made in heaven. Now. Get your sexy ass in there and show him what you’ve got. We need to impress our men with our Jazzercise prowess. And I’ll have no half-assing it today. It’s showtime.” Liam laughs as Louis saunters into the studio, swinging his hips, shoulders back head held high. Confidence is the sexiest accessory a person can wear, so says Louis, and today they will be oozing it by the bucket load.

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“Good morning everyone! Thank you all for coming. I hope everyone had a wonderful Valentine’s Day on Thursday,” Harry begins in greeting. Louis’ gaze shoots to Liam, and he is happy to note that he is too busy making love heart eyes and drooling at Zayn to notice what Harry is saying. Good. All he needs is Liam getting the sads over his abysmal love life and fucking up their plans. Although, if all of the sparkly red and pink hearts dangling from the ceiling weren’t enough to have Liam crying in a corner, Louis doubts anything will. “I am so glad to see so many new faces returning. I am happy that you have all decided to continue on with us.”

Harry is generalising, but his gaze is burning a hole right into Louis’s soul as he speaks, therefore Louis takes the opportunity to rid himself of his hoodie. He never breaks eye contact with Harry as he slowly, agonizingly slowly, unzips his hoodie before shrugging out of it, his collar bones popping and deepening with the movement, and he knows that Harry notices. His breathing has changed, and his voice has dropped another octave or two, all being carried over the mic, however no one else seems to notice. But Louis notices. Louis smirks at him, hands on hips, flexing his calf muscles as Harry fumbles over his words for a moment, before taking a deep breath and continuing on. Yes. This is definitely working. Louis is definitely affecting Harry. That still doesn’t answer the question of who the fuck is Evie? Louis makes a mental note to try and find some answers before the end of class. He tried to ask Liam, but Harry has never elaborated on who Evie is in the time he has been attending Harry’s class.

“So. In the spirit of Valentine’s Day, we will be running another modified programme. Nothing too drastic, just a few favourites of mine to get everyone in the mood,” Harry explains, wiggling his eyebrows and shaking his hips at the assembled class. Oh this Louis just has to see. What could Harry possibly do to make Jazzercise sexy? “We have done this warm up before, and yes, I know, it is pretty suggestive. But it was the eighties, and it’s a classic. So let’s get to it ladies shall we?”
Did Harry just refer to the entire class as ‘ladies’? He did. And yet no one batted an eyelid. Interesting. Louis merely adds this titbit of information to his ever expanding list of things that make Harry, Harry, and prepares himself for their ‘suggestive’ warm up with his eye roll at the word intact.

The music starts moments later, and it’s some cheesy eighties track that Louis can’t name but sounds vaguely familiar. He is too busy trying to decipher where he has heard it before when he hears Harry speak into the mic, and he was not fucking prepared. Not even a little bit.

“And one, two, three, go, head,” Harry shouts over the thumping music before he starts rolling his neck, flicking his head from side to side as he does so, his mid length curls bouncing and flying with the force of it. “Like you mean it! Remember if you aren’t sweating…”

“And arms! And up, and down, and up, and down,” Harry continues on, raising his arms up over his head not unlike a ballerina would, then back down to the region of his groin before repeating the action. Harry’s entire torso ripples under his tank top as he moves his arms up and down. Sweat is starting to form on his brow and neck, the baby curls at the nape beginning to darken with it, and Louis may or may not want to fucking come at the mere sight of him. This shit should be fucking illegal. And his parents say that they are a sex crazed generation. They had great bloody teachers if that is the case, because there is nothing PG about what Harry is currently doing.

“And thrust in, and thrust out, and thrust in, and thrust out. Keep those legs firm everyone! That’s it, feel it in your calves and your thighs. Thrust those hips!” Oh for fuck’s sake. He cannot be fucking serious. But he is fucking serious, and before Louis’ brain can process another thought, Harry is thrusting his dick in Louis’ direction, the force of his movements making his rather well endowed member flop and bounce. Fuck. Holy fucking shit. Just fuck. Louis can’t do this. He cannot possibly keep his cool.

Harry’s shorts have ridden up his thighs, a peak of an as yet undiscovered tattoo showing as he crouches lower, his hips still thrusting and gyrating and is no one else seeing this? How is everyone else so calm and collected? Louis is sweating buckets, his breath coming in short huffs, and he knows fine well that it’s only partly to do with the warm up and mostly to do with Harry fucking Styles. Is nobody else in the room currently imagining Harry using those powerful legs to thrust his big dick into them? They better fucking not be, or Louis may murder someone.

“Not too fast, nice and slow. Feel it in your hips. Make love to the music,” Harry carries on, and did he seriously say that? People actually say lines like ‘make love to the music’, and they aren’t in some cheesy romantic comedy. Louis scrunches his eyes closed as he continues to thrust his hips backwards and forwards at a steady pace, feeling only a little sorry for the poor person standing behind him who is now getting an eyeful of his ass. He has no fucking idea what Harry is playing at, but he doesn’t want him to stop either. He also cannot be blamed if he spends the rest of the lesson attempting to hide a hard on because this is downright pornographic. He makes a mental note to offer
to pay for Liam and Zayn to go on a date. If it hadn’t been for Liam’s insistence that he join him, Louis never would have met Harry. Although, he never would have given himself friction burn on his dick wanking off to thoughts of Harry if he hadn’t either. He decides then to hold off on praising his friend until his dick has friction burn for an entirely different reason.

When Louis opens his eyes again Harry is smirking at him, having changed the movement when Louis’ eyes had been closed, the asshole. Louis can feel his cheeks heating with embarrassment and enough is enough. If Harry wants to play this game then Louis is going to show him how it’s done.

“And shoulder,” Harry says, his hands braced on his bent knees as he dips one shoulder as far across his body as he can go. “And shoulder,” he repeats, doing the same with the other, stretching his muscular back, his whole body flexing with it. “And shoulder, and shoulder, and shoulder, and shoulder,” he continues, alternating each shoulder in quicker succession. Louis takes it in his stride, bracing his legs wide, his small hands holding firmly onto his knees as he moves his body to the beat of the music alternating each shoulder, moving his body as seductively as he can. He bites his lip when Harry looks at him, throwing in a head roll to add to the overall effect, and he is happy to note that the front of Harry’s baggy shorts looks decidedly tighter. Game on, Styles.

“And back up. From the pelvis.” Harry releases his knees, using his pelvis to thrust upwards to the beat so that he has returned to an almost upright position. “Now thrust like you mean it. And pelvis, and thrust, and pelvis, and thrust. Yes Dave, you know that’s how I like it, baby,” Harry says, pointing at Dave and attempting to wink as he pistons his hips. His dick seems less floppy in his shorts now, and his outburst is followed by rousing laughter as Dave places his hands behind his head, thrusting his hips back at Harry. It’s all fucking ridiculous really. Thirty grown ass adults thrusting and sweating and gyrating their hips to chronic eighties dance anthems, but surprisingly enough it’s a fucking work out, and Louis is getting harder in his not so baggy tracksuit pants as the seconds go by. And he won’t admit it to anyone who asks him, but he really is having a ball. Fuck. He hates it when Liam is right.

Harry continues on like this, thrusting his hips from side to side, for what possibly could have been hours, Louis doesn’t fucking know. All he knows is that his dick is rock hard and throbbing, each thrust or movement of his hips causing it to throb painfully as it rubs against his tight boxers. Fuck. Harry really needs to put a stop to this soon before Louis comes in his pants like a horny fucking teenager.

“Now look me in the eyes,” Harry says, and Louis is confused but stares into his green eyes. Their gazes lock, a sinful look being reflected back at Louis from within their depths. They stay like that for a few seconds, before Harry’s plump lips pull up into a salacious smirk, and he says, “Now, get on your back for me.” Louis swears under his breath. Holy fucking shit. Can he say that? Can he be this erotic? This is supposed to be Jazzercise! A work out plan for forty year old soccer mums whose names are Deborah, Karen and Susan. Who’s idea of a great night is playing five uninterrupted games of Yazi, getting hammered off three glasses of cheap fizzy wine and falling into bed with their closeted gay husbands by ten. Not… this! Fuck. It’s no wonder it’s taken off again if all of the instructors are like Harry.

It’s then that Louis remembers that Liam and Zayn have been next to him this entire time. They both snigger at him as they lay down on the floor on their backs, their bodies now facing side on to the stage, so that they can continue to follow along. The cool floor feels amazing against Louis’ overheated skin, and he takes a few moments to take some deep breaths before Harry begins again, praying that no one else, and especially not Harry, notices the tent in his tracksuit pants. It is impressive, that is not the reason for his embarrassment though. He is in a class of thirty strangers he barely knows save for three, and he really doesn’t want to have people side eyeing him for the rest of the class. He doesn’t want to be labelled the pervert who can’t keep his dick under control.
“Now spread those legs, nice and wide, and clench that ass, now thrust.” Sweet baby Jesus, Louis isn’t sure he is going to be able to hold off an orgasm for much longer. Not if Harry keeps up this downright obscene dirty talk. Although to be fair, it’s only dirty to Louis. No one else is angling to fuck his future husband, although he is keeping a close eye on his favourite man troll. He is becoming quite fond of Dave, and he would hate for anything horrible to happen to him. He isn’t above sending some cement boots in the mail though.

Louis does as Harry instructs, parting his legs to brace himself, before he clenches his ass and begins thrusting his pelvis towards the ceiling. At least, he knows that Harry is definitely a top. No bottom is this obsessed with thrusting. No fucking way are they. Shit. Now all Louis can think about is riding Harry’s massive cock as he uses those unholy thighs to buck his hips up into him. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Just… fuck. He is going to have to relieve himself in the nearest bathroom when this warm up is over, which according to Harry’s rumbling voice it almost is. Thank fuck for that.

Luckily for him at the rate Harry is going that is only going to require three quick tugs, and he’ll be coming harder than he thinks he ever has. As soon as Harry jumps to his feet and the music stops the class begins clapping and cheering, congratulating each other on a great warm up. Harry tells them all to take five to get a drink, and Louis uses that time to excuse himself, running out the doors of the studio in search of the nearest toilet, Liam and Zayn smirking at him as he goes. Fuck them, and fuck Harry for getting him so worked up. He needs to come, and he needs to come right fucking now.

Friction burn be damned.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and comments always appreciated.

Come say hi to me on Twitter : @TheirGoldenFool

All the love

Z x
Chapter Three

Chapter Summary

What do dirt smoothies, Carley Rae Jepson and hipster cafes have in common?

Call Me Maybe?

Louis’ tank top and tracksuit bottoms are sticking to his body like a second skin, and he is glad to note that Harry isn’t faring much better. His curls are completely damp, his cheeks flushed a delicate pink, and his chest is rising and falling rapidly as he tries to drag air into his lungs, just like Louis. He looks stunning, with his full lips parted allowing the air to rush in and out, his hands on his hips, his green eyes looking glassy. He looks completely fucked out, and Louis wants to see him like this, naked and panting and for his eyes only. Louis wants Harry more than he has ever wanted anything, save maybe for those front row seats to Beyoncé, but that’s besides the point. Harry is tall and gorgeous, and Louis is going to stop at nothing to make him his.

They are at the end of yet another Jazzercise lesson, and if Louis says that he doesn’t count down the hours until 7am on Saturday from one week’s end to the next, then he would be fucking lying. He has come to enjoy his weekly Jazzercise class, which Liam can’t be any more smug about, and not only does he get to enjoy watching Harry shake his ass for sixty minutes once a week, Louis is also in the best shape he has been in in a long time. The icing on the cake would be a date with a happy ending with Harry, and Louis has a feeling that they may be nearing a breakthrough on that front. They have been playing a game of cat and mouse since their very first meeting, and Louis is struggling to find a way to get Harry on his own. He isn’t one hundred percent sure of Harry’s sexuality, and try as he might he still cannot get anyone to tell him who the fuck Evie is, and it’s all becoming very frustrating.

So when Harry corners Louis as he is about to make his way out of the studio with Liam at the end of his sixth consecutive lesson, he can’t help the look of shock that spreads across his face.

“Louis…” Harry says, grabbing Louis by the elbow just as he steps over the threshold, effectively halting Louis in his tracks. This is definitely a development. Usually the only time Harry touches or speaks to Louis directly is when he runs face first into him. Not that Louis particularly minds having his face that close to any part of Harry’s body.

“Harry. Is everything okay?” Louis asks as he turns to face him, sparks of electricity coursing through his body from where Harry’s hand is making contact with his skin. As always, Harry hasn’t let Louis go, continuing to hold onto his elbow gently, as if he can’t control himself. As if he just has to be touching Louis in some way. Fuck. Louis isn’t about to fucking complain. Harry can touch him wherever and whenever he likes, as a matter of fact.

“Oh-- umm, yeah. Everything is fine. Everything is great, in fact. I was umm-- I was just wondering if umm-- if you are busy now?” Harry asks, and is he blushing? Surely not. Is this the same man that had Louis wanking off in the toilet a few weeks ago? He looks like Harry, and sounds like Harry, but he is shy and blushing, and Louis’ heart is fucking melting with it. Fuck. This man really is a walking, talking contradiction, and Louis for the life of him can’t work him out. He is like a Rubik’s
cube. Multifaceted and hard to crack, but worth all of the effort in the end. Yes. That is a very accurate assessment of the enigmatic Mr. Styles. He is intrigued to know where Harry is going with this, so he smiles up at him, trying to show him that it is okay to ask whatever question is burning a hole in his tongue.

“No. No I don’t think so. I usually don’t plan for anything straight after Jazzercise. I have work later this afternoon. But nothing right now,” Louis replies, trying as hard as he can to sound nonchalant and not over the fucking moon excited by what Harry is about to say. Clearly there is a reason for wanting to know if Louis has any plans now. Plus Louis hardly thinks wanking in the bathroom directly after class would classify as straight.

“Oh-- well, that's good. Umm-- I only ask because, well, shit why is this so hard?” Harry rambles, and Louis is convinced he is speaking faster than Louis has ever heard him speak. Which is still a lot slower than the average person. Louis places his hand on Harry’s hip then, and Harry lets out a rush of air, taking a deep breath and flashing Louis a shy, dimple filled grin before he tries again. “Sorry. I’m nervous.”

“Don’t be. Just say whatever it is you have to say, Harry.”

“Umm-- I was wondering if you maybe wanted to go get a smoothie or something? I usually go get one straight after class, and I was wondering if you wanted to join me?” Fuck. Did Harry just ask him out on a date? Well, a date for a smoothie, but still, did he? Fuck. It’s happening. It’s finally bloody happening, and Louis struggles to resist the urge to jump up and down on the spot like a giddy teenager.

“Oh, yeah. Yeah, I’d love that,” Louis replies, and he gives himself a mental pat on the back for managing to keep his cool about the whole thing. How long that will last though, he has no idea. “I’ll just have to let Liam know where to come and pick me up from later. I think he’s off snogging the face off Zayn somewhere.” Harry laughs at him then, and it is a magnificent sound. Louis can’t help the fond expression that covers his face, and he finds he doesn’t really want to either. Harry is beautiful, sexy and sweet, and he deserves to be told these things about himself. Louis just hopes that he can be the one to tell him before someone else does.

“No need. I can drive you home later. Unless-- uh, unless you would prefer to have Liam pick you up?”

“No. It’s okay. I’m sure you can’t possibly be as uncoordinated at driving as you are at everything else,” Louis quips back, and when Harry whines at him, his dick twitches. Fuck. He can do this. He can make his dick behave. He thinks. He hopes. He hasn’t seemed to be able to yet, though.

“Heeeeey, that’s no fair,” Harry says, and Louis just laughs at him.

“No one said anything about fair, love,” Louis replies, winking at Harry. Much more successfully than Harry is able to wink at him, he might he add. Harry scrunches his nose at Louis in the way that Louis has come to associate with Harry being shy or trying to hide a smile. “Shall we then?” Harry asks, and he sounds like he is regaining some of his earlier confidence now that Louis has agreed to go with him. Good. It will be much more fun this way.

“Lead the way,” Louis says in reply, and they both head out of the studio and into the carpark.
Harry pulls up at the front of a questionable looking shop front, that looks more like a house than a café, ten minutes later, and Louis is starting to regret his decision to go on a smoothie date with Harry. What does he want with a bloody smoothie? His idea of a smoothie is two shots of coffee, three scoops of vanilla ice cream, topped with iced coffee and blend. That isn’t even taking into consideration the metric fuck tonne of whipped cream he usually adds afterwards. He highly doubts that this is the kind of place that is going to offer him that. He tries to remain calm about the whole thing, though, but he feels uneasy all of a sudden. He tries to stealthily take a deep breath and think about this logically. An entirely new experience for him, he knows. He never does anything logically. But he is with Harry. Alone. That’s all that really matters here.

He is sure that the café will sell water from the bloody fountain of youth, or something as equally ridiculous that he can have as an alternative, surely. Which will probably cost him a weeks rent because that is how these hipster cafes work. He just has to get through this and not make himself look like a complete fucking idiot, and it’ll be plain sailing from there. Louis’ inner thoughts must be plastered across his face, however, because just as he is about to ask Harry if he is ready to go inside, Harry speaks.

“Lou, are you okay?” Fuck. He’s been found out. Wait, did Harry just call him Lou? Oh Gods. He’ll drink a bloody cow pat smoothie if he has to if Harry keeps talking to him in that soft tone, the way the nickname rolls of his tongue like liquid gold.

“Oh-- uh yeah. Yeah, I’m fine. Just uh-- smoothies aren’t really my thing. Don’t think I’ve ever had one that doesn’t come from a drive thru window. And by smoothie I mean a coffee frappe that probably has enough calories in it to sink the Titanic,” Louis says. He feels like he can be honest with Harry. He has never pretended to be something he is not in his life, except sober. He’s pretended to be that more times than he can count. How else was he supposed to make it through his University years?

Harry chuckles at Louis’ admission, his right dimple pulling deeper into his cheek than the left, his head tilted slightly away from Louis, the sun making beautiful patterns in his wayward curls, and he looks devastating.

“That’s okay. I’m sure they have something on the menu to suit your tastes. Actually, I think they have a smoothie with chocolate in it if that helps,” Harry supplies and okay. Maybe this won’t be a complete fucking disaster after all. Louis takes a few seconds to continue admiring him, and he can see a blush creeping up Harry’s cheeks. He wants so fucking badly to lean across the space between them and kiss him. But he won’t. Not now anyway.

“Oh, well in that case, shall we?” Louis asks instead, and he knows he has a stupidly fond smile on his face because he just can’t help it around Harry. Harry simultaneously makes his dick hard, and his heart soft and he just... can’t.

“Of course,” Harry says back, his smile only growing wider, and suddenly Louis never wants this date, if it even is that, to end. He wants to get to know Harry. This Harry. This soft kitten version of him. He also wants to further explore the sexy, sinful side of him, and he is currently battling with which version of Harry he wants to get to know more. Fuck it. He doesn’t give a shit which side he gets to see right now, so long as he can become intimately acquainted with both of them, eventually.

The inside of the café is as Louis expected. It is small, with industrial pendant lights made from black poly pipe suspended above each table, the menu displayed on a handwritten chalk board behind the
counter, with a few plush Chesterfield sofas that Louis notes are available, thank God. There is no fucking way he is sitting on one of the uncomfortable looking metal chairs at the other tables. Not after he just spent the last hour shaking his ass with Harry. Although, he’d much prefer to be shaking his ass with Harry in a completely different way, but that’s besides the bloody point. It is kind of cozy, the vintage light bulbs giving the small space a warm, orange glow, and Louis finds, besides their questionable taste in smoothies and chairs, he can see why Harry likes the place.

A wall to his right is filled with hooks and an odd assortment of coffee mugs hanging from them catches his eye as they step up to the counter to order. It seems odd to Louis at first, until he realises that they belong to the cafe regulars. He finds that he loves the idea. He himself has a favourite mug, much preferring to drink his tea from actual cups than those stupid paper ones that do nothing to stop hot beverages from burning his hands. He is lost in thought, taking in his surroundings a little more when he hears Harry speak, the words breaking through his subconscious.

“Good morning, Kimberly,” he greets a tall, pretty girl with wild curls and freckles behind the counter.

“Morning, Harry. What can I get for you today? The usual? Or are you thinking something different today?” She asks as Harry stares up at the menu of drinks and food behind her head.

“Think I might go for a Veggie Garden Blend, and an Ancient Grains muffin thanks,” And what? What the fuck did he just order? Harry is clearly speaking in tongues because Louis does not understand a word that he just said. Maybe it is some hipster language that only healthy people can speak. Like parseltongue only with less hissing. Louis doesn’t have time to contemplate it further because Harry is speaking to him, and he hasn’t been paying the least bit of attention. Shit.

“Lou? Did you want the King William Chocolate?” He asks, clearly for at least the second time, and Louis fights to contain the blush that is spreading up his neck and cheeks with embarrassment.

“Oh, umm-- yeah. I guess so. What’s in it?” He asks. There is no bloody way he is blindly agreeing to ordering a smoothie in this café without knowing all of the ingredients first. Just because it has chocolate in the title doesn’t mean these hipster, health freaks haven’t found a way to sneak kale into the mix. Although, the title also has King, and his middle name is William, so honestly how bad can it be? It was practically made for him.

“It is shaved dark chocolate, cocoa powder, banana, ice, milk and a scoop of vanilla ice cream,” Kimberly supplies with a smile. She doesn’t look at him like she is bored or annoyed by his question, so he relaxes a little bit. Maybe he can do this. Maybe it really won’t be so bad.

“That actually sounds pretty great,” Louis replies, and he doesn’t miss the smirk on Harry’s face. Smug asshole. “Can I have that with extra chocolate?”

“Sure, and would you like anything to eat? We have a fresh batch of chocolate muffins about to go in the case if you are interested?” Kimberly says, and Louis can’t hide the look of shock on his face.

“Oh, they sound great. But do you have any Blueberry ones?” Harry raises one eyebrow at him in question, as if he can’t believe that Louis is actually requesting something willingly. So what if Louis loves blueberry muffins? Sue him. He isn’t totally uncultured, thank you very much. Kimberly leans down to peer into the display case that houses all of the muffins and little chocolate balls that apparently have hidden magical powers. Or at least that’s what the little tag labelling them as ‘Power Balls’ would suggest.

“Lucky last,” she says and taps at the screen in front of her a few more times. “Okay, so that is one Veggie Garden Blend and an Ancient Grain muffin for Harry, and a King William Chocolate with
extra chocolate and a Blueberry muffin for...” She stops at the end of her run through of their order, and Louis realises that she doesn’t know his name. He wants to answer with Louis, but what comes out instead has Harry honking in laughter.

“He Who Must Not Be Named.” Louis deadpans, and God bless her pretty heart. Kimberly merely smirks, taking it in stride as she taps at her screen once more, before grabbing two large smoothie cups from the selection beside her, writing ‘Harry’ on one, and ‘Voldy’ on the other. Louis can’t help but smirk back at her, whilst Harry looks like he is about to have kittens.

“And is that together or separate?” She asks them, totally undeterred by their shenanigans, looking at the both of them now for an answer.

“Together.”

“Separate.” They say simultaneously, and Louis can tell that Kimberly is fighting the urge to roll her eyes at them as if to say, ‘just bloody pick which it is and get on with it’.

“Please let me pay, Lou,” Harry says then, his hand coming to rest on Louis’ hip. Fuck. Louis doesn’t think he will ever get used to the feeling of Harry’s absurdly large hands on his body. And he doesn’t want to get used to it either. He wants to feel this way every time Harry touches him, always. At least he sincerely hopes there will be an always or this will all have been in vain. “I invited you to come with me, the least I can do is pay. It wouldn’t be very gentlemanly of me if I made you pay for your own now, would it?” Louis can’t argue with that logic. He makes a mental note then to send Harry’s mother a gift basket for managing to raise a spectacularly amazing human being.

“Oh if you insist,” Louis replies, trying to make his tone sound exasperated, but he is sure Harry is hiding a smile. This is also suspiciously sounding more and more like a date, and Louis wants to do a victory dance or sacrifice a sweatband and some spandex to the Jazzercise Gods for blessing him with Harry Styles.

“I insist,” is all Harry says with a wink, squeezing Louis’ hip as he does so, turning back to face Kimberly.

If you insist Mr. Styles. If you insist.

Over an hour later, Harry and Louis are sat cross legged opposite each other on a Chesterfield, still sipping at their smoothies that have mostly melted, their half finished muffins laying long forgotten. They are laughing and joking at all of the random questions Harry keeps asking, and all of the utterly ridiculous answers Louis keeps giving. Louis doesn’t mean for them to be ridiculous, they just are. His entire life is a series of ridiculous events, much more favourable to a *Series of Unfortunate Events* even if he does love a good Lemony Snicket story every now and then.

Louis is also sure that they are making a scene, judging by the way that other patrons keep side-eyeing them. Louis is talking animatedly about all of his misdeeds while Harry continues to honk in laughter in response. It is a truly magical sound, and if Louis is thinking of all of the most outlandish things he’s ever done to regale Harry with, so that he will keep laughing and smiling, then no one needs to know. They may want to sit in silence drinking their soy mocha chai latte with ‘precisely
two Equals, not one more or one less,’ like the sour old gentleman had ordered a few minutes ago, but Louis does not.

“What’s wrong with my smoothie!?” Harry exclaims then, and Louis just laughs.

“Haz, it looks like a failed attempt at a mud patty. There is everything wrong with your smoothie.”

“I’ll have you know that vegetables are very good for you, and it actually tastes a lot better than it looks,” he continues, defending his smoothie that looks like liquid dirt as he hugs it to his chest. Louis knows that same fond look from earlier is covering his face, but he doesn’t have a fuck to give. Harry makes him smile, and he needs Harry to know that. He needs Harry to know that he enjoys his company and spending time with him. Both inside and outside of their Jazzercise class.

“Yes, well. That may be so, but your smoothie doesn’t have chocolate in it, now does it?” Louis takes a long sip of his smoothie then, which really does taste amazing, never once taking his eyes off of Harry. He doesn’t miss the way that Harry’s laugh tapers off as he watches Louis suck at the straw between his lips, or the way that he swallows hard and tries to subtly adjust himself by changing his position slightly. When Louis releases the straw and licks the remaining drops of smoothie from his lips, he doesn’t miss the way that Harry’s eyes darken, or the way that his free hand clenches into a fist. Yes. Now they are finally getting somewhere.

“So, have you got any plans for the rest of the weekend?” Louis says conversationally even though he can tell that Harry is getting worked up.

“Oh--” Harry starts, clearing his throat loudly before beginning again. Louis smirks into his straw, taking another sip of his smoothie. “Umm-- my sister Gemma is coming into town. I haven’t seen her in a while, so we are going to some club she has been dying to go to.”

“I bet its Cartel,” Louis says then, knowing fine well it’s the only club in a fifty kilometre radius that’s worth going to. “I tried to get Liam to come out with me a few weeks ago, but we just ended up getting drunk at home instead. I have, however, been dying for an excuse to wear my new Bordello heels, and Liam just isn’t having it.” Harry looks at Louis with an odd expression then, one that Louis can’t quiet place. “What?” He asks when Harry doesn’t move to speak or continue on with the conversation.

“You wear heels?” Is what he decides to say, and Louis smirks at him.

“Of course, I wear heels. I’ll have you know hose heels have more inches than some dicks I’ve had,” Louis quips, and Harry almost chokes on his own spit. Louis really shouldn’t be this mean to him, not in public anyway, but Harry looks like a confused frog, and Louis just can’t help himself. Harry’s face morphs before Louis’ eyes then, his expression changing from one of confusion, to the sexy smirk that Louis has come to know and love, and he can’t wait to hear what Harry has to say.

“I bet you can’t do Jazzercise in those heels.” Is that so? Try again, Styles.

“I can do anything in heels, Harry. Anything .”

“Is that right? You’re on,” Harry replies, and the look he is giving Louis is making his mouth water. Fuck. How is it that he can go from fluffy bunny to hot as fuck in the same time that it takes light to reach Earth? It’s so fucking unfair. “Wear your highest, most sparkly heels to class next week, and let’s see if you can put your money where your mouth is,” Harry continues, and he looks smug. Like he thinks he has the bet won before they even get to class. A challenge. Fuck yes. Louis lives for a good challenge. What Harry fails to realize is that he has been shaking his ass in six inch heels for years, and he lives with Liam, his resident Jazzercise expert. If Harry thinks he isn’t going to have
their routines down to a fine fucking art before next week, he has another thing coming.

“Oh baby, I don’t want your money. I’d rather put my mouth somewhere else,” Louis replies, and as Louis predicted, Harry doesn’t have an answer for that. Good. He can stew over Louis’ implication for the next week, and when he wins Harry’s little bet, Harry will be all his, once and for all.

Harry doesn’t say anything for what feels like a millennium after Louis’ condition change to their little wager, preferring instead to watch Louis suck obscenely on the straw in his smoothie. “See anything you like?” Louis asks, trying for nonchalant and is happy to note that he mostly succeeds.

“I see a lot of things that I like,” Harry replies, and his voice is quieter, rumbling from him like thunder. Louis feels his dick twitch in his tracksuit bottoms, and he doesn’t even try to hide the fact that Harry is turning him on.

“Oh really? Like what?” Louis may regret asking that just shortly, but he can’t think straight when Harry is looking at him like that. Not that Louis ever does anything straight. Louis can’t help the gasp that escapes him as Harry suddenly moves from his position at the other end of the Chesterfield, coming to sit right next to Louis on his end. Louis swallows hard, not really sure what to do or say. Harry pats the tiny section of leather separating them then, and Louis takes the hint.

Louis moves so that his is sitting so close to Harry that their bodies are touching from the knees, all the way to their shoulders. Louis’ skin instantly feels like it has been set alight, despite the layers of clothing between them, his nerve endings shooting off like tiny fireworks every time their positions shift as they breathe. They sit in silence for a few moments, and Louis can’t take it much longer. He takes a tentative sip of his smoothie to distract himself, the sounds of their mingled breaths and his heartbeat sounding far too loud and far too erratic in his ears.

Louis almost jumps as he feels Harry’s breath ghost over his neck, before his lips are level with his ear, and he whispers, “You. I like you.”

Holy fucking shit. Louis’ dick comes alive as Harry’s words and the feel of his breath make the fine hairs on his skin stand on end. Goosebumps erupt over his skin and a shiver runs down his spine involuntarily. Louis may or may not moan softly when one of Harry’s hands lands on the knee closest to his, his nose now brushing gently up and down the column of Louis’ neck. Harry’s hand is still travelling at a snail's pace further up the inside of his thigh, before coming to a stop just below the line of the tiny boxers Louis had chosen to wear that day. Holy fucking shit. They can’t do this. Harry can’t be doing this. They are in public! Fuck. He just wants to drag Harry home right this fucking second, but he can’t because he has a stupid fucking job to go to.

“And I like these ridiculously gorgeous thighs of yours,” He continues, still whispering in Louis’ ear, and it takes everything in him not to throw his head back as Harry gives his thigh a squeeze as he says the words. How the fuck is Louis supposed to stop himself from becoming hard now? Not that he already isn’t. He has to try and keep it together. He just has to. They are in a café, that is rapidly filling with people given it is now a much more respectable hour of the morning. He can’t have a hard on in here. If Harry doesn’t stop, Louis is liable to drag him to the nearest toilet and have his way with him, hard on or not. Not that he is really complaining about this turn of events. If anything their ‘date’ is going a million times better than Louis ever could have hoped it would.

“Harry, you need to stop. We are-- we are in public. Fuck!” Louis whispers out, and he knows that Harry can hear him. His plea falls on deaf ears though as Harry continues to run the tip of his nose over Louis neck and jaw, before coming to his earlobe, nipping at the soft skin with his teeth, before quickly releasing it again.

Louis’ brain is in overdrive, trying to process all of the things that Harry is doing to him, all of the
sensations that Harry is pulling out of him that he didn’t even know a person could feel, and he isn’t even really touching him. Not really. His breathing is becoming more erratic as the seconds tick by, the paranoia that other people in the café have noticed what they are up to not helping matters in the slightest. He can’t help the shivers that keep covering his body as Harry’s breath continues to ghost over his skin, his dick now solid in his tracksuit bottoms, his balls high and tight, feeling like they may explode at a moments notice. Louis can’t imagine what sex with Harry would be like if he can do this to him with a few well placed touches. He doubts he would survive, but it would be worth it. He would die a happy man.

“Okay, Lou. I’ll stop,” Harry says just as Louis’ eyes are slipping shut, and he abruptly releases Louis. Louis’ eyes fly open as he watches Harry move back to his end of the Chesterfield with a wicked glint in his eye, picking up his smoothie from the coffee table in front of them, taking a large sip. “I really should be heading home soon anyway,” he continues as Louis continues to stare at him dumbfounded. What in the hell just happened? “It’s Evie’s birthday, and I promised her I’d make her grilled tuna and warm milk. It’s her favourite.”

Enough is enough. Louis needs to find out who the fuck Evie is, and if she is Harry’s girlfriend or not. If she is, she certainly has weird taste in a special food and drink for her birthday. What kind of person would ask for tuna and warm milk as a treat? He really fucking hopes she isn’t his girlfriend, not after what they just did. He doesn’t want to enable a cheater, but he really isn’t sure he would be able to say no to Harry. Louis has done plenty of questionable things in his life but cheating, or helping someone cheat on their partner, certainly isn’t one of them, and he isn’t about to start now.

“Who the hell is Evie? Is she your girlfriend or something?” Louis rushes out before he can even try to be delicate about the subject. Harry’s eyebrows shoot to the region of his hairline, his eyes going wide, spluttering and choking on a mouthful of smoothie.

“Or something is more like!” Harry exclaims when he is able to speak again. He sounds shocked, like he honestly can’t believe that Louis would ask him that. But he did. And now Louis wants answers.

“That doesn’t answer my question,” Louis shoots back, turning back to his original position of facing Harry on the opposite end of the Chesterfield. He will be able to tell if Harry is lying to him. It's a God given gift that he has. He has always been able to spot a liar a mile off, but he never divulges this fun fact to anyone.

“No. Evie is not my girlfriend,” Harry says after a few beats, his expression softening as he inches closer to Louis, one ringed hand coming to rest on one of Louis’ knees. “I’m gay. Have been my whole life. Evie is my cat, Lou. I thought you already knew that?”

Louis’ cheeks heat with Harry’s words, and he feels like he wants the ground to open up and swallow him. He is so fucking embarrassed. How could he not have been sure that Harry is gay? He’d made it plenty clear over the last two months. It’s not as if his pink spandex ensemble from their first class wasn’t a dead giveaway. Louis feels like such a fucking idiot for even suggesting that Evie is Harry’s girlfriend. Brilliant. Just fucking brilliant. Now he has ruined their not-date, and Harry probably won’t want anything to do with him anymore. Fuck. And just when things were going so well.

“You were talking about a pussy? This whole time?” Louis blurts out. Shit. He didn’t mean to say that out loud. Fuck. Now Harry is going to think he is a complete and utter psychopath. Just brilliant. Like he hadn’t ruined things between them enough without adding that into the mix, but he is somewhat relieved that there isn’t a girl walking around town who craves fish and warm dairy. Louis likes weird, but that is just too much. He may or may not also be slightly disappointed that she isn’t a
teacup either, but Harry doesn’t need to know that.

“Well-- technically, yes. Just not the kind you were thinking of,” Harry fires back through a laugh, and Louis is close to tears he is so embarrassed. He’ll just chalk it up to another brilliant idea that ended in disaster.

“No. I didn’t know. I’m-- I’m such a fucking idiot. I’m sorry, Harry; I should go,” Louis says then and makes to stand from the Chesterfield and leave, feeling like he has no other option at this point. The café is close to his house. Maybe a twenty minute walk or so. He can make it. The physical activity will give him time to clear his head, however ironic that all sounds. Just as Louis stands up, reaching to grab his bag from the floor beside him, Harry grabs him by the wrist, and pulls him down so that he is sitting in his lap. And is that Harry’s dick poking him in the ass? Oh sweet baby Jesus, he fucking hopes so. Maybe he hasn’t made a total mockery of their time together after all.

“You do not have to apologise for a single thing,” Harry says softly, back to whispering in Louis’ ear, his arms now wrapped firmly around Louis’ waist. Again Louis feels like they may be being a tad inappropriate for their current setting. If it were a club, Louis wouldn’t think twice, however this is a hipster café. If anyone notices they don’t say anything to either of them. Which is probably a good thing because Louis is sure none of them would appreciate his response if they did. “It’s my fault for assuming you knew that I was gay, and who Evie was. I didn’t ask you here to be your friend, Lou. I have enough of those. I want more than that from you,” Harry continues, before he presses his lips delicately to the soft skin behind Louis’ ear and yup. His fucking dick is hard again.

Louis really has to get off of Harry’s lap and walk home in the fresh air before he fucks him right there on the Chesterfield for all to see. He isn’t opposed to public nudity or sex in a public place, it wouldn’t be the first time he’s done it. He just likes this place, and Kimberly is lovely. He doesn’t want Harry to have to find a new café to go to if they defile this one.

“Harry…” Louis moans out against his curls, inhaling the scent he has come to associate with the other man. Vanilla, tobacco and that thing he can’t ever figure out. It’s masculine in a way, but also quite feminine and all of it together adds up to his new favourite thing in the whole world. Harry.

“Louis,” Harry whispers back against his neck like a promise. Louis’ is struggling to breathe, his chest rising and falling rapidly, sweat beading at his brow and his skin feels tingly where Harry’s arms are resting against his belly. He wants so much for Harry to be touching his bare skin. For them not to be in the middle of a rapidly crowding, tiny café. For Kimberly to not be smirking at them from behind the counter every time she glances their way. This is too much and not enough, and in short, it’s all just completely fucked. Louis has to go home.

“I have to go home. I have a shift at work this afternoon, so we don’t have time. Plus, you wouldn’t want to disappoint your pussy on her birthday. We can’t do this now. Not here.” Louis is almost pleading with Harry now, the words rushing out of him. Louis is pleading with him to continue his onslaught, but also pleading with him to stop as much as the words leaving his mouth are hurting his fucking soul. He feels a pang in his chest, and he isn’t sure if it’s a heart attack from his heart beating damn near out of his chest, or pain from telling Harry that he can’t have the one thing that they have both wanted, and yet have been denying each other for months.

“I know we can’t. I know. But I want you. And soon.” Fuck. Harry wants him. He wants them to cross that line, that let’s be honest, they aren’t so far from crossing at that very moment, anyway. Louis wants this. He wants Harry, and now he knows that Harry wants him too. He thought he would be happier to finally have clarification on that, now he just feels numb. Like his brain has stopped working and even normal bodily functions are strenuous.

Breathing seems like such a fucking chore right now that even trying to comprehend what Harry is
saying to him, in that gravely voice with his hot breath flowing over his skin like the tide, is a far off distant dream. Louis just knows that the realisation will hit him like a freight train, at 3am, when he is beyond tired and trying to fucking sleep. God dammit. Stupid Harry and his sinful voice and his far too fucking perfect lips. Fuck. Louis needs to go or he really will be late for work. He has said so, and yet he is still sitting in Harry’s lap with his hard dick rubbing against his ass enticingly. Louis doesn’t want to get up. He doesn’t want to walk out the door and leave Harry. He doesn’t fucking want to. But he has to because he is a stupid adult with stupid fucking responsibilities, like paying bills and shit. Liam would absolutely murder him if he is late on rent again with his reasoning being that he was too busy being fucked by their Jazzercise instructor to go to work.

Louis simply will not allow Harry to be a one night stand. He isn’t some muscle bound idiot in a bar that looks far too appealing under the influence of far too many tequila sunrises, who then goes on to be his best friend. Harry is not Liam. Louis doesn’t want Harry to become another notch on his bed post or to be sequestered to the friendzone for all eternity because he let his dick think for him. No. Harry will not be that for him. He will not let Harry become like Liam and the list of other men he’s blown in dirty bathroom stalls over the years because hormones and alcohol don’t mix. Harry is better. He deserves better. And so does Louis.

“Do you have a pen,” Louis asks then as his lips ghost over Harry’s temple. Harry squeezes him tighter to him, as if he knows that their time together will soon be coming to and end, that they can’t drag this out any longer.

“Umm-- no I don’t. I’m sure Kimberly does though,” Harry says back, seeming as though he isn’t really paying attention to what Louis is saying. His nose and lips still torturing Louis from their place against his neck that they seem to have claimed as their own. Louis looks in the direction of the counter then, catching Kimberly’s eye and signals to her for a pen, making a squiggling motion in the air. Kimberly really is a super star because a few moments later she holds up a ballpoint pen, and Louis gives her a thumbs up. She quietly walks out from behind the counter, handing Louis his desired item, before giving him a wink and heading across the room to clear a table that a group has just vacated. God fucking bless her and her professionalism, given the fact that Louis and Harry are practically dry humping in the corner. Anyone else would have thrown them out on their asses.

“Give me your hand,” Louis says to Harry just as his teeth skim his earlobe, and Harry stops his ministrations abruptly, looking up at Louis with smoky, green eyes.

“My hand?”

“Yes, your hand,” Louis answers, and Harry offers him one large hand, watching Louis closely to see what he is about to do.

Louis, for his part, tries to write his name on the soft part of Harry’s palm closest to his thumb, but of course it is to no avail. Louis shakes the pen a few times, trying to make the ink transfer onto Harry’s warm, alabaster skin, but it is no use. Just as he is about to give up and ask Harry to hand over his phone instead, an idea strikes, that Louis hopes will work. Fuck he hopes so.

Louis lifts Harry’s hand up to his lips, placing soft kisses on his skin starting at his wrist, then works his way up to the soft pad of Harry’s thumb. When he reaches the tip, he sneaks the tip of his tongue out between his lips, tracing a line down the length of Harry’s thumb, wetting the area slightly. Licking the end of the pen would have been just as effective, but it would not have elicited the groan from Harry that his tongue just had. Fuck. Harry is just too much. His body heat is seeping into Louis, his other arm still securely around his waist, his arousing scent filling Louis’ nostrils, and it doesn’t matter what sense Louis turns to, it is consumed by Harry.
Louis wastes no time in bringing the tip of the pen down to meet Harry’s skin once more, and he is relieved to find that black ink starts appearing there in the form of a name and phone number. A few seconds later the words ‘Carly Rae’ followed by ten scrawled numbers are clearly visible, and Louis blows over the ink to help it dry, giving Harry as much time as possible to utilize what he has been given. The ball is now in his court, as they say. It’s is up to him if he volleys it back.

“Perfect,” Louis says when he is convinced that the ink isn’t going to rub off of Harry’s hand, releasing it with another kiss to the inside of Harry’s wrist, allowing him to inspect his handy work. Harry holds his hand up so that he can see what Louis has written, and a honk of laughter escapes him when it registers.

“Carly Rae?” Harry asks, as Louis disentangles himself from Harry’s grip, deliberately bending over in front of him to retrieve his bag from the floor, before turning to give Harry a chaste kiss on the cheek, right where his left dimple is popping.

“Call me maybe?” Is all Louis says in reply, before he saunters out of the café, leaving a stunned Harry behind him.
Chapter Four

Chapter Summary

It has been a week since Louis and Harry had their not date and Louis is determined to finally get his man and win Harry's bet.

All the Single Louis’

It has been a week since Louis and Harry went on their not-date to the café. Since then, Louis hasn’t had a chance to worry about how it went, or where he stands with Harry. Every day since then, Harry has sent Louis random pictures of things he finds interesting throughout his day, or silly phrases, or simply just a random sequence of emoticons. These had come in many forms, including but not limited to, a picture of Evie eating her grilled tuna, wearing a colourful party hat on the afternoon of their not-date. A picture of Harry’s big toe, which has the word ‘BIG’ tattooed on it, which Louis found incredibly amusing. Only Harry would tattoo the word ‘BIG’ onto his big toe. He also received a picture of Harry midway through brushing his teeth on Thursday morning, pink toothbrush poised at the ready as he leant against a wall, which was accompanied by the caption ‘feeling fresh’ and later that day a string of Avocado emojis that Louis wrinkled his nose at.

And so this continued on over the duration of the week with Louis replying with things such as, ‘I can’t decide which heels to wear on Saturday, I don’t want any of them to feel unloved!’, ‘Red, black or purple?’ with no context or explanation, ‘I wanna be where that toothbrush has been’ and ‘bloody hipsters’ with a vomit emoji. Louis knew that his vague messages were driving Harry round the bend, but it was his own fault really. He shouldn’t have been so cocky as to assume that he ever had a chance of winning this bet, because he doesn’t. He has as much chance of winning this bet as a snowflake has of surviving in hell. Harry may like warm hugs, but in this instance he is definitely Olaf, and there is just no way he is coming out of this victorious. Although, Louis has to agree with Olaf in this instance, maybe some people are worth melting for. Harry is certainly hot enough. It honestly wouldn’t be an inconvenience to melt for that man.

It is now Saturday morning, and Louis has been up since four making sure that his outfit, hair and makeup are perfect. He knows it’s only Jazzercise, and he is about to go shake his ass for an hour and become incredibly sweaty, but no one ever went clubbing looking like they’d just been dragged through a hedge backwards because they knew they were going to get sweaty. No Sir. So why should this be any different? The only thing that will be different is the lack of alcohol, and the fact that Louis has been awake since four, not him falling into his bed at four in a drunken stupor. Louis has been agonising over his outfit all week, but he feels confident that the one he has chosen is the right one. He hopes, if nothing else, that it has the desired effect on Harry. Liam seems to think it will, so that’s a start he supposes.

Louis had spent countless hours boring Liam to death with outfit changes the night before, conducting his own Victoria’s Secret fashion show up and down their small hallway, even going as far as to put on his black angel wings. He had made a shortlist of outfits and had modelled them all for Liam, having Liam score them all out of ten, as well as giving him feedback on how hot he looked, and how well he thought Louis would be able to complete a class in each outfit. When they
had finally decided on the perfect outfit, which consisted of his favourite black sequin booty shorts, a tight, scoop neck white t-shirt and his new black sparkly Bordello heels, Louis had commandeered the bathroom for three hours, shaving, trimming and plucking himself to perfection. There was no way he was going to today’s lesson, after he and Harry had been practically dry humping each other in the café last week, without being prepared to get naked at some point before, during, or after the class. Either way was just fucking dandy at this point, but Louis would prefer it was after class. It would save a lot of questions and save both of them from a public nudity charge. Although, it would be worth it.

Louis is secretly hopeful that Harry isn’t about to back down from that whether he wins Harry’s bet or not, which he is. Sex will just be a well deserved and well earned bonus. Louis has never put so much time and effort into anything or anyone who isn’t himself in his fucking life, so this better go to bloody plan. It just has to. He will get his man one way or the other if it kills him. Now, however, Louis is standing in front of the only full length mirror they own, turning from side to side, striking a pose and scrutinising his reflection. If he is possibly going to fall to his death in his highest, most sparkly heels to impress a stupid fucking boy with stupid fucking dimples, he is going to look hot as hell doing it.

He has styled his hair into a quiff that is practically gravity defying, spraying three hundred and seventy six cans of long wear, extra hold hairspray on it so that it will stay in place for the duration of the lesson. He hasn’t done a quiff in the longest time, seeing as it takes far too much time and effort, as well as making his arms feel like they are going to bloody fall off from holding them above his head for so long. He is surprised to find, though, that his arms aren’t nearly as sore this morning as they used to be whilst doing his quiff, but he is not going to accredit that to Jazzercise. Nope. No bloody way. He will not give Liam the satisfaction. Liam can push him and then just touch him, but he can fuck right off if he thinks he is getting any satisfaction.

Louis pouts in the mirror then as he runs his hands gently over the sides and down the back of his artfully styled quiff before striking a pose, tilting his head to the side so that he is momentarily blinded by his highlighter. Perfect. He never understood the point of soft glam makeup looks. He either looks like a homeless troglodyte or has Jeffree Star quaking, there is no in between. He hadn’t missed the way that Harry’s eyes had lit up at the sight of him the first time he had worn full glam makeup to class, and well, seeing as today is such a special occasion, he decided to break out the big guns. And by big guns he means the only set of ‘Miami’ lashes that he owns.

When he is convinced that his face is beat and baked to perfection, his gaze travels down his body, once again admiring the outfit he has chosen to wear. He thinks Harry assumes he is just going to show up in his regular Jazzercise attire of tracksuit pants and a tank top, or his favourite tight yoga pants and leg warmer number, with the addition of Bordello heels. Clearly Harry is fucking delusional. There was simply no way that Louis wasn’t going to wear his glad rags, within reason, given he’d still have to successfully complete the lesson in whatever he chose to wear. That is why he is confident this outfit is the outfit. Its sexy, and shows off all of his best assets, whilst still allowing him to move freely.

It has always been one of his favourites, and he just hopes that Harry appreciates it just as much. His body looks amazing, if he does say so himself, his thick thighs and ass the main feature, and he is also happy to note that the persistent pudge on his stomach that he’d never been able to get rid of, is finally starting to disappear. Fucking Jazzercise. Just then, there is a knock on the door to Liam’s room, and he pokes his head tentatively around the door.

“Wow! You look amazing!” Liam exclaims when his eyes land on Louis. “He’s going to lose his shit.”
“He bloody better! I don’t think I’ve ever gone to this much effort for anything, ever, Li. I’m exhausted already, and we aren’t even there yet!” Liam laughs at him, but it’s true.

“It will all be worth it. He’s not going to be able to resist you, Lou,” Liam replies, wiggling his eyebrows at Louis suggestively, and why the hell is Louis blushing? Since when does he blush about anything? It has been happening a lot lately Louis has noticed, especially when it comes to Harry. Which is just utterly ridiculous. Harry shouldn’t be able to make him a giddy, blushing mess, but he does. Louis finds it all quite frustrating and he just wants to get his hands, lips and other relevant body parts on his man. His man? Well, he hopes Harry will be his man. Is that too much to bloody ask? They have been Cha Cha-ing around it for the better part of two months, and if Louis can’t successfully get Harry naked by the end of today, then he is about ready to throw in the proverbial towel.

“It bloody better be worth it, Li. You didn’t see us in that café on Saturday. Why can’t it just be easy like with you and Zayn? Why does it have to be hard for us? Like I know it has to be hard, obviously, it wouldn’t be any good if it was soft, but why couldn’t we have just gone to the café and then gone home and fucked like you and Zayn did?” Liam’s eyebrows hit his hairline at Louis’ words, his eyes going wide, his cheeks going scarlet.

“We-- we did not! That never happened!” Liam insists. Of fucking course Louis doesn’t believe a word that is coming out of his mouth. Liam had gone to lunch with Zayn that Saturday, in the black tracksuit bottoms and white tank top he’d worn to Jazzercise that morning, having opted to stick around and wait for Zayn to finish his class instead of coming home to change. The creep. He’d returned much later that evening, however, wearing navy tracksuit bottoms with white stripes down the leg. The same tracksuit bottoms that Zayn had been wearing. He didn’t think Louis had noticed. But he had. Not to mention, the last time Louis checked, no one ever went on a lunch date that lasted seven bloody hours. How stupid did Liam think he was? He wasn’t born yesterday.

“You know fine well that you fucked him on the first date Liam! Why are you denying it? Zayn is hot. At least you’re actually fucking your man. I’ve not even had so much as a kiss yet! And he isn’t even my man either. Don’t you dare stand there and try and deny that you and Zayn have it easy.” Liam lets go of a breath he had clearly been holding, all of the fight flying out of him with it.

“Okay. So maybe we did. But we danced around it for months! It’s not as if we met at some club and were sucking tequila out of each others belly buttons, then went home and fucked. Hell, you kissed my boyfriend before I even did!” Louis stares at Liam with wide eyes then, his chin hitting the carpeted floor below him. Shit. Liam knows.

“You know about that?” Louis asks in a sheepish voice, his gaze dropping to admire his shoes, not able to look Liam in the eye. He should have told Liam. It should have been Louis who told him, not Zayn. But he knows now, and there isn’t a lot that Louis can do about it. In his defence, he was blind drunk and had no idea who Zayn was. Liam and Zayn also weren’t even a thing then and had Louis known who Zayn was, he would never have entertained the idea, so Liam better not be mad at him about this. He can’t afford to put anger lines in his makeup. They’re going to be late as it is, so there is no time for makeup touch ups now.

“Yes, I know. And it’s okay, Lou. I’m not mad at you or Zayn. It was before us, and you were both drunk and having fun and to be fair you weren’t to know it was Zayn. But you get the point. We didn’t just hook up. It took time to get where we are now. You and Harry will get there. I know you will.” Louis looks up at Liam and a small, shy smile forms on his painted lips.

“You think so?” He asks, and since when does he need reassurance? He is always so confident and sure of himself. When did that change? Oh right. When he met Harry fucking Styles who, the mere
sight of, has Louis in a tailspin.

“I know so, now, let’s go get your man!” Liam announces, before grabbing both of their bags from his bed, much like he had that first morning, before he drags a laughing Louis out the door.

When Louis and Liam arrive at the dance studio, Jade, which Louis has learned over the weeks he has been attending classes, is the name of the ultra chipper receptionist, hands Louis a name sticker and a pen as Liam signs them in. He doesn’t need one, everyone knows who he is now, but it has become sort of a thing that he does, and who is he to break tradition? Today he decides on ‘Beyoncé’ as his name of choice. He is feeling every bit the single lady and wants everyone who’s anyone to know that he is the Queen B. Louis and Liam are about to head behind the reception desk, now sufficiently signed in and labelled, and down the corridor to the studio, when Jade stops them in their tracks.

“Boys, just letting you know that Harry’s class has been moved into Studio One for today,” she says, Cheshire Cat grin still firmly in place as she relays the information to them. Louis doesn’t miss the way that her eyes rake over his body, going wide for a split second now that she has really taken in his appearance.

“Zayn’s studio?” Liam asks, looking from Louis to Jade and back again with confusion marring his features. Louis is waiting for him to tilt his head to the side like a confused puppy, but he doesn’t, and Louis pouts. If he is going to look like an adorable puppy, the least he could bloody do is act like one.

“Yes, that’s the one,” Jade replies, still not offering either of them an explanation as to why Harry’s class has been moved into Zayn’s ballet studio. Jade is now looking at them as if that is all the answer that they need, as if to ask ‘why are you still standing there?’, and Louis rolls his eyes in frustration, shoving Liam out of the way to ask Jade the question Liam is apparently incapable of asking in the first place.

“Why has it been moved to Zayn’s studio?”

“Oh-- umm. I’m not one hundred percent sure to be honest,” she starts, her smile faltering slightly, her brows drawing in confusion. Brilliant. Now they are all confused. “Harry mentioned something about needing it for a special occasion?” she continues. It comes out like more of a question than a statement, but she continues on before Louis can say anything. “And Zayn’s dancers have just come off a run at the local theatre, so he’s given them the week off I suppose, as he’s cancelled his class for this morning. So after Harry’s class there are no more classes scheduled in that room for the day. There aren’t any other classes scheduled at all actually. Means I get to head out early for once. Other than that, you’d have to ask Harry.” Jade shrugs when she finishes her small speech, then turns to greet more people arriving behind them. This day is getting curiouser and curiouser. Curiouser is the perfect word for describing this morning. It’s a good thing that Louis decided to bring all of his muchness to class today. Muchness is totally a word, thank you very much. The Mad Hatter says so, and it sounds as if Louis is going to need every ounce of it.

“Oh well, Studio One it is then,” Louis says to Liam, who still looks utterly confused. At least Louis knows that whatever Harry has planned, Liam wasn’t aware of it, not having been in on some grand plan with him and Zayn. He looks just as confused as Louis feels, but as they say, the show must go
When they arrive at Studio One, Louis pushes through the doors mid conversation with Liam, stopping dead in his tracks at the sight before him, causing Liam to come to a crashing halt behind him, nearly knocking Louis on his ass. Louis stumbles, his six inch heels doing nothing to save him from the force of Liam’s hard body jolting him forwards, before he quickly rights himself, his mouth agape, eyes wide.

The room, on two sides, is covered in floor to ceiling mirrors, a ballet barre, about Louis’ usual chest height, running around its perimeter where the mirrors are. Louis knows that Zayn teaches ballet, for the most part, and that mirrors are a requirement in most dance studios so that the dancers are able to see themselves performing. However, that isn’t what has Louis’ heart beating frantically in his chest, his lungs burning with the need to drag air into them, or the reason his dick is rapidly hardening. No. It isn’t the mirrors. It is the view of Harry, who is standing with his broad, muscular back to Louis in the middle of the room, that has Louis at a loss for words. Everywhere Louis looks Harry is reflected back at him, and he isn’t sure which one of him he is supposed to be looking at, or which mirror has a better view. All of them. All of him. All of the above.

He has never seen Harry like this before. Never looking so sure of himself. Standing so casually, but with so much presence. Louis swallows hard and moves further into the room as Liam nudges him in the back. He needs to get himself together. He doesn’t have time to dwell on it and become incredibly turned on at the sight of Harry in a loose fitting, white shirt, the sleeves rolled up to just before his elbows, and exceptionally tight, dark blue skinny jeans. Fuck. He looks so fucking good Louis thinks that he may be having heart palpitations or some shit, because the way his heart is beating isn’t safe or normal. All Harry is doing is standing! And are those heeled boots that Harry is wearing? Fuck. Louis hopes so.

Louis hopes that when Harry walks that his thighs flex and tense the dark blue fabric they are encased in. That as his chest rises and falls, his hips swaying as he walks, it strains the loose shirt he has chosen to wear, accentuating every rippling muscle beneath. Louis also really, really fucking hopes that Harry will continue to stand with his back to Louis for the duration of the class, because the sight of his broad shoulders, muscular back and tattooed arms shining through the material of his shirt, and his ass in those jeans, is sinful. Obscene really, and Louis just wants to tear the garments from Harry and devour him. But first, he has a bet to win, so he has to get it fucking together.

Louis shakes his head a few times, trying to rid himself of his inappropriate thoughts, happy to note that his quiff doesn’t move even a millimetre, as he wills his hard on to go down. He clears his throat and heads over to the back wall, dropping his bag beside Liam’s and collects his things. He then moves to a spot to the right of Harry, who is still standing with his back to him talking to Dave, still not having noticed Louis’ arrival. Louis is standing slightly behind Harry, the view from his current position spectacular, and with the thought of what Harry is hiding underneath it all running through his mind, he begins to run through his pre class warm up. Louis has perfected it over the weeks he has been attending Harry’s class, and he is happy to note that he hasn’t had another ass cheek incident since he started warming up thoroughly before class. Thank fuck. All he needs is to be a limping mess after this class. No. It’s not happening. Not fucking today Satan. If he is going to end up limping home today, it’s not going to be because Harry made them do three thousand, four hundred and eighty one squats. No. That will not be the reason. Not that he thinks Harry will even be able to do one squat in those skinny jeans.

Harry is going to lead them through a warm up at the beginning of the lesson, however, if there was ever a day where it was imperative for Louis to be in peak physical condition it is today, but he’ll just have to make do with what he has. In peak physical condition he is certainly fucking not. It’s a bloody shame really. He used to have such a nice little body before he gave up competitive football,
and competitive night clubbing. But he feels like he may be getting there again, thanks to his annoying housemate and his obsession with Harry’s thighs. If it wasn’t for Liam and the need to perve on Harry, Louis would still be partying far too hard, drinking far too much, and sleeping far too late. Now though, he is fitter, healthier and has decidedly more money at the end of every week. Now that he’s not out every Friday night, pissing it up the wall and drinking it out of his best friend’s, boyfriend’s belly button that is.

Louis starts his warm up by rolling his head from side to side, flexing his neck and shoulders as he does so. He is so riled up by the thought of what winning this bet will mean for him and Harry, and well, just Harry in bloody general, that he hopes his tried and tested warm up is enough to have him feeling more relaxed. If he doesn’t clear his mind and relax his body, there is a good chance that he may end up in a hospital bed before lunch, and that really just won’t do. There is nothing in this world that is going to stop him from finally getting his man. That includes broken ankles and serious bodily harm. Louis could end up accidentally impaling himself on one of his heels, and he would still get on his knees for Harry. He knows he would. Nothing is going to stop him from getting what he wants.

He would do just about anything for the glorious man standing mere inches from him, and all Louis wants to do is reach out and touch him. He wants to continue what Harry started in the café last week, but he knows he can’t, not with the entire class now taking their positions around them. Not here. Not now. And it’s killing him, the urge to waltz straight up to Harry and plant a soft kiss on his neck is like torture. He is even tall enough in his heels to reach! Louis will get his chance though, maybe not right this second, but he will. He just has to have a little patience. All he needs is just a little patience.

It’s just as Louis is finishing up his warm up and is reaching forwards, holding onto the front of both of his shins, right where his ‘The Rogue’ tattoos are, that he notices Harry has finished his conversation with Dave, and he is now watching him intently. He can see him looking at him in the mirror, his body still facing away from Louis, but his eyes are burning holes into the mirror in front of them, his gaze reflected back at Louis and Louis is suddenly having trouble breathing.

Louis releases his hold, rolling his body slowly until he is standing upright again, and their gazes lock once more. Louis doesn’t think he has ever seen Harry look at him this intensely. With this much hunger and longing. Louis swallows hard as he stares back at him, his tongue darting out to wet his dry lips before it is suddenly gone again. Louis watches as Harry does the exact same thing, swallowing hard, his tongue darting out to wet his full bottom lip, and for some reason, Louis finds the entire thing erotic. It shouldn’t be, but it is. Louis’ insides are twisting into knots at the sight of what they are doing. At the fact that they are mirroring each other’s actions.

Harry isn’t even doing anything. Not really. He isn’t touching Louis or whispering sweet nothings in his ear with his warm breath ghosting over the tiny hairs on his skin, and yet Louis’ entire being feels like it has been set alight. Every nerve ending is firing off simultaneously, like millions of tiny fireworks erupting over his skin, and he never wants this feeling to stop. Louis never wants Harry to stop looking at him the way he is looking at him now.

His look is primal, commanding, and Louis can’t tear his eyes away. He can’t stop himself from gazing longingly into Harry’s emerald eyes, and he knows he never wants to either. It’s all utterly fucking ridiculous. How can he have feelings this intense for a man he has only know for mere months? Who, up until a week ago, he’d barely even spoken too. It all just seems so outlandish to Louis. Like he has been launched into a cheesy romance novel, but he finds he doesn’t have a single fuck to give.

Harry is gorgeous, funny, kind and generous. He is like Mary fucking Poppins, in an ultra sexy,
masculine, yet also feminine kind of way. He is practically perfect in every way, and he only has eyes for Louis. Louis doesn’t quite know exactly what he did to deserve the attention of a man as amazing as Harry, but he is so fucking thankful. Thankful that this man standing before him has chosen him. Well, kind of. Not really. But whatever. Harry can’t take his eyes off of Louis, and Louis can’t take his eyes off of Harry. That’s all that fucking matters. It’s mutual. They’ve discussed it after all. Well, if you count making out like horny teenagers in a packed cafe and saying that they want each other in a convoluted roundabout manner, ‘discussing’ it, then yeah, they’ve done that.

Harry turns to face Louis then, and he is even more breathtaking than his reflection. His hair is styled in artful curls that seem to know how to fall just right, as though he has been running his long fingers through them. He seems taller today, his chest broader, his arms more muscular. Louis knows he is imagining things. This is the same Harry who has always been here; he just seems different somehow, he just seems...more. More beautiful, more sexy, more aroused by Louis’ presence than he ever has before. Louis isn’t sure that he is even breathing anymore, especially when a dazzling smile lights up Harry’s face. Both dimples are pulling deep in his cheeks, and he is looking at Louis as if he has waited lifetimes to see him again. Almost as if Louis is the sun in his universe. Louis can’t hear a thing for the sound of the blood rushing in his ears and his heart beating like a drum against his chest, can’t concentrate on anything but the man standing before him.

Louis feels light headed, probably due to the lack of oxygen currently making it to his brain, and he just knows that his chest is rising and falling rapidly. He swallows hard as Harry starts to move towards him, his steps slow, measured, as if he is scared Louis will bolt if he makes any sudden movements. But he needn’t be worried about that. Louis is rooted to the spot, unable to move even if he wanted to. Just as Louis hoped, Harry’s thick thighs strain the material of his jeans as he moves slowly towards him, his chest rising and falling in time with his steps, the muscles hidden beneath the white material of his shirt rippling. Fuck. Harry is fucking breathtaking. Literally. Harry shouldn’t be able to affect him like this. Shouldn’t have him like a deer caught in headlights, but he does. And Louis realises then that there is nowhere else that he would rather be. There are really no words to describe what Louis would do for this man, because Harry is better than words.

Harry places both large hands on Louis’ hips when he comes to a stop in front of him. Louis gasps involuntarily, unable to help it, Harry’s touch making Louis feel as though he is being electrocuted. Harry is still taller than him even though Louis is wearing heels. Harry smirks down at him like he knows Louis was kind of hoping they would be eye level, but Louis can’t form a coherent thought when Harry is standing this close to him. When he is touching him. When his scent is invading Louis’ nostrils, burrowing its way into every fibre of his being. Harry’s presence is overwhelming, in the best possible fucking way, and Louis feels like he is in a trance. A trance he knows he never wants to wake up from.

“You. Look. Incredible,” Harry says then, as he brings his nose down to graze up the side of Louis’ jaw, punctuating each word as he says them through gritted teeth.

“You-- fuck. You don’t look so bad yourself, Styles,” Louis manages to breathe out, his voice sounding almost desperate as he fights the urge to throw his head back and moan at Harry’s words. Harry’s touch is causing Goosebumps to appear all over his body, and Louis can’t decide which sensation feels better. The way that Harry’s body heat is seeping into him via his hands, or the way that his skin feels tingly where Harry’s nose is still touching his cheek. Fuck. Louis needs to get it together. He can’t fall apart now. Not when has a bet to win. That’s why he is here isn’t it? That’s the reason he has been awake since four and is now standing before Harry in six inch heels. Yes. The bet. Fucking concentrate. He needs to concentrate.

“Oh yeah? See anything you like?” Harry asks then, and is that asshole using Louis’ words against him? He fucking is! Louis lets his gaze deliberately take in Harry’s entire appearance from the
chocolate curls on his pretty head, all the way down to the tips of his toes, not even trying to hide the fact that he is openly checking him out. Louis notices then that more tattoos are hidden behind the material of his shirt, right at his hips, and his stomach. He can’t quite make out the dark shapes beneath the layer of material, however he wants nothing more than to tear it from him to find out exactly what they are, and that is doing nothing to keep Louis from pushing Harry up against a wall. He really needs to distance himself from Harry before he does something drastic. It’s then Louis realises that Harry is probably doing this on purpose, a distraction tactic to throw him off of his game, and he steps backwards out of Harry’s hold. He instantly feels bereft at the lack of contact, and Harry is now pouting. Bottom lip protruding obscenely, his eyes pleading.

“I see plenty of things that I like, dear Harold. But I thought we were here to settle a little bet? A wager as it were. One that you proposed, if I am not mistaken.” Louis tries to sound confident, like he isn’t about to spontaneously combust or come in his pants. He thinks he mostly succeeds when Harry’s face changes from a childlike pout to a sexy smirk in the blink of an eye. Fuck. Louis will never get used to that. How Harry can morph from adorable cupcake to sex God faster than light can travel.

“Oh, but we are. I see you came prepared,” Harry replies, gesturing to Louis’ glittering, black Bordello heels, complete with red bow detail.

“I’m always prepared. Proper planning prevents poor performances, as they say.”

“Well then, in that case, shall we?” Harry asks, and Louis can’t help the smile that forms on his face.

This is it. There’s no turning back now. Harry turns around then, heading to the front of the room where the longest wall of mirrors are, and Louis seize the moment, taking a deep breath. Harry always knows just what to say or just what to do to have him on edge, his mind a scattered mess. It’s a very unfair advantage if you ask Louis, but he is counting on his years of night clubbing experience to see him to victory. There is no way that Harry is winning this bet. He’s been dancing in heels for years, and he has been practicing. Not that he really needed to. He just wanted to make sure he wasn’t leaving anything up to chance. Just then Liam comes up beside him, nudging him gently in the ribs, and Louis turns to look at him.

“You ready?” Liam asks, smiling at Louis, a look akin to pride taking over his features. Louis isn’t quite sure what there is to be proud of. All of this, at the end of the day, is a ploy to get into Harry’s pants. But he figures that Liam probably has his own reasons for being proud of him, and he isn’t about to question him. Is he ready, though? Is he really ready to do this? Is he ready to finally get his man? There seems only one logical answer to Liam’s question, and Louis turns to face him with an immense feeling of confidence suddenly washing over him before he answers with the only thing that comes to mind.

“I was born ready.”

Forty five minutes later Louis is sweating more than he thinks he ever has in his life. Harry has thrown one of the hardest workouts at them to date, and Louis almost feels sorry for the rest of his classmates. Liam, bless his heart, has been a total champ, whispering words of encouragement to Louis for the entire lesson, fist bumping and high five him between routines, and Louis feels like a million dollars. It hasn’t been easy though. There have been moments where Louis felt like he may
snap an ankle, even a few moments where he wanted nothing more than to take his heels off, his feet aching now, but he has powered through. Harry even looks like he is near collapse, having thrown everything he has at Louis, all to no avail. Louis has, as promised, completed the lesson in his highest, most sparkly heels, and he feels more than a little smug about it.

“Okay-- okay. You win. I-- surrender,” Harry pants into his ear mic, both hands on his knees, struggling to drag air into his lungs. His shirt is now stuck to the hard planes of his body with sweat, his hair now damp, one lone curl hanging in his eyes. Louis is panting, his chest rising and falling in rapid succession, a layer of sweat covering every inch of his body, and he isn’t sure if it’s from the workout or the sight of Harry before him. Either way, he feels fucking amazing. Slightly gross, but amazing. It may also be the knowledge that he has won Harry’s bet or the adrenaline from the class, but whatever the reason he hasn’t felt this good in years. Unlike Harry, who looks like he’s just run a marathon.

“Are you-- are you accepting-- defeat?” Louis replies, speaking loud enough for the assembled class to hear him now that the music has stopped. Everyone except Liam turns to stare at them, and Harry motions for Louis to come up to the front of the room. Louis doesn’t hesitate to make his way to the front of the class, his heels clacking almost too loudly on the polished floor as he comes to stand beside Harry, patting him gently on the back as he continues to support himself with his hands on his knees. Louis feels a little sorry for him if he is being honest. He did try incredibly hard to best him. But he did tell him he could do anything in heels. It’s not his fault Harry didn’t believe him. “Are you okay, Haz?” Louis asks him then, beginning to worry that Harry’s breathing hasn’t quite returned to normal yet. The nickname slipping out of his mouth before he can stop it.

“Yeah. Fine. Just-- just need a second,” Harry says, and he still sounds winded. The rest of his classmates are still staring at the pair of them with identical confused expressions, clearly waiting for one of them to explain what the hell is going on.

For a start, both of them are dressed like they are about to hit Cartel, and Harry has just put them through the most intense workout any of them have probably ever done. They got dragged into this mess, the least Harry and Louis can do is explain why. Harry finally stands upright after a few moments, and takes Louis’ hand. Louis’ eyes dart to their joined hands, then back to look at Harry, and he is simply smirking down at Louis, shrugging his shoulders. Louis doesn’t mind the public display of affection; he just didn’t think that Harry wanted everyone to know. He grips Harry’s hand tighter then before Harry turns back to face the class.

“As you may have noticed,” he begins, his words as always, coming out slow and calculated, as if he thinks about every word before he says them, “today’s lesson wasn’t entirely normal.” Everyone nods their head at Harry’s words, and poor Dave looks like he is about to have a heart attack. “It probably also hasn’t escaped your notice that Louis and I aren’t exactly dressed for Jazzercise. That’s because last week, I made a bet with Louis, that he couldn’t complete an entire class in those heels.” Harry points to Louis’ heels, and Louis being Louis, can’t help but strike a pose, showing off his most favourite pair of Bordello’s. The class cheers and whistles, some even throwing in a few cat calls.

“And how did that work out for you, Haz?” Louis asks, lifting a perfect eyebrow at Harry in question. Harry squeezes Louis’ hand in his much larger one, bowing his head slightly so that a few curls hang in his face, a shy, dimpled smile breaking out over his features. Louis’ heart begins to beat faster again, and not from the workout this time.

“I guess you really can do anything in heels,” Harry says in reply, not even trying to wink at him, although Louis can tell he really, really wants to, and Louis smiles smugly at him. Yes. He really fucking can. He won plenty of fifties back in his prime betting unsuspecting drunks that he couldn’t
dance in these heels. This really is no different. The prize, however, is much, much better than fifty dollars this time around. What he has won here today is priceless.

“The real question though,” Dave of all people pipes up then, and Harry, Louis and the rest of the class turn to face him, “Is, are you really a single lady? Beyoncé.” The assembled crowd laughs and cheers at Dave’s question, and Louis doesn’t miss the way that Liam is scrubbing his hands over his face, shaking his head. He knows fine well what is coming next. It was the exact thing that sealed their fate as ill fated lovers in the first place. He also knows what Louis is about to make him do, and well, Louis isn’t about to turn down an opportunity to show off. And show offs require back up dancers.

“What is he talking about?” Harry asks, and Louis can’t believe he doesn’t have a clue what Dave is talking about. He can’t be serious. Everyone knows what Dave is talking about. Louis even caught Harry doing the arm actions a few lessons ago.

“You, know. The Single Ladies dance. Shoulda put a ring on it?” Louis replies, waving his free hand in front of his face, and he sees it when recognition dawns on Harry’s face. His grip tightens on Louis’ hand to an almost painful level, and Louis is worried Harry may break a few of his fingers if he doesn’t let up.

“You-- you can do the dance?” Harry stumbles out, swallowing heavily. Oh, dear, sweet Harold. Not only can Louis do the dance, he owns that dance. That song and that dance were practically made for him.

“Have you met me?” Louis says, putting his free hand on his hip, cocking it slightly, raising an eyebrow at Harry. “Of fucking course I can do that dance. Oh-- shit. I shouldn’t swear should I? Excuse my language everyone,” Louis says, and Harry chuckles at him, the rest of the class sniggering and shaking their heads at him. They are all, as a collective, far too used to his antics now. All of them becoming more like friends than random strangers he attends a class with. Their numbers have dwindled down to an intimate fifteen, and Louis believes he is more than mere acquaintances with all of them.

He has met Dave’s wife Sandra, who is a stunning, petite blonde, with a fiery personality that Louis simply adores. The fact that she regularly plies him with homemade Blueberry Muffins has nothing to do with why he likes her. He also knows that Karen’s daughter is due to have a baby any week now. He is aware Lauren’s dad is coming into town for the first time in a year, and she is practically jumping out of her skin with excitement and that Ricky has a monster pimple on his ass that just won’t go away. He knows these people. And he has allowed these people to get to know him, so why not put on a show for all of his new friends? It can’t hurt. His feet already feel like they are about to bloody fall off, one more dance isn’t going to kill him. Hopefully.

“Would you like me to show you how it is that I was able to do this class in these heels?” Louis asks then and the entire room erupts. That is, everyone besides Liam and Harry. Liam looks ill, while Harry is staring at him dumbfounded. Good. He’s glad that he can still surprise and affect Harry this way. Maybe the odds aren’t as against him as he thought they had been at the beginning of the class. Maybe he can give Harry a taste of his own bad medicine. Bon Jovi who? Louis doesn’t know her. The only bad medicine he knows comes in the form of the ever stunning, ever hard on inducing Harry Styles, and that is all the medicine he will ever need.

Harry doesn’t say anything in reply to Louis’ question, still standing rooted to the spot with his mouth slightly agape, his hand still gripping Louis’ tightly. Louis wiggles his fingers, trying to get some feeling back into them, and Harry slowly releases his hand. He looks at Louis with what can only be described as a look of complete desire on his face, and it’s all Louis can do not to squirm.
Harry is so overwhelming in such close proximity, even more so when he is looking at Louis like this. Louis feels exposed, far beyond the point of nakedness. Almost as if Harry can see into his very fucking soul. It’s distracting, and Louis is struggling to form a coherent sentence. There is now a mere five minutes left of class, just enough time for Louis to shake his ass one last time, then they can finally be alone. Louis almost needs to do this to distract himself from the way Harry is looking at him and what his all consuming scent is doing to his insides.

“Right, come on Liam. Get that sexy ass of yours up here. I need my wingman,” Louis says then, finally tearing his eyes away from Harry. He takes a deep breath and shakes out his body, hoping that everyone will think he is merely limbering up for dramatic effect, and not trying to rid himself of wayward thoughts of Harry.

“Lou are you serious?” Liam groans, trying to make himself as small as humanly possible. Almost as if he is trying to blend seamlessly into the wood floor below him, so that he won’t have to make a fool of himself for Louis’ benefit.

“As a fucking heart attack. Now get your ass up here and lets get this shit show on the road. Things to see and people to do, Liam,” Louis quips back, and he doesn’t miss the gasp that flies out of Harry at his words. The rest of the class take it all in stride, chalking it up to classic Louis humour, but Harry knows what Louis is doing. And clearly its working. Perfect.

Louis winks at Harry as Liam finally makes his way to the front, handing over Louis’ phone that he had gotten from his bag in the process. Louis makes his way over to the phone dock at the other side of the room, next to the speakers. He shimmy’s his ass all the way there, and he fucking knows that Harry is watching every move he makes. Louis’ can practically feel his gaze on him, almost as if Harry is touching him, and it is doing nothing to help him stay focused on what he is about to do. This isn’t the easiest dance in the world, especially in heels this high, and if he doesn’t focus on that he is liable to fall and break his pretty neck.

Louis attaches his phone to the dock so that the song will play through the large speakers, quickly finding the song he needs. He takes another deep breath and turns around to face Harry. He walks deliberately up to him, doing his best catwalk walk across the room towards him, and placing one hand on his hard chest he pushes him gently backwards, clearing a space for himself and Liam. Harry goes willingly, and doesn’t say anything in protest as he pulls a small black remote control from the pocket of his pants. Louis winks at him, then struts back to the middle of the room, facing the rest of the class who have moved back a few steps, forming a loose semi circle in front of them.

“You ready, Li?” Louis asks as he takes his position, and Liam nods reluctantly, rolling his eyes.

“Like I have any other choice.” He really doesn’t and he knows it.

“Whenever you’re ready, Haz,” Louis says then, and a few seconds later the opening notes of the song are blaring through the speakers.

_All the single ladies_

_(All the single ladies)_

_All the single ladies_

_(All the single ladies)_

_All the single ladies_
(All the single ladies)

All the single ladies

Liam and Louis step from side to side to the beat, exaggerating each movement with a well timed hip pop, Louis shimmying his shoulders and upper body for added effect. One hand is placed on his right hip, the other held out to the side, his wrist gracefully swooping so that his small hand hangs delicately in the air. He looks in Harry’s direction just before the first verse begins, and he is happy to note that Harry’s gaze is transfixed on the way his waist and ass are moving to the beat of the music.

Now put your hands up

It isn’t until Louis abruptly lifts his hands above his head, simultaneously kicking his right leg to the height of his chin, that Harry’s gaze flies to his, and Louis winks at him with a smirk before continuing on.

Up in the club--we just broke up

I’m doing my own little thing

Louis and Liam place both hands on their hips then, popping each hip from side to side, then exaggeratedly to the right for three beats. Louis is, of fucking course, singing along to the song, giving the class his best performance. He doesn’t miss anything, even going as far as throwing in some well timed head nods and appropriate facial expressions that he knows make him look like he could do this dance in his fucking sleep. He really could. He is barely even breaking a sweat as the song continues on. His body knowing exactly what to do and in which direction to go, as easily as breathing.

You decided to dip and now you wanna trip

At this line Louis places one hand on his hip, the other being held out delicately to the other side again, and he bends all the way forwards, his ass now facing Harry. Harry, the precious cupcake that he is, has completely forgotten all about his ear mic that is currently still on his head and switched on, and as Louis rolls his body back upwards, his backing bowing inwards at what he knows is an obscene angle, Harry groans into the mic.

The rest of the class’ attention is now bouncing between what Liam and Louis are doing, and the noises Harry is making, like some obscure sexy tennis match, and if Louis doesn’t wrap this up soon, he isn’t sure that Harry is going to be able to control himself. That man has no control at the best of times. Like in small, cosy cafes for example. Here, however, he is the instructor, and at his word he could have this entire studio cleared out in a matter of minutes. If Louis’ is secretly hoping that Harry will take charge and do just that, no one needs to fucking know. Until then, he will continue to entice Harry with his body for as long as he can stand it.

’Cause another brother noticed me

I’m up on him, he up on me

Don’t pay him any attention

’Cause I cried my tears for three good years
You can't be mad at me

Louis moves exaggeratedly around in a circle then, almost running in his highest, most sparkly heels, Liam following along behind him. He can now see Harry in the mirrors that are behind him, as he raises his hands above his head again, shaking his ass to the beat of the music. He holds Harry’s gaze the entire time, not needing or wanting to look anywhere else. All of these moves are mere muscle memory now. He doesn’t really have to concentrate on what he is doing to give an amazing performance. He seems to be doing a pretty bang up job of it though because Harry’s eyes look dark and hooded, his lips are slightly parted and his chest is rising and falling rapidly. Louis doesn’t have any more time to really scrutinise just how worked up Harry is getting over this as he spins back around, ass still moving along to the beat.

’Cause if you liked it, then you should have put a ring on it

If you liked it, then you should have put a ring on it

Don’t be mad once you see that he want it

If you liked it, then you should have put a ring on it

Oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Oh, oh, oh

’Cause if you liked it, then you should have put a ring on it

If you liked it, then you should have put a ring on it

Don’t be mad once you see that he want it

If you liked it, then you should have put a ring on it

It is at the chorus, however, that Louis gets the shock of his life. The entire class, with Dave leading the charge, begin to mirror the actions back at him. Louis throws his head back in laughter, continuing along with the dance moves as the thirteen other people in front of him give their best Beyoncé performance. He really wishes he could see Harry, and when he knows it is coming up to Harry’s favourite arm action section of the song, he turns to look at him, and sure enough he is pumping his arms and stepping in time with the rest of them. Louis isn’t sure whether he should laugh, be endeared or be even more turned on than he already is, so he just lets his body decide. If his rock hard dick is anything to go by, then he knows exactly which one his body has chosen, and he is totally fucking okay with that.

As the next verse begins, the music abruptly cuts out, and Louis is beyond fucking thankful, that for once, Harry is somehow able to read his mind. He wants to have Harry to himself. He wants this class to be over, so that he can finally claim his prize. He has put on enough of a show to satisfy the rest of the class. He is a machine in heels, that much has been established. Louis strikes a pose, Liam
leaning on his other side, so that they are back to back, both of them looking reminiscent of Charlie’s Angels, prompting the class to erupt into a thunderous round of applause for both of them. Harry, not surprisingly, is wolf whistling and clapping the loudest, his sounds picking up on the mic sounding even louder in the room, and Louis may or may not be blushing. Sue him. Harry does things to him, and he can’t fucking help it. Although, he’d much prefer it if Harry was doing a whole host of other things to him right now.

Louis gives Harry a look then, that he prays says ‘can you wrap this up please?’, and without missing a beat, a salacious smirk blooms on his handsome fucking face that Louis wants to kiss off, and Harry speaks.

“And that ladies and gentlemen is how its done!” Once again the class applaud and cheer as Louis and Liam take their final bow. “And that, as they say in show biz, is a wrap! Thank you all for coming out today, and I hope that all of you have had an amazing time. If you drove, please drive home safely. If you walked, please walk home safely. If you rode, please ride home safely, or if you rode a hoverboard here, please hoverboard home safely. I will see you all back here next week!” Harry says, and the class laughs at his antics as they begin to disperse, calling out goodbyes and waving to Harry as they collect their belongings and head out.

Fucking finally.
Chapter Five

Chapter Summary

Just read it.

Darling

“Have a great weekend, Jade, see you next week!” Harry calls down the hallway after Jade, who he has convinced with a well timed dimpled smile, to leave early and let him lock up the studio. “Yes, yes I’m sure. It’s no problem really, you go, I’ll make sure everything is locked up when I am done,” Harry continues, looking as though it is physically paining him to stand in the hallway with a smile plastered on his face.

Louis fights to hold back a snigger. He wants to be alone with Harry just as much as Harry wants to be alone with him, and of course, Jade is making a song and fucking dance out of leaving, much to Harry’s well hidden disgust. It really is quite comical. Or at least it would be if Louis’ dick wasn’t threatening to split the seam of his tiny, tiny shorts. His dick is hard, throbbing and every movement has it rubbing painfully against the material of his underwear. He has been like this for at least the last half an hour, and if Harry doesn’t get him naked soon, he may spontaneously combust. Or start wanking right there in the middle of Studio One, whichever comes first. Preferably him. He wants to come first.

After what feels like an eternity, they finally hear the front doors of the building shut loudly. Once Harry is one hundred percent certain that Jade isn’t going to return, and he is sure that they are completely alone, he deflates like a balloon with a puncture. He takes what appears to be a deep, calming breath as Louis continues to stand and stare at him with an amused grin on his face. Yes, his dick is painfully fucking hard, but Harry looks like he is about to tear his hair out. So he isn’t the only one who is affected by the presence of the other. Louis thinks he may have almost given poor Harry a heart attack during his impromptu Beyoncé performance, and he is not even the least bit fucking sorry.

Harry turns to face him then, still standing out in the hallway. He stands up to his full height, his chest seeming to expand with the action, only making him seem broader across the chest and shoulders, and Louis may or may not be drooling. Okay, so he is totally fucking drooling, but it’s Harry! He is drool worthy, okay? Sue him. Something flashes across Harry’s eyes then. Something akin to hunger, and before Louis realises what he is doing, he starts moving quickly towards Harry, the other man follows suit, moving towards Louis, stopping only briefly to kick the studio door shut, banging loudly as it closes. A few short seconds later, Louis is in Harry’s arms, their lips joining together in a bruising kiss.

Fucking finally.

Harry’s arms grip Louis like a vice, his ridiculously large hands splayed out across his back, and Louis feels like he is being consumed by him. Not that he is complaining. He feels tiny compared to Harry, especially when he has him securely wrapped in his arms like this. Louis’ small hands automatically find purchase in Harry’s damp, chocolate curls, and Louis pulls on them as their dicks
rub together through the fabric of their clothing.

Harry tastes as good as he looks. Like everything sinful the Bible warns against. Harry is carnal fucking sin in a living, breathing, exquisite body, and Louis is more than willing to go straight to Hell for him. Or gay to Hell, as it is. Harry is the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden, which Louis isn’t even convinced was a fucking apple, and the taste is oh so sweet. He is, in that moment, supremely grateful that Harry can’t hear his thoughts, because he sounds like a bloody nutcase. But Harry does funny things to his brain, so it would be his own fault, really. Louis bites on Harry’s full bottom lip when he pauses to take a breath for the first time since their lips met, and if it is possible for Louis’ dick to get any harder than it is now, it does, when a rumbling moan escapes Harry’s sinful mouth. Holy fucking shit. Louis wanted so badly to know what kind of noises he could pull from Harry, and so far, he is not disappointed.

“Fuck, Louis,” Harry moans out on a breath as Louis breaks their kiss, attempting to drag some much needed air into his burning lungs. This will all go horribly wrong if he suddenly passes out from the lack of oxygen currently making it to his brain. He is already struggling due to lack of blood flow to his brain. Fucking Harry.

“I know,” Louis replies, and he doesn't know what he is agreeing to, or if it is even the right thing to say because he can’t think straight. His brain feels like it’s full of fluffy, blue cotton candy. It seems to be the right thing to say, however, because Harry is back to devouring his lips with his own again, this time using his tongue to trace along the seam of Louis’ lips.

Louis grants him entrance without so much as a second thought, and their tongues meld together as they delve and explore every dark undiscovered corner. It’s as if Harry is trying desperately to commit every micrometre of Louis’ mouth to memory, and he must say, he isn’t fucking complaining. He knows what Harry was trying to say though. Louis has wanted this for two fucking months. The two longest months of his entire life, so to finally be able to touch and kiss Harry how he has wanted to since day one, is overwhelming. ‘Fuck’ seems to be a pretty accurate way to describe how they are both feeling, if Louis is being honest.

As they continue, their kisses turn desperate, teeth clacking together, spit converting their chins and cheeks as they move in unison, both giving and taking from the other what they so desperately crave. What Louis craves more than Harry’s mouth on his own, however, is for both of them to be naked, with three of Harry’s long fingers opening him up in preparation for his hard dick. He needs to feel Harry’s bare skin beneath his fingertips, that are practically itching with the need to touch him, so he brings his hands down from their place in Harry’s hair, down to the buttons that Harry has actually bothered to button on his shirt. He fumbles with the miniscule pieces of white plastic, trying to pry them from the equally fucking minuscule holes in the fabric however Harry is still punishing his mouth, and he can’t fucking concentrate. It also doesn’t help that Harry’s hands have moved from their place on his back, to cupping his face, his thumbs rubbing gently over his cheeks, so he can’t even look down between their bodies to see what he is doing.

Harry must sense that Louis is struggling when he pulls back and says, “Here, let me.” Louis doesn't want to admit that he couldn't successfully relieve Harry of his shirt, but he chalks it up as a point for Harry and a testament to just how all consuming he is. Usually he would have had no problem undoing four buttons, much like straight men seem to be able to undo a bra clasp just by fucking look at it, but today, he couldn’t even get the first button undone. Fuck. Harry is a force of fucking nature. Strong, powerful, consuming everything standing in his way. Like a Tsunami or a Cyclone or some other equally powerful weather event that Louis can’t think of right now.

Harry takes a step backwards from Louis then, and his chest is heaving rapidly, his breathing coming out in short, sharp huffs. Louis is no better shape. He watches intently as Harry smirks at him, and he
is momentarily confused before Harry grabs two handfuls of his shirt and tears it open, the small, white buttons flying in every direction, bouncing loudly across the wooden floor. Louis knows he is gaping at him, and that his eyes are probably as wide as saucers, but holy fucking shit. How is this man even real? Louis feels like he should call the police, because it is surely a crime to be this fucking hot. Fuck. He can just imagine the conversation. ‘Yes, I would like to report a crime. Yes, my not-boyfriend Harry fucking Styles is too hot to be legal. Bring handcuffs, I’ll handle the rest.’

Speaking of handling things, Louis can now get his hands on Harry’s skin like he’s been fantasizing about doing since he ran face first into him months ago. He wants to know how it feels. He wants to know how it will make him feel. He wants to trace every single tattoo, which he can now see more of, with his fingers and his tongue and paint Harry’s perfect skin with his come. And why the fuck is he still standing staring at Harry like he’s been backhanded by a panda? He needs to snap out of it. Get your shit together, Tomlinson, he chastises himself harshly, and his mouth snaps shut as he takes two steps forwards to close the gap between them.

As Louis moves closer, he uses it as an opportunity to take in all that he can see. Harry’s body is perfect, not that he didn’t know that already. He realises when his hands finally come in contact with it, that his pale skin is surprisingly soft. Harry hisses out a breath as Louis’ hands meet his muscled chest, and Louis can’t help the smirk he knows is on his face. He likes the way that Harry is so responsive to him. It’s a bit of a power trip if Louis is being honest, and Louis may or may not want to take full advantage of that, abuse his new found power a bit, even. Louis looks at Harry as he moves his hands up to his collarbones, using his fingertips to trace over the two Swallows that Harry has tattooed there. He notices as his gaze moves from Harry’s dark, hooded eyes, to where his hands are, that they are not symmetrical, and he is sure that they have fucking eyebrows. Birds don’t even have eyebrows. Do they? He thinks that is a little odd, but he doesn’t question it, there is plenty of time for that later.

Louis brings his lips to the long column of Harry’s neck then, slowly trailing hot kisses along his skin, Harry’s hands now resting again on the small of Louis’ back, gripping tightly into the fabric of his t-shirt. His overly large and roaming hands are now slowly starting to make their way up Louis’ spine as Louis’ lips continue to track their way south, down in between Harry’s collarbones, down the centre of his broad chest, before Louis’ mouth finds purchase on one of Harry’s nipples. Louis flicks it with his tongue as Harry moans and grips onto him tighter, their hard dicks now rubbing together with more force than they have before, and Louis is edging ever closer to orgasm. He doesn’t want to come right now, and he doesn’t want Harry to come right now either. If he does, this will no doubt coming to a crashing halt, and he doesn’t want this day to be over. Not yet. That, however, doesn’t mean that Louis can’t edge Harry to the brink of insanity in the meantime.

As Louis moves from the first nipple, which is now stiff thanks to the ministrations of his mouth and fingers, he moves one of his hands down to the button on Harry’s jeans, popping it easily, thank fuck, before he slowly pulls down the zipper. All the while he licks and sucks at Harry’s other, until now, neglected nipple, Harry’s short nails now digging into the skin on Louis’ back. It is borderline painful, but Louis welcomes it. It is giving him something to concentrate on other than how badly he wants to fucking come, and so he continues on undeterred.

As he brings Harry’s nipple between his teeth, rolling it gently, he reaches into the waistband of Harry’s jeans, only to realise that his hand meets the warm skin of Harry’s hard dick immediately. Is he? No, he can’t be. Surely not. Louis pulls back abruptly, and his eyes go wide as he realises that Harry is in fact not wearing any underwear underneath his skinny jeans. Louis had wondered earlier, as he’d been unabashedly staring at Harry’s ass for the duration of their lesson, how he had managed to avoid having an underwear line in jeans that tight.

“Fuck, Harry. You have been free balling this entire fucking time?” Louis breathes out, and his voice
sounds deep and strained, something he didn’t even know his voice was capable of being. Harry just stares back at him, the corner of his lips pulling upwards into a smirk. That smug asshole. Louis really shouldn’t be as surprised by this news as he is.

“I thought I’d save you the trouble of having another unnecessary layer of clothing to remove,” Harry says conversationally, as if this should have been obvious to Louis. Holy fucking shit he is obscene. Louis squeezes his eyes shut at Harry’s words and tries his best to take a deep calming breath, but it is no use. He just can’t keep his shit together around this man. Despite his best efforts, Harry has him a hot fucking mess, always, and Louis decides then he doesn’t fucking care. Harry is more than worth it. Louis slowly opens his eyes again, and they both stare at each other intently. Their gaze never wavering, and it is almost as if a switch is flipped inside both of them.

One minute they are standing staring at each other, stock still, the only part of either of them that is moving is their chests as they rise and fall rapidly with their laboured breaths. The next, Harry has a handful of Louis’ t-shirt, yanking Louis hard against his muscular chest, his full lips back on Louis’ in a searing kiss. Louis’ hands waste no time coming up to Harry’s shoulders, pushing his shirt from them so that it slides gracefully down his long arms. Harry thankfully has the sense to release Louis, so that his shirt floats like a fresh falling snowflake to the wooden floor below them. Moments later Louis’ t-shirt joins Harry’s shirt in an unceremonious heap on the floor, Harry only breaking the kiss long enough for the material to pass over Louis’ lips before his mouth is back on his again. Louis is having trouble concentrating on much else besides the way that Harry’s chest feels against his own, the way his soft, full lips are devouring his, and the way that his hard dick is twitching in his hand. Fuck. They really need to stop with this slow dance and get this show on the road, or neither of them are going to be naked before they are both coming. Louis feels that he could come untouched, just from Harry’s sinful mouth alone, but that isn’t what either of them are here for.

“Let me taste you,” Louis says as he reluctantly pulls back, and he feels Harry’s dick twitch violently in his hand at his words.

“Fuck. Fuck yes, Lou. Want your pretty mouth on my cock,” Harry rambles out, and his voice sounds deep and gravely, deeper than Louis thinks he’s ever heard it. It causes a shockwave of pleasure to resonate throughout Louis’ entire being, and he doesn’t miss the chill bumps that appear all over his skin. Holy shit. All he did was speak! Louis is done for when Harry finally gets him naked, he just knows it.

Louis notices, for the first time since the end of the lesson, the barre running along the wall of mirrors and removing his hand from Harry’s dick, he begins backing Harry towards it. They have been standing in the middle of the empty studio for the last who knows how fucking long, but all of that is about to change. When he knows that Harry is almost touching the barre, he pushes him roughly so that his pert bum hits it hard, his broad back hitting the mirrors causing them to bang and rattle loudly with the force of the blow. Harry stares at him wide eyed, his mouth parted slightly as he pants, trying his best to drag air into his lungs as Louis drops slowly to his knees in front of him.

Louis looks up at Harry through his ridiculously long lashes as he crosses his ankles beneath him, using the long heels of his shoes as a makeshift seat, a trick he has picked up over the years, only to find Harry staring down at him with the most intense look in his eyes. His eyes are dark, all of the green that Louis loves so much completely gone now, his eyelids hooded. His gaze is almost smouldering, and Louis swallows heavily as he continues to look up at Harry as his hands work to pull his tight jeans down his thick thighs until the waste band is just underneath his balls and his dick springs free.

Louis’ gaze snaps to Harry’s dick then, unable to suppress the urge to look at it. It is, as he suspected, the biggest dick he has ever had the pleasure of enjoying. Harry is long and thick, a large blue vein
tracing its way enticingly up the underside of his shaft. Louis licks his lips involuntarily at the sight of it, pre come already beading at the slit. Louis wants to taste it, so without warning he kneels up slightly, looking up at Harry briefly, before his tongue sneaks out between his lips, and he licks along Harry’s slit. Harry groans when Louis’ tongue comes into contact with his dick, and Louis almost comes as the taste of Harry’s come fills his mouth. It is warm, salty and perfect, and he wants more. He needs to taste more. He didn’t think he wanted Harry to come this quickly. He wanted Harry to be inside of him when he finally did, but he can’t help it. He needs to taste Harry’s come again, wants a hot load of it shooting down his throat. He is sure that he can find a way to get Harry hard again, even if he does come now. Louis is nothing if not creative.

“I’m gonna make you come like this,” Louis informs Harry then, and before Harry can even begin to form a reply, Louis has his mouth wrapped around the head of Harry’s dick.

“Holy fuck. Lou, oh fuck, your mouth feels so fucking good on my cock,” Harry rambles out as Louis begins to suck gently at the head, trying his best to gauge just how much Harry is going to be able to handle before he comes. Harry is gripping tightly onto the barre either side of him, and Louis notices that his knuckles have turned white with the force of it. He briefly wonders how long it will be until Harry has a fistful of his hair instead, and he hopes that he it won’t be too long as he begins to bob his head up and down at a steady rhythm, taking more of Harry’s hard length into his waiting mouth which each pass.

After an unknown amount of minutes have passed, and Louis has adjusted to Harry’s downright gigantic dick, he is confident that he will be able to take the entirety of Harry’s length into his mouth. He moves his hands from their place resting against Harry’s hips so that they are gripping onto Harry’s thighs, and Harry moans out in response. Louis has built up a steady rhythm at this point, not too fast, but not too slow, and he is happy to note that Harry is continuing to mumble nonsense and is swearing to a God he probably doesn’t even bloody believe in. Perfect.

He looks up again as he continues to suck relentlessly, noticing that Harry’s head is now resting against the mirrors, his sweaty, chocolate curls making intricate patterns on the glass. His eyes are shut and his mouth is gaping open sinfully, not paying any attention to what Louis is doing, other than what he can feel, so Louis decides now is the perfect time to go for broke. Harry, surprisingly, has lasted much longer than Louis had thought he would. Not that he is implying that Harry is a thirty second wonder or anything; it would be idiotic of him to think that Harry was that inexperienced, especially given that he could be a porn star with his looks alone, simply that he himself isn’t sure he would have lasted this long had the roles been reversed.

Louis continues to look up at Harry, watching the way that his body responds to what he is doing to him with his mouth, and as his mouth comes back to the head of Harry’s dick, he flicks his tongue along Harry’s slit. Harry’s eyes fly open and his gaze snaps down to meet Louis’ with the action. That got is attention. Show time. Louis doesn’t give Harry any kind of warning as he takes his entire length into his mouth quickly, the tip hitting the back of his throat causing him to gag slightly. Harry stiffens momentarily as Louis’ his nose brushes the patch of dark curls at the base, and Louis digs his nails harshly into Harry’s thighs as he does so. He holds his position for the count of three, feeling a trail of spit as it runs from his mouth, down his chin, and drips onto the floor below them, and Harry yells out in pleasure.

“Holy fucking shit! Fuck! Oh fuck, Louis! Fuck!” Louis releases him then, and continues on with his steady rhythm as if nothing happened, looking up at Harry with the most innocent expression on his face that he can muster. “Let me fuck that pretty mouth, baby,” Harry almost whispers then, and Louis nods his head frantically in silent confirmation of Harry’s request.

Harry wastes no time gripping Louis’ hair tightly in both hands, using his hair to hold him in place as
he begins to piston his hips, causing his dick to hit the back of Louis’ throat with every thrust. Holy fuck. Now they are finally getting somewhere. Louis hoped and prayed that Harry had this in him, and he grips tighter onto Harry’s thighs for support. What Louis isn’t counting on, however, is the constant string of filth coming from Harry’s mouth, and he suddenly needs to come, the feeling more intense than he has ever felt before.

“Fuck, you look so fucking good taking my cock, baby,” Harry begins, never letting up on his punishing pace, his words coming out breathy and stunted. Louis tries to keep his eyes trained on Harry’s, but his vision is blurring with tears as he continues to sputter and gag around Harry’s hard dick. He just hopes that the waterproof mascara he chose to wear this morning is in fact waterproof, or he is about three thrusts away from resembling a thoroughly fucked racoon. “You love this don’t you?” Harry continues, and Louis can’t help the moan that rumbles from his chest at Harry’s words. Yes. Yes he fucking does. He loves it, fucking sue him.

“You love the way my hard cock feels in your hot, wet mouth. The way that I’m hitting the back of your throat, making you gag for me. Fuck.” It appears that Harry isn’t only pushing Louis to the brink of orgasm with his words, but also himself, and Louis feels it as his thighs begin to shake and his hips begin to stutter, his rhythm flying out the window as he loses himself to the feeling of Louis’ mouth wrapped around his length. Harry may think that he is the one in charge here, but he has another thing coming. Well, he will be coming, in a matter of mere moments if Louis has anything to do with it, but that’s besides the bloody point. Just as Harry’s dick hits the back of Louis’ throat again, he sucks in his cheeks obscenely, so that he has a vice grip on him. Harry’s eyes go wide, his eyebrows hitting his hairline, and as he thrusts back in again he stops midway, his legs twitching violently, and he is coming with a shout.

“Fuck, Louis! Oh God!” Louis can’t help but smirk, even with Harry’s now spent dick still pulsing in his mouth. He doesn’t swallow Harry’s come right way, instead he holds it in his mouth, sucking every last vestige from Harry’s dick before he parts his lips slightly, allowing Harry’s to pull his dick free. Harry is panting heavily, one large ringed hand coming to rest on Louis’ cheek, his thumb moving slowly across his cheekbone, where he knows his highlighter is blinding the gods. Louis can’t help but nuzzle into Harry’s touch, and he freezes when he realises what he is doing. Is this too much? He and Harry haven’t ever really discussed that side of things. Affection that is. It was only ever implied that Harry wanted Louis’ body and vice versa, but never anything more than that. Shit. Louis looks up at Harry, as he continues to kneel at Harry’s feet. He feels like he should stand, but he isn’t entirely sure that he trusts his legs right now. He lets out a breath through his nose he didn’t even realise he was holding, when Harry flashes him his signature, soft dimpled smile. Thank fuck for that. That could have been a potentially very awkward situation to have to talk himself out of had Harry reacted differently. He is secretly very pleased that he didn’t, though. He wants more than just sex from Harry, and that is more evidence that Harry may just feel the same way.

“I know you haven’t swallowed my come, yet,” Harry says then, the same sweet, innocent smile still firmly in place. And what the actual fuck? Why is he like this!? Louis’ eyes go wide as he abruptly stops nuzzling into the warmth of Harry’s palm. How could he possibly know for certain that Louis still has a mouthful of his come? “Don’t. Don’t swallow it. I have a plan for it,” is all he says, and it takes everything Louis has in him not to swallow harshly. Holy fucking shit. What does he mean he has a plan for it? What is he going to do? Whatever it is it’s no doubt nasty and dirty, and Louis is fucking living for it. He’s down for pretty much anything Harry suggests, and he is already on his knees. It’s not as if he would have to go much further.

“Can you help me out of these?” Harry asks, gesturing to his skinny jeans, and Louis scrunches his eyes shut, whining at his words. Holy shit. Who knew that baby pink spandex clad

Harry begins to toe off his boots and awkwardly remove his socks as Louis continues to kneel dumbfounded at his feet. He kicks them to the side out of the way, before he looks at Louis again with a smirk. “Can you help me out of these?” Harry asks, gesturing to his skinny jeans, and Louis scrunches his eyes shut, whining at his words. Holy shit. Who knew that baby pink spandex clad
Harry would be this dirty? That he had this side to him at all. Fuck.

Louis’ skin tingles with his words, and with shaking hands, he begins to help divest Harry of his jeans. When they are kicked to the side in a crumpled heap along with all of Harry’s other clothes, Harry is standing fully naked before Louis. He holds a hand out to him and helps Louis to his feet. Louis’ legs wobble slightly, and he takes a deep breath in through his nose trying to steady himself. Harry is just so much. His words and actions doing a number of sinful things to Louis’ body that he wouldn’t have been prepared for in his wildest imaginings.

“I want to taste you,” Harry whispers in his ear then, when their bodies are flush together. Louis momentarily registers that, once again, Harry is using his words against him, and he knows fine well that Louis can merely grunt or groan in response, unable to speak thanks to the come that is still occupying his mouth. That fucker. “And as much as I simply adore these shorts,” Harry continues, gripping onto Louis’ sequin clad ass firmly, “I’d much prefer to see what is hiding underneath them.” Harry hasn’t said anything overly sexual or crazy, and yet Louis goes limp in his arms at his words. It must be the accent. That has to be it. It must be the way that he sounds so proper whilst talking about Louis getting naked for him, because Louis simply can’t think of any other reason why one simple sentence has him a shivering, quaking mess.

It’s all fucking ridiculous and totally unfair, and Louis is fucking living for it. Harry’s accent, his presence, his body touching his. The way that Louis can feel his breath ghosting over his skin, his scent infiltrating every fibre of his being, right down to his very core. Just… everything. Harry is everything he has ever wanted and more. Louis has always been one to live a hedonistic lifestyle, but Harry is the absolute epitome. Louis will never, ever find another thing in this world that gives him more pleasure than Harry is giving him right now.

“Hold onto the barre for me, baby,” Harry whispers then, as if it is some secret that no one else is allowed to hear. He steps out of Louis’ way, coming to stand behind him, and Louis does as he is asked. He is confused and not quite sure what Harry is up to, but he doesn’t question it. Not that he could even if he bloody wants to.

“Lower,” Harry says, and Louis notices for the first time that there are actually two barres, a taller and shorter one. He isn’t sure why there are two, and now is really not the time to be dissecting the inner workings of a ballet studio therefore he simply moves his hands down to the lower barre, and he realises instantly why Harry chose this one.

From this position, in his six inch heels, Louis’ ass is now being thrust into the air, his back bowing inwards to accommodate the weird angle. Harry is standing behind him, his legs slightly apart, stroking his spent dick, that doesn’t seem quite as spent as it had been a moment ago. It isn’t hard but not quite flaccid either, and Louis has a sneaking suspicion that by the time Harry has ‘tasted’ him, whatever the hell that is going to entail, he will be raring to go again. Praise the fucking Lord for that. It hadn’t occurred to Louis until after Harry had come in his mouth that Harry may not be able to get hard again, but it had been too late to do anything about it. Now, though, it seems that Louis had been worried over nothing. Is there honestly nothing this man can’t do?

“Your ass looks obscene like this, did you know that?” Harry says then into the quiet of the room, the only other sounds that can be heard are the passing traffic outside, and Louis’ laboured breathing. And yes. Yes, Louis does know that his ass looks obscene from this angle. But if Harry thinks it’s a sight to see now, he is in for one hell of a shock when he finally gets these shorts off of him.

“Do you know how hard it was to stave off a hard on for the entire lesson? While I had to watch you prancing about in these shorts and these heels. Holy fuck, Lou.” Fuck. Louis really, really wishes he could banter back. That he could be sassy and employ his best ‘Me? A tease? Never,’ speech to
drive Harry wild. But he can’t. Because he has a mouthful of Harry’s hot, salty come. Not that he is complaining about that. He isn’t sure, but he may quite possibly be getting high from it, and he gives zero fucks if that sounds ridiculous. That’s his story, and he’s bloody sticking to it. It also doesn’t help, that like this, Harry is very, very persuasive.

“Do you know how badly I wanted to drag you out of this studio, and down to the toilets to have my way with you? Hmm?” Harry continues. He really needs to fucking cut that shit out. Louis’ dick is now being squashed by his teeny, tiny shorts. In hindsight, he probably should have taken into consideration he’d have to fit an erection and his ass into them, but he didn’t. Now his dick is rubbing painfully against the material, screaming to be let free. He can also feel a distinct wet patch in the front of his underwear from the pre come he knows is leaking from his dick, and it is doing abso-fucking-lutely nothing to stave off the orgasm that is building intensely within him. Fuck. Just fuck. And yet Harry plows on. Jesus’ fucking tits.

“But that’s the thing, isn’t it? You do know. You do know that your ass looks absolutely divine in those shorts. You do know that your legs look sinful in those heels. You do know that you are driving me fucking mad with lust. Don’t you?” Louis wants to practically scream ‘Yes! Yes I fucking know!’, but he bloody well can’t. Harry knows fine well he can’t. That asshole. Fuck. Now Louis knows what Karma is really about, because he is getting it served to him on a Harry sized bloody platter. God dammit. He wondered if he would ever meet his match, and it appears he has, in none other than Mr. Harry I’m-A-Fucking-Sex-God Styles.

“It’s also very unfair that I am naked, and you are not. Don’t you think?” Why the hell does he keep asking Louis endless questions? When he knows that Louis can’t answer… oh. Right. That’s why. Because he knows Louis can’t answer him. That sadistic git. Harry kneels down behind Louis then, so that his face is now level with Louis’ ass. He begins moving one large hand up the inside of Louis’ leg. Louis can’t help the Goosebumps that appear on his skin, or the way that he shivers at Harry’s touch. Is that dickwad fucking smirking at him? He is! Well, that is all about to change. He may think he has had the last laugh, but Louis has news for him.

“Open your legs for me, baby,” Harry says then, and Louis scrunches his eyes tightly shut, as if not being able to see that Harry is smirking, and ogling him while he continues to stroke his dick back to full hardness, will somehow miraculously stop him from coming. Who does he think he is kidding? Honestly. Louis, however, does as he is asked and shuffles his legs further apart whilst Harry continues to stroke himself and the inside of Louis’ thigh. Fuck.

“Now. Let’s see what hidden treasures await us,” Harry says almost too himself, as he moves his hands around Louis to the front of his shorts. Who even is he? Who says that shit in real life? Harry apparently, and Louis’ dick twitches violently at his words. Who’da thunk it?

Harry deftly unbuttons Louis’ shorts, before he starts peeling them slowly down his legs. Louis is about to step out of his heels and has one foot half way out of one, when he feels a sharp sting on the top of his thigh, followed by the sound of a resonating slap. Holy shit. Did he just? He fucking did. Holy shit.

“Leave them on,” is all Harry says, as he slaps Louis’ upper thigh in warning, and Jesus H Christ, he is sinful. Pure sin. It’s the only way to describe him. Louis throws his head back at Harry’s words, his eyes falling shut again, and he whines, the action causing the come in his mouth to slide towards his throat. Shit. He has to keep it where it is, so he lets his head fall forwards between his outstretched arms instead. Shit. That was almost a close call. Louis wishes that Harry would hurry up and do whatever it is that he is planning to do with his come, because it is becoming increasingly difficult for Louis to hold it in his mouth and breathe at the same time.
Harry continues to slide Louis’ shorts down his legs, and he taps Louis’ ankle signalling him to step out of them. He then proceeds to knead at his cheeks, pressing hot wet kisses directly over the thin material of his tiny boxers right over where his hole is, and Louis almost cries out. Fuck. He needs Harry to touch him, to kiss him, to do something. Louis is going mad with lust, and he needs some physical manifestation of that before they are carting him out of here on a trolley in a straight jacket.

“I’ve been dreaming of this ass for weeks,” Harry breathes out over Louis’ left arse cheek, the sound of his voice reverberating up Louis’ spine. “What I could do to it, all the things I am going to do to it now,” Harry continues. Louis has never been one for spitting, it’s a total waste, and his mother always told him not to. But he just fucking might if it means that he can curse, scream and shout at Harry to hurry the fuck up. This is downright torture, and Harry knows it.

Harry thankfully doesn’t say anymore, as his hands move to the waistband of Louis’ boxers, and he begins pulling them down over his ass. And in three, two, one…

“No fooking way!” Harry exclaims. Okay, so it isn’t the response Louis had been hoping for, but it’s a response nonetheless. “Do you seriously? It can’t be,” Harry rambles on, and yes. Louis really does have a penguin tattooed on his ass. It was a dare, so sue him. “Look in the mirror, baby,” Harry says then, and Louis is confused but does as Harry asks. Hell, Harry could ask him to jump off a cliff at this point, and Louis would do it.

When Louis’ eyes meet the mirror, he notices Harry is holding his mostly tattooed arm up over his shoulder at an odd angle, and lo and fucking behold, there it is, written in yellow letters with bold black outline, the word ‘PINGU’. No ‘fooking’ way indeed. Louis can’t help but snort when he registers what he is seeing, and his body shakes in silent laughter, that really isn’t so silent. He is making a host of weird coughing and gagging noises, and he really hopes that is snot that he can feel on his top lip, because the alternative is just too fucking much, even for him.

Harry begins to laugh as he watches Louis fall apart, and Louis doesn’t miss it when he snorts too. Only Harry doesn’t have a mouthful of come threatening to exit his body at lightspeed via his nostrils. Louis shakes his head as Harry lowers his arm, unable to do anything else. Of fucking course, Harry has a Pingu tattoo, why fucking wouldn’t he? He actually has an assortment of other tattoos that could be deemed ‘complimentary’ to the tattoos that Louis has, but Louis isn’t allowing himself to let his mind stray to thoughts of fate, and stars aligning and all of that sappy shit. That is movie garbage dreamt up to get saps like Louis to watch otherwise shit movies, that shit isn’t real. Or is it?

“Kiss me,” Louis hears Harry say, and he is startled when he realises that the voice is coming from below him not behind him. He almost chokes. He recovers quickly, looking down, and to his surprise, finds Harry laying on his back looking up at him with a smirk. Well, this is definitely a first. Louis moves his head towards Harry, continuing to hold onto the barre for support as Harry sits up, taking Louis’ face in his hands, before he seals their lips together in a gentle kiss. That, however, doesn’t last long, as Harry is probing at Louis’ lips, demanding entrance. He does realise that as soon as Louis parts his lips, his mouth is going to be filled with his own come like a river breaking its banks, right? Louis hopes so, because Harry doesn’t let up.

Soon Harry’s mouth is filled with his own come, and before Louis can really think about what is going on, Harry’s mouth and hands are gone. He has disappeared behind him again, as quickly as he had appeared there. He really needs to come with a tracking device or some shit because Louis is having trouble keeping up with him. Once Harry is situated back behind Louis, his face once more level with his ass, he quickly peels Louis’ boxers all the way off, leaving Louis standing naked before him, his tight hole now slightly exposed to the cool air of the room thanks to his current position.
Harry taps Louis’ left ankle then, and Louis is momentarily confused before he realises what it is that Harry wants him to do. He can’t be fucking serious, surely? But he is, because he continues to tap silently at Louis’ ankle until Louis shuffles his legs even further apart, his hole now fully exposed, his dick hanging heavily between his legs, his balls high and tight. Harry groans at the sight, before he uses his nose to run a line upwards from Louis’ balls all the way up to his tight entrance. Holy fucking shit. Each breath that Harry takes sends a shock wave of pleasure into Louis’ still neglected dick as it sends sparks flying over his skin, and he can’t help but call out at the sensation.

“Fuck, Harry!” Louis’ voice sounds gravelly from disuse and foreign to his own ears. It almost feels wrong to speak after not being able to for so long. It probably hasn’t been that long in all actuality, but to Louis, it feels like it has been hours. It must have been a substantial amount of time, however, because out of the corner of his eye, Louis notices that Harry’s cock is becoming hard again, the sight of it reflected back at him in the mirror. Jesus. This man is a fucking machine. Literally.

Harry taps Louis’ hip then, and Louis’ gaze flies to the mirror. He gives himself a mental pat on the back when Harry half smiles at him, nodding his head, his sweaty curls bouncing with the action. How in the hell he can read Harry’s silent cues so well he’ll never know, but he is just glad that he can. Harry gestures with two long fingers then for Louis to watch him, and Louis almost laughs at him. Like he could take his gaze off of Harry’s even if he wanted to. And so Louis holds Harry’s gaze as he brings his ringed index finger up to his lips. Louis doesn’t think that he blinks, doesn’t let his gaze move or falter, enraptured by what Harry is about to do.

Louis watches with slightly trembling legs, as Harry kneels up behind him, his toned stomach coming flush with his pert ass. It feels amazing, if Louis is being perfectly honest, the way that Harry’s skin feels against his own. Louis feels exposed and wanton, but he has never felt like this with anyone else before. Only Harry has ever been able to make him feel this good and this naughty all at the same time. Fuck. He watches as Harry slowly feeds his finger between his full, kiss bitten lips, sucking on it salaciously. What the fuck is he playing at? And then it hits Louis, like a fucking freight train. Now he realises what Harry wanted his come for, and if Harry isn’t careful, he may just end up with a hot puddle of Louis’ to add to the mix.

When Harry removes his finger from his mouth after a few moments, it is glistening with the mixture of Harry’s spit and come, and just as Louis is about to look away, unable to watch any more in fear of coming, Harry swallows heavily. Oh no he fucking did not? But he did. And holy fucking shit that may just be the most erotic thing that Louis has ever witnessed in his entire life. And that is fucking saying something. Harry leans back on his heels then and manoeuvres his hand so that his index finger is hovering over Louis’ hole, and he can feel it involuntarily quiver in anticipation.

“Are you ready, baby?” Harry asks as his wet finger makes contact with Louis’ rim.

“Yes! Fuck, yes! I’m ready!” Louis’ calls out, and why he is yelling he has no fucking idea.

“Good.”

Before Louis can say another word, Harry’s finger traces slowly over his hole, coating it in the mixture of Harry’s come and spit. He doesn’t press it inwards, he simply lets his finger wander over Louis’ entrance for a few moments before it is gone, and he is licking a hot, wet, fat stripe from Louis’ balls all the way up to his entrance. He then circles the tight ring of exposed muscle with his tongue. Holy fuck! Louis has had a rim job or twenty before, but he has never felt anything like this in his life, and his knees buckle and his arms shake as Harry holds onto his hips, continuing to devour him without mercy.

“Harry! Oh God. Shit. Fuck, Harry. Fuck…” Louis rambles out as he fights to remain upright, the only thing holding him there being Harry’s firm grip and his Bordello heels.
“What’s wrong, baby?” Harry asks in a sweet voice, the only tell tale sign that he is doing anything at all being the way that he is panting slightly. “Do you want me to stop?” He asks, and he better be fucking joking.

“No!” Louis yells out before Harry thinks that he has done something wrong. “No, don’t stop. Don’t. Fucking. Stop. Fucking hell!” Louis’ words are punctuated by stuttering moans, Harry having returned to his previous task of eating his ass like it’s his God given bloody right, after the first ‘No’ had left Louis’ lips. “Fuck, Harry that feels so fucking good.”

“I know, baby. I know.” Is he agreeing with Louis? Fucking hell. He really is a confident, smug asshole when he wants to be, isn’t he? Not that Louis has a problem with that. Wasn’t it Louis that said that confidence is the best accessory someone can wear? In this case, Harry is fucking Gucci. The cream of the crop, the best of the best. No exceptions.

Harry is relentless. He doesn’t intensify in speed, or do anything crazy or weird; he simply continues to lick, suck and probe at Louis’ hole with his mouth and tongue. Days pass, or so it seems, and still Harry doesn’t let up, only ever briefly pausing to take a well earned breath. Louis’ legs are shaking uncontrollably now, and he is doing everything in his power to keep himself standing. His knuckles have turned white, his hands are beginning to hurt from holding onto the barre so tightly, and his feet feel like they are about to drop off from using them to anchor himself. But he wouldn’t change any of it for the world. He is panting and sweating, a trail of it running from the nape of his neck down his chest to drip onto the floor, the rest running down his spine, and he isn’t so sure that Harry isn’t getting a mouthful of it every time Louis moves and squirms under Harry’s ministrations.

Louis can’t take it any longer. He needs to be touched. He needs to come, so he moves one hand precariously down to his dick that is throbbing and leaking, but Harry is quicker. He slaps Louis’ hand away as he continues to press hot kisses to Louis’ hole. He moves one of his large hands down to his own dick, tugging it in a steady rhythm, before he brings the other down to Louis’. Louis yells out at the touch, feeling as though he is being electrocuted at finally being touched, but it is short lived. He expected Harry to stroke his length in time with his hand in his own dick, but he doesn’t. He simply grips tightly onto the base of Louis’ length, effectively ending any chance of Louis’ coming in the near future.

“Har-- Harry, please. Please, I need to come. Please Harry.” And Louis is unabashedly begging, now. He doesn’t care how he sounds; he just needs to be touched. Needs to come. He needs it more than he has ever needed anything, ever.

“Tell me what you want, baby,” Harry mumbles out against his hole, and Louis’ entire body tenses with it. He is sure that he would have come at Harry’s words if it hadn’t been for Harry’s vice like grip on his dick.

“I-- I want. I want you. Need your dick. Need to feel you. Need to feel full of you,” Louis manages, and he is proud that he is still able to get a somewhat coherent sentence out. Okay so maybe that sounds a little cringey, and not his finest sexual moment, but sue him. Harry has been edging him for the last three hundred and seventy three hours, so he can’t be blamed for anything that comes out of his mouth right now. He is pleading the fifth. Regardless of the fact that he is not American, and therefore not covered by any of the twenty seven amendments to the Constitution, even though there are in fact only twenty five amendments, seeing as two of them pertain to the repeal of the eighteenth amendment. Honestly, who in their right mind outlaws the manufacturing and sale of alcohol? Dumbshits and cocaine users, that’s who. How else were they getting their jollies back then if they weren’t getting shitfaced on Moonshine every Friday and Saturday night? But that’s totally irrelevant.
“You want my cock, baby? Want to feel me filling you, stretching you with it?” Harry asks as if that fact hasn’t already been established.

“Yes!”

“Are you sure? I’m not as prepared as I’d like,” Harry says then. It takes Louis a second to work out what Harry means, and then it hits him. He doesn’t have any protection or lube by the sounds of it. Does Louis want this? Does he want to bareback with Harry? Does he want to run that risk? Yes, yes he fucking does.

“Are-- Are you clean?” Is what Louis decides to ask, and he waits patiently for Harry’s answer.

“Of course, love. I get tested every six months. I always wear protection as a general rule, but it doesn’t hurt to get checked anyway.” Louis sighs in relief. Thank God. Someone with half a fucking brain that actually takes their sexual health seriously.

“Oh thank fuck. I’m clean, too. Always have been. I’ve never had anything,” Louis rushes out, and he hears Harry chuckle from behind him.

“I was hoping you would say that,” Harry says, and his signature dimpled smile appears on his fucked out face. “Because there is no way that I am leaving here without fucking you, Lou. I have waited too long for this to then fall at the last hurdle.”

“It’s-- It’s… Fuck Harry!” Louis is trying to tell him that it’s okay, that he trusts him, but Harry is making it very difficult as he has now decided that stroking Louis’ angry, red and leaking dick is a fucking brilliant idea. “It’s okay. I-- I trust-- you. Shit.”

Harry doesn’t say anything else then; he simply moves his hand from his own, now hard, dick, and brings his fingers up to Louis’ mouth, continuing to stroke Louis with the other. It’s probably a good thing that Harry is freakishly tall, and therefore his arms are much longer than the average person’s, because Louis would not have been able to do all of the things Harry is doing to him, and from behind him no less, had the tables been turned.

“Open your mouth for me, baby,” Harry whispers in Louis’ ear, and Louis does as he is told without question. Harry feeds three of his unfairly long fingers into Louis’ mouth, and Louis sucks on them with abandon, using his tongue to move between them, soaking them in his spit. When Harry decides that they are sufficiently lubricated, want for a better expression, he removes them from Louis’ mouth, as well as his hand from Louis’ dick, and Louis’ whimpers at the loss.

“Fuck, Harry, please,” Louis finds himself saying for the nine hundred and twenty third time, as if they are the only three words he has ever been taught.

“Soon baby, soon. But don’t touch. I want you to come untouched,” Harry says as if he can read Louis’ mind, and is he fucking serious? He can’t be. But he is. And Louis feels like he is going to faint. Louis has never come untouched in his life. What makes Harry think that it is going to happen now? Oh. Right. He’s Harry fucking Styles. Never mind.

Before Louis can’t protest, however, when he feels one of Harry’s fingers ghosting over his hole again. He takes a deep breath in, as Harry’s lips come down on his spine, and he presses his finger gently into Louis’ waiting heat. Holy fucking shithalls. Louis may be over exaggerating however he can see stars behind his eyes, and his skin feels like it has been set alight as Harry inches his finger slowly inwards until Louis’ can feel his knuckles brushing the skin of his ass cheeks. Fuck. Harry allows Louis to adjust for a moment before he starts moving his finger in and out of Louis’ body, setting a steady pace, deliberately avoiding Louis’ prostate like the fucking Black Plague, Louis
notices. That asshole. He is doing it on bloody purpose.

“More, need more!” Louis calls out after a few moments and soon one finger becomes, two, which is closely followed by three. Now Harry has three of his fingers deep inside of Louis’ scissoring and crooking them, but still, he is avoiding touching the one place that Louis wants to be touched. It’s as if Harry has decided that his life’s mission is to drive Louis’ to insanity via sexual pleasure, or lack thereof, and Louis finds that he isn’t all that mad at him if he is being honest.

Harry doesn’t remove his fingers like Louis expects him too when Louis feels like he is sufficiently prepared for Harry’s horse dick. No. Instead he brings his mouth down to where his fingers are currently doing wonders to Louis’ insides, and using his digits, creates a wide enough opening to allow his tongue entrance too. Holy fucking shit. Louis has never felt anything so magnificent. He feels sexy and dirty and all of the fucking good things in life. All of this being given to him by the hands, mouth and tongue of Bunny Boy of all fucking people. Harry is a dark horse. The quiet one that they tell you to watch out for.

“Fucking hell, Harry. Get your fucking dick in me, now!” Louis yells as Harry is letting spit trail into his asshole. And Harry has the audacity to laugh at him.

“My, my. We are impatient, aren’t we? Weren’t you the one that said if I like it then I should put a ring on it?” He says, and fuck him he did just not defile arguably one of Beyoncé’s best songs. Not to mention Louis has been so fucking patient. He has waited months for this. If Harry waits any longer it’ll be fucking Christmas, and Santa won’t be the only Ho Ho Ho. Wouldn’t that be an interesting one to explain. Louis can just imagine the conversation all over the country. Little kids everywhere would be asking their parents, ‘Why are these Advent Calendars shaped like the Easter Bunny, Mum?’ With their parents having no other choice than to tell them, ‘Because the Easter Bunny fucked Santa Claus.’ Honestly it wouldn’t be that far of a stretch really. Harry is already half way to looking like the Easter Bunny, and Louis is the biggest hoe in town.

‘Stop stalling, you asshole’, is what Louis really wants to say to him right now, but what he says instead is….

“I did my waiting! Two months of it! In Jazzercise class!”

The room goes deathly silent for a moment then, Harry’s fingers stopping abruptly, and Louis mentally kicks himself. He’s done it now. Harry is going to think he is the biggest freak he has ever met and go running for the hills. What Harry does instead, however, is let out a loud honk of laughter before he is overcome with full belly laughs. Louis can see him in the mirror, can see the tears streaming down his face and doesn’t miss the fact that Harry is still three fingers deep in his ass.

“You did not just misquote Sirius Black!” Harry yells out as he wipes the tears from his eyes with his free hand.

“I did. And there’s nothing you can fucking do about it, Styles. Now stop fuck-arsing about and fuck me already! Or I may be forced to hex you,” Louis says with the straightest (ironic he knows) face he can manage.

“Okay-- okay. I get the hint,” Harry says through a chuckle, and he slowly removes his fingers from Louis’ tight heat. Okay, so this may be the most unconventional sexual experience Louis has ever had, but hey, Harry signed up for his dramatic ass willingly therefore he brought this on himself.

Harry takes a deep calming breath then, and Louis takes the opportunity to do the same. “Stand up baby, hold onto the top barre for me,” Harry whispers, and Louis tries his best to do it in as sexy a fashion as he can manage, even though his back is stiff and his legs are still wobbly. Harry comes up
behind him, and in his six inch heels, he is almost as tall as Harry is, and conveniently the perfect height for Harry to fuck him standing exactly as he is.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Harry asks him then, whispering the words into his ear. A warm feeling grips at Louis’ chest at Harry’s words. He can’t believe after everything they have done, and all this time they have spent waiting, that Harry is still giving him the option to back out because neither of them thought to bring protection with them to class.

“Yes. Yes, Harry I’m sure. If you are sure, that is.”

“Of course, I am sure, baby.” Harry kisses the soft skin behind Louis’ ear in almost the exact same spot that he had favoured in the café last week. It feels like an age has passed since then, not a mere seven days. They are finally here, the moment has finally arrived, as they say, and Louis feels… well, he doesn’t know what he is feeling exactly, but it feels fucking amazing whatever it is.

Harry lines himself up behind Louis, and Louis presses his ass towards him to give him better access, and therefore avoiding an awkward ‘left a bit, no my left, no right a bit, no, no… just let me do it’, moment. Harry begins to press in slowly then, and holy fucking mother of God. Harry is huge.

Maybe Louis should have let him keep opening him up for another few minutes, but they are here now and holy shit.

Louis isn’t going to lie, it stings like a bitch, but Harry, bless his bunny heart, stops moving when the head of his dick breaches Louis’ entrance, allowing him time to get used to the sensation. Louis isn’t sure he felt it at first, isn’t sure that Harry just did what he thinks he did, until he can feel warm spit running down onto his balls. Holy fucking shit. Harry just spat, directly onto his dick, that is currently in Louis’ asshole. Fuck. Louis, at any other time, finds spitting abhorrent, but right now, it is the hottest fucking thing he has ever experienced. He knows, he knows, he has said that about pretty much everything that Harry has done to him thus far, but it is true. Harry is the walking talking billboard for Gillette, because he is the best a man can fucking get.

“Holy fuck, Harry. More! Please,” Louis groans out, and Harry begins to slide his now ‘lubed up’ dick further into Louis’ waiting body.

When Harry’s pelvis meets Louis’ firm ass, he groans in pleasure, and it sends a shockwave down Louis’ spine. He will never get over the way that sound coming out of Harry makes him feel. Although, he doesn’t think he will ever get over the way feeling full of Harry’s dick makes him feel either. It’s damn near fucking Biblical. Like parting the Red Sea or some shit. Because that is definitely how Louis feels right now, as though Harry’s dick is splitting him in two.

“Do you want me to move, baby?” Harry asks after a few moments.

“Fuck, Harry, yes! Move! Please move, holy shit!”

Harry doesn’t need to be told twice, and after spitting between their bodies, to make sure that there is sufficient lubrication because he isn’t an asshole, he begins to move. Harry starts off slowly at first, pulling halfway out before slipping back in again, using a hand to move the spit over his length as he does so. He isn’t rough, and he goes slowly, allowing Louis’ time for proper adjustment given the circumstances.

Louis’ feels like he could cry. He has never had anyone treat him this way. Even in the middle of an empty ballet studio. Even with not so much as a sachet of lube between them. He could have just gone in like a fucking pineapple, with no care in the world for Louis’ well being. But he didn’t, and he isn’t. Louis can’t quite put into words the feeling that is gripping onto his heart. The feeling that is making it supremely hard for him to drag air into his lungs.
“Lou— Louis, oh my God, fuck! Fuck you feel so fucking good,” Harry growls out, the words rumbling out of him like a clap of thunder. Louis doesn’t know what to say or how to react to that, or if he even should, therefore he keeps his mouth shut for once in his bloody life. He simply lets the sensation of Harry’s hands on his hips, and the way his body moves to the rhythm Harry has set.

It doesn’t take long for Harry to start to piston his hips, driving his dick faster into Louis, and yet he is still somehow managing to avoid Louis’ prostate. How, Louis’ has no idea because he feels like Harry’s dick is tickling his tonsils from the inside. If only he would change the angle slightly, or just go a little deeper, as idiotic as that sounds, he would be hitting it square on with every pounding thrust. Louis, the impatient ass that he is, isn’t about to wait for Harry to get with the program, so he decides to expedite the process himself.

“Deeper, Harry. Fuck, deeper!” Louis calls out, and Harry groans. He sounds like a wounded animal, but it is the sexiest sound he has made yet, and who is Louis to argue with that?

Harry doesn’t respond like Louis expects him too. Not right away at least. What he does instead however is slows himself right down, almost to a complete stop, before he grips Louis’ right leg at the knee and whispers in his ear, “Prop your knee up on the barre for me, baby.” And excuse the fuck out of Louis, but what? He wants him to put his short ass, chunky leg where? It is then Louis remembers the six inch heels he is still wearing, not that he could bloody forget because he can no longer feel his feet, which gives him the added advantage of height. Height that will allow him to do just that. Fucking hell, Harry is a genius. Or a wizard. Or both. Probably both.

With Harry’s help Louis props his right knee up on the bottom barre, and Harry uses one large hand, positioned in between Louis’ shoulder blades, to push Louis forwards so that he is almost laying across the top barre that he is still holding onto for support. Harry then grips onto Louis’ hips tightly, almost painfully, and Louis just knows that he is going to have Harry sized, finger shaped bruises by this time tomorrow. It will be a lovely reminder of what they are doing now, and if Louis barricades himself in Liam’s room for the next week so that he can admire them in his full length mirror, then that’s his prerogative. Liam can fucking deal with it.

“Come on, baby. Fuck me. Fuck me like I know you can,” Louis pants out, and he stills when he realises that the pet name has slipped from his lips for the first time. Harry has been calling him that this entire time, only using his name to reiterate just how turned on he feels, or how amazing whatever it is that Louis is or isn’t doing to him feels. Louis tries to never use pet names, especially when he isn’t in a relationship with the person he is having sex with. But oddly it feels right. Like he has been calling Harry that since fucking birth, and he almost hates himself for waiting so long to say it.

“Fuck yes, Louis. Oh fuck. Want you to feel me for days. Want you to remember it was me that made you feel this way,” Harry replies, and he better fucking hurry his shit up, because Louis’ need to come is becoming a real issue now. Harry is okay, he has already come once this morning, Louis however has been on the edge of a very large precipice for the last ninety three thousand hours with no end in sight.

Harry, as if able to read Louis’ mind, and not for the first time today, begins to piston his hips once again. Not even bothering to work up to that pace now. And fucking finally. Halle-fucking-lujah the head of Harry’s dick is now hammering relentlessly against Louis’ prostate. Praise fucking Jesus. Louis has never been a religious man. Hell, he’s gay. The two kind of don’t mix. But he supposes there’s a first time for everything. He should get an award. A dirty great big trophy, with a very sexy plastic gold version of himself on the top for having managed not to come this long. It’s not as if they are in the middle of a scene, and Harry has told him not to. He hasn’t done that in the longest time, he just hasn’t come. Maybe it’s subconscious, and he is mentally blocking himself? Whatever it is,
it’s not going to last much longer. The damn is about to break and the world is going to be flooded, the likes that have not been seen since humans royally fucked up, and Noah was a kiss ass and built and Arch.

“Harry! Baby! Shit. Oh fuck! Right there! Oh fuck, right there!” Louis calls out, even though what he really means to say is ‘I’m so fucking close!’.

“Are you close baby? Are you gonna come for me? Hmmm?” Harry manages, although it is beyond Louis how he is even able to breathe, let alone form coherent sentences.

“Yes! Fuck. Need to come! Need to…” Louis’ sentence trails off, and he devolves into a string of profanities and muffled moans. His vision feels like it is going blurry around the edges, and the pool of heat unfurling low in his stomach is intensifying. The thing, however, that pushes him right over the edge into the abyss, is the words that Harry whispers in his ear.

“Come for me, my darling.” The word is sweet in place of the filth that has been spewing from Harry’s mouth. It sounds almost like a promise, and before Louis’ knows what is happening, he is coming, hard. He thought he had seen and heard it all at this point, but he could not have been prepared for what happens next.

He can see himself in the mirror, and it’s almost as if he is seeing the scene from outside of his body. His eyes look the most intense shade of sapphire, thanks to his flushed cheeks and the lines of dark mascara that are beginning to ever so slightly trace down his cheeks. Fucking waterproof his ass! His skin looks like it’s glowing, and his mouth is parted in the most sinful ‘o’ shape. Hell, if he wasn’t looking at himself he’d be turned on at the sight.

He watches as rope after rope of come hits the otherwise pristine mirror before him, painting the most intricate pattern that he couldn’t replicate with paint if he tried for a thousand years. But best of all is the sight of Harry behind him, in all of his godly glory, continuing to fuck him through the best orgasm of his fucking life. Harry’s skin is glistening with sweat, his brows drawn in concentration, his mouth hanging slack and his head is tilted slightly backwards. Fuck. Louis can’t believe he gets to witness Harry like this. That he may get to witness Harry like this again, and the thought of that alone brings tears to his eyes. Unwelcome and unwanted tears, but tears nonetheless. If Harry comments on the traitorous tears tracking down his face, he will simply play it off on Harry’s impeccable fucking. Because he honestly wouldn’t be lying. Harry’s fucking skills are impeccable.

“Come on my face.” And what? Where the hell did that come from? The words are out of Louis’ mouth before he can stop them, and Harry stills.

“What?”

“I want you to come on my face,” Louis says again, looking back over his shoulder, so that he is actually looking at Harry and not his reflection, as sinful as that image is. Nothing, however, beats the original.

“Fuck. Fuck-- yeah, okay,” Harry stammers out, and he slowly pulls out of Louis. They both hiss out as Harry pulls his dick free, both of them now over sensitive, but Louis gets down on his knees again for Harry.

“Need it. Please,” Louis says his voice high and whiny, looking up through his fake lashes at Harry, that he is happy to note have stayed put. He may or may not have used skin friendly special effects super glue to make sure that they fucking stayed there, unlike last time, but Harry doesn’t need to know that. He can’t say what why he needs it. He just knows he wants Harry’s come on his face. He feels like he may actually die without it.
“Holy fuck, Lou. You are so fucking beautiful,” Harry says, his voice now low and throaty as he uses his hand to bring himself closer and closer to orgasm. Louis watches him come apart, noting the way that his ridiculously sexy thighs begin to tremble and his hand begins to falter as he edges closer and closer to his release. Louis will never get used to this. Will never get used to the sight of Harry coming undone because of him. Not even if he is lucky enough to witness this every day for the rest of his life.

“Come on, baby. Come for me. Mark me. Show me that I’m yours,” Louis finally says what he has been thinking, and that’s all it takes to have Harry coming with a shout. Louis’ eyes fly shut as the first rope of hot come lands below his left eye. Louis opens his mouth, unable to see where Harry is aiming, if he is even aiming at all, and he groans when Harry’s come hits his tongue and lips. Hot ropes of come continue to his his face and mouth in random places and all too soon they stop altogether. Louis opens his eyes, his eyelashes briefly sticking together, and he looks up at Harry and licks his lips, swallowing down the come he managed to catch in his waiting mouth. Mostly because he is addicted to the taste, but also in fear of Harry making him hold it there again. Louis thinks he may die if he is forced not to speak for that length of time again.

Harry crumples to a heap on the floor beside Louis, and lays flat on his back, his spent dick now laying across his leg. He is simply the most magnificent sight Louis has ever laid his eyes on, and suddenly Louis doesn’t know what he should do, or how he should act. That was, without a shadow of a doubt, the best sex he has ever had, but they aren’t dating. They aren’t boyfriends, partners, significant others, choose a fucking descriptor for three hundred. Louis continues to kneel awkwardly beside Harry with come drying onto his face, and he doesn’t even want to look at himself in the mirror. Harry speaks then, and Louis’ is startled, having been lost in his own thoughts.

“Lou. Are you okay?” Harry asks, and Louis looks at him. He has returned to his soft, dimpled, Bunny Boy self, and Louis can’t help but smile shyly back at him.

“Uh, yeah. Yeah I’m fine,” Louis replies, and it isn’t a lie however he doesn’t sound as confident as he hoped he would. Shit.

“Come here,” Harry says then, and pats his chest. Louis stalls for the briefest of moments before he crawls over beside Harry and lays down next to him, resting his head against his shoulder. He nuzzles his head into Harry’s chest, unable to help himself, before he realises he probably just smushed half dried come into Harry’s perfect skin. Shit.

“Oh shit, I’m sorry. I’m covered in come….” Louis rushes out, his sentence falling short as Harry begins to chuckle.

“It’s fine, darling. It’s my come after all, and it looks good on you.” Louis’ cheeks heat up at Harry’s words. That is that word again. Darling. The way it falls from Harry’s lips is both sinful and sweet. How he manages to do that, Louis has no fucking idea. He still he refuses to look in the mirror. They would revoke his Sephora card if they could see what he has let Harry do to their makeup, and that is a risk his simply unwilling to take.

“I like it when you call me darling.” Louis says before he can stop himself. He knows he sounds like a love sick puppy right now, feeling sick at the thought, but it’s the fucking truth. That word does something to him. It made him come and now it is making him feel soft.

“Well then I will keep doing it. Maybe I can even call you darling on a date Saturday.” He doesn’t phrase it as a question, but there is still a giant question mark hanging in the air over their bodies, taunting Louis. His heart skips a beat and he feels butterflies in his stomach. Funny because he was just tracing the butterfly inked into Harry’s own abdomen.
“But it’s already Saturday,” Louis quips, arching an eyebrow at Harry, trying his best to regain some semblance of control that Harry is somehow leaching out of him.

“I know, darling,” Harry replies with a smirk and suddenly Louis gets it. Harry doesn’t want their time to end here. He doesn’t want this day to be over anymore than Louis does. Fuck. Louis didn’t think the realisation would affect him like this, but his heart is racing again and for another reason entirely this time.

“So what are you suggesting?” Louis asks, trying to figure out in his brain how he is going to leave this dance studio looking like he just had the ass fucked off of him with come dried on his now ruined makeup.

“I’m not suggesting anything,” Harry starts, and Louis pouts. “I’m saying that I want to take you home, and shower with you, and cook you breakfast, and massage your feet because I can tell by the look on your face that you are in pain. How does that sound?” This man is not fucking real. He really isn’t. He has jumped straight out of a cheesy romance novel, it’s the only explanation. Or the fact that he’s English and proper. But whatever.

“I think that sounds amazing, but only if you give me a piggyback ride” Louis whispers against Harry’s chest, and his shy smile has returned.

“Good. Let’s get out of here, my shower awaits.”

Soon, Louis has managed to get as much come and makeup off of his face as he can to look respectable. Harry has tried his best to clean Louis’ come art off of Zayn’s mirrors and Louis is, as promised, securely on Harry’s back, Louis’ high heels clutched in one of Harry’s hands while their bags are over his other shoulder resting on Louis’ leg. Harry makes his way to the doors of the studio, switches off the lights and grips Louis leg with his free hand, securing him as he steps over the threshold into the day that awaits them. His hand is warm on Louis’ leg before he moves it up to his arms that is wrapped around his neck, making sure they are secure as well. Louis would never trust another person to carry him like this, but he trust Harry. He trusts Harry with his entire being, with what they have shared and all that they are yet to, and that’s all he’ll ever need.

“Darling, just hold on,” Harry says, and he doesn’t have to worry because Louis is never letting go.

Fin.

End Notes

Comments and Kudos are always welcome and appreciated.

Come say hi to me on twitter : @TheirGoldenFool

All the love

Z x
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!