Simply Wicked
by Summers_23

Summary

~Not every fairy tale has a hero or a happy ending.~

Louis Tomlinson will never grow up. That's the price of being Peter Pan's son, he stays in Neverland, and he doesn't age. The boy came to terms with his fate years ago. He's got his own Wendy, but what if they don't love each other like they should?

Harry Styles won't age. He took what Neverland had to offer willingly. As Captain Hook's son, he's got responsibilities and revenge plots that are mostly created by his father. He's
after Peter's son, his dad swearing that it's a fair price to pay for being exiled after Pan won the fight against him years ago. While he meets with the certain blue eyed boy, he can't help but wonder what's so bad about him after all.

A century old rivalry, two never aging kids, and the chance to show the world that not every story has a hero and a happy ending.

Notes

My first work on here. Please tell me your thoughts and leave kudos ☺

Thank you!
A century old rivalry, two never aging kids, and the chance to show the world that not every story has a hero and a happy ending.

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To tell you that Peter Pan hadn't grown up would be a lie.

To say that Captain Hook was dying would be the truth.

To assure you that the story had ended after the famous duel between the opposing sides, I would have to submit myself as a liar.

To explain to you that the rivalry would most likely never end, I would have to take the time out of my day to explain it to you in the least lengthy way possible.

I do not have the essence of time necessary to spell out the years of their past in black and white, nor do I have the time to spell it out in various shades of gray. So you will get an overview, the simplest of explanations that I am allowed to offer you. Do you accept? Your answer does not matter, you will get it anyway.

I shall warn you myself before the time comes, this story is not your usual happily ever after. In fact, it is far from what you call a happy ending.

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Peter Pan had a child, but it wasn't Wendy's. He went out into the human realm, and he found a girl that he became infatuated with. Soon enough, the boy had made it a daily routine to stop by the girl's house before leaving to find more lost boys. When he became more than just slightly obsessed, Tink held him back from the girl's realm for fear that the young boy would leave one day and not come back.

Then all at once, everything came crashing down. Peter was aging, becoming an adult, losing the boyish humor and rowdiness that the majority of the Lost Boys possessed, and Tink's fear became a reality. He left when he hit the physical age of 18, fully set on pursuing this girl that he had come to care so much about.

At the age of 21, the young man had married. Three months later, his wife was carrying their child. At 22, Peter had come close to being forgotten in Neverland. The Legend was now a ghost of who he once was. At 40, Tink finally found him. The formerly never aging boy was too old for Tink to take back to Neverland with her. Peter had grown cold, a shell of the man he used to be, that boyish light that had filled his eyes had been killed off by the horrors of his beloved's realm.

So the pixie set her sights on his only son, ignoring the six girls that ran rampant around the house with no mother figure to guide them. The boy was 18, both in mind, body, and his current lifespan. It was an age that teetered on the edge of too old in Neverland. Even after losing his mother, he was full of life and energy and kindness, the things that his father no longer possessed. When the time came, he agreed to leave with Tink, glad for his newfound friend and the escape from the world that he would later come to know as Hell.

His name is Louis Tomlinson, and he's Neverland's new Peter Pan.

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Captain Hook had been exiled, no doubt about it. His crew followed him, loyal to the man that had saved their lives countless times before. He found a woman to love unconditionally, just like Peter had done before him. She was a pirate like him, exiled from her home for wanting to protect her
family. All occupants that were aboard her ship were women, the opposite going for Hook's ship.

She was sweet, feisty, and stubborn as hell if she had any say in the matter. The ships intermingled, marriage permission slips springing forth to captains after only a two month time period. Soon enough, almost every member occupying the large contraptions were either engaged or married. A year after, the ships were filled with babies and toddlers of all shapes, sizes, nationalities, sexualities, and ages.

The captains themselves had two children of their own, Gemma Anne Styles and Harry Edward Styles, both of them being trained from a young age to be the captains of the two ships. The children could enter Neverland, taking on the responsibilities of taking revenge on the new inhabitants of the magical realm. At 16 and 19, the Styles siblings were ready to enact their parents revenge on the unsuspecting Lost Boys and Kaw Tribe Members. So they split, boys in Hook's old ship and girls in their mom's old ship. Then they set off to different realms, unsure if they would see each other again. It wasn't a tearful goodbye. The two siblings were never very close, each preferring to stick to their own devices instead of interacting. He reached Neverland, and everything fell into place.

His name is Harry Styles, and he's Neverland's new Captain Hook.

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Welcome to the world of no heroes, no happy endings, and no true love's kiss.

This is Neverland, I hope you enjoy your stay.
"Malik! Where are you?" The pixie yells, almost tripping on a branch with his large human feet.

"Where do you think he'd be Hemmings?" A gruff voice asks, the tone of his voice showcasing his clear annoyance with the merman's antics.

"Why do you ask me this when you were the one that was supposed to be looking after him Mr. Payne?"

"We were playing Lukey," Niall whines from beside his older partner.

"That's no excuse for foregoing your responsibilities Mr. Horan."

"Give them a break Lucas. They didn't realize that Zayn wanders a lot, I forgot to warn them," the light hearted voice reprimands. Sparkles surround the three beings as their leader flies above them.

"Nice of you to finally show up Mr. Tomlinson." Luke sends his charge a quick glare before looking back down at the two Lost Boys. He flicks his hand at the boys in a shooing motion.

"Keep looking, I have to have a talk with your leader." The two boys groan, but set off in different directions to continue their search for the missing member of their party.

"What do you want Lucas? I would like to keep finding my best mate."

"Malik is supposed to be your responsibility Tomlinson, not the boys'. You were the one that insisted on bringing him here and away from the lagoon when you know that he wanders because he never gets to leave his gated community for anything."

"Just give me a break for once! Tink made it clear that I was to find my own Wendy and get her to stay here in Neverland with me so I won't become a copy of my father."

"That can wait until after your merman friend gets back to the lagoon where he belongs, it's your job to watch him because you took him out."

"I've been scouting, too. There's talk of a new Captain Hook, and I've been watching out for him. If he's anything like my father's Captain Hook, he'll be after me and the Lost Boys," Louis protests, determined to prove to his guardian that he's not the useless never-aging boy that he believes that he is. Luke scowls at the boy, angry at his arrogance and forgetfulness. Delivering a slap to the back of his head, he smirks down at the smaller being, satisfied with the grunt that leaves his mouth upon the impact of Luke's hand.

"Scouting is what you have me for you dumbass. Did you forget that I'm a freaking pixie?"

"Maybe."

"And this is why I don't think you make a good leader, I don't know what my mother was thinking by putting you in charge. We'll have this discussion later, for now we have to clean up your," he shoves a finger into Louis' chest, "mess. Let's go, there's places to be." With that, Luke swivels on his heel and stalks off toward the lagoon where Zayn and his family usually reside. Louis sighs and hovers behind the pixie, following his footsteps to where he hopes that his best friend is at.

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Harry's bored, he's made that quite clear to Michael, Ashton, and anyone else that has dared to come near him. He misses the kisses, cuddles, and sex he'd gotten an hour ago. He misses the reassuring voice and the happiness that they always seemed to be exuding. He misses the moans, and the hands that would map the same pathway all over his body every time they were together. Mostly, he just misses them, their simple presence being able to flip his whole world upside down.

"Ashton, I'm bored," the man whines, dragging out the 'ed' in bored and giving the older male his best 'I want something face.'

"That's very obvious, you've been whining about it all day mate," his second in command answers, trying his best to be polite.

"Yeah, is it that hard for you to shut up about?" Michael busts in, fed up with his leader's constant whining.

"Can you not be a prick Clifford?" Harry shoots back. He feels a sliver of satisfaction when Michael backs down.

"Just go find yourself something to do Harry, you need a break." The captain shoves his chair back, muttering a 'fine' at the red haired, Australian lad before taking off down the dock to get himself as far away from his ship as humanly possible in the allotted amount of time. He rushes down the pier, more running than walking at this point. Minutes later, he reaches a clearing, the water of the lagoon glimmering in the sun.

Singing can be heard from the water, the mermaids and mermen singing in almost perfect harmony. In the middle of them all, three outrageously beautiful mermaids are settled on a large rock, their tails swishing right in front of them. He knows these beings by name, especially the three that rest on top of the rock. Harry gapes, somehow still appalled by the mermaids despite seeing them quite often. The first one that notices him is Danielle.

She abruptly stops her singing causing her siblings to turn to see why. He gives the group a small wave and gets waves and smiles in return.

"Harry!" Danielle calls happily.

"Hey Dani." The three beings slide off of the rock, quickly swimming over to their pirate friend.

"Haz!" two voices crow at the human. He looks away from the leader to lock his eyes onto the other high ranking mermaids.

"Zayn, Taylor. How are you guys?"

"Better now that you're here," Taylor jokingly flirts, giggling at herself when Harry gives her a friendly smile.

"Have the ki-," Harry is cut off as a voice rings through the lagoon.

"Zayn, what did I say about wandering off?" Zayn just smiles at the space where the voice is coming from, making a groan follow his actions. "You little shit," the voice criticises, stepping into the light for everyone to see who they are. Harry sucks in a sharp breath as the Lost Boy's face is illuminated. With multiple shouts of 'Louis', he's mobbed by eager and energetic mermaids in seconds. Raising his head, he catches a glimpse of the young captain, his face losing a shade or two of color when he turns away.

The never-aging boy is trying his best to greet all of the mermaids, his face melting into a soft
expression as he does so. When an excessive amount of time passes from greetings, Louis pulls away, sending his best mate a glare for walking off without one of his boys with him. Harry gives in, and silently chuckles at the smaller boy's cuteness when he glares at someone. Even if he's been on the receiving end of that very glare many times before, he still finds it to be pure cuteness, and can't ever seem to stop himself from fonding over the older being.

After Louis' time is up, he takes his sweet time to start leaving the sparkling water. He gives the half-fishes hugs in goodbye. Then he pulls his arms behind him, crossing his wrists to signal to anyone watching that his hands are tied together. Harry lets out a low moan at his actions, already hardening in his pants. The son of Peter Pan allows himself to smirk at the problem he's created for his supposed to be 'enemy'. His intended target is as responsive to him as usual, even though they're surrounded by at least 15 more people.

The captain rushes out his goodbyes, claiming he has business he needs to attend to on the ship. Then both him and Louis disappear, splitting off into different directions, only to meet up minutes later at their secret meeting place. As soon as they see each other, Harry diverts his eyes to the ground, halting all of his movements so that he's standing feet together with his hands clasped in front of him.

"Captain." His tone is clipped, already taking on the role of the dominant. Usually the taller boy has to get him there. Sometimes, Harry is the one that'll take the dominant role for the day, but it only happens if the younger boy needs to let his anger out somehow. Today obviously isn't one of those days. It would be clear to anyone, if not his submissive, that it's Louis' day to let out any pent up anger.

"Louis." By this time, the older boy has already made his way over to Harry. Gripping his jaw, he pulls the pirate's head down to his height, his pupils already losing their usual blue hue in favor of a dark black.

"Look at me," he growls, eyes blazing with both anger and lust together. Harry listens, lifting his gaze to focus on the dominant that is currently holding his jaw in his hand. "You were being a bloody tease over there, looking way too damn good in your pirate gear. You haven't exactly been good, have you?" He shakes his head yes and no, wanting desperately to please the man that had taken his heart and his body without any warning long ago.

"I asked you a question Harry."

"You didn't say that I could speak Louis, I thought it was a rhetorical question of sorts."

"Don't get smart with me boy. I don't need attitude from you today."

"I can't answer the way that you would like me to because we both know that the way you want me to answer is to lie, and you don't like when I lie to you," he answers, fiddling with his hands nervously and instantly regretting what he just said.

"Oh, you are so getting it today. I told you not to be smart with me, and what do you do?" Louis rips his hand away from Harry's head, the force of the pull causing the younger boy's neck to do a hard snap to the right of his body. "You do exactly what I told you not to! Why are you being such a screwup today?" The sub lets out a whimper from both the new pain in his neck and the sting of his lover's words.

"I'm sorry," he whispers, his urges to please his dom taking control of him. He's never been this close to subspace, even after they spent almost an entire week together during Neverland's winter season.
"Sorry won't cut it Harry. It never does, you know that." At those two statements, Harry loses it, breaking out of his near subspace to glare at his older lover.

"I haven't done anything to you today, and you were fine earlier. So what the bloody hell crawled up your ass and died there in the two hours that you've been with your boys?"
Harry

I stare at Louis angrily, waiting for him to give me some type of explanation to my question. For the first few minutes, it's a tension filled silence, something that has become uncommon for the both of us. I raise an eyebrow at the smaller boy, seemingly trying to goad him into giving me an answer. It doesn't work. When a fair amount of time has passed, I give up on trying to pull some sort of answer out of my lover.

"So I'm not going to get any sort of explanation as to why you're treating me like shit when you were just fine earlier?" My voice is cold, just like it is when I talk to the majority of my crew. I'm done playing nice right now.

"I-Hazza, it's not that simple."

"Then fucking explain it Lou."

"It's hard."

"Then dumb it down."

"And I'm not allowed to."

"You're your own boss, allow it."

"Now you're just being a pain in my ass Styles."

"I would've been that earlier, but you decided to be the dom today, and then you became a dick."

"You are so bloody annoying sometimes," he grits out.

"I know, I've been told that before on multiple different occasions," I respond, finalizing the decision that it's my turn to be an asshole. He growls at me, angry that I've taken the upper hand in this situation. "Don't you dare growl at me, you have no right."

"Go to hell Harry."

"I'd be taking you with me Louis."

"Why are you being such a bloody smartass today?"

"Because my hook-up made the conscientious decision to be a fucking dick to me today."

"Hook-ups don't talk, they fuck and leave, then the cycle repeats."

"We are the definition of hook-ups Lost Boy."

"I beg to bloody differ Captain."

"You can differ all you want, doesn't mean I care." Louis huffs and crosses his arms across his chest.

"You care, you always care when it comes to me."

"You don't know that. I've never said anything about it."
"You haven't needed to, you show it." I roll my eyes in exasperation.

"Whatever." Louis glares back up at me, meeting my eyes in a battle for dominance. Neither of us look away for the first few seconds, but Louis folds quickly, not very willing to put up a non-verbal fight.

"Hook-ups don't cuddle or whisper praises into each other's ears. Hook-ups don't share clothes or kiss like we do, and hook-ups don't smile at each other or comfort each other when they're sad. Hook-ups don't give each other secret smiles; hook-ups don't say that they love each other when the other thinks that they're not listening." He pauses for a second, catching my small blush at his comment before continuing.

"Hook-ups don't submit like you do, or spend a week at some secluded spot together because it's the only time that they can be anywhere with no judgement. Hook-ups don't defy the rules of their society and risk exile to kiss and hold and hug and fuck each other.

"I'm not stupid Harry, I know you care. I know this isn't just some casual hook-up to you, some fuck and dump that you found in the human realm." He hovers above the ground, coming closer to me than he originally was. I don't pull away from his hand when he reaches up and caresses my face. I nuzzle into his warm palm, the feeling a comfort to me after the numerous times that it's landed on this very spot.

"You gave me yours and I gave you mine. That's not something that disappears Harry, not something that can fade over time. I feel something for you. Something that I can't explain because it's a new feeling that keeps me reeling no matter what happens. You're like a drug that I can't give up, and I can't get sober because every time that I try to stay away, I will always, at some point, come back for more."

I stare at him, confused by this sudden confession. Louis isn't an emotional person, he never has been, and he never will be. For some reason, this scares me. His speech struck something in me. He's only emotional when he leaves. It doesn't matter what I say or do at this point. Louis is leaving me, leaving us, and there's no turning back.

"You're leaving, aren't you?" My voice cracks on the word leaving, the pain that I'm feeling is too raw for me to even try to conceal it. He doesn't have to say a word because I can see it on his face, clear as day, that I'm right. "Why?" That one word leaves both of us broken. We both are smart enough to know why he's leaving, but I still have the urge to make him explain it to me again.

Louis just looks at me, the light in his eyes dim now that I've seen the meaning behind his confession. Even though I'm lost and out of it, I can see that the man I care for is hurting, and I don't know how to fix him. I hold my arms out to the side and motion for him to cuddle into my chest. He does, and our arms are wrapped so tightly around each other that it seems like we're cutting off each other's air supply. I know he won't return what I'm about to say, but I know I have to say it anyway.

"I love you." Those three words can make or break you, and in this case, I knew that it would break me. As soon as I utter those words, I'm pushed away, Louis fighting to get out of my grasp. I let him go, and he stands with his back straight and hands by his sides like he's doing business. That's all I am now, I'm business, another thing that needs to be dealt with. He's shaking his head at my declaration, and I don't blame him for it.

"This is wrong Captain. It's wrong for you to love me, wrong for us to even be in the same vicinity as each other. We're wrong for us." He would always claim this, and I, for one, am done with it. I send him a glare, but it doesn't seem to deter him.
"There's nothing wrong with us. We've done nothing wrong."

"Then there's something wrong with me. I'm supposed to hate you and love her; I'm doing the exact opposite." Of course he leaves because of the stereotypical Wendy excuse. It's like usual, blame everything on Tink, Eleanor, and your father, and you don't have to take responsibility for any of it.

"There is nothing wrong with you Louis! For Pan's sake, there is nothing wrong with liking guys, nothing wrong with being gay!"

"It is wrong Harry!" That makes my blood boil, but I want him to finish before I fully lash out on him. "I'm supposed to be straight! I'm supposed to find my own Wendy, fall in love, convince her to stay in Neverland, and be the mother of the Lost Boys. I can't like guys; I can't be gay!"

"You don't have to be your father! You're not your father, and you have never been your father! Why do you always insist on being him? He hurt you Louis, and you forgave him. You forgave him for beating you! You forgave him for making you damn near lose your fucking mind, and you want to be like him?! You are a fucking idiot Louis Tomlinson." He goes pale at my words, looking down as the truth finally hits him in the face. His eyes water as he looks up at me, the blue of his pupils full of both anger and sadness.

"I have to. You've known that from the start Harry. We're supposed to be enemies, so I guess it's time that we take on those roles."

"I did. I thought that I could convince you to change your mind."

"I think you knew that somewhere inside that large brain of yours that you wouldn't be able to."

"Maybe I did, but I still wanted to try." At that, I walk away. I'm not suffering anymore heartbreak today. He doesn't call out to me, and for that I am thankful. I couldn't face him if he did. I hear the chime of the pixie dust as I walk. He's flown back to the rest of the Lost Boys. Maybe this time, I won't be stupid enough to try.
Girls. The very thought of them makes me puke in my mouth. It's not like I'm not used to them, I had a mother and six sisters before I came to Neverland. I like women in a platonic way, I have never and will never like a woman in a romantic or sexual way. I guess that's one way to admit to yourself that you're not straight and never will be.

Tink had yelled at me for it when I told her. She screamed, well actually, now that I think about it, she technically screeched. For 46 years, she had raised me as her own child, doing so alongside her blood related son Lucas, or Luke as he preferred to be called. She'd slapped me, and told me that I had to find a girl and make her be the Lost Boys' mother, or she would banish me. Yes, Tink had the authority to banish me, the roll of Peter Pan wasn't fully mine yet.

So I had left right after, trying to clear my head while I was alone. The first thing I heard once I had been by the beach for quite some time was a branch breaking. In the human realm, that'd be normal, but in Neverland, the only way one of the branches could break was if something that was at least partially human stepped on it. I turn around, quickly I might add (giving myself whiplash in the process), and come face to face with another being.

He's in pirate gear, the type that Tink had shown me pictures of to prepare me if I ever saw another human. He is tall, definitely taller than me by a minimum of an inch, long legged, pale, and I dare to say beautiful. His jaw is structured, the angle so sharp that I think it could cut me. His brown hair is long, wavy, and pulled up into a bun on top of his head, and his eyes are this dark shade of green that seem to just pull you in. He holds his hat in one hand and the grip of his sword in the other.

"Who are you?" I ask, my voice quiet. I'm shy and scared, and I can't help but show it. Then he speaks to answer my question, and my insides feel like they've melted. The pirate's voice is deep, slow, and soothing, a combination that has me feeling oddly safe with this mysterious stranger.

"Someone that you do not need to know. Who are you?"

"If you will not give me your name, I will not give you mine. Why are you here?" The man cocks his head to the side, questioning my question choice.

"I come to the beach everyday. I've never seen you here before."

"I stay in the trees, sand in my shoes isn't my thing."

"Do you assume that it is mine?" I look at the man, lost by his sudden boldness.

"Maybe I do. Why do you feel the need to know?"

"Why do you feel the need to keep questioning my intentions Little One?"

"Don't call me Little One, Curly. I can question your intentions because you continue to let me. I have not perceived you to be one with little patience, or one that is easily irritable."

"I can clearly see that you are a perceptive being, Little One." I scrunch my nose up at the nickname, fighting down the bile that rises in my throat at the name.

"I have learned to be observant. You can never be too careful when you live in Neverland," I state, pointing out the fact that is the most obvious to me. The man walks toward me, sitting down on my
blanket next to me. He places his hands behind him to support himself as he leans back to stare at the sunset over the semi-calm sea.

"I see, and what else do you find quite obvious about Neverland?"

"Did I speak my thoughts aloud Curly? The tone of your voice suggests that you have been offended, but I have not spoken anything aloud that could possibly offend you."

"The pace at which you replied to my previous statement proved that you are annoyed with me. The attitude that you delivered your last line with suggested that you found that to be a simple fact that I, along with the rest of this Island's inhabitants, am supposed to know. Your body language tells me that you do not care for me because I am a stranger to you, but your eyes are saying that you already have a sliver of trust in me because I somehow make you feel safe in a way that no one else has ever made you feel." I stare at the man, my brain taking a while to process everything that he has just told me. When the fog in my brain has finally lifted, the man is smirking down at me as if he has just won a game. "Are you going to say anything Little One?"

"Give me your name, and I shall give you mine. Please."

"Harry Styles, Pirate." He holds his hand out for me to shake. I grasp his much larger hand in my smaller one, moving it up and down in a traditional form of greeting.

"Louis Tomlinson, Lost Boy."

"Am I right to suspect that we should most likely hate each other?"

"It wouldn't be wrong." I do an up and down overview of Harry's uniform and catch him doing the same to mine.

"Rank?" I glance at him, but then go back to noticing the details of his gear.

"What do you mean by rank?"

"From what I have learned about you, you are not stupid. You know what ranks are, and your group has them. So... Mr. Tomlinson, what rank do you hold in the Lost Boys?"

"If I tell you, you could kill me. I'd prefer it if I didn't divulge that information to you right now Mr. Styles."

"I will give you my rank in exchange for yours. Do we have a deal Little One?"

"I will only agree if you swear on your father's grave that you will never call me Little One again. I am not particularly fond of that nickname, and I wish to be called Louis and not by a name that degrades me in the sense of my height." Harry places two fingers together in the air, deciding that this is the time to start using the Cub Scout salute sarcastically.

"I swear on my father's grave that I will not call you Little One anymore." I nod at him to continue. "Wait. Tell me what ship you belong to first."

"Jolly Roger." I go pale, eyes widening in fear. I can't move away because I feel like I'm glued to my spot on the blue flannel. "You still want to know my rank, love?" I nod, not able to do much else. "Captain. I'm Captain Hook's son." He doesn't say anything else. I'm glad because I'm still trying to comprehend the fact that I'm seated in front of my pre decided enemy, and he isn't trying to kill me.
"Leader. I'm Peter Pan's son." It's Harry's turn to have his eyes go wide, and his mouth go dry.

"You look like him, just no green outfit. I'm so stupid, how could I not recognize you?" He puts his face in his hands, now angry at himself and stressed out. I move closer and place a tentative hand on his mid back, slowly rubbing up and down to try to calm him down. He doesn't pull away, so I continue to do it.

"If it makes you feel any better, I didn't recognize you either."

"When did your dad leave Neverland?"

"Peter left when he reached the physical age of 18. I was born when he was physically 22." He gives me a weird look when I say Peter, but I shake my head, signaling to him that I'm not going to talk about it right now. "What about your dad?"

"He left when he was banished by your father. Did you not know that?"

"It's not in the books, it just says that Captain Hook left on his own free will because he couldn't bear the embarrassment of being beaten by Peter."

"Well your history books are wrong," he snaps out. I remove my hand from his back, scooching backwards and standing up to try to avoid his anger.

"Sorry, I wasn't taught be pirates. I was raised in the human realm for 18 years, and in the past 44 years I've only been taught by Tink."

"You know my dad sent me here to get revenge on your father? Now that he's gone, you're the new Peter Pan, meaning I'm supposed to kill you to avenge the wrongs that your father did to mine." He moves his head to focus on me, getting ready to observe how I take this news.

"Sorry to break it to you, but I'm not giving up that easily. I'm not going to let you destroy me for your father's revenge. So if that's what you want to do, then you can try. I will fight back, I will fight for my life, and I will fight to keep my family safe. I'm not leaving Captain." With those as my last words, I walk away, knowing that the next time I see him, it won't be pretty.
Louis

He had figured it out before I could tell him. Harry wasn't stupid, I should've known that it was going to end like that. He knows me better than I know myself. Emotions weren't something I projected on a daily basis, the ones that the boys saw were usually fake. If something were to happen, I'd show a form of emotion. My speech was one of those forms.

I told him that he was my drug, and I meant it. I can't stay away. I've tried numerous times to do just that; it's never worked. Now we're over, and I have to find another type of drug that I can hold onto. Six years down the drain because I couldn't find the bloody courage to tell Tink and Eleanor that I don't want my own Wendy, I don't want a girl to love. I want a Captain Hook, I want a Harry Styles to hold me and tell me that he loves me. I haven't worked up enough motivation to leave our spot yet, sprinkling a bit of pixie dust earlier hopefully made Harry think that I had.

"Louis?" I whip around, facing person that the small voice came from.

"Ellie," I breathe out, my eyes widening at the realization that she could've heard every word that Harry and I had just uttered to one another. "How much of that did you hear?"

"All of it," she answers, shrugging her shoulders like it's no big deal.

"How are you not biting my head off right now?"

"You act like I didn't know."

"I thought you didn't."

"Dani told me some things."

"Danielle? You know her?"

"I don't just sit around and do nothing all day Lou."

"Remind me what you do with your unused time."

"I design the clothes for the mermaids and hang out with my friends." Eleanor's voice gets higher as she speaks.

"Clothes. For mermaids? That's kind of hard to believe."

"They do wear bras, and when they turn human, they have to wear clothes, dumbass."

"I know they wear bras."

"I'm also not human, I like to get my tail out every once in a while."

"Bullshit. You use the pool at the hideout everyday, don't lie to me E."

"Why do you always assume that I'm lying?"

"Your voice gets higher when you lie, love."

"Damn it."
"Knew it, spill."

"Louis..." she whines out, elongating my name to give me the sense that she's uncomfortable with the situation that I have put her in.

"Eleanor, spill, now."

"Fine. I go and spend time with Dani a lot."

"Why?"

"Because I can."

"Give me an actual answer."

"I just did." I groan, annoyed with my girlfriend's ability to be a smartass at the worst times.

"If you won't give me an answer to that, then give me an answer as to how you knew about Harry and I." Eleanor just rolls her eyes at me.

"You and Harry weren't exactly the most secretive people Louis."

"We took the precautions that were needed, so how were we not secretive?"

"You aren't that far away from the lagoon, darling. They could hear you."

"You're kidding me."

"Nope. You also teased each other when you were surrounded by very perceptive mermaids. They have great hearing, they could hear Harry when he moaned at the tiniest indications of having sex with you."

"Damn it," I push a hand through my hair, stressed out by both Eleanor, the mermaids, and the boys. "That's what we get for wanting something that we can't have. Do you think they've told the boys or Luke?"

"They're not incoherent; they know the risks of the Lost Boys and Male Tinkerbell finding out about you two. I breathe out a sigh of relief, glad that the boys don't know about us. Then I start to cry, the realization of what I had just done to Harry finally hitting me.

"Oh Lou." Eleanor rushes over, cradling me to her body and sitting me down in her lap as I collapse. My arms are wrapped tight around her waist as I bury my head in her chest, my tears quickly soaking through her shirt.

"Why did I have to let him go Elle? I didn't want to let him go!" My voice is cracking on every other syllable, the sobs racking my body. She rubs my back, trying to soothe me, but it doesn't work.

"You heard what Tinkerbell said Louis. You have to be with me, have an heir, or find another Wendy to be the Lost Boys' mother." I sniffle and look up at the girl that I am forced to call my girlfriend.

"I don't like girls, you know that."

"And I don't like boys. We each have to do things we don't want to in order to save the ones we care about."
"Dani?"

"What about her Lou?"

"What are you to each other?"

"I think you find that out for yourself."

"Enlighten me, I can't think right now, I feel numb."

"Girlfriends, Dani's my girlfriend."

"How long?"

"How long have you been dating me?"

"Four years."

"Then the answer to your question is four years."

"Does anyone other than me know?"

"Cam, Jess, Julia, and El. They walked in on us kissing quite a few times. It was... uncomfortable to say the least." She physically shivers when she remembers them seeing her and Danielle in such a state of disarray and intimacy.

"Oh. My. Gods. They swam in on you two having sex, didn't they?" Eleanor blushes, her cheeks and ears turning bright red in embarrassment.

"You called us not secretive? We had a special hiding place, you fuck each other on her bed in a home where anyone can swim into the rooms. Idiots," I mumble the last word, and she pretends that she doesn't hear me.

"Are you able to fly or are you too upset?"

"Would I burden you too much if I asked you to carry me?"

"Of course not, you need rest and we need to get back to camp before Liam, Niall, Tinkerbell, and Male Tinkerbell come for both of our asses."

"Thank you." She smiles at me, me clinging to her neck as she sets off for the hideout. I lay my head on her shoulder, and slowly drift off, thinking about Harry and the last words that he said to me.
By the time that I reach my ship, it's nearly dark, and the moon is almost fully out. I saunter up the boardwalk, ignoring the cries and yells of the crew and my second in command in favor of heading straight to my bedroom. I shut the door quietly, as to not wake up the crew members that are already sleeping. Flopping down on the bed, I bury my face in the only white silk pillow that adorns my bed. While the rest of the crew has roommates, I opted for my own room to, in my words, 'keep the things private that no one else needs to know.' So, now in the privacy of my own little escape, I allow the stream of tears to roll down my face at the words that Louis and I had exchanged earlier.

"Damn it Louis! How do you always find a way to make me look like the bad guy? I haven't done anything to you, and a bloody broken heart is what I get in return for loving you," I mutter into the soft fabric, letting out a range of emotions in that statement and question that even Louis didn't know I was capable of.

Later, a loud knock is heard on my door, but I don't bother answering it myself, so instead, I call out, "The door's unlocked," before cuddling back into my pillow.

"Captain, there's some left over dinner if you want any." I recognize the voice of Ashton's boyfriend easily.

"No thank you Clifford. Just leave me be, please."

"Yes Captain. Your Second will be in later." He leaves, shutting my door on the way out. It takes me a moment to comprehend that Michael just addressed Ashton as 'Your Second', instead of Ashton or Ash. That was what he always called him before they had started dating. Something big must have happened if Michael's back to addressing him by his formal title. Even when they had multiple fights in a row or took a long breaks, he never switched back to that name. With the thoughts of my Second's relationship troubles and my own problems, I drift off into a fitful sleep.

***

Harry's Dream/Flashback

"Lou?" I call out. "Where are you?" For the first time in weeks, I might be here before Louis. The prospect of that excites me. I wait a few minutes, but I don't get an answer. Settling down on the bench near the cabin Louis got us for our fourth anniversary, I smile fondly at the engraving on the wood. I run my fingers over the roughness of it, remembering that we had used my old dagger to carve it out instead of using Louis' magic. About half an hour later, the never-aging boy finally makes an appearance.

He's dressed in khakis, black dress shoes, and a sky blue button up, something very different from his usual care-free attire. His face is set in a grimace when he touches down. Lou's pissed for some reason, and it shows. I stand up from my place on the bench slowly, not wanting to anger Peter's son anymore than he already is. My hands still at my sides, and I don't make any moves to go and comfort him.

"Harry?" His voice is rough, so he's angrier than I originally thought.

"I'm by the bench." His footsteps are heavy as he makes his way toward me, a smile growing on his face at the fact that I beat him here for once.
"You beat me here."

"That's what it looks like." Louis' hand makes its way to my chin, lightly grasping my jaw. He leads my head down toward him, the smile still stretching across his features.

"Look at me," he whispers, the soft tone of his voice leading me to believe that his words are a request, not a command. I switch my gaze to fix it on the smaller boy, my eyes locking onto his bright blue ones. "Are you okay baby?"

"I'm fine sir."

"No nicknames Harry. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine Louis. Why were you so late? You're never late, ever." He sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose after removing his hand from my face.

"Can we have this conversation another time Hazza?"

"You aren't late Louis, and when you are, its not by almost 45 minutes. I can't just let that go."

"Yes, you can. You're just being stubborn."

"I'm not being stubborn. Its not a fucking crime to wonder where my boyfriend, that is always here before me and is on time, has been."

"Why the hell do you have to know Harry?"

"I'm worried! I always am, especially when it comes to you!"

"Why do you worry? There's nothing to worry about!"

"Nothing to worry about?! Gods dammit Louis, I worry about everything! I worry that someone will find out and tell Tink. That she'll ban you from seeing me or communicating with me. I'm worried that someone in my crew will see us and tell my family. I'm worried that I'll be rejected by everyone because I have a family that's waiting for me to return to them with your head on a fucking spike.

I'm worried that one day you're going to wake up and not care for me like I care for you. I'm worried that you'll fall in love with Eleanor and leave me because you love her in a way that you can't love me. I'm worried that you're just going to stop showing up, and I'll never get an explanation. I'm worried that I'm just your side fuck because whatever you do with Eleanor isn't cutting it for you. I'm worried that I'm nothing to you, and you go home everyday and laugh at my stupidity. I have a right to be worried Louis! You don't have your family and your livelihood depending on someone's revenge plot against you. You have no clue what I'm worried about because there is so much more than what I say." Louis stares at me, mumbling to himself.

"You- Haz, that will never happen. I'm not going to leave you and fall for her. That's not even a choice for me to have." He lifts himself off of the ground, and places both of his hands on my cheeks. "I care for you in ways that I've never cared for anyone before. Never, I'm never leaving you. I promise."

"Just tell me where you were Louis, please."

"Tink planned a dinner for Ellie and I, and it was with her and Lucas. We had to act all coupley because Tink wants to know when we plan to get married Harry. She wants me to marry Ellie, and
I can't do it. We don't love each other like that. We're siblings, if anything. Then Lucas went on a rant about how I'm never with the Lost Boys, and how I'm making him do my job. Of course, Tink took his side, so now I'm this close to getting demoted to the lowest level of Lost Boy despite my blood status. That means schedules, no free time, dirty work, and being beat. I won't make it long if I get demoted to that.

"Then we cut down our visits to two times a month so you can take care of the Lost Boys and not lose your status."

"Two?" He removes his hands from my face, and his eyes shatter at my words.

"I'm not making you give up life to see me more than two times a month Louis. I can't ask you to do that."

"But what are we going to do on birthdays and holidays and anniversaries? We can't just brush those off Harry."

"We can if it means that you stay the Lead Lost Boy, I stay the Captain of the Jolly Roger, you can put off the wedding, and Ashton can stop being on my ass about finding a girl to make my wife so the ship will have an heir."

"I don't want to leave in the morning."

"Then don't. We'll stay here till the day after tomorrow." His lips quirk up into a smirk.

"Well if that's the case, then I believe I owe you something." The pixie boy lowers himself to his knees, settling his hands on the waistband of my pants.

Deciding to mess with him, I ask, "And what would that be?"

"I owe you a blowjob."
Harry (Flashback/Dream)

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a continuation of the flashback/dream from the last chapter.

Please comment and tell me if the blowjob scene was alright. Its the first one that I've ever written. Also, if you would so kind as to point out any typos that I have made or things that don't make sense to you, that would be greatly appreciated. I'll fix them and try to explain to you what you find confusing.

On that note, prepare yourselves for some more angst.

***

Next thing I know, my pants are on the ground, and Louis is teasingly palming my growing bulge with a large smirk on his face. My hands fall on his head, fingers entwining themselves with the loose strands of his hair.

"Please don't tease Lou." He slaps my lower stomach (it's the highest he can reach from where he's situated on his knees), cautioning me.

"You take what I give you Harry." I groan and put my chin to my chest. Placing kitten licks on my tip, I can already feel the precome leaking out. Being the little shit he is, Louis probes his tongue into my slit, making me buck hips up and into his mouth. This rips a string of moans out of me, and I don't even bother to try to make myself stay quiet.

"Lou..." His hand reaches up and takes hold of the bottom of my length, his mouth lowering over the parts that aren't covered by his tiny hand. His free hand fondles my balls, making me moan even more. Bobbing up and down, he takes what he can (without choking) in his small mouth, flicking his wrist on the parts of my length that he isn't sucking on right now. He taps my hip twice, looking up at me with his blue eyes. He's somehow managing to make himself look innocent despite the fact that he has a cock in his mouth and spit surrounds his lips. Louis pulls himself off and starts talking.

"Fuck my mouth." My eyes grow huge at his command.

"You're kidding. It hurts you Lou." 

"And maybe I like the pain."

"But-you-I-Lou, I can't."

"Yes you can. Now fuck my mouth before I leave you with a hard on and make it so you can't touch either of us while get myself off in front of you." I continue to stare at him until he nods at me, placing his lips around my head again to signal that he's ready. I grip his hair harder, my hands completely covering the back of his head. I start slow, gently shoving his head up and down my length until he slaps the inside of my thigh. The pain warning me that if I don't go faster, he'll stop.

So I go faster, my hips bucking up into Louis' mouth and hitting the back of his throat. His hands
are on my hips, and his nails are digging into the skin, surely leaving marks that'll last for days. When his blue eyes start the water, I pull back to let him take a few breaths before continuing. Soon enough, the heat is building in my stomach, and my thrusts become more and more erratic. Louis notices I'm close quickly.

He takes control back, hollowing his cheeks and sucking hard. Pulling himself as close as he can, his grip gets even tighter than before. I can't warn him before I let go, too lost in the feeling of his mouth to even comprehend the environment around us. I let out low moans and unfiltered swears as I unload into his mouth. Louis swallows most of it, keeping a small portion under his tongue for when he kisses me.

I can taste myself as he locks his lips onto mine, my come sliding from his mouth to mine with a few simple flicks of his tongue. He kisses me feverishly for the next half an hour, rutting against my thigh to try to get some much needed friction on his neglected cock. I push him back, allowing both of us to breath for a minute.

"Bench, Lou. Now," I pant out, pointing to the spot next to us and stationing my free hand on my hip. He holds up one finger, silently asking me to give him a moment to gather enough energy to make it to the bench. Deciding that he's had enough time, I pick him up bridal style and take the four small steps toward the old oak wood. I settle down, plopping a slightly disoriented Louis feet first onto the ground in front of me. For about ten seconds, we just stare at each other, taking in the features of our hazy companion. When he finally comes forward, the first thing he does is paw at the hem of my shirt.

"Off." My hands capture his, stopping his feeble attempts to pull my top off.

"No," I mumble, just clear enough for Louis to hear. A loud whine escapes him as he pouts up at me.

"Hazza..." He elongates my name, the high pitch of it not bothering my ears like it used to.

"Louis, no." This time, it's louder. My voice is rough and low, the underlying threat in it clear.

"Why?" He's fully pouting now, puppy dog eyes and bottom lip stuck out, looking way too innocent for our current situation. You'd think he was asking for ice cream or something.

"I don't want to take it off." I cross my arms over my chest, making my biceps and forearms bulge with muscle. Louis places his hands on my thighs, spreading my legs apart to give himself room to stand between them. I let him maneuver both of our bodies around with no complaints, not willing to argue with him about this right now.

"Harry, I've seen your chest and stomach and arms hundreds of times over the past four years. Something is wrong, and don't act like nothing is. You aren't insecure about your body like I am. You would gladly walk around Neverland naked if you were allowed to. Thankfully, you can't. This," he grins and gestures to my body before returning his hands to my thighs, "is all mine, and no one else can have it."

"Nothing's wrong Louis."

"Don't lie to me Harry."

"I'm not lying."

"Yes you are. I know you, and you're a pretty shit liar."
"Just forget it, I'm not telling you." His face drops, the corners of his lips turning into a grimace, and his eyes going cold. Pulling himself out from between my legs, he lazily tosses my boxers and pants at me. This results in them landing a foot away from the bench and in a small mud pile.

"Really Lou?" The annoyance in my tone has both of us reeling from the amount of it used.

"Don't call me that," he snaps. I pull my bottoms on quickly, not really caring about how dirty they are now. I give Louis a long glance, taking in the sight of him. His perfectly quiffed hair is ruined from my hands gripping it, his cheeks are flushed, his eyes are glassy, and his pants have little specs of dirt all over the front from kneeling on the ground. Somehow, he makes it look good.

"I'm sorry," I mutter, facing the ground. He just grunts and heads for the cabin door.

"Are you staying the night here or at your ship?" Louis questions, keeping his words to me at an absolute minimum.

"I was going to stay here if that's okay with you."

"Couch or floor, your pick. I get the bed." He folds his arms up across his chest, impatient with me as usual.

"I'll decide later, so go in. I have a few things to do before I go to sleep." He nods and waltzes in, unbothered by the declaration of my plans. I sigh, knowing that I've royally upset Louis this time. I wasn't going to take my shirt off or tell him what's wrong because if I had, he would've sat there and lectured me about it. I can't afford that right now. I rush off, and the door closes behind me.

***

It's dark outside when I get back to the cabin, but the lights in the bedroom and the kitchen are on. I let a fond smile grow on my face before I walk in, the door being left unlocked for me. The house smells like vanilla. Louis never changed my inscence out for his own, idiot. I shut the door, hanging my coat and sword on the rack near the full body mirror.

I walk quietly, even though I know that Louis' still awake. When I make it to the kitchen, I switch the scent to the nature smell he uses and put the water filled tea kettle in the sink. I flip the light switch, illuminating the living room and darkening the kitchen. It takes a moment for me to realize that Louis is in the previously dark living room, a cup of his favorite human tea in his hands. He's curled up on the loveseat, a blanket discarded next to him. His nose is red, and he looks like he's been crying. I don't think before rushing to his side, too worried for the small boy to care.

"Lou?" I don't touch him, instead planting my hands on the arm rests of the chair. He doesn't answer, so I try again. "Baby, what's wrong?" This time, he moves his gaze to me, the blue of his eyes as striking as ever despite the red that rings them now.

"Why don't you trust me?" His question momentarily stuns me.

"What do you mean?"

"Why is it that, all of sudden, you don't trust me enough to tell me what's wrong when you're upset?"

"I do trust you Lou, I do. I always will."

"Then why won't you let me help you?" I furrow my eyebrows at the older being in front of me.
"I don't need help."

"That's exactly what I mean! You say that your trust me more than your own family, but you refuse to let me help when you're upset."

"That's why you're crying?" He nods. "That's nothing to cry over Lou."

"I just wanna help Harry, I wanna take care of you sometimes."

"You do both of those things on a daily basis already Louis."

"I don't."

"You do. Why do you think you don't?" He flicks his eyes to his tea cup, thinking.

"I can't help when you get hurt. You're in pain half the time, and I can't do a single damn thing because your Second and his boyfriend can sense magic on you. They sense my magic, and we're done, both of us. I lose the Lost Boys and you lose your ship. I can't be there by your side when someone insults you, I can't protect you against your crew. I can't take care of you when you're sick because you aren't able to leave your room.

"I can't get you nice things because no one in Neverland has any super nice things. I can't be cheesy and extra romantic because we can't let the mermaids know. I can't make you happy enough to stay and tell me when you're hurt or sad or angry or anything else. I can't do anything right when it comes to you." With that, he bursts into tears, heavy streams running down his face. I don't stop myself when my instincts tell me to hold him. So that's how we end up on the ground with his face in my chest, my hand in his hair, and sweet nothings being whispered every so often.

"You're perfect just the way you are Lou, don't let anyone tell you any different." After a while, he starts to squirm in my hold, so I let him go. He turns, sitting cross legged and adjacent to me. He reaches forward and messes with my shirt, tugging lightly to get my attention.

"Please?" he asks softly, his blue eyes shining with his unshed tears. I hesitate for a minute, torn between relieving his pain and hiding mine. Then, I remove his hands, replacing them with my own. I take a deep breath, wincing when I pull the cotton off of my skin. I give myself a moment to take the fabric off of my arms, the long sleeves rubbing against my wounds on both arms. Louis lets out a gasp, his tiny hands shooting up to cover his mouth as he stares at my body. I stay silent, too afraid to say anything. I don't want to lose him, and now, I think that I might just do exactly that.
A continuation of the last chapter.

This was my first time writing smut, so please leave your thoughts on how I could do better down below. If you are uncomfortable reading a gay sex scene, I will mark it off so you don't have to read it. Please make note of any typos and ask questions if you are confused. Thank you.

As always, prepare yourselves for angst (because that is the one thing that I love writing more than cute, unnecessary fluff and sad, heartbroken moments).

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Louis' Point of View (from the dream Harry's having)

~How can you love somebody when the words carved into their skin will never fade?~

I've been staring at Harry's body for too long for it to be comfortable for either of us, but I can't look away. He's in pain, and I can't heal him. His face is still, but I know him well enough to know that he's scared. I lay my hand on his cheek, watching as he nuzzles into my palm with a small smile.

"Why are you scared Haz? I'm not going to hurt you."

"Don't leave." He sounds so small, so vulnerable, so hurt.

"Never. You're stuck with me," I respond, my whisper loud in the silent room. I start to crawl into his lap, removing my hand from his face to do so. He lets out a whimper at the loss of contact, but it turns into a sound of satisfaction when I'm able to fully sit down. I pick up one of his arms, inspecting the damage to his flesh. He yelps when I run a finger over the word, but otherwise, he stays silent.

'Worthless'

"Who?" The simplicity of my question makes it easier for him to answer.

"Dark ones." I bite my tongue to stop from letting out a scream. Harry must feel my body tense because a small kiss is placed over the pressure point on my neck. The feeling of his lips on my skin calms me, the familiarity of it sinking in.

"When?"

"Last night." I suck in air through my teeth, his answer pissing me off.

"This," I hold up his arm a little bit, "is why I woke up to an empty bed, new sheets, and no note this morning," I conclude, and he nods. "Dreams?" He nods again. "You should've told me Haz. I was scared that I had done something wrong." He nestles his face into the crook of my neck,
breathing in my scent to reassure himself that I'm there.

"Nothing wrong. Never wrong." I let go of his arm to run my hands through his hair.

"Can I heal you baby? There'd be no scars if you'd let me do it."

"But traces."

"Runes love. They can mask it just enough to make it look like a mermaid did it."

"What's my excuse Lou?"

"Womanizer." A loud whine erupts from his throat. "You have to Hazza. You have no other way to cover it up unless you want to tell your Second that the Dark Ones targeted you and one of the girls, specifically Kendall or Taylor, patched you up. Then you have to get the girls to lie in case he comes to check up on your story."

"Don't wanna. All yours, no one else's."

"Then let me heal you. You can choose the shape of the rune."

"Promise?"

"Promise." At that, he nods, his head still tucked in my shoulder. "It's going to hurt love."

"Humph."

"Bite my shoulder if you need to Haz." He answers the same way as before. "Or, better yet, kiss me. That should keep you distracted." I can feel his grin against my skin. "Lets go dumbass, we don't have all night."

"Technically we do."

"Shut up. I have other things I'd like to do tonight." He lets out a snort of amusement.

"More like other people to do tonight."

"Harry, I swear on Pan, if you don't shut up, I will leave right now."

"You wouldn't because it'd leave me in pain."

"I won't leave the cabin, but I will, however, get off of your lap to make it so you can't kiss me." I start to untangle my legs, and pull away slightly as to get up. Harry's arms shoot out, encircling my waist, and pulling me back down.

"No." I giggle, falling back into Harry's lap easily.

"Now le-" He cuts me off, hungrily attacking my lips with his own. I wind my arms around his neck, and he pulls me as close to him as he possibly can with his aching body. My legs unravel from their criss cross position to settle on either side of him, squeezing onto him for dear life. Splaying my hands flat on the back of his neck, I let Harry kiss me as I focus on healing his multiple wounds. My eyes stay closed, the amount of power flowing from my body to his makes me slump against him.

He grips me tighter as the magic starts to take effect, his lips pressing into mine even harder as he tries to distract himself from the pain. As I feel my energy leave me, Harry's lips trail down to my
shoulder, taking up my first suggestion of what to do to distract himself. He bites down hard, his teeth digging into my skin. I can feel the skin break open before he does, only attempting to pull away when I feel the trickle of blood going down my arm. Before he can stop himself, Harry moves to my other shoulder, biting the skin there, too. By the time he's healed, both of my shoulders are bleeding, and I'm relying heavily on his arms to keep myself upright.

He stands, pulling me up along with him. Noticing how tired I am, Harry hikes my legs up on his waist, gripping my thighs to keep me in the air. My arms are still around him, so I just tighten them and lay my head on his chest. I can hear his heartbeat as he walks, the steady pattern of beats relaxing me. Untangling himself from my body, he places me against a pile of pillows and sits beside me. He holds his arms out, offering them to me. I open my mouth to ask what he's doing, but he starts talking before I can ask anything.

"Transfer energy."

"No." He holds his arms farther out towards me.

"Transfer Energy," Harry commands, his voice more forceful than the first time.

"No," I whine out, my voice weak from lack of energy. "I'm not taking your energy Harry."

"Louis, you gave me all of your energy, you can take some of it back. Stop being stubborn."

"Stubborn's my middle name. You know this."

"I swear to—Louis, do the goddamn Energy Transfer before I make you do it."

"How are you going to 'make me do it' then hotshot? You don't have magic. If you weren't in Neverland, lets face it, you'd be dead by now."

"I have my ways." I just stare at him, tired from healing him and angry that he won't take no for an answer. He knows he's won, so he won't get any more specific than that.

"Fine, I'll do it. Don't expect me to be all nice after this." I reach up, clasping my hands around his forearms as he grins at me. Energy flows through me as I take half of his, well, my energy. He's more slumped than before, and I'm more awake.

"Better?"

"Don't be smug, I'll gladly kick your ass."

"You needed energy to do runes."

"I need to heal myself first," I quip, my shoulders hurting from where Harry had bitten earlier.

"I'm sorry," he whispers while looking down at his jewelry covered hands. "I didn't mean to hurt you, it just hurt so bad, and I needed a distraction. You were there and you had suggested it earlier and I wasn't thinking and I-"

"You're rambling Harry."

"Sorry."

"You were in pain, I forgive you." I heal myself, barely using any energy to do so.

"I really am sorry." I pretty much ignore this, continuing to prepare myself to give him the rune
"Where do you want it?" He turns around to face away from me, his finger pointing to a small part of his lower back. He taps it twice, the rings on his hand clinking as he does so.

"Here."

"What design?" Please don't say my initials. Please don't say my initials.

"Your initials or your name or the logo on your shirts that you always show me. Any one of them works." Shit.

"Harry..." He flips around, facing me again.

"I know what it does Louis. I'm not stupid. Most of the crew do it with their mermaid girls."

"Only I can break it Haz. You realize that, don't you? You're putting your life at risk because of me."

"It ties me to you Lou, I'll have a piece of you with me even when we're not together."

"We've only done, whatever this is, for two years. Most people wait till at least their tenth year."

"We're not most people."

"You get my emotions, my thoughts, my pain; are you sure you want that?"

"I want every piece of you, even the bad parts. Please Lou, for me."

"You might as well be proposing Harry."

"I plan to do that one day, just not right now."

"You're cheesy."

"You love it. Now, please?" I give him a small smile, and he turns back around.

"I'll do the logo." He nods. Scooting closer, I drape my front over his back, my chin finding purchase on his shoulder. I place a kiss on his neck, and press my hand into the spot that he wants the rune. Before we start, I decide to warn him of what might happen. "This is either going to be as painful as getting shot in various places numerous times, or it's going to lead to the best damn orgasm of your life."

"How do you know that?"

"Experience."

"Who else?"

"Every Lost Boy gets the Neverland logo somewhere on their body, Lucas and Calum got each other's initials on their biceps, Ellie got DC on her hip, Zayn, Liam, and Niall all got skulls on their collarbone, and Briana got a star cluster on her wrist." A low growl sounds from in his chest.

"Who?"

"The girls and Zayn."
"You're mine. No one else touches you."

"I didn't let them touch me Haz. As bloody gorgeous as Zayn is," Harry growls again, and I roll my eyes, "he's got a lover or two of his own."

"No lying?"

"No lying. Can I start now?"

"Yes." I focus, closing my eyes, leaning my head on his shoulder, and pressing the spot on his back. The muscles in his back flex, and he arches into my hand. I litter small kisses all over the parts of his neck and back that I can reach with my lips to try to distract him. When I'm done, I don't remove my hand for a minute or two, just enjoying the closeness of our bodies and the flow of power between the newly forged bond. All of a sudden, my senses are bombarded with everything that Harry's feeling right now. The amount of want and lust that he's carrying right now is five times what I'm feeling, and what I'm feeling is pretty bad in terms of testing one's self restraint.

"Do you need help or did you already..." I trail off, not really knowing how to finish my sentence. "Help," he croaks out, his voice significantly deeper than it was seven minutes ago. I nod, angling his body towards me since he's too incapacitated at the moment to do it himself. I hold my arms out to the side, offering myself to him.

"Do what you want to me." That's all it takes for him to tackle me in a heated kiss, his tongue immediately invading my mouth (not that I mind). The force of his body makes us fall onto the bed, my legs automatically wrapping around his middle as his left arm holds him up and his right one disenables my ability to use my hands in any way.

***SMUT WARNING, DO NOT READ IF YOU ARE UNCOMFORTABLE READING GAY SEX SCENES***

"You. have. no. clue. how. good. you. look. right. now." He punctuates each word with a kiss, grinding his body down onto mine. Harry's already hard from the rune, but even in his last induced haze, he knows that he's got to get me there. Removing his hand from my wrists, he moves it down my body slowly, taking his time to get to my cock. I thrust my hips up, and one of his large hands pin them down. I whimper at the contact, my body stuck between enough and not enough.

"I-I wa-wanna be on top." He pouts, but allows me to move on top of him. I straddle his hips, rocking down onto him gently, not wanting to do something wrong while he's in this sort of fog. His hands encase my hips, pulling them down while he bucks into me. I'm hunched over, my hands on his bare chest as he rocks between us.

"Think you can take it tonight Lou?" His eyes are still lust filled, but they're softer and less primal now. I moan quietly at his words, realizing just how long it's been since I've taken anything.

"Yeah. Please, want it." I rock back down on his still body, desperate for any sort of friction I can get. He stops me again, making it so I'm under him despite my earlier request.

"Then you don't get control. Trust me Lou, I won't hurt you. Can you do that? Trust me?"

"Trust you," I get out, not able to form any sort of full sentence. "Safe." He's beaming at my add on, unexplainably happy by my declaration of safety.

"Ready?" I nod, a grin crossing my face at his instinct to take care of me. At my signal, he switches back to his lust induced dom mode.
"Hazza?" He hums from where he's mouthing at my collarbone, silently asking what I want. "Prep good. Been a while." He hums again, this one shorter, more of a confirmation than the first one. He detaches himself from me and starts to pull my shirt off of my body. I raise my arms for him to take the piece of fabric fully off. Tugging it off, he sits on my naked chest, both hands on the bed to hold most of his weight. His hair is pulled back in a bun, a couple pieces here and there are hanging out of place.

"You're doing so good baby, so good."

"Mark?" There this one spot on my neck he's eyeing, but he's not marked it beyond a few kisses yet.

"They'd see love."

"Mark," I state it this time, trying to make it powerful enough to where he won't argue with me anymore.

"Louis, no. I'm not risking it." This snaps me out of the lust induced haze I was in, his caution infuriating me. I sit up on my elbows, the force shoving him down my chest.

"No one looks that close Harry, not unless they want to be headless and six feet under."

"You can't heal hickeys when you willingly receive them."

"I didn't plan on healing it."

"We can't be reckless Lou."

"We aren't being reckless. How come I get shit for coming back with a hickey and you don't?"

"You don't have the reputation of sleeping around. You also have a girlfriend that you avoid like the plague if you can. No way you're getting a good fuck out of that relationship."

"Harry, just mark me, please. I swear on my magic that this'll be the last time I ask for it." He sighs, but pushes me back down into the sheets.

"Gotta lay down if you want me to mark you Lou." I let him push me, the hazy feelings beginning to return. When both of us are situated, he presses multiple open mouthed kisses on and around the spot he plans to mark. Then he starts sucking and biting the skin, finally marking me like I wanted him to. He pulls back to admire his handy work, his hands wandering the expanse of my chest and stomach as he does so.

"Thank you." He smiles and starts to fiddle with the zipper of my pants impatiently. He undoes mine while I undo his. Harry nearly rips his pants off when I get them undone, doing the same to mine when he gets the fastenings undone. He pulls away from me, sitting on my tummy while he looks my upper body up and done. His lips are swollen from him biting them and me kissing them, his hair is pulled up into a bun, his features are flushed, and he's looking like a silent god.

"You look so pretty Lou, so so pretty." He runs the back of his hand across my face, still sitting like before. A whimper escapes me before I can control it, causing Harry to leave my tummy and stand up. He's not actually angry, I can tell by his eyes, but we both decide to believe that he is for the sake of our pleasure. "Up." That simple word sends a shiver down my spine. I sit up, locking my hands in my lap.

"What do you want me to do sir?"
"Stand up, and bend over touching your toes."

"Yes sir." I scramble up, bending my body like he told me to. I don't jump when his hands find my ass, simply becoming more limp instead. Taking my boxers off, he throws them somewhere in the room, not caring about where they end up. He massages my cheeks for a few seconds before resting his hands there, the size of them covering my whole ass.

"You were doing so well Lou." I hold in a whimper at the use of the word were. "Now you've been bad, and I have no choice but to punish you. How many do you think you deserve?"

"That's not up to me sir."

"Lou, just give me a number. I'm going easy on you since you haven't done this in forever."

"Would 15 work sir?" He hums, making me smile at his noise of approval.

"Do you think you can count baby?"

"Yes sir." He hums again and lifts his hands off of me. The first hit is lighter, the sound barely there. "One." The second one is harder; the sound reverberating through the room. "Two." By the time we get to 15, I'm sure my ass is bright red. It sings like hell, and tears are running down my face. My cock is hard and red, precome dripping out of it.

"You did so good baby, so good." Harry presses small kisses on my thighs, rubbing some of the sting away. "Wanna go lay on the bed love?"

"Yes please." I stand up straight, letting Harry scoop my up and set me down on the simple gray sheets. Rolling me onto my stomach, he places a pillow under my hips.

"I'll go slow baby, okay?" I nod into my arms and hope that he can see what I'm meaning. He lets his lips linger on my back and spread my legs out so he can be between them. I can hear the pop of a lube cap as he covers his fingers in the cold substance. He warms it up a bit, then puts one finger on my rim. I bite my arm to hold a whimper in, wanting to please Harry right now. "Let those pretty noises out Love, you know I love to hear you."

"Yes sir, please." He pulls his hand out, and I groan from the empty feeling, my hole clenching on air. He grips my waist with his large hands, flipping my body over and spreading my legs out in front of me. My cock is laying against my stomach, the sticky substance getting my tummy all wet.

"Sir, move please." His finger begins to pump in and out of me, purposely missing my prostate to tease me. He's topped enough to know where my spot is, and how to hit it in one thrust. "Uhhh...More." He doesn't argue, graciously obliging me this one time. Harry's other finger joins the first, pumping in and out of me with no slowing down. There's a slight burn, but the pleasure overtakes it easily. He's still teasing, not hitting my spot.

"You look so pretty Lou. I'm gonna turn you over so I can see your face when I fuck you, okay?"

"Yes sir, please." He pulls his hand out, and I groan from the empty feeling, my hole clenching on air. He grips my waist with his large hands, flipping my body over and spreading my legs out in front of me. My cock is laying against my stomach, the sticky substance getting my tummy all wet.

"Do you need me to prep you anymore baby?"

"Need you, need your cock, need you inside me," I beg, desperate for the pleasure I want to feel. He pulls himself away from me, stepping out of the bed to grab the lube (it had fallen on the floor) and to take his own boxers off.
"Give me a second love, I have to get myself ready." I whine, but decide not to 'anger' him further. "Condom or not Lou?"

"No. Want to feel you sir, please."

"Alright." Climbing back between my legs, he lubes himself up, letting out low moans at the contact. He's been hard for ages. I can tell by the way he has to grip his base to make sure that he doesn't let go too soon. Leading his head to my entrance, I feel the push as he slowly begins to thrust into me. The burn is not as bad, but it still hurts. More prep wouldn't of helped, it's the fact that I haven't done this in so long that I'm tighter than usual. Harry finally bottoms out, and I open my eyes to see that his face hanging over mine. He's biting his lip hard, not letting any sort of noise leave him. His beautiful eyes are closed, concentrating on not coming in me.

"Harry." He opens his eyes to fix me with a concerned look and releases his lip from it's hold.

"You okay Lou?"

"Yeah, I just don't want you to be silent," I pant, out of breath from my boyfriend's huge dick being inside me.

"Oh."

"Can you move now?" Instead or answering me, he just pulls out, slamming back into me repeatedly. He's muttering about how tight I am. Harry maneuvers my legs over his shoulders, bending down to give me a kiss while he pounds mercilessly into my hole. I almost let out a scream when he hits my prostate on a particularly hard thrust. A continuous stream of moan and swears leave both of our mouths; the pleasure we're feeling multiplied by the constant flow of emotions that seep through our newly forged bond.

"Can you come with me Lou?" His question is breathy, asked between multiple moans and curses. I'm close, and nothing has touched me since the pillow when he was opening me up.

"I think so, yeah." A few thrusts later, my body is arching from the power of my orgasm, my eyes rolling back as I scream Harry's name. I clench hard from oversensity, causing Harry to lose control and come. He fills me up, leaving me dripping on the bed when he pulls out. I groan from the emptiness, and watch as Harry goes to grab a wet and dry wash rag. I let him clean me up and dry me off out of pure exhaustion. Usually, this would be the other way around, but for tonight, I'll let him take care of me. He wipes himself off, then throws the towels in the corner with our clothes.

"You need a plug baby? You have to take a shower if you don't. We don't want to get the bed super messy." A noise of confirmation leaves me as he gets up to go get a plug. He comes back, moving me around so he can get the plug in without hurting me too much. Once he pushes it in, I sigh at the feeling of being filled up again. This way, he stays inside me and I can be filled up. It's a win-win situation, really. Even in my exhaustion, I know Harry will be the little spoon.

***SMUT SCENE OVER FOR THOSE OF YOU THAT DIDN'T READ IT (I DOUBT ANY OF Y'ALL SKIPPED IT)***

"Come cuddle Hazza. I need my cuddle bear." He laughs, smiling tiredly at my little kid voice.

"I'm coming Lou." He climbs in bed, snuggling up to me for warmth. I wrap my arms around him, pulling his naked body to mine as he traces the dagger on my arm. I nuzzle into his hair, comfortable with the man laying beside me. He falls asleep quickly, completely drained of energy. Dropping a kiss on his shoulder, I smile at his sleeping face.
"Night Harry. I'll see you in the morning." Then I wrap myself into him, proceeding to fall asleep.
I wake up crying. It's been ages since I've had a dream like that. When I sit up, a sharp pain shoots up through my spine. I groan, but continue to get out of bed. My brain wakes up, finally processing the pain. I hurriedly jump up, eyes wide at the realization of what this means. I get to the mirror, yanking my shirt off on the way over. Turning around, my hand finds the way to the middle of my lower back. The logo isn't there anymore. Louis' mark on me is gone.

I choke down a sob as I crumble to the ground. I start panicking, and it starts to get hard for me to breath. My fingers stretch out on the cold tile of my bathroom floor, and my knees begin to hurt from the uncomfortable position on the hard ground.

"Captain?" Calum's here.

"Bathroom," I croak out, just barely loud enough for any sound to carry.

"Captain!" Next thing I know, I'm being pulled off of the ground and carried back to my bed by a freaking out Calum. "I'm getting your Second and Third sir, I'll be right back." He sets a small kiss on my forehead before rushing off to get help. It feels like years before Michael and Ashton come back with Calum, despite the fact that it's probably only been five minutes.

"Shit." Ashton's voice is a welcome comfort. "Cal, grab some water. Clifford, I don't care what you do, just make it helpful."

"Yes sir." Then Calum is off again, leaving me alone with the sort-of couple. Ashton sits me up, and sits beside me on the bed.

"Hazza, take some deep breaths. You've gotta calm down so you can tell us what's got you in panic mode."

"Hey, Australia." Ashton whips around to face Michael.

"What?" There's this deep growl in his voice as he answers to the old derogatory nickname that Michael gave him when they first met years ago.

"You have to help him breath," he states matter-of-factly, strutting over to kneel in front of me and place my hands on his chest. "You're such a fucking dumbass Irwin." His eyes soften when he looks at me; something close to fondness lurking in the green-haired lad's eyes. "Can you try to match my breathing love?" I nod. "Alright. In, out. In, out. In, out. Just like that. Good boy. Good Hazza." Michael ruffles my hair a bit and smiles as my breathing returns to normal. Standing up, he occupies the once vacant spot on the other side of me.

"Water?" Is the first thing out of my mouth when I can breathe properly again.

"Kiwi should be here soon love." I let my hands fall off of his chest, and he continues to rub up and down my back. Calum chooses that moment to come bursting in with water. Handing the glass to me, he hunches over, hands on his knees, as he gains his breath back. I sip at the water quietly, quickly realizing that there's enough tension between these three men that even the biggest sword on the ship couldn't cut through it. I set my glass down on the bedside table, and clap my hands together to get their attention.

"Alright. That's it. What the fuck is going on between the three of you? There's enough bloody tension in here to go through fifty generations of pirates and Lost Boys and still have some left over."
"Captain, it's not the greatest idea to try to ta-" Calum interrupts my First, glancing at Michael for a second before speaking.

"Shut your fucking mouth Ashton. You're the one that started all of this shit."

"Do not speak to me in that tone of voice Calum."

"Do I look like a give two fucks Red? Cause, news flash, I really don't," he deadpans, becoming more and more angry at my Second as time passes. Michael tugs on the Kiwi boy's arm, making him fall back, and away from an Ashton punching range.

"Calum, please don't make it worse. I can't live with myself either of you getting hurt because of me." The younger man gently removes my Third's hands from his arm, spinning around to face him. His hand gently cups Michael's face, and Michael's eyes shut while he leans into the warm palm and lets out a content sigh.

"I just don't want him to hurt you again love."

"Then we talk Cal. I don't want either of you hurting each other for both our Captain's and my own sake. Okay?" The darker man nods, hand moving to the paler boy's neck as he sets a kiss on his forehead.

"Alright. Cap, do you mind if we use your table for this?"

"Nope." I gesture toward the empty table. "Go ahead, and get this sorted out. I'll stay incase you any of you need anything." Minutes later, we're all surrounding my bedroom's meeting table. I, despite my red eyes and the tear tracks down my face, am beside Ashton as we watch Calum and Michael interact. Calum pulls the chair out for him, and Michael smiles, placing a kiss on his cheek in return. Sitting down beside him, Calum begins speaking to him in whispers. When a good amount of time has passed, Ashton sighs and clears his throat to speak.

"Can we do what we came here to do please? We all have things we need to get done, and it looks like we won't have Cap for the day." Calum goes tense and grips the tattooed lad's hand like a lifeline.

"Don't get bitchy with me Red. The only reason I'm talking this out is because Michael doesn't want you getting hurt. Otherwise, I'd be over there beating the shit out of you for hurting my best friend."

"What did I even do Calum? I've been so confused through all of this, and no one on the ship will tell me what I did wrong."

"How do you forget sleeping with a person that's not your boyfriend Ashton? How do you forget that the person you screwed was against us? How do you bloody forget that you fucking fucked Tinkerbell's son?" Ashton goes pale.

"I didn't, I swear! I wouldn't touch anyone in that way unless it was Michael. I don't cheat Calum. I made an oath. I got a fucking matching brand on my arm. I bought a ring! I don't just wake up one day and decide, 'oh, today would be a great day to go fuck the very person that destroy all of us!' I'm not fucking stupid!"

"Then how? If that's true, then who made it up? And they are definitely going to get hell when I find them."

"I do believe that it was one of your Captain's merman friends, yes?" We jump out of our seats with
our hands on our weapons to come face to face with the very person that we were just talking about.

"Lucas." The venom is Calum's voice is almost enough to make me shiver.

"Calum. How are you?"

"Worse now that you're here." The pixie laughs, the sound far from relaxing.

"Awww, Cal. That's no way to talk to your boyfriend, is it?"

"You're not my boyfriend anymore Luke."

"When did you decide that? Yesterday? Because yesterday you were my boyfriend, and you weren't complaining when you were fucking me against the wall of our cabin in the woods." Calum's eyes close, and you can see him taking deep breaths to calm himself down.

"Luke, just go. I don't need to deal with your bullshit right now."

"Okay." He holds his hands up like he's surrendering. "I just wanted to help. I know how much Michael and Ashton mean to you. And I needed to ask your Captain a question, too."

"What do you need Pixie?" My voice startles the crew members as I have been quiet while they've been 'talking' this out.

"Why is Louis crying his eyes out, saying 'I'm sorry' over and over again, and muttering your name like you're the god he forgot to sacrifice to at dinner?" All eyes land on me as I stare at the Pixie in front of me. My hand clench together, and my barrier breaks.

"How?" That sends my friends into shock. I've just admitted to fucking our enemy, the one thing I preach to my crew to not do.

"I may not seem like I care for him, but I do. I watch over him like he's my baby brother, and I've seen you two together before. I was there at the start of the first time. I was there when he marked you. I was there when he took it off. I was there when you said the three words that he didn't want to hear for the first time."

"He gave me a speech, and he was crying. I knew he was going to leave, so I told him that I loved him, and he told me we were wrong. I said he was like his father, and we fought more, and I said the final words. I walked off, and he left. He broke us, and I just became an accessory to it."

"He didn't leave. He came back sleeping while Eleanor carried him in. They thought no one saw them."

"He broke the mark, he took it away Luke. I don't have a piece of him anymore. I can't feel him anymore. He broke me."

"It wasn't his choice you know."

"It wasn't his choice? He had a fucking choice alright! And he chose to ruin us!"

"Tink told him to do it."

"She doesn't control him, and she didn't know."

"She controls his every move Harry. You really think she'd ever give him full control over
Neverland? She’s a power hungry bitch that will ruin you if you even try to get close to her position. She follows him everywhere with her map. She’s seen you kiss and fuck and make each other promises that she would make him break. Tinkerbell has known from the start, and it was only a matter of time until she took his life into her own hands." I stand frozen, my brain on overdrive with all of this information.

"She... She knew? Tinkerbell knew?" Luke gives me a solemn nod.

"And he never knew until she told him that he had to leave you."

"Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh. My. God. Dammit! What have we done?" I slap a hand over my mouth, trying to at least muffle the sobs that are starting to escape me.

"She’s making him marry Eleanor, Harry. You have to stop it. He is this close to relapsing, and we can’t have that happening. Neverland tied itself to him the moment he entered the barrier. If he dies, we die. If he dies, Neverland dies." I suck in some breaths, and straighten myself up while wiping my tears.

"Calum, escort your boyfriend to your quarters. Ashton, take Michael to your spot and talk this out with him. I need to call in some favors." They don’t argue, dispersing out of my room quickly. I grip the necklace around my neck and yank the charm off of the silver chain. I press my lips to the cool metal and send up a silent prayer that this works.

"Come on, Gemma. I need you to answer. I need help, fast." Seconds pass before a screen appears in front of me. My sister’s face and the background of mom’s old office materialize in the empty space of my room.

"What is it you needed brother? I’m a bit busy trying to finish this paperwork."

"You haven’t changed one bit in 15 years Gem."

"I’d say the same, but you look like a bloody mess, so I’ll decide against that comment."

"Thanks for that obvious observation sis." The sarcasm in my tone is heavy. I’ve been around Louis too much.

"That’s what I’m here for little brother." A cheeky smile finds its way into her face. That little bugger.

"Please don’t kill me for asking this."

"If I knew where you were, you’d have a knife in your stomach for just saying that, but I don’t, so go on."

"How do I stop the son of Peter Pan from relapsing and marrying a gay girl that he sees as his sister?" She freezes on the screen, slowly tilting her head up to meet my puffy, bloodshot eyes.

"Son?"

"Peter left and had a kid. The kid is trying to take over for Peter’s vacant spot."

"That is unexpected news. How come you never told any of us this?"

"I didn’t need you telling me to kill the man I loved." Her eyes widen even more at this confession.

"Humph. Loved?"
"We... Had some complications."

"He broke your heart, didn't he?" I reluctantly give her a small nod.

"That asshole! I'll come kill the bastard myself," she hisses, now furious at this new development.

"Gemma, no."

"Why not?"

"He may not love me back, but I still need him alive. If he dies, Neverland dies, and I don't want to die Gem."

"Fine." Gemma starts pouting, arms crossing against her chest.

"How do I stop all of this?"

"Find him Harry, convince him to stay. Convince him to come out."

"He doesn't have control. Tink has the power over Neverland, not him."

"Then find a way to get rid of Tink." She shrugs like killing Tinkerbell is the easiest thing in the world to do.

"It's not that easy."

"Magic, Captain Styles. It's a simple solution."

"You want me to use dark magic?"

"If the shoe fits Hazza."

"Alright. I'll talk to you soon Gemma."

"Keep me updated on this Peter Pan's son situation, yeah?"

"I will Gems. And his name is Louis." I swipe through the connection, cutting her off. The last thing I see before she disappears is her open mouth and her face going very pale. Guess it's time to go find a dark pixie. Bloody hell, never thought I'd say that.

I'm so bloody fucking screwed.
Ashton and Calum

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Ashton's Point of View
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"Michael?" He glances my way.

"What do you want sir?" The venom in his voice is still there.

"Why are you still mad at me?" He shakes his head, slowly closing his eyes while doing so.

"I'm not mad at you; I'm mad at me." I stop walking, making Michael stop, too. My hand cups his cheek in a sweet gesture.

"You have no reason to be angry with yourself, love."

"On the contrary Ash. I have every reason to be angry with myself."

"You've done nothing wrong Mikey." His eyes water at my words.

"I've done everything wrong sir. I let my insecurities get in the way and convince me that you found someone that wasn't me to love."

"We all do it sometimes love. It's just history repeating itself."

"I let you go because I thought you fucked someone that wasn't me! Everyone doesn't just do that!" His face is turning light red, anger seeping in to replace the guilt that he's feeling.

"Alright. Love, Michael, you need to take some deep breaths and calm down. You're getting angry. We don't want a repeat of last time." The younger lad sucks in some air, trying to calm himself before he has another episode.

"It's not wrong to ask why you'd rather be with me then, say, Thia, right?"

"She's got nothing on you Michael. You're my everything, always have been and always will be."

"She's everything I can't be Ashton. Honestly, go be with her and not me. It'd spare me the pain when we do end."

"When?" My tone is rough, I'm angry. The one hand falls from his face, then both hands come up to clench my boys' shoulders. "What do you mean when?"

"Ashton, do you really think I'm stupid? You're going to not love me one day, and you'll dump me. It's nothing I'm not used to."

"Yes, I do think you're stupid." He stares at me in slight confusion.

"You really think I'm going to dump you someday?" He nods. "Michael, I was supposed to propose last night, but you never showed up." His eyes grow wide at my confession.

"I-" He looks guilty. "I'm so sorry Ashton. I'm so sorry." He's close to tears again, but they're not angry ones this time. My left hand falls off of his shoulder, and my right one moves to wrap around his waist. I start bugging him forward, trying to get him to my room.
"Come on, love. It's time to go. Captain won't want us wandering around on deck this early in the morning." Michael just nods, and lets my hand guide him to the dorm I share with Jack. I shoved the flimsy door aside to allow us entry to the room. The walls are bare, like always. Jack and I don't decorate like some of the other boys do. I know the room that Michael shares with Corbyn and Daniel is covered in pictures of the three of them with the crew.

"Why do you think Cap was with Pan?" My green-haired boyfriend asks as he sits on my bunk.

"Honestly or hoping?"

"Both?"

"Honestly, I think he fucked up and didn't know how to fix it. Hopefully, he was just trying to find his weaknesses. I don't think it's either of those though. Cap's tricky; if Male Tinkerbell hadn't of shown up, we never would have known."

"Cap's fucked. That's for sure."

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Calum's Point of View
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"What's wrong Cal?" The voice of the pixie nearly drives me mad. My door shuts behind us, the wood shaking closed.

"Will you just shut up?"

"You're mad at me, and I don't know why. I wanna know how to fix it." I whip around to face him.

"You can't just fix this Luke!" I snap. "It's not that easy!" His eyes flicker with green flames for a second, the features of his face changing quickly.

"Dammit Calum! Just tell me what I did wrong!"

"You know exactly what you did wrong! I have no reason to have to remind you."

"Then remind me!" Leaning up and forward, my lips attach themselves to his, harshly pressing into the soft flesh. When I pull back, he's out of breath, and his lips are swollen and red. My hands comes up to caress his cheek, a sad smile making its way into my face.

"You left Luke. You chose them over me, and you expected me to not care. You were mine, and I still love you. But I can't have you." He leans into the warmth of my hand.

"I'm sorry Calum. The boys needed me." A dry laugh escapes me when I move my hand away from his face to grip the top of the nightstand.

"More like you're married to them, and you'll always choose them over me."

"It's never been like that Cal, you know that." I raise an eyebrow at him.

"So you having fucked half the boys in the group is nothing like that?" Luke goes pale, his eyes widening at what I asked.

"I-you-how?"

"You forget that I can smell them on you Lucas. I'm not stupid."
"We weren't anything but a hook up then."

"So? I never touched another person after I started fucking you. I was faithful, even then."

"Your wolf. It mated itself to my pixie." I nod at his realization. "You didn't say a word Calum. How was I supposed to know?"

"You weren't supposed to." The pixie's eyes start to water with unshed tears.

"Why would you let me do it? If it hurt you, why?"

"I couldn't destroy what made you happy."

"You made me happy Cal. You should have told me. You let it go on; you let me do it." The tears are still there, but now the green fire joins it.

"Like I knew Luke. I wasn't happy, but my wolf wanted you to be. I'm sorry. I did what I thought was best for you." He shoves me back, his hands feeling like fire on my clothed chest.

"You could've asked me," Luke fights my words with his own rough ones.

"I didn't think that was an option."

"Anything's an option with me Calum! We live in bloody Neverland! I'm the son of Tinkerbell. You're a goddamn pirate. You work for the man that fell in love with the son of Peter Pan. You made a pixie fall for a werewolf. You made me love you. Give me one goddamn good reason why you thought telling me wasn't an option?"


"That's always been your problem, hasn't it? You decide not to do something, and you never even stop to consider what's happening to the others around you. You decided not to tell me. You decided to make me love you. You decided to break us. It's always you and all of your bloody decisions!" He flourishes his shout with another hard shove to my chest.

"You want to pin all of this on me?" Luke's green fire hasn't died down, and I'm pretty sure that my pupils are going red in retaliation to his words. "You never take responsibility for anything! You are the one that found me. You are the one that chose them over me. You are the one that blames everything on your mother. You are the one who acts like a slut and thinks that there's no fucking consequences for it!" The fire has grown larger at my insult.

"That's what you think I am? A slut? Oh, you are so asking to be taught a lesson right now." His jaw clenches with fury.

"I dare you. You won't." There's a clear challenge for him in my tone. He takes one step closer to me, his stride equivalent to two of my own. We're close to being chest to chest; if either of us take one more step, we'll be touching.

"You really want to try that on me today."

"I really want to try this on you today." Luke's eyes flash all green before his hand wraps around my throat, and I'm lifted off of the ground.

"I could crush your windpipe. I could kill you real easily Calum."

"Y-you won-n't," I croak out. His hand tightens on me.
"But I won't do that." The hand around my throat loosens, my feet hitting the ground again.

"Knew you wouldn't," I snark as I catch my breath. When a fair amount of time passes, I stand up straight to look the man I love in the eye.

"Because I can do this." He surges forward, his lips moving with mine in seconds. Then I feel a sharp pain in my stomach. "I'm sorry Cal, so sorry. You gave him no choice," the pixie mumbles against my lips before backing away. I look down to be met with the sight of a stab wound in my stomach and the warm sensation of blood running down my torso. I press my hands to the open flesh, but I'll need help soon.

"Why?"

"I warned you. You're supposed to know not to mess with pixies, especially angry ones. I taught you that Calum, but you didn't listen. Now you get to pay the price."

"He took over, didn't he? You're eyes, they flashed fully green. You didn't stab me, Luther did." The tearful blonde nods yes.

"And you goaded him on, not me. You insulted the pixie, not the human. He stabbed the human. He wouldn't have been able to stab the wolf because it would have hurt him, too. It's just like why he didn't make me stab you. I can't hurt you, but he can. Luke can't hurt Calum, but Luther can hurt Calum."

"You do realize that you just gave us the means for war, right?"

"I'm sorry Cal."

"Sorry won't fix the fact that my stomach is bleeding because you stabbed a knife through it. Sorry won't fix this."

"Let me heal you." I shake my head 'no'.

"I'd rather the medic patch me up." Hurt makes a quick appearance in his features before it's replaced with fear.

"They're going to tell your captain, aren't they?"

"Yes." Luke goes even paler.

"Will he declare war on us?"

"Most likely."

"Then I must go and warn them. Can I help you to the medic?"

"Please." He grips my elbow, leading me to the now open door. We find our way to the medic in a matter of minutes. When he lets go and gets ready to leave, my arms shoots out to hold him back.

"What do you want Calum?" The pixie's voice is rough. He's ready to cry.

"One more time since we..." I trail off. His hands cup my cheeks, tugging my head up to meet his. Luke's lips press against mine and pull away before I can even react.

"Don't finish that sentence. Please. I can't hear those words." Tears run freely down my love's face. He doesn't hold back anymore.
"Those words will give you a reason to fight Luke."

"What if I don't want to fight?"

"She'll force you to."

"I know, but I can wish."

"They're also my reason to fight. They give me a reason to win."

"Don't Cal. Please don't." I ignore his pleas, a tear finally falling down my face.

"We can't do this anymore. I won't be able to live with myself if you're hurt by my hand. So leave. Leave and don't come back. Unless you have a sword in hand with a scabbard strapped to your side or you are ready for war, do not come back." I leave him there, my feet taking me into the medic bay. The distraught pixie behind me can not mean anything to me now. The last thing I think before I drift off in my cot is, 'I won't make the same mistake this time.'
Luke and Michael

Chapter Notes

This chapter is less than 1,000 words because I ended with a really damn good line and didn't know how the fuck else to end it. At least you guys are getting a chapter just over 3,000 words in a few minutes.

****

Luke
****

The sky has never felt constricting. Until now. The only place that won't make me feel trapped is Calum's arms. Cheesy, I know. As my feet hit the cement of my balcony, the sobs fully escape me. I bury my face in the pillows, hoping to muffle the sounds of my cries. Apparently, I don't do it well enough because my door is opened by someone.

"Luke?" The soft voice of Peter's son urges me to look up. His face is stained with tear tracks, ones that I can now match. Maybe not as intensity, but at least in feeling. I wipe at the tears, trying to magically make them disappear.

"Yes?" My answer comes out weak.

"Why are you crying?"

"I made a mistake."

"May I come in?" I nod, and he closes my door. The never aging boy slowly walks toward my bed, plopping down on the end when he makes it.

"You feeling any better Lou?"

"I feel as good as I can for someone that just dumped their boyfriend because they have to marry someone else that's a girl and is gay." We both let out dry laughs. "That sounds even more fucked up out loud than it did in my head."

"Doesn't everything?"

"It's either worse or better. There's really no in between."

"You speak the truth." Silence returns, the air around us turning somber.

"What did you do? It can't be worse than telling the person you love that you can't be together because you're supposed to be enemies."

"It's definitely worse than that."

"What could be worse than that?"
"Letting another side come out and stab a knife through the person you love's stomach while you kiss them." His eyes widen.

"Who did you stab?" My face stretches into a grimace of pain mixed with sadness.

"Calum Hood. The captain's third."

"You just started a war Luke."

"I know. I didn't mean to. He made Luther angry, and he found enough power to use me to hurt Calum. He found enough power to hurt my mate."

"You could feel the knife, couldn't you?" I shut my mouth, not wanting to answer him. "Couldn't you?"

"Yes. I could feel the knife enter his body, and I could feel it leave. I could feel the blood slowly leave him. I could feel when he drifted off because of blood loss. I could feel anything that physically happened to him."

"You marked him. You mated him. You get everything he does."

"I got what he did."

"It broke."

"When he told me to leave."

"He had to of said more than that for it to break Luke. I'm not stupid. I know how mating works."

"And how it that? You never mated your man. If you had, you'd still be with him right now."

"That was a low blow Hemmings," Louis growls out. His eyes are going darker with anger. Unlike me, Louis' pixie is him. He can change whenever he wants; he doesn't have another voice in his head constantly telling him what to do. I do. I have Luther, just like Calum has Cole. This 'Captain' of his, is like him. His form is him. They're lucky. They're special. They're free.

"It's only the truth Tomlinson." He lets loose another growl.

"I came to help, not to get attacked by the man that could have saved us but decided not to." It feels like all of the air has been knocked out of me.

"Why do you think that?"

"I know that for a fact. I don't think that. Tink told you so you'd tell me when you thought the time was right. You never did, so we went on clueless, and now we're both paying the price for it. If you had told us, you wouldn't have lost Calum to Tink like I lost Harry to her."

******

Michael

******

Calum arrives at dinner with gauze wrapped around his stomach and Corbyn helping him to his
seat. Cap's at the head of the table, his hands wringing in his lap out of nervousness.

"What the hell happened to you?" Jack shouts across the room, asking the question all of us would like the answer to.

"A pixie with a knife happened to me," he snaps, scaring the younger boy back into his shell. Corbyn runs over, whispering jokes to the curly haired boy's ear while Daniel, Jonah, and Zach surround him, trying to make him feel better.

"Luke." Captain doesn't even have to ask. "You realize what this means for the two of us?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know what we're going to have to do?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you going to be able to fight him? Hurt him?" Calum hesitates before answering him.

"I hope it won't come to that."

"That wasn't my question Calum. Are you going to be able to hurt him?"

"Yes, sir."

"And if need be, are you going to be able to kill him?" This time, the Maori boy actually chokes on his food.

"No."

"Then someone will do it for you if that time comes."

"Yes, sir." His voice is trembling. He's scared. For himself or for Luke, I don't know, but it's definitely for someone.

"Men," his voice booms. "when you finish dinner, head to bed. I want you all up bright and early in the training rooms." The room is filled with murmurs of confusion in seconds.

"Why are we training Captain?" A voice questions, the room too loud for me to distinguish who is speaking. Harry's face turns grim.

"We've got a war to prepare for."
WARNING:
This chapter is almost pure smut.

THIS WILL CONTAIN:
Bottom! Harry
Sub! Harry
Top! Louis
Dom! Louis
Hate Fuck
Pain Kink
Spanking—Use of a Paddle
Dirty Talk
Name Calling
Bondage Kink
Coming in Someone
Being Plugged
Choking Kink—It's Used Like Once, but it's There
A Shit Ton of Teasing on Louis' Part Because He's an Asshole
Begging—Lots of This on Harry's Part

Mention of:
Knife Play
Candle Play
(Those two are said by Harry to be Red's)
Being Blindfolded
(This is something Louis asks Harry, he says no)
It had been a few months since the Captain and I had had our first encounter. Over the course of three months, we ran into each other quite a lot, and each time we were alone. He had not moved to kill me yet, but anytime we met, we had verbal arguments. This was one of those times.

"I can not believe that you just said that to me."

"You should be used to it by now Lost Boy," he replies, a coy smirk playing on his lips.

"You're a bloody asshole Captain," I retaliate, slowing boiling over the top of my limit.

"I know you think that after the numerous times you have informed me of this before. I do believe that you have made your viewpoint of me quite clear." I growl, frustrated by his antics. He knows this'll rial me up, and that's something I can't afford right now.

"Can you just shut your bloody mouth and not be a smartass for once?"

"That is one of the things that I seem to be unable to do at the moment." He grins, and that's all it takes for me to break. In a speed faster than I knew I possessed, I have Harry pinned against the closest tree to me, my feet hovering off of the ground so that I'm at Harry's height. My arm is to his throat, but it's not tight enough to make him choke. Yet. He grins at me. He bloody grins at me and begins to laugh. I shove my forearm farther into his throat, cutting off his airways, and therefore, stopping his laughing.

"What the fuck are you finding so bloody entertaining Captain?"

"You." I let loose another growl, this one seemingly striking a cord in Harry. He goes almost fully limp against my arm, and lets it be the only thing that's keeping him upright.

"Why are you not fighting back Mr. I'm-Better-Than-Everyone-Else?" It's then that I realize that Harry's eyes are turning glassy and less green by the second. Shit. I should've known something like this would turn him on.

Instead of yanking my arm away, I leave it at his neck, just releasing the pressure by a tiny bit. A low whine escapes his mouth at my actions, but otherwise, he remains silent. I string of pleasure runs through my veins at the sounds he's making, the way he's looking, and the position that we're both in right now. I lock my lips onto his, dropping my arm so he can latch onto my neck with his own, and I can grip his hips to bring him closer to me.

"Just because I'm kissing you, that doesn't mean that I don't still hate you," he grunts out, his lips and tongue leaving mine to put in his two-cents worth.

"Good. I feel the same way." My hands wander up to his chest, grasping the front of his coat, only to pull it off of his body soon after. Harry's hands creep down from my neck, allowing his hands to get used to the new territory of my body. Detaching my now swollen lips from his, I trail them downward, sucking and biting at his neck, hopefully leaving a bruise or two along the way.

"How's this going to work?" I hum against the skin of his neck, curious as to what he means. "Are
"You're going to top or bottom Lost Boy?"

"I'm topping, there's no way in hell I'm putting your dick up my ass Captain." He rolls his eyes at my statement, and I laugh, knowing I've annoyed him yet again. The pirate just tugs at my shirt in retaliation, trying, unsuccessfully, to expose my chest to the world. I remove my hands from their place on his waist and pull my shirt up and over my head, throwing it somewhere in the clearing. Then I place my hands back on his body, the warmth he's radiating making me warmer than I already am. Harry's large hands wander across my bare skin, seemingly mapping the pathway to my shoulders and back down.

"You're fit." The amount of awe in his voice momentarily stuns me.

"Did you think I wasn't?"

"You're a pixie, of course I thought you weren't." I roll my eyes at him, and continue to try to pull his shirt off of his body.

"I used to play footie. Asshole." He smirks, grasping the hem of his top, and yanking it off to join mine. I stare at his chest, the tattoos that are inked into his skin make me shudder.

"Four nipples?" I ask, raising my eyebrow at the pirate. Harry nods, unfazed by my question.

"Is that weird?"

"I hate you, but... it doesn't bother me." I shrug and brush off the sweat that's gathered on his hips. The taller man tugs on my hair, slightly wrenching my head back to give himself access to my neck.

"Don't get all soft on me now Lost Boy. I need a hard fuck, and you're the only person that can give that to me."

"I'm going to take that as a compliment on my fucking skills."

"You haven't fucked me yet, so we'll see." Ripping myself out of his hold, I stand in front of him, arms crossed against my bare chest. He whines at the loss of contact. I push down my dominance to ask the questions I know I need to.

"You know colors?" Harry sobers up, ceasing his whines to answer me.

"Like the BDSM ones? For, like, subspace?"

"Yes, Harry. That's the colors I'm talking about."

"I know them."

"Tell me what they mean, then. I need to make sure you know what you're doing."

"Green is keep going, yellow is break, red is stop." I grin.

"Reds?"

"If you even think about knife play or wax play, I will cut your dick off. Got it?" I shake my head in amusement at his threat.

"You fine with pain or dirty talk?"
"Those two things that I said are the only things I know that I don't like. Everything else is green."
I make a noise of happiness and move on.

"Safe word?"

"Kiwi?"

"You're so weird, Cap."

"Thanks, I'll take that as a compliment. So, does that work?"

"Fine."

"Do you need one?"

"No. Now pants off." He rushes to pull the fabric off of his legs, slipping back into a more submissive role while I make a small, makeshift cabin for us to use for the night. When Harry finishes, he stands proudly, defying the usual nature of a sub. "Go in and lay on the bed. Don't touch yourself, or you'll be punished. Got it?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Louis?" My hand comes up to fist the fabric of his boxers, pulling his body toward mine for another time tonight.

"It's sir to you, Harry. That is what you will call me for the rest of tonight, or you won't like what happens to that pretty little ass of yours. Do you understand?" The tone of voice I'm using is deathly calm, the anger just simmering under the surface.

"Yes, sir."

"I'll be in soon. Now go." He scurries off, leaving the door open behind him. I slowly make my way to the cabin, smiling at the power I hold over the son of Captain Hook. When I am finally in the house, I shut the door, taking my pants off and setting them on the floor as I saunter over to the bed. For once, he's listened. The pirate is laying starfish on the bed, his giraffe like limbs spread out for me. "I'm going to have fun with you."

He whimpers upon hearing my statement. I crawl on the bed, settling between his pale legs. My hands run up to his thighs, kneading the soft skin as I do so. Harry stills, not wanting to anger me more.

"Sir?" His voice is quiet, the volume befitting a submissive.

"Yes, Harry?"

"Do you have things here?" I laugh a bit at his confused expression.

"I can just make them out of my magic. It's quite easy, really." He just nods at my answer. "You want to be tied up?"

"Yes please." Creating a black rope, I bind his hands to the metal bedposts. A serene look crosses his face.

"I'll assume you know what you can't and can't do with those?"
"Yes, Sir."

"Check them." He tugs on his restraints, nodding at me when he thinks that they're okay.

"They're good, sir."

"Blindfold?"

"No thank you, sir." His green eyes shine with lust at my questions.

"Color?"

"Green, sir."

"I trust that you'll stay still?" Harry nods again. Tugging on his boxers, I pull them off and watch his hard-on hit his stomach. I grin, leaning down to pull his cheeks apart. Lube appears in my hand and I coat two fingers in the substance. I run one finger around his hole, teasing him. This'll make him come undone quickly. He keeps stopping himself from moving; I can see it on his face. The whimpers that leave his mouth urge me on. Teasing will make you beg, that's something I learned years ago.

"Sir, please." I glance back up to his face. His curly hair is a mess around his head, his cheeks are flushed, and his eyes are glassy.

"I don't think you deserve it, do you think you do?"

"No, sir." He looks like it physically pains him to deny himself the pleasure he wants.

"Why?"

"I-I don't know, sir." His bottom lip starts shaking as I deliver a hard enough smack to his inner thigh to leave a red handprint in its place.

"You've talked back, you've hit me, you've rolled your eyes at me, the list goes on and on, Princess."

"I'm sorry for misbehaving, sir."

"Sorry? Oh, Baby Boy, you've got so much to learn." A smirk crosses my face.

"Sir? What do you mean?"

"I mean that until you learn to follow orders, you're not getting my cock any time soon." Not even trying to stop myself anymore, I shove two lubed up fingers into his hole. I move them in and out quickly, making the pirate tug on his restraints and scream in pain and pleasure. The sounds that he is making urge me on even more.

"I-Louis, please." I growl, pulling my fingers out of his ass.

"What did you just call me?"

"I called you Louis." He shrugs like it was nothing.

"Is that what you call following orders? Because if that is, you must be a pretty shit Captain."

"That's what I call doing what I want, Louis." I shake my head at his words, disappointed in his
inability to follow simple instructions.

"You're making this so much worse on yourself, Harry."

"What are you going to do? You're a pixie; you're not built for giving punishments."

"Good thing I'm half human then. Flip over, or I'll do that for you."

"Why would I-." Fed up with his bullshit, I grab his hips, and flip him over, pressing his cock into the bedsheets. One hand moves up to the middle of his back to push his body into the mattress, while the other travels down to his ass after wiping the excess lube off onto the sheets.

"Remember my threat earlier?"

"Which one?" he asks, voice muffled by the sheets.

"The one about you not liking what would happen to your ass if you disobeyed me."

"I don't quite remember that one."

"You'll remember when I'm done with you, Captain. Color?"

"Green. Very green."

"I was thinking of using a paddle, would you like that slut?"

"Please." His voice cracks with desperation. I give him a dry laugh.

"You're so fucking desperate for anything you can get, aren't you slut?" He moans loudly instead of answering my question. Taking a deep breath, I focus on creating a new paddle. The one that appears in my hand makes me grin. It's dark black wood, the size of both of Harry's hands, and there's a cutout of my name in the middle of it. "I asked you a question, now answer it."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir what?"

"Yes, sir. I'm desperate for anything I can get." Harry's whole body is flushed, his voice tinged with embarrassment.

"That's better. I better not have to prompt you again, bitch." Then I land the first slap with the paddle. A loud a sound fills the room along with Harry's moan. Another hit follows, and soon another, and another, and another. Red marks bloom on his ass, along with the many spots with my name on it. I stop at 20, already sure that he won't be able to sit tomorrow without thinking of this. Making the board of wood disappear, I flip Harry's feather light body over again. He whimpers as soon as his bruised bum hits the sheets.

"Sir, it hurts," he chokes out, new tears joining the old tear stains on his cheeks. I lean over his bare body from between his legs to pat his cheek condescendingly.

"It's supposed to Baby Boy. It was a punishment." His eyes shoot down as I sit back, the sub's eyes finding my confined cock quickly. I flick my own eyes down to his matching cock. "Somebody liked that, didn't they?" The rhetorical question makes Harry whimper for another time tonight.

"Sir?"
"Yes, Harry?" He makes eye contact with me, his glassy green eyes holding a plea.

"May I take care of you, Sir?" The sub nods toward my boxers.

"Do you deserve that Baby Boy?"

"It doesn't matter what I think on the matter, Sir. It isn't my place to determine that." I smile, patting his thighs as a reward for his answer.

"As much as I would like that, I have much more important things to be doing with my dick than fucking your throat." Harry pouts, but it turns to open mouthed gasps as I slip a dry finger into his lubed up hole. I push in and out for about 30 seconds before another finger joins the original one. His mouth gets wider.

"Sir, I need you. Please." The pirate's voice is wrecked, cracking every other word.

"Soon, Baby. Soon." Adding a third finger, I don't slow my pace. At this point, Harry's gripping the sheets like a lifeline, moans and whimpers leaving his lips one after another. He clenches on the digits, making me groan at the sight it provides me. "Do you want to fuck yourself on my fingers, Captain?"

"I'll take whatever you give me, Sir."

"You're learning fast, Baby Boy." He physically preans at the compliment. Tired of waiting, I take my fingers away and coat myself in lube after peeling my boxers off. I lead my length to Harry's entrance, pushing in until I bottom out. Harry's lips are open in a silent scream, and I don't move so that Harry can get used to me before I move. I don't need him getting unesessarily hurt from this; I would prefer to be able to do this again.

"Sir, you can move." With that as my go ahead, my hips push forward, starting a continuous punishing pace. I pound in and out, not slowing down for even a second. When Harry shifts his legs, causing me to move, too, he screams profanities at the ceiling. This leads me to believe that I'd found his prostate. I aim for that spot again, finding it seconds later.

Because of this, I slow down, burying myself deep inside him. My hips thrust forward in a small motion, as I'd like to keep the pressure on his spot going. Doing this for a few minutes makes me realize how close my body is to the edge. If Harry's moans are anything to go by, he's feeling the same. I lean over him again, the slow movements of my hips continuing at an even slower pace.

"You going to come, Baby Boy? You going to make a mess?" He nods furiously, his head just bobbing everywhere at how quickly he's nodding. "Words, Harry. Or you're not going to come."

"Sir, I-I'm go-gonna come. Please l-let m-me come." His pupils are blown, but he's begging me with wide eyes to let him come right now.

"Come, Baby." With that, he clenches down on me, screaming my name while white sprays all over his stomach, chest, and even on his face. I push in twice more before I'm following him over the edge with his name on my lips. Pulling out, I undo his restraints and flop down next to him.

"Flannel, Louis."

"Yes, Sir," I reply cheekily before walking to his side of the bed to clean him off. I wipe him down, throwing the dirty cloth into a random corner when I'm done with it. Then I slide in next to him, pulling his body close to mine for warmth. He doesn't complain, tired out from being fucked, I'd assume. I grin when I remember something.
"Louis?"

"What do you need?"

"Did you come in me?"

"Appears I did, Harry." He shoulders my chest the best he can from his position.

"You bastard. At least plug me, dumbass. I don't want to be leaking everywhere."

"What if I don't want to?" Harry whips around to face me in my arms.

"I don't take orders outside of a few fucks, Louis. Put a bloody plug in, or I will give you a fucking black eye." I hold my hands up in surrender.

"Fine, fine." A plug materializes in my hand, and I trail it down to his puffy hole. He keens as I shove the plug in, effectively stopping the flow of come from his body. "Can we go to sleep now?"

He doesn't answer, but turns back around to face the wall. Minutes later, his breathing gets heavier. He's asleep. I snuggle into the sheets again, and hope that this won't be a shit show in the morning.

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