i don't know if you feel the same as i do, but we could be together if you wanted to

by ultraviolent

Summary

harry likes his new, hot neighbor.
after some time watching and dreaming about louis, shit finally happens.

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title: arctic monkeys-do i wanna know? (not inspired)

Notes

ive got a thing for underage fanfics, its not even healthy.

idk why its two chaptered, but the second part will be posted soon.

ENJOY! and sorry for mistakes i will edit it.
Chapter 1

It all started with one simple, but unusual 'hi'.

Harry was walking home from a boring day at school, had hoodie over his head, headphones in his ears. He was looking at the ground and quietly humming to the melody of the song that just played.

That day in school was probably the worst of all the week. A few vulgar words were thrown in his direction, during physical education Austin Green "accidentally" kicked him in the leg, and at the end of the day one of the fuckers from football team purposely stuck his leg out for Harry to trip over when he carried his tray with lunch. It's not like Harry got bullied or what, it's just, some people simply enjoyed teasing him or punch him from time to time, probably because he was quiet and distant and it's not like he wanted to be friends or talk with those stupid brats anyway.

Well, thank God that the week has only five days, and that it was Friday.

Harry was still in his own little world, when he finally after 15 minutes of walking turned the corner of the street where his house was situated. He sighed heavily, lifted his eyes from the ground, and he immediately stopped in his tracks.

There was a man. Good looking man.

He was wearing black, skinny jeans that fitted him just perfectly. Harry could see his sinfully shaped ass, and hips that rhythmically swayed from side to side when he walked inside the house. Harry also liked his black T-shirt that showed his muscles when he lifted heavy boxes, which he then carried away onto vacant house that stood opposite the Styles' house. Mrs. Collins had moved out of the house about two years ago, soon after the death of her husband. Since then, the house had no purchaser.

Well, Harry was really curious about who his new neighbors would be, and secretly hoped that it will be a handsome man with sandy-brown hair and sexy body.

Young boy did not even realize that he was still standing in front of his own house and watching Mrs. Collins past house in a creepy way, until he heard someone shout 'hi' in his direction. He was startled from his daydreaming, and when he realized who shouted a greeting, he immediately turned red in the face and his heart started to pound wildly in his chest. The handsome stranger was now standing (not carrying anything) and kindly smiling at Harry, who just stood there like a fool.

And all Harry did was awkward wave of hand, and then he just turned around and quickly walked inside his house. He loudly slammed the door shut and leaned his forehead against it. Thoughts flew through his head uncontrollably, and it took him a while until he calmed his loudly pounding heart. He had no idea why he reacted just like that, but it was so stupid he wanted to punch himself.

There were three main questions in Harry's head. Firstly, who was that hot stranger? Secondly, why did he greet Harry? Thirdly: “Why am I such a fucking loser?” (Deep sigh.)
Seven days after the awkward incident with a sexy stranger, Harry learned a few things. Most important: sexy stranger's name was Louis. Louis Tomlinson. It sounded so beautiful.

And, thanks God, he wasn’t some random man who helped with boxes, as Harry thought at first, but he was Styles' new neighbor.

Seven days after the awkward incident, Harry saw Louis once. It was in a shopping centre, and again, it was exchange of stupid 'hello's because Harry freaked out and didn't want any conversation to start.

He called himself a fucking loser again.

Well, he also noticed that Louis was a really nice man. Like, he would help their older neighbors with heavy shopping bags, or he would greet people with a wide smile plastered on his face, or be all smiley and bubbly and kind around the people and just.

It was kind of weird and just too quick, but Harry really, really crushed on him. A lot.

It was Friday, and surprisingly warm Friday, given that the weather in London was mostly cold and rainy by that time of a year.

It was June, and as the holidays were approaching, Harry was becoming more and more distracted at school, and bored at home. As always, he did not do anything in a warm day. He was lying in his bed, listening to The Fray's album and just relaxing.

He was interrupted from his peaceful mood by shouting of his mother, who called him to come down. Reluctantly, Harry swung his legs over the edge of the bed and slowly dragged himself into the kitchen.

"Yeah?"

"Harry, honey, please get dressed, we're going to welcome Mr. Tomlinson in our neighborhood.”

And holy fucking shit. Harry did not expect this. He really didn't.

He sprinted (literally) back to his room, and panicked because- what is he going to wear? What is he going to say? What is he going to do?

Well.

And as he was sitting on the Louis' sofa, in Louis' living room, in Louis' house, he wasn't expecting that it would be so...awkward?

His parents were constantly trying to involve him in conversations that he was oblivious of, because everything he heard and saw was Louis. Louis was again wearing black, very skinny jeans, and it was really hard not to look at his luscious ass and just stay concentrate at least a little bit.

Louis talked about his life, like where he had lived before, where he worked and some other things that were quite important for Harry.

Yeah, creepy.
And as Harry watched Louis talking, he could see his bright blue eyes looking straight at him from
time to time, and Harry felt flushed and hot.

Then, Louis talked about his family that lived in Doncaster, and he looked so happy it was obvious
that he loved them so much. And then he just talked and laughed and he was bursting with
enthusiasm and happiness and all that positive shit.

And Harry sat there and just stared and stared and drooled. It was weird, and strong, and so wrong,
but Harry just couldn't help himself.

He was attracted to the beautiful man.

After an hour of sitting and observing Louis, Harry got kind of bored, because after all, he was a
teenage boy who gets bored very easily. It's absolutely normal, right? Right.

And so, he did the first thing that came to his mind. He pulled the headphones out of his jean pocket,
connected them to the phone and just listened to music.
Not that it was rude or something. He did it all the time anyway.

"Harry, what are you doing?"

Three pairs of eyes were on him, and he had the urge to quickly hide or disappear or something.

"Sorry Louis, excuse Harry. You know, kids."

At Anne's remark, Louis laughed softly and looked at Harry with a gentle smile playing on his thin
lips, and Harry was blushing so hard he surely looked like a lobster.
It was time to go the fuck home, until his parents could embarrass him even more.
Harry got up from the sofa, and accidentally ripped the headphones from the phone and the living
room was resounded with the chorus of "Say When".
Oh great.
Harry didn't need his parents, he could undoubtedly embarrass himself. The boy was messing with
the phone for a while, until finally he turned the music off, and really all he wanted to do was go
home and cry in bed like an idiot.

And then: "It was The Fray, right? Good taste." Oh, Louis.
And he smiled so bright that curly-haired boy could see wrinkles around his gorgeous blue eyes and
he was just so freaking beautiful it wasn't even possible.

Certainly no one noticed Harry's shit-eating grin as he waited for his parents next to the Mr.
Tomlinson's door, while they exchanged phone numbers with Louis.
And certainly no one noticed his grin as he sat at the table eating dinner with his family, once again
ignoring their shit conversation.

And maybe Harry overreacted a little, but it's not every day that your hot neighbor/crush commends
your music taste.

Yeah, for little Harold, it was a pretty big deal.

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Harry started to be really pissed off and frustrated. Because-it was hot outside (34 °C), he was hot,
and hot was also Louis, who drove the kid nuts with that.

Day by day, Harry heard noise of the lawn mower or the murmur of water in the swimming pool, it
made him curious, and when he looked out the window he saw Louis walking around the house without his t-shirt on, doing some shit around his house.
He seemed so okay, like if nothing was wrong.

Well, for Harry, everything was wrong because he saw shirtless Louis, and his body was all tanned and fit, and it wasn't healthy for Harry. Especially for his fucking sanity.

Thank goodness that curly boy had the perfect view-straight at the Mr. Tomlinson's backyard-from the window of his room.
Almost every day he stood at the window, and as a total creep watched the way Louis' skin glistened with sweat in the sun, and how his biceps worked when he moved some unneeded bricks from the backyard.

Harry also watched Louis, always at half past eight in the evening, swimming in the pool and enjoying peaceful karma around him.

Ha, only if he knew that he had been stalked by the 16-year-old weirdo for a couple of weeks.

And as Louis was getting out of the water, Harry's frustration grew even more because, looking at Louis' wet body which was surrounded by only moonlight and shadows, was not easy.

Not at all.

So, every night, Harry left the window with boiling blood in his veins and a fucking bulge in his jeans.

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Month passed since Louis had moved into the house next to the Styles'.

During that time a lot happened. For example, vacation finally occurred, and for Harry it meant the whole two months of doing nothing.
And above all, it meant two months without those idiots aka his classmates.

A better thing was, Harry came upon Louis several times, when his mom had forcibly expelled him from the house because she needed some stuff for cooking or because according to her, Harry was too pale.
What a bullshit.

When they met, Louis would always greet him happily and give him a bright smile.
Maybe young Harry persuaded it all, and perhaps he was really pathetic, but it seemed to him that Louis' smile and the way he looked at Harry meant something more. His bright blue eyes always looked at Harry somehow special, like, they were always brighter than normal and just looked happier and.

Fuck, Harry was really pathetic.

The thing was, Harry tried not to think in that way, because then his hopes would rise too high, and he really did not have any chance with Louis.

And it was destroying him, because this is the first time that Harry is interest in someone, and unfortunately for him, he fell for an older man who would probably never like someone like Harry. At least that was what the young boy thought.
Louis was simply amazing. His personality, body, hair, voice, the way he laughed...and, oh, his face. Everything was perfect.

On the other hand, Harry saw himself as a clumsy child, long limb here and there, pale, awkward, and unpopular with the people.
Harry didn't like that one bit.

But, what could he do about that?

He decided it would be better if he continued with stalking Louis from his stupid window, and everyone will be happy and okay.

That's it.

But, things do not always go as we plan them, right?

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Gentle snores echoed through a quiet room that was lit only by a tiny light rays that came from behind the blinds.

The curly-haired boy contentedly panted, his long limbs dangled from the corner of the bed and his body was covered only in a blanket.
Harry preferred to sleep naked because then he felt good and free and it was fucking hot, so...

However, as it always goes in Harry's life, someone or something always has to disturb his calm aura and ruin his day with that completely.

His cell phone began to ring on the nightstand next to his bed, and Harry from that shrill sound almost turned deaf. Then he just lay there motionless for a while because really whoever is calling can wait.
Then, without looking at the ID, he dragged "accept" button across the screen, handed the phone to his ear and with annoyed voice rasped out: "What?"

"Hey buddy, I already thought that you wouldn't pick it up." Oh God.

"Niall, are you fucking serious?"

He should’ve expected a call from the annoying Irish blonde, because of course.
And anyway, Harry has like, no friends, so of course it would be only Niall who's calling.

"Oi, are you still in bed you lazy ass?"
Harry better stayed quiet.

"What time is it?"

"Dunno, around 11?" Oh.

"Oh." Yeah, that was dumb.

"Well, Harold. It's a sunny day and it's hot and all that good stuff, so get the hell up and I will see ya in 10 at the mall."

"But-"

"Bye mate." Oh shit.
Sometimes in the moments like this, when Harry is all comfortable and relaxed, he really hates his best friend.

He had no other choice as to get out of bed and began to dress quickly because Niall is capable to come to his house and drag him out of there violently.

Harry knew from the beginning that it would be a exhaustive day.
Niall wanted to go to the ZOO.

ZOO for crying out loud.
It's not like Harry doesn't like animals or what, but shit.

Harry seriously felt like a stupid 10 year old.
But that's how it goes with Niall Horan.

And so they spent five stupid hours walking and watching the animals, and Niall dragged Harry to the Reptile House because for some reason Niall really liked all the disgusting snakes and crocodiles. He also scared some little boy, telling him that ugly anaconda will come to his bed at the night and kill him. It was funny until the kids' mother literally told them to fuck off.

Niall couldn't stop laugh for a good 15 minutes and Harry wanted to punch him.

And then Niall shouted over the butterflies in Butterfly Paradise, and for a minute Harry wondered what Louis would think about all those pretty butterflies' wings and the way they fly and maybe one day they will come here together, as a couple and admire them and they will be happy and just.

Oh, well. Harry made himself sad with that beautiful but unrealizable thought.

Later that day, the sun was shining just a little too bright, it was really hot outside and Harry was sweaty and he decided it was time to leave or his head will explode.

And when Irish lad announced than he wants to visit Sea Life aquarium and grab an ice-cream at the way home, Harry was so freaking done that he just went with that stupid Niall's plan. Of course, on condition that the blond boy would pay for it all.

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So, Harry walked down his street at 9 o’clock.
He made a mental note to himself about not going out with Niall anymore, or else he would once again feel like babysitting some 5 year old.

And as he passed by the house that he learnt to know so well, he noticed that Louis' house was all dark, except for backyard that was illuminated with those weird garden lamps which are tucked in the ground.

He wondered whether is Louis home or out with his friends, maybe girlfriend. Or boyfriend.
Everything seemed scary and unacceptable for him.

Without a second thought, he slowly started to walk towards the backyard, hoping for the best.

He paused immediately when he saw a figure on a plastic deck chair next to the pool.
It was Louis, of course, holding a bottle of beer in his left hand and a lit cigarette in right, just watching waves in the pool and enjoying himself.

And so, Harry just stood there and admired Louis' golden skin and his muscles which were in the lamplight even more prominent than normal, and all those tattoos that covered his arms and chest.
Hell, he looked really fucking beautiful like that.

Louis probably sensed the presence of another person, because he turned his head in Harry's direction and immediately the corners of his mouth grew into a slight smile. Harry stopped breathing for a moment. Fuck.

"Hi Harry."

He did not know what to do. Should he say hi? Should he stay silent? Should he run away? He liked latter option the most.
But on the other hand, he really wanted to talk with the perfect blue-eyed creature and get into his life and wanted to do many other things which he imagined late at night while lying in bed with his hand in his boxers.

Oops.

So, Harry took a deep breath and stepped further into the backyard. He can do this.

"Good evening, Mr. Tomlinson." Harry mentally slapped himself because hell, that sounded nerdy and stupid.

Louis laughed loudly and shook his head.

"Louis is enough, 'Mr. Tomlinson sounds too old."

"Okay then, Louis," Harry offered and smiled kindly. He really liked how Louis' name sounded so perfect coming from his mouth.

"What are ya doing in here anyway?"

Harry expected that question and, unfortunately, he had no answer because he did not know it himself.
Or he could explain it like: 'I don't know I just accidentally came here because I dream about you and your dick every night and I don't know what to do and I am crazy for you'.

Right, better not.

So he played it cool. In his own style.

"I saw those lights and...uh. And came here and yeah-

Well that was awkward.
But Louis looked amused instead of scared so it's not that bad.

Harry watched him drank the last swallow of beer, place the empty bottle on the ground and threw the cigarette butt in the ashtray.

He stood up, walked over to Harry and put his arm around his shoulders.

"So Harry, when you are here, would you like a cup of tea? Or some beer? Anything you want," Louis asked, looking at him awaiting.

Surprisingly, Harry quickly nodded his head and smiled nervously.

"Okay. We will take it in, okay?" Louis grabbed an empty beer bottle and his phone, and directed Harry to the back entrance of the house.
He didn't notice it before, but Louis' living room was actually really wonderful. It was quite big in there, with a chocolate-brown walls and black furniture. It was dark and cozy and intimate. Just perfect.

"You can sit down while I go get something to drink," Louis said, and motioned with his head towards the black leather sofa.

Harry sat down and asked himself 'what now'? He did not know what he should talk about with Louis, because basically, he did not even know him. He was screwed.

"What about that drink?" he heard Louis shout from the kitchen and he wanted something that he can drink really quick and go home really.

"Um. Pepsi will do, thanks."

He really needed to go home because he wasn't even psychically ready for visiting his hot neighbor/crush and he was nervous as hell and everything turned out kind of bad.

Louis came back into the living room with another bottle of beer and a can of Pepsi.

"So," he raised an eyebrow and smiled. He handed Harry his Pepsi and sat down next to him.

"So," Harry coughed and quickly took a sip from his can.

"Shouldn’t you be at home already? It’s around ten."

Harry quickly looked around the room in the attempt to find some clock, and a digital clock on a DVD player showed 9:38 pm.

"Right. Well, I was with a friend in the ZOO," he bursted out of nowhere, and what the actual hell.

"Oh," Louis nodded his head, "I like ZOOs. Those animals are quite cool, aren't they?" he asked and he looked like he was genuinely interested about what Harry thinks and it surprised the curly haired boy, but he said yes nonetheless.

"I thought so," Louis smiled and he continued sipping his beer.

As Harry noticed (of course he did), Louis still did not put any t-shirt on and Harry could finally see all of his tattoos properly.

'It is what it is' was written across his chest and on his right bicep was a tattoo of what looked like a deer, and then loads and loads of small tattoos. It would look stupid on someone else, but seeing it on Louis, it looked just fabulous.

"You like them?" Louis asked him in a low voice, and Harry did not realize he actually leaned to the Louis' side and his face was just a few inches away from his chest. He smelled like expensive cologne, beer and sweat. But it was not that kind of unpleasant sweat, it was so masculine and captivating and just very nice.

So, he did not pull away, he stayed in that position because he liked it. Louis didn't seem to mind either.

Without thinking, Harry reached with his hand, and trailed Louis' chest tattoo, just merely, with his fingertip, and immediately there were goose bumps on man's skin.
The boy heard Louis take a shaky breath, and he clenched his fist around the beer bottle so hard his knuckles turned white.
And Harry smirked, because he knew that Louis enjoys it and he really didn't want to stop. He did not know why, it was not his style, but he just wanted to tease Louis so much it actually scared him.

So he decided to trace every single letter of the tattoo, using his nails so he scratched Louis' now hot skin. When he came to 'A', Louis gently grabbed his wrist and put Harry's palm flat against his chest.

Harry slightly lifted his head up and with raised eyebrows looked into Louis' eyes that intensively stared down at him.
Instead of blue, his eyes were mainly black, pupils blown, his eyes seemed to be even bigger than usual.

Harry gulped nervously and hot sweat suffused him when he realized that he probably crossed the line.

But then Louis slightly cocked his head to the side, and with slight grin buried his fingers into Harry's now sweaty curl.

"Tell me, Curly," he began, his breath smelling like beer and menthol, "do you enjoy watching me?"

In that moment Harry froze.

His eyes widened comically, and suddenly he felt like puking.
He was so shocked, his mouth gaped like a fish, he tried to say something, to refute Louis' words but he was just too overwhelmed to do so.

That question disconcerted him so much, he quickly snatched his wrist from Louis's grip and stood up so fiercely that he nudged into the table and Pepsi can spilled directly on his pants.

Harry wildly shook his head, "I...shit. I-I need to use the bathroom," he quickly spit out in one breath, and awaiting, looked at Louis and Louis looked at Harry's jeans and looked as if holding back laughter.
Thank God, Louis understood Harry's pleading stare and nodded in the direction of the stairs.

Harry didn't wait for anything and almost running came to those damn stairs that were too far for his liking. As he climbed up step-by-step, it seemed to him that Louis actually laughed and he shook his head again because this can't be fucking true.

The bathroom was down the hall, and when he got into it, he locked the door behind himself and just stood there.
His heart was beating so loudly that he could literally hear it in the quiet room, and when he moved to stand in front of the big mirror, he felt like crying.

He had a fucking erection, and Louis saw it, and laughed at it, and he undoubtedly thinks that Harry is some crazy idiot.


Harry moved to the sink and rinsed his face with a ice-cold water to cool down because he really needed it. Then he stood for a while in the middle of the bathroom and tried to think of some lame excuse so he could go home and dig under the covers. Taking a deep breath, curly boy unlocked the door and opened it slowly.

Harry almost squeaked when he saw Louis leaning against the opposite wall with his arms crossed
over his chest.

They both were silent, just looking at each other, and to Harry it seemed like a little competition. Who makes the first move or speaks, loses.

Harry opened his mouth to excuse himself and thank Louis for everything, but it happened just so quickly.

With a few long steps Louis broke the distance between them, grabbed Harry by his collar and kissed him hard.

And Harry actually did squeak.

At first, Harry did not respond, remained still and was in shock of Louis' unexpected movement, but then Louis moved his hands on Harry's hips and gently squeezed them in an attempt to soothe the boy.

It worked, because Harry's stiff muscles started to ease and he hesitantly put his hands on Louis' neck.

Harry felt Louis smiling into the kiss, and then his hot tongue ran over Harry's lower lip and it made the curly-haired boy panic because he never kissed anyone in his life and he didn't exactly know what to do.

Harry decided not to let his inexperience know on himself, and so he slightly parted his lips and Louis' tongue immediately began to explore Harry's mouth.

Harry followed his movements, tongues trailing each other's mouth, until Harry run out of breath and pulled away, gasping for air. Louis kissed his burning cheek and grabbed the boy's hand, and Harry let Louis lead him into the bedroom.

Or, rather crawled on Harry.

The man turned on a small lamp on the bedside table, and Harry eagerly watched his every move with a flush on his face.

Louis took the hem of Harry's shirt, pull it over his head and threw it somewhere to the dark room.

He pressed chaste kisses against Harry's prominent collarbones, for which he received tiny, high pitched moans from a young boy that Louis happily savored.

Louis then went lower, leaving little kisses all across Harry's chest until he stopped at Harry's nipple. He took it in-between his lips, gently sucking, then scratching it slightly with his teeth, receiving a loud gasp from the boy beneath him.

Louis trailed even lower and when he got to Harry's bulged jeans, he unzipped them and pulled them down at once with boxers.

Harry's fully-hard cock slapped against his abdomed, already leaking with precum, and Louis hummed in actipation.

Louis pulled away from the stunned Harry, looked down at him, actually checking him out and Harry felt quite nervous and self-conscious under his piercing blue eyes, and so he awkwardly tried to cover his exposed body with his hands.

Louis frowned, shook his head disapprovingly and gently pushed Harry's hands aside.

"You are beautiful Harry. No need to cover yourself baby," and Harry's heart actually swelled at
Louis' words and sincere-looking eyes.

So, Harry nodded his head even though he still wasn't quite sure about the older man's words. He threw his head back and waited for Louis to do something, anything.

Louis stroked Harry's porcelain pale thighs, leaving gentle kisses all across them and it made Harry even more harder, if that was even possible, and he started to be really desperate for more of Louis' sweet touch. Thank God that Louis felt the same since he lifted his head and gently pinched Harry's thigh to get his attention. Harry looked at him from under his eyelashes and awaiting raised an eyebrow. Louis smiled.

"Wanna suck you off, if that's okay?"

And if it wasn't for a situation, Harry would laugh, because honestly, it was such a silly question. Of course it was very fucking okay.

Harry eagerly nodded his head, maybe little too much, because Louis actually laughed softly at his keenness and Harry cursed himself for acting so desperate and horny.

But, who could blame him, really, with the offer like that?

Louis took a hold of his hard cock, pumped it a few times then kitten licked the slit.

Harry's plump lips parted in embarrassing-sounding moan of Louis' name, his skin feeling even more hotter.

It encouraged Louis, seeing that the boy was all smitten and shaky just from that single move of his tongue, so he grabbed the base of Harry's cock and licked his sides, smearing salty-tasting precome all over his shaft.

After some time of teasing the poor boy with lazy licks and kisses, Louis finally lifted his head and slowly took Harry's painfully hard dick into the warmth of his mouth.

He swallowed him down completely, without any problems, considering that Harry was only sixteen and still growing. But Louis didn't mind, not at all. He was actually glad, it was easier for him and definitely more enjoyable for Harry.

"Fuck, Lou," Harry moaned breathlessly when Louis sucked hard and bobbed his head slowly, and Harry instinctively took hold of Louis' brown locks with a shaky fingers and continued in releasing sweet, little moans.

He bucked his hips up trying to get even more friction from Louis' lovely warm and welcoming mouth. Harry's eagerness actually turned Louis on.

Occasionally, Louis would back away, much to Harry's disapproval, and then take his back in his mouth. When Louis hollowed his cheeks and sucked really hard, Harry stared down at him, chest rising and falling heavily, feeling his climax quickly approach with every delightful suck or bob of Louis' head.

And when Louis looked up at Harry, locking eyes with him, Harry felt like he is going to explode because the need of release bubbled low in his stomach, and he just couldn't take it anymore.

Louis felt Harry's cock twitch in his mouth, so he let Harry's shaft slip from his mouth, and he took
him into his hand instead, pumping him quickly.

"C'mon honey, come for me," Louis breathed out hotly, and it was all that Harry needed to reach his release.

He came really hard with a loud squeak of Louis' name, his hot come dripping down Louis' hand while he jerked him through his high. Louis gave Harry some time to cool down, and when he after two minutes or so did, he reached for Louis and dragged him by his shoulders into their starting position.

Harry smiled at Louis, and even though it's not the best thing to say to someone who just gave you really amazing blowjob, he whispered a quiet 'thank you', and kissed Louis' cheek shyly.

And Louis laughed, but not mockingly, rather amused, because Harry still acted so funny around him and Harry sighed, wondering why is he such a idiot and why he even thanked for a blowjob.

But then, Louis was cupping his chin and kissing him softly, whispering "you're welcome" against his lips and Harry felt happy and relaxed.

And since Harry's almost dried come was still on his stomach and Louis' hand, the older man went to the bathroom and came back with a wet washing cloth in his hand. He gently wiped the come from Harry's pale stomach and kissed his hip, on which Harry reacted with a satisfied mumble of 'thank you'. It seemed like Harry thanked for literally every thing.

Louis smiled at him fondly, and after throwing dirty wash cloth into the laundry basket, he crawled back into the bed and tucked himself and sleepy boy under the covers.

And even though Harry was used to sleep alone, he without hesitation hugged Louis' middle and cuddled against him, immediately feeling Louis' hands wrapping around his smaller frame.

Last thing that Harry heard before falling asleep, was Louis' soft voice, whispering: "Good night, sweetie. It was really nice."

And then, after a really long and exhausting day, curly-haired boy finally fell into the web of dreams, with his lovely crush' hands tightly wrapped around him.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

oh god, this took me so long to write and edit and i am sorry, i was not feeling really good, plus i am a lazy bitch so yeah. but finally, its here, so hope you enjoy it.

The curly-haired boy woke up in the morning to the urgent need to pee. Slowly, he sat up on the bed, and was immediately stopped by something that held him back down by his tummy. And that 'something’ was Louis' arm that was securely wrapped around his middle.

And it took him a while until last night's memories flashed through his head and he immediately blushed scarlet red.
His eyes fell on Louis' sleeping form, his lips were slightly parted, releasing quiet snores and he looked really cute like that.

Harry smiled gently down at him, and wondered how it is possible that he did it, I mean, how he managed to be so close to Louis, to be in his bed.
And most importantly, be in his life, finally. Harry was kind of proud of himself, if that didn’t sound too selfish.

Harry carefully moved the man's hand away from his abdomen, as quietly as possible got from under the covers and tip-toed across the hall to the bathroom.

And when he looked in the mirror, he literally cringed.
His hair was a mess of curls, his lips were still a bit swollen and red and, hell, his neck.
There were several small, reddish hickeys, and they weren't noticeable that much, but still, it was there and when the fuck did Louis manage to do that?

Sighing, Harry moved over to the toilet, and after taking a piss he washed his hands, and tried more-or-less to fix his damn hair with his wet fingers.
It didn't really help, of course, and so Harry rinsed his mouth with mouthwash he found on the shelf, because the night before he did not have any time to brush his teeth (surprise) and his breath smelled awful.

He didn't want Louis to be disgusted when they kiss.

Only if they actually kiss again, of course. Harry hoped so.

Walking back to the bedroom, Harry saw that the bed was surprisingly empty, and Louis were nowhere to be found anymore.
Unfortunately, he didn't have any more option than to put on his yesterday's briefs, and when he did, he made his way down the stairs, expecting Louis to be there.

After making his way through the living room and to the kitchen, he saw Louis standing in front of the oven only in his boxers-as well as Harry-smearing something in a pan.
It smelled like a bacon and scrambled eggs.
That, and something burned as well.
"Hi," Harry greeted Louis quietly and sat down on a stool at the isle.

Louis instantly turned around at the sound of Harry's voice, and gave him a smile back. Harry could not help but glanced at Louis' tattooed chest and trailed down, and then back, looking at his brown messy locks, and that they were really, really messy. And even though there were dark bags under his beautiful eyes, he still looked awfully good.

"Good morning. Want some breakfast with me?" Louis asked as he turned back around so he could continue in making breakfast.

"Um...yeah, that would be gr-OH FUCK!" Harry panicky slammed the palms of his hands on the table and immediately jumped to his feet, and Louis turned around again and measured him with confused look.

"What?"

"My phone," he frantically said, and then ran to the living room and looked around the sofa, on the sofa, under the pillows, on the coffee table.
It was nowhere to be found.
God, how come he absolutely forgot about the fact that he should be home and that he actually has parents who are, for sure, scared and angry? Shit.

"Where's that fucking phone?" he whisper-shouted to himself and looked at Louis-who was standing there already-for help.

"Well...we were here in the living room, then you were in the bathroom, and lastly in the bedroom," Louis counted on his fingers and suddenly cursed when he realized he forgot about eggs.

"Right." Harry immediately stopped and ran up the stairs to the bedroom, trying to find his jeans because mobile was in them, for sure.

Jeans were recklessly thrown on the ground, and thanks God, mobile lied right next to them.
The boy immediately unlocked it and when he saw 7 missed calls and four messages, all from his mom, he was truly frightened.
His cell phone was in silent mode, and Harry really did not know why it was in the stupid silent mode, but he wanted to throw that little fucking thing against the wall.

So, Harry opened the first message and closed his eyes, because, really, he didn't want to see it.

When he slowly opened them:

11:17pm
From: mom

'harry where the hell are you? hope you are okay, call me as soon as possible. Mom'

This was not good. His mother never used that type of language, not even 'hell' or 'shit'. She was surely pissed off.
This was just not good.

Harry shook his head, cursing himself for being so irresponsible and scared and stupid all the time.

He gathered his clothes from the ground and dressed in record quick time.
And when he came back into the kitchen, it smelled terribly in there.
Re-entering the kitchen, he saw Louis wildly scouring the pan with a sponge and it seemed that
breakfast was over.

Harry laughed softly. "Did you really burned those eggs?"

Louis shrugged and looking at Harry, he laughed as well. "I can't cook for shit."

Harry wanted to respond with something like- never mind, I am really good at cooking, I wouldn't mind cooking for you every day for the rest of my life.

But it would be too weird. Plus, he was kind of in a deep shit for being irresponsible kid, so yeah.

"Louis. I...I have to go. Sorry. You know, my mom is pretty upset and...yeah," Harry explained and scratched the back of his neck in awkwardness.

Louis stopped with useless scouring, wiped his hands and leaned on the kitchen counter and looked over at Harry with his brows furrowed, like he did not like the fact that the boy was leaving so soon.

And Harry just stood there, not sure what to say after all that happened last night. He just couldn’t think of right thing to say in that stupid situation.

Luckily, he he didn’t need to think for too long, because Louis, within 10 seconds, stood in front of him, looking him in the eyes, before taking his face into his soft hands and kissing him just merely.

That kiss didn’t last long, but it was probably the most beautiful thing Harry had ever experienced.

Louis then took a step back and grinned at him widely, and Harry was 100% positive that his stupid-looking face was reason for Louis' amused reaction. Well, fuck it.

"So...I am out, I guess," Harry said and gave him an apologetic smile, then slowly made his way into the hall with Louis following behind him.

He was about to open the door, when Louis placed his hand on his shoulder and slowly turned him so they could be face to face.

"So, about last night..." Louis started with a small smile playing on his lips," I really liked it, you know. And...to be honest with you, I would like to do it again. I mean...at least the first part, when you came here and sat down and drunk your soda. Would that be okay?"

Harry was staring at him, not really understanding what the fuck does that shit mean, until his facial expression changed from confused to surprised, and he nearly squeaked in joy.

"Wait...are you really asking me out?" And when Louis nodded his head as a yes, Harry tried his best to stay cool and don't let his emotions out, or else Louis would be scarred for the rest of his life.

"So...what you say?"

"Well...I don’t know Mr. Tomlinson," Harry hummed affectionately and pretended to think about that by rubbing his chin with his two fingers, and Louis just laughed, shaking his head while doing so.

"Is that a yes?" Louis rose his eyebrows in question, and crossed his arms over his chest.

"Yes," Harry said with a smile and after taking a deep breath, he stood up on his tiptoes and courageously kissed Louis, in a sigh of consent.

And after that, he opened the door, and with the last look on smiling Louis, he left his house with a similar big, happy smile playing on his lips, and then entered his own house with two angry, worried
parents waiting for him at the door already.

---

It was kind of a funny story, really.

Because, two different worlds collided, teen and adult became one, something that just doesn't happen every day because their worlds are so variant, but it happened anyway.

And it was so natural and easy one would be astonished.

Louis and Harry became LouisandHarry.

After seeing each other almost every day throughout the month, they had become very close and inseparable pair. And although things went quite well, Harry was really scared, because-Louis was 25, Harry only 16 and the likelihood that they just wouldn't work was dangerously high. The curly-haired boy was afraid that Louis will think of him as an immature child and that after all, he will get rid of him and ignore him and forget him and fuck...

But the thing was- Louis didn't seem to be like that. Not at all.

He would take Harry for a romantic dinner in less known restaurant so they wouldn't get recognized so easily by anyone, and never once happened to them that they didn't have something to talk about, there was always something to discuss. They would always laugh at their silly jokes, and from time to time share a small sweet kisses and Harry really, very enjoyed those moments.

Louis even showed Harry his new job which he would start in the new school year. It was in one of the London's secondary schools (unfortunately, not Harry’s), where Louis should be teaching English and Music. Harry had no idea that blue-eyed man was that educated to teach another people, and he also didn’t know he could sing and play the piano and guitar, and he certainly did not know that Louis would also live off of it. It was really cool in Harry's opinion.

Harry told Louis so much about his life, and vice versa. Things about their families, dreams in life, first crushes, childhood...everything, really.

And when younger boy ashamedly revealed secrets about his awful school life, Louis looked sincerely hurt and sad about that, and he held Harry tight while whispering in his ear that he's sorry and that 'fuck them all, Harry, you are perfect to me'.

Louis was definition of Harry’s perfect boyfriend. Smart, funny, mature, hot and so, so down to earth. Louis was like a dream. Very beautiful dream.

And Harry would always ask himself: 'God, is this man even real?'

Really good question, right?

-----

It was about two in the morning when lightning pierced dark, starless sky and ceaseless thunder became even louder.
Harry couldn't sleep at all. It was stupid, but his head was so full of many worries and thoughts that he was slowly but surely getting migraine and it seriously pissed him off.

He yet again thought about summer holidays that would end in, like, two weeks (holy fuck) and once again, he will have to face all the stupid teasing and stupid faces of those cunts. It is going to be a big, unpleasant challenge.

But what really bothered him and devoured him was uncertainty.

Because-Harry was not good enough. He was the boy that no one in the school liked; he was the boy who besides Niall had absolutely no friends. He was the boy who was a total loser, and he knew it.

With trembling hands, Harry pulled his cell phone out from under the pillow and by heart dialed the familiar number.

First ring...second ring...third ring...

Harry was anxiously biting his lip. "C'mon. Pick it up."

Fourth ring... fifth ring...

He was about to pull his fucking hair out.

Sixth ring...

"Yeah?" deep, sleepy voice mumbled finally, and Harry felt like shrieking in relief. If it were not the middle of the night, of course.

"Lou? It's me...Did-did I wake you?" Harry, little too frantically, whispered into the phone and looked out the window where the sky still played with lightning.

Louis sighed, "Yes... but, it's ok-"

Harry pulled a blanket with panic, "shit, I'm sorry, I-I should have of known that you would be sleeping...because that's what normal people do, right. They-they probably sl-"

"Harry!"

Harry immediately shut his mouth and his eyes as well. His heart was beating a little louder and his breath quickened and he felt like any minute he would faint or get an panic attack.

"Baby," Louis said a little softer than before, "just breathe, and tell me what's wrong, okay?"

Harry nodded his head even though Louis couldn't see him, and bit his lip, wondering whether he should or should not tell Louis about the shit he was worried about. There was a silence, Louis quietly and patiently waited for Harry to say something.

"Lou?" Harry whispered so quietly Louis almost didn't catch it.

"Yes, love?" Louis replied tenderly when hearing Harry's timid voice. The younger boy thought for a moment to combine what he wanted to say so it wouldn't sound like a
"I am scared," he finally admitted ashamedly while watching the storm.
"Wha-are you afraid of storms? Harry, it's okay, you gonna be al-" Harry interrupted him with an angry groan.

"I'm not afraid of storms, you ass," he spat at Louis quite rudely, "you see, that's exactly what I am talking about. You think that I would be afraid of the storm like some little fucking kid, oh my God...I don't even want to know what you really think of me, Louis. Fuck..."

Harry only then felt the tears that streamed down his cheeks, and he hated it because it just proved how immature and not good enough he was for Louis.

And Harry was scared because Louis still did not say anything and maybe he was not even on the line anymore, or fell asleep.

"Louis?" Harry whined, misery filling his voice abruptly.

"You know what, Harry?"

"N-no."

"You're silly." And then, Louis laughed. He actually fucking laughed at Harry's freak out.

Before Harry could argue and shit, Louis quickly continued.

"I, in no way, think that you are immature or childish... or whatever. I like you, very much, actually, and just...you mean so much to me. You are very special, you know. And it's so silly of you, "he laughed softly," thinking that I would think such an absurdity. Really, Harry, you won't get rid of me for a long, long time. At least I don't want it to end so soon. Well, I don't want it to end at all...honestly. So...do you feel better now, honey?"

At the end of Louis' speech, Harry's eyes went wide and he felt butterflies flying wildly in his stomach, and it was kind of cliché, but Louis' words really had such power.

"Louis. Fuck." Louis laughed, amused by the boy's unexpected respond, and hummed in agreement.

"Right, love. So, have a nice sleep. Talking to you later."

And after Harry responded with quiet 'Bye, Lou', line went dead and Harry looked up at the ceiling, still holding that stupid phone to his ear.

And as that, Harry, all horrified and anxious, realized that he's seriously screwed because.

He absolutely, totally, completely fell in love with Louis Fucking Tomlinson.

-----

"Lou-just...fuck," Harry sighed when Louis dropped the keys for the second time, and Louis laughed and after picking them up, he tried to unlock the door again.

Louis and Harry were together for 2 months now.

Harry went back to school, Louis started his new job.

Harry wasn't happy. Not at all. Coming to school was exactly how he expected it to be.
People ignored him or threw him a filthy looks and he really wanted to bitch-slap them all. And when he really needed Louis, he couldn’t just visit him after school, since Louis worked till 5 o’clock. And when he did visit him, Louis was busy with marking some tests or preparing for another day’s lesson.

Or there were days when Harry couldn't leave his house because his parents were suspicious why is he going out every day, considering that he wasn't social type and he never visited Niall that often. Harry was really anxious because of that.

But, after all, he didn't really give a fuck, because finally he had a reason to genuinely smile and be excited in the morning, feeling he hadn't had in years. And well, that reason was, of course, Louis.

One weekend, Louis decided that he and Harry should go out and celebrate another well-finished week in the new job, so Harry went with that plan and Louis took him on his first real party. There were both best friends of Louis, Zayn and Liam, with whom Harry got on really well, surprisingly.

And since it was basically a celebration, Louis, of course, ordered a couple of shots at the bar. For even better celebrating.

From one vodka became two, from two three, from three four and so on up to, approximately, seven shots. And when Louis pulled Harry on the dance floor, they danced (or rather grinded) hotly, and Harry—under the effect of alcohol and music and hot Saturday night and especially Louis' presence—was so excited and horny that they had to just go the fuck home finally so they could start with another kind of fun.

So, when the four ’slightly’ drunk men exited the club, the pair said their goodbyes to (pissed drunk) Zayn and Liam, and then Louis called a taxi and after 10-minute ride with a lot of laughing, they finally came to Louis' house.

Well, not quite.

Louis dropped the keys for about the third time, and he wasn’t even that drunk, but he simply couldn’t get that key into that tiny hole and just shit.

Harry lost his patience. He pushed Louis aside, quickly took the keys from his hands and finally—finally—unlocked the fucking door.

He grabbed Louis' hand and as soon as he shut the door, he pushed Louis against the nearest wall and literally threw himself on his taller form, kissing him hard and long. Louis' mouth was still parted in amused laugh, but as soon as Harry’s tongue messily entered them, his laugh stopped and he joined Harry in hot kiss.

Harry sucked at Louis' hot tongue, tasting alcohol and menthol gum, and he hummed in satisfaction. He felt Louis’ hand grab him through his black jeans and Harry had to groan into the greedy kiss, eagerly bucking his hips into the touch. And when Louis pulled back from a kiss because of the lack of oxygen, he looked him in the eyes and they were really dark and needy, and his own eyes darkened as he reached out with one hand and ran his thumb on the man’s smooth face.

"Louis…"

"Yes, Harry?"

"Make love to me…"
"Are you sure baby?" Louis asked with a small smile that hid uneasiness and concern.

"Absolutely," Harry nodded his head and pulled him closer for another kiss. He growled into it when he felt Louis firmly grab his ass and pick him up. Harry automatically wrapped his legs around Louis' waist and then they made their way upstairs, into the bedroom.

Louis tripped multiple times when he carried the younger boy up the stairs in his arms, and he also opened the wrong door, and had to break the kiss so that they both could finally go to the bedroom. When Louis opened the right door, he put Harry's hot body on the bed while getting rid of his clothes quickly.

Harry watched him with glassy, drunk eyes, his every move seemed like the most fascinating phenomenon in the world. Well, for Harry, it was.

Louis smirked when he caught Harry's eyes, looking so hungry and full of lust, watching him with adoration and such intensity. Louis really loved it.

After removing his shirt and jeans, Louis crawled on top of Harry, and Harry found it kind of hilarious, being in this position once again. Not like they didn’t do 'stuff' after their first night together, but yeah. Harry just found it hilarious and special at the same time.

Harry’s fingers immediately tangled in Louis' hair, pulling and tugging softly as they tilted their heads first one then the other way, trying to get even closer. Louis' hands were everywhere on Harry, massaging his still clothed thighs, stroking his hips, he just loved to touch the boy.

Soon, when they both were out of breath, Louis started to undress Harry as well, and Harry really tried to help him, he did, but failed miserably simply because he was too horny and too excited to function properly.

After Harry was left only in his briefs, Louis started to suck a particularly big mark under Harry’s left ear before bringing his mouth up to nibble around it, making Harry quiver in anticipation for more.

With one hand Louis held Harry’s head still, tilted to one side to allow him to take what he needed. His other hand trailed down and over Harry’s chest, stopping to pinch teasingly at his hard nipple. Harry gasped, and moaned loudly, arching upwards. His hands were tightly wrapped around Louis' back, fingernails –sharper than Louis had been expecting–cut into his shoulder blades and were dragged along his spine.

He shivered in response, pressing his mouth firmly against the boy's again, parting his lips and sliding his tongue into the hot, wet depths.

Harry took a deep breath, unable to form even the most basic of thoughts as Louis’ hand began to slide down his chest and rub him through his briefs. Louis groaned at the hardness beneath his palm. Harry was so hot, and throbbing under him, for him.

Louis hooked his middle finger under the waistband of Harry's briefs and with one swift motion took them off.

Harry's cock sprang out, its stiff length pointing straight up towards his stomach. There was a thick, pearlescent droplet of precum gathering at the top and Louis just couldn’t resist running his finger through it, raising it to his lips and sucking it down.

Harry moaned at the sigh, not really expecting Louis to do that, but he didn’t protest because it was the hottest thing ever.

Louis slowly and deliberately wrapped his hand around Harry, pumping him while watching Harry's face closely. The boy looked already fucked, sweat dripped from his hair and his breathing was fast like he have already been after orgasm.

Harry grabbed the bed sheets as he struggled to keep his hips from thrusting up into Louis' hand, his
moans growing higher in pitch as Louis stroked him faster and harder.

"Louis… If you k-keep going, I’m gonna come… I don’t want to." Harry managed to stutter out eventually, trying to pull Louis' hand off of him.

"Want me to stop?" Louis asked, as he continued to move his hand.

Harry moaned and tightened his fingers in the bed sheets. "Y-yes."

Louis immediately let go off him, and he reached into his nightstand, pulling out the bottle of lube and a condom. Opening, the bottle, he slicked up two of his fingers and looked at Harry with worried expression.

"Are you really sure, love? It's going to hurt."

Harry smiled mischievous smile and grabbed Louis by his neck for another hot kiss.

"Yes, I am. And we should fucking start, finally," Harry said breathlessly in between kisses and to show that he was serious, he pressed his hot crotch against Louis' and seductively circled his hips.

Louis' body began to act automatically. His mind was in a haze, so he could not think rationally. The boy drove him crazy and, if he wanted it, Louis was willing to give it to him.

Perhaps oblivious to his own actions, Louis shakily reached between Harry's obscene gaping thighs, and as carefully as possible, he got the first half of his finger through a single entry into Harry's body. Harry grunted. It was a strange feeling. He expected more pain, but it was okay...just a little bit weird. Louis soothingly rubbed the boy's thigh and pushed the digit a little further. Tentatively, he twisted a few times, and he almost lost it when he felt how incredibly warm and tight Harry is around his finger.

"How does it feel babe?" Louis asked in raspy voice while watching him with the hazy gaze.

"Feels good. And weird." Louis smiled.

He kissed Harry's forehead. "It's going to be even weirder, maybe painful. Just relax for me, okay love?"

And after Harry nodded his head, Louis added another finger moistened with lube, and even thought he tried his best to be careful, Harry hissed in pain and cursed under his breath.

"Relax Haz," Louis reminded him and curled the two fingers inside Harry's body as he tried to stretch him a little bit. Even though Louis was really eager for more, he understood why that preparation was necessary. If he didn't do that, he would not be able to enter his body, plus, it would be extremely painful for Harry, something Louis didn't wish for.

Louis suddenly felt as the tips of his fingers hit some bunch in Harry's body, and when Harry arched his back, Louis knew he had hit that sweet spot, so he poked it again, making Harry squeak in ecstasy.

“Fuck Lou,” he swore breathlessly. Sweat glistened on his forehead; through his blood circulation ran a strong wave of pleasure produced by Louis' fingers pressing on his prostate. Louis did not wait and added a third moistened finger, still trying to hit the spot that sent delightful waves flooding into Harry's body.

Few minutes later Louis felt Harry’s body relax completely, and Harry’s little moans got louder and needier.
“C’mon, Louis. Do it already,” Harry about shouted, but his scream towards the end turned into a long groan.
Louis, who had already obeyed perfectly, pulled his fingers out of his body. Harry was immediately enveloped by emptiness.
Louis stared at him a few moments nervously than forced himself to advance to the next stage. He put on a condom, coated himself with a generous amount of lube and brushed the tip of his dick against the entrance of Harry’s body, then gently pressed.
At that moment Harry’s eyes welled with tears ... okay, this seriously hurt.
Louis pressed even a little more, but still not fully immersed in his body.
Harry’s muscles tightened around him and it was so, so fucking good Louis felt like his self-control is slowly breaking.

Harry breathed heavily, and he wondered if he had ever experienced something more painful yet so nice like that.
When Harry's breathe fell from a murderer at normal pace, Louis kissed his slightly opened mouth and dared to move again.

And then, he pushed all the way.

Harry threw his head back and released an inhuman scream. “Shi-FUCK!”

Harry's breath got wild again and he felt tears in his eyes.

“Shit, was that too much baby?” Louis asked worriedly and was about to pull out of Harry, but the younger boy tried to smile encouragingly at him and shook his head.

“N-no. Just... give me a second please.” Louis obeyed, and peppered his face with small kisses.
Harry laughed and playfully shoved his face away.

“Okay...you can move now,” Harry said, and Louis-again-obeyed.
He put on regular, lazy pace of thrusts, accompanied by hand movements in Harry's lap, where his hand had moved eventually.

“You feel so fucking good Harry,” Louis whispered roughly, moving in to crash his lips to Harry’s as their satisfied grunts met in a perfectly-sounding symphony.

The more the kiss deepened, the faster got Louis' thrusts into Harry's body.
The initial pain of the younger boy vanished away and was replaced with delight and heady feeling of the desired connection.
Louis broke the kiss and his lips traced a path across Harry’s perfectly shaped jaw and then to his neck, where he left behind a few reddened lovebites, which they probably long enough will remind night's experience.

Harry started to feel itching in the lower abdomen; he knew what exactly that meant—he would not last long.
At the moment when Louis managed to slam on his prostate, Harry was a total mess.
He clung to Louis’ body, he was releasing the most delightful moans Louis had ever heard, and his eyes were full of tears of pleasure.

Louis felt his climax approaching quickly too. Panting, he grabbed the back of Harry’s thighs and hung them over his shoulders so he could get a better angle to Harry’s body.
Repeatedly hitting Harry’s prostate, Louis picked up the speed of his trusts to the point when Harry was a sobbing mess and the bed was banging against the wall.
“L-Louis. I-” Harry couldn’t take it anymore. He came with a loud cry of his boyfriend’s name, and feeling Harry’s tight walls tighten around him even more, Louis released a loud moan and waves of orgasm washed through both of their bodies like a huge flood.

Louis slowly got out of Harry’s body, and after removing his condom, he tied it and threw it somewhere beside the bed.

He would throw it away later.

Louis felt numb when he wrapped his arms around Harry’s shoulders and pulled him close in a tight embrace. They both were sweaty, and Harry had a cum slowly drying on his stomach, but they didn’t really care in that moment. Louis covered their hot bodies with a blanket and kissed Harry’s pale shoulder. His skin smelled like sex and strawberry shower gel. It was so obscene and filthy; feeling this kind of smell on a 16-year old, but for some perverted reason it turned Louis on.

“Thank you,” Harry muttered into Louis’ shoulder.

Louis laughed.

“Why are you doing that literally all the time?”

“What are you talkin’ about?” Harry asked, surprised.

“Why are you always thanking me for things you shouldn’t thank for? It should be other way around; I should be the one to thank you.”

“Nah, shut up, Lou.”

“I am just curious.”

“And I am tired as fuck.” Louis smiled at Harry’s cursing.

“Oh, kitten. I know, you had actually a lot of vodkas.”

“Uhm.”

As Harry was falling asleep, Louis told him how beautiful he is, and how he loved their love making and what a good boy he is. Louis whispered in his ear that he would never forget about that magic night, and even if it sounded like some shitty happy-ending Disney fairytale, Louis really meant it.

And of course, before Harry really fell asleep, he thanked Louis again, and then they were cuddling and kissing a little bit until they had no more strength to even kiss and they fell asleep just like that, with their mouths and bodies pressed tightly together.

---

'I love you.'

Three simple words that were not meant to be said aloud. Hell, they weren’t even meant to be said, in the first place.

But Harry did it anyway, and really, it was just a unexpected slip.
It was Saturday, and Harry was spending the night at Louis'. As always, his pretense was staying at some friends' place and since his mom nor Robin didn't know about the fact that Harry had no friends, it was a great excuse he used almost all the time when he wanted to be with Louis.

That night, he, together with Louis, lied in the bed, in Louis' dark and quiet bedroom, and again, they talked in a low, hushed voice about anything and everything, something what they did all the time and what Harry liked the most.

And, maybe it was the way Louis talked with his sweet, honey-like voice, or maybe it was the way he held Harry's hand in his firm yet gentle grip, but suddenly, Harry felt so emotional and full of feelings, and he really wanted to keep it to himself, but those words were bugging him for so long, and he really wanted to tell them to Louis but at the same time, he really didn't want to.

And when Louis said good night and pressed his reddish lips against Harry's plump ones, under the pressure of emotions, it fell out of Harry unexpectedly.

"I love you, Louis."

And as soon as the words came out of his mouth, in that very moment Louis let go of his hand and pulled away and even though the room was dark, Harry could clearly see Louis' shocked and confused look.

And when Harry realized what a shit he said, he had instantly tears in his eyes and he knew it was all completely fucked as always and honestly, he expected things to be like that. That's how it always went in his life anyway.
After a moment of tortuous silence that occurred in the room, Louis finally came back to his senses. He gently smiled at Harry and then:

"I love you too, Harry."

Damn.

Harry felt as if massive boulder had fallen from his shoulders, as much as it embarrassed him, he actually started crying tears of joy.

He never thought that somebody, anybody, would ever love him, and when it was Louis who told him those lovely words, Harry felt huge meekness and peace.
And finally, it seemed that the positive karma leaned towards Harry.

Hopefully, it would stay like that maybe for ever.

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