Wake Me Up With It
by reader_chic_2

Summary

“Oh god, I sound like a rapist now.”

Louis gave a soft, sympathetic giggle, shifting on top of him, and that was when he noticed he was hard, as well. “No, Haz. You fucking me while I’m still asleep and waking up to a dick in my arse? That sounds fucking hot.”

“I’d, like, discuss it before. Like get consent for it before.”

“Obviously,” Louis rolled his eyes, staring up at Harry with a sad expression. “I’d let you do that to me, Harry.”

“What?” Harry blinked, sure the world was ending by those words he never thought he’d ever hear in his life. The words sounded muffled to him, like he was swimming.

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Or the one where Louis makes Harry tell him a kink he’s never gotten to try out, and then he offers to do it with him, which leads to Harry's heart exploding afterwards when Louis seems to have meant it as a one time thing. Featuring a pining Harry, a scared Louis, and an excessive use of the word baby.

Notes

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO LOUIS TOMLINSON! also merry christmas eve and happy
holiday season.

I wrote this originally because I wanted to read about somnophilia, but I couldn't find a good one I liked, so I tried to read it, but then it didn't turn out great, so I just continued the fic.

I have a bad feeling there is some plot hole in here, oops.

I wanted to get this out on Louis' birthday and I did so I'm proud.

ALSO - somnophilia is defined as sex with someone unconscious, which I do not condone. NOT OKAY. This is consensual somnophilia, and he's only asleep. This is only okay if agreed upon before, okay? OKAY.

Enjoy :)

See the end of the work for more notes

They’d been friends for years was the thing. Harry and Louis met at a concert when he was sixteen and Louis was eighteen. The only reason they even spoke to each other in the crowded bathroom was because Louis started singing along to the song. His voice was so bright with the hint of rasp that made Harry’s ears ring, so there was no restraining himself from immediately looking over to see who was making that beautiful harmony.

“Oi! Just because you've got a giant cock doesn’t mean you can use it to piss on me!”

“Wha – shit! Sorry!” Harry squawked, turning back to face the urinal with burning cheeks. “Here, let me, um, clean your shoes.” He said as he zipped himself back up and grabbed a handful of paper towels. Without thinking about it, he dropped to his knees and started wiping off his shoes.

“You really don’t care for sexual boundaries, do you, mate?” the tanned, beautiful man chuckled from above him. Harry’s head snapped up with a wicked grin because he absolutely loved dirty jokes. Unfortunately – or fortunately – Harry got distracted by the half hard dick right by his face, and he was immediately flooded with heat and wow that was a gorgeous dick.

“H-how can you piss like that?” Harry pondered aloud, making the elfish boy snort.

“Not by choice, love. I happen to be gay, and you happen to be gorgeous, so you’re really making quite hard there on your knees for me right now,” he chuckled as he gave up and tucked himself away.

“O-oh. Cool. Or, actually, sorry? Yeah, that sounds right,” Harry stood up, scratching at the back of his neck and tugging on a curl. He and the man were the same height, so Harry was able to look into his blue, slightly glazed eyes, and they were gorgeous. His cheek bones were prominent, and when he smiled, it was absolutely perfect and complimented his tiny nose in a way that made him really seem like a cute little elf.

“I spilled half a pint of beer on them earlier. I don’t think I’ll notice a hint of piss when I clean it up. Don’t worry about it,” he smiled. “I’m Louis, by the way.”

“Harry,” he extended his hand, and Louis laughed slightly again. It was just as beautiful as his singing. “What?”
“I’m just wondering if you’re also gay. Not many straight men will shake hands with someone directly after touching their dick,” Louis crossed his arms over his chest, eyebrow raised.

Harry could feel his cheeks flaming as he smiled. “Yeah, uh, I dunno.”

“You don’t know?” Louis exclaimed, hands going up in the air like it was the worst news he’d ever heard. Harry could understand.

He shrugged, “I’ve not done much with anyone, really.”

“Now I find that just impossible to believe Harold. Not with those curls,” Louis reached forward and mussed up his hair, making Harry giggle and duck his head down. “I’d definitely fuck you. Too bad we have to get back to the concert. Shame.”

Harry giggled along with Louis because even he could tell she was joking around. He knew if he actually would sleep with him, they’d be in stall right now because it was in the middle of the concert and nobody was using the toilets except drunk idiots.

“I like you, Harold. Seriously, though, experiment. Figure out what you’re into. You’re too cute not to know your options. It’d be a crime to the male species if you didn’t give us a shot,” Louis winked.

“Uh, maybe,” Harry blushed, eyes skimming the ground. “I’m from a pretty small town, but maybe in uni next year. I’ll be in London, so-,”

“No way! Me too!” Louis grinned. “Had to take a few years to save up money for it, and help out with my sisters – anyway listen, if you ever need to talk about those feelings you don’t know about, just give me a ring, okay?”

“I just wizzed on your shoes and now you’re offering to be my gay yoda?” Harry snickered because it was just too funny, and Louis clearly thought the same because he fell forward and wrapped an arm around Harry’s shoulders as they left the toilets full of giggles.

“I don’t even know what that exactly entails,” Louis chortled, wiping at his eyes. “Here’s my number, you ninny.”

Louis extended his hand expectantly, looking Harry up and down waiting for his phone, so Harry obviously gave him his phone and he put his number in.

The next day, Harry texted Louis and said, “How did gay yoda know he was gay?”

Louis responded and never stopped.

Now there they were years later living together as they finished their last year of uni. Harry was hopelessly at Louis’ beck and call, and Louis was as energetic, vibrant, and boisterous as ever. They’d roomed together from the start of uni, so they always shared friends, even with Louis being on the football team and a theater major and Harry focusing his time in photography and the culinary arts.

It was some of the best years of Harry’s life. He and Louis were best friends in ways that just didn’t happen often. Niall, who tended to be as oblivious as Harry, often joked they were in a secret love affair. If the two of them were alone, Harry would say, “I wish.” If they were not alone, he’d only laugh and snuggle into Louis’ side.

“Oh fuckkkk,” Louis giggled lightly, glossy eyes skimming the four guys spread out on their
“Over here, Tommo,” Zayn extended his hand, nearly falling off the couch if Liam hadn’t grabbed him around the waist. “You’re baked beyond belief.”

“I don’t think he can see straight,” Niall cackled, jumping up and lightly shoving Louis towards the couch, which sent him falling head-over-feet toward the little loveseat where Harry was lying, also high and somewhat drunk.

“Incominggg!” Louis screamed, voice cracking and eyes crossing as he dove into Harry, who groaned, slowly wrapping his arms around Louis and pulling him back into his chest despite a dull pain in his gut.

“That had to hurt,” Liam winced.

Zayn snorted, “Yeah, but Haz would do anything Louis asked for.”

“So what if he does?” Louis’ brown, messy hair tickled the base of Harry’s throat. Despite the haze of weed, Harry’s heart sped up at the feel of Louis pressing his bum back against his body. He tried not to groan. “I’d do anything for Haz, too. S’only fair.”

“Anything?” Niall snickered, getting a dirty glint in his eyes that made Harry gulp. He knew that look. It wasn’t a good sign. “Bet you wouldn’t suck him off.”

Louis snorted. “I’d do it and enjoy it. I’d love my mouth full of my Hazza,” he hummed, turning slightly and grinning up at Harry, but he couldn’t force more than a tight-lipped smile back. They were joking about Louis sucking him off. It was so far out of question they were joking about it while that was a common topic in Harry’s wank banks.

Harry knew Louis had every right to not be interested in him, but god, it felt so unfair when they joked about it right in front of him.

“So why don’t you?” Niall questioned, pressing his elbows against his knees as he peered at them with the intensity of a detective. Harry inhaled sharply at his implication. Louis smelled like peppermints. It was his shampoo. Maybe Harry would start using his shampoo so he could smell Louis on him all day long.

“Because Harry doesn’t have any trouble in that department,” Louis giggled. “Who was the last one? I can’t remember if it was a boy or a girl. Haz?”

Harry sighed, rolling so he was partially squishing Louis into the couch. “I can’t remember. Too long ago.”

“It was last weekend,” Louis reminded him.

“Oh,” Harry frowned. “Did you listen in? I honestly can’t remember what we did. I was drunk.”

“Sounded like you went down on some bird,” Louis shrugged, turning around completely so he could look at Harry. The red around his eyes made the blue stand out. Harry swore he could feel the ocean swallowing them up, but it was darker than Louis’ eyes, even now. “Quite boring. Pick a bloke next time so I can get off, too.”

“Kinky,” Harry giggled.

“Hey! You idiots hear us? We’re leaving,” Niall threw a pillow at them, pulling their attentions
back over toward the door. Zayn was leaning heavily against Liam, and Niall was holding the door open.

“Byeee,” Harry hummed, though he wasn’t sure if it was in his mind or out loud.

Once the door closed, Louis yawned extra loud, stretching his arms over his head and nearly falling off the couch if Harry’s arms weren’t wrapped around his back. His thumbs dug into his back dimples. It made Harry’s mind fuzzy.

“Bed?” Harry asked, recognizing the signs of what he called ‘Languid Louis’ who refused to move.

“Please,” he hummed, voice low and raspy. He’d talked a lot tonight. “What about you, Haz? Any crazy kinks?”

Harry snorted, nearly falling over as he tried to stand up while cradling Louis. Eventually, he got is. “You’d know, right? Voyeur.”

Louis blushed. “Seriously.”


“That’s the problem with your one-nighters,” Louis raised a hand and poked at Harry’s dimples in his cheeks. It made Harry smile despite a flood of shame washing over him. It always happened when Louis brought up his never ending rotation of one-night stands. He really didn’t have as many as he made them out to be, but then again, it seemed like a lot when in the four years they’d known each other, Harry never once had a relationship. “Never get to experiment.”

“What is with you and always worrying about me experimenting?” Harry joked, kicking the door to his room open because he knew Louis’ bed was most likely a mess. By this point, it’d become routine to sleep together when they were drinking or smoking. It started with Harry worrying Louis would sleep on his back and swallow vomit, and it stuck. “You’ve already turned me gay.”

They both giggled as Harry tossed Louis on the bed. “We both know you’re clearly not simply gay.”

Harry offered him a small smile. He was the first person he ‘came out’ to. Harry never truly came out – never felt the need of announcing it and labeling himself. However, people weren’t really okay with that. They wanted to label him. They’d ask him endlessly just to give him a name. It was something that took Louis a few conversations to understand, but once he did, he became the first person, including Harry, to tell the types of people that insisted they needed to label Harry to fuck off.

“What’s one kink you wish you could do?” Louis shucked off his trousers and shirt, patting the spot beside him. Harry jumped in the bed once he stripped himself of everything but his pants, which he only kept on for Louis’ sake. “Like, if you knew and trusted someone enough to do it.”

Harry hummed, thoughts getting distracted by the feel of his silky sheets. They were so smooth. Louis poked him where his dimple would be, reminding him of the question.

“You can say something crazy,” Louis scooted closer. He had this dark look in his eyes, the kind of look that could make Harry hard in certain circumstances. Like now.

“What have you done? Don’t want to ruin your innocence here,” Harry smirked, feeling proud as Louis dramatically scoffed, flinging himself into Harry and biting on his collar bone.
“You mock my experience,” Louis’ nose ran up and down Harry’s chest, making his mind go blank. He smoked too much weed. This always happened when he smoked too much weed. Louis could distract him on any day, but when he smoked too much, it was nearly impossible to follow anything. “-it was kind of rape-y.”

“What?” Harry growled, pulled back into the presence. He was decently sure Louis was talking about himself, and that was just – that was not okay. “Lou, are you okay? Did you – how can I help you?”

Louis groaned, slapping him upside the head. “God, you really shouldn’t smoke this much, Haz. I said the kinkiest thing I’ve done is a sort of role-play scene. Not different names or shit, but different scenario, I guess. Really rough and we had a safe word. It was hot, even if Jake ended up being a twat.”

Harry remembered Jake. Louis normally chose quieter boyfriends, but Jake was one of the few Harry hated. He never told Louis because he didn’t want to be the cause of the end of a relationship he seemed to be invested in, but he hated him. Jake was possessive and snobby and arrogant. It was unsurprising he’d want to do that.

“How could that be fun?” Harry asked incredulously. “Sounds traumatic.”

Louis shrugged, eyes closing as he took a deep breath in. Harry wondered if he smelled good. “Nah. I knew he wouldn’t actually hurt me. I’m a little fucked in the head, Haz, so I guess it’s why it felt good. Being used and shit.”

“Being used…” Harry repeated, the words sending a thrill down his spine. He could imagine having Louis laid out underneath him to do whatever Harry desired. The idea of Louis giving him permission to use his body was hot. Of letting Harry take it.

“Yeah,” Louis shifted slightly. “You ever want to do something like that?”

Harry blushed. He didn’t know if he was comfortable with the rape-y idea – but then if Louis asked he’d be quite willing. Honestly, Harry was willing to do anything for Louis. Niall had been right. Harry would literally do whatever Louis wanted, and right now, he wanted to hear a kink Harry was into. He had to think for a minute, trying to stop imagining having Louis spread out beneath him. He also had to ignore how good Louis’ hands felt running down his back and pressing him into the silky silver sheets.

“It’s weird.”

“I like weird,” Louis’ eyes slid open, dazed but intrigued, and showing no judgement. “Tell me this weird, secret kink you have.”

Harry bit his lip before mumbling, “Um, I don’t know what it’d be called. I just have this, like, idea in my head.”

“Tell me,” Louis rolled them over so he was half lying on top of Harry. His leg was slotted between them, and there was surely no way he didn’t notice Harry was half-hard, but he didn’t comment on it, so Harry tried to ignore it. Still, his body was hot against him, and it was almost overwhelming.

Harry closed his eyes. “I’d like to be living together, I suppose. And being comfortable doing anything together, right? And we’d be so used to sleeping together and just waking up having sex all the time. And maybe sometimes, like, if I woke up hard I’d start, um, fucking them without
waking them up?” Harry paused finally hearing the words as they came out and gasping. “Oh god, I sound like a rapist now.”

Louis gave a soft, sympathetic giggle, shifting on top of him, and that was when he noticed he was hard, as well. “No, Haz. You fucking me while I’m still asleep and waking up to a dick in my arse? That sounds fucking hot.”

“I’d, like, discuss it before. Like get consent for it before.”

“Obviously,” Louis rolled his eyes, staring up at Harry with a sad expression. “I’d let you do that to me, Harry.”

“What?” Harry blinked, sure the world was ending by those words he never thought he’d ever hear in his life. The words sounded muffled to him, like he was swimming.

Louis nodded anyways, uncaring that Harry was practically underwater. His lips seemed to move at a slower pace than his words, all pink and tempting. He bet they’d be fun to kiss.

“I could never trust anyone else to do that,” Louis admitted. “Like, with Jake even, I had to tell him to stop or be more gentle here and shit. But you know your shit, Haz.”

“You wouldn’t know,” Harry blurted, regretting it because he so wished that were a lie. He so wished Louis would know.

“All your one-nighters leave here asking me to pass their numbers along,” Louis said. “We talk sometimes when you’re throwing up the morning after. You know your shit.”

“Okay, first off, that’s weird. Secondly, you never give me their numbers. Thirdly, are you serious? No. I’d need to fuck you a few times to get the feel for what you like.”

Louis giggled, hand reaching up and tugging on a curl. “But it wouldn’t be about me – not until I woke up. Besides, I like the idea of you learning things about me when I’m asleep. It’s stalker hot minus the weird part because you’re my Haz.”

“But-,”

“Stop arguing. I know you think I’m too drunk to consent anyways, so ask me about it tomorrow,” Louis yawned. “Couldn’t do it tonight – I don’t want to know it’s coming.”

As much as his world was flipped upside down, Harry couldn’t help but let out a honking laugh. “You won’t know until you’re coming. Ha!”

Louis laughed, nuzzling his face into the crook of Harry’s neck and sighing. Harry couldn’t breathe until he heard the soft, almost silent snores coming from Louis. They were adorable. Even then, it was a long time before Harry went to sleep.

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Louis didn’t bring it up again for a while, and Harry certainly didn’t. It wasn’t something that could be drawn out in a casual way. Then again, Louis never cared for casualness.

“Haz, do you remember talking about kinks and shit last weekend?” was the first thing Louis asked as he stepped through the door Friday after his last class of the week. Harry looked up from the kitchen where he was attempting to make crème brûlée.
“Hello, Louis. Welcome home,” Harry filled in for him just to keep his nerves down so he could think of an answer. He picked up the tray of cream filled bowls and pushed them into the oven. “I’m good. Thanks for asking.”

“I’m serious, Harry,” Louis hopped up onto the counter, stealing a cookie Harry made earlier and staring at Harry. Now without something to do, Harry made his way over to Louis and sighed.

“I remember,” he admitted, leaning back against the island, trying not to let his gaze fall to Louis’ wide open legs. It was hard. Double meaning intended.

“So why haven’t you?” Louis prompted, legs swinging and banging against the cabinets. Harry groaned, moving forward and pressing his hands against his shins, holding them down. Their eyes connected, and Harry really wished he didn’t have to have this conversation because he was absolutely putty in his hands, and he knew he was about to sign up to get his heart broken.

“I didn’t know if you were serious, Lou,” Harry said. “You were drunk.”

“Don’t be daft, Haz,” Louis leaned forward slightly. His deep cologne wafted over his senses, and it made his mind spin. “Of course I want to.”

Harry was used to hearing someone wanted to sleep with him from strangers, but he only had imagined what it’d feel like coming from Louis. He still wondered if this was some long, torturous dream. “Wouldn’t you just wake up?”

“I’m a heavy sleeper, Haz. Remember when you and Niall had karaoke night while I was dead asleep on the couch?” Louis challenged, and Harry nodded in remembrance. “I could open myself up every night before bed. Just so you can still surprise me.”

His eyes glinted with this look, and hearing him talk about opening himself up made images dance through Harry’s mind. It was a lot to handle. He took a deep breath, trying to keep his heart from exploding. “Lou…”

“Why are you so against this?” Louis scowled, cute little wrinkles appearing in his forehead. He scooted suddenly to the edge of the counter, and Harry groaned before he could hold it back. Louis was hard and pressing against his body. All Harry could think about was gripping his waist, slamming him against the wall, and fucking him like he deserved. “I know you’re attracted to me.”

Just to prove his point, he reached down and cupped Harry, lips moving into a smirk. “Fuck,” Harry breathed, eyes closing.

“It’s not like you’re hung up on somebody. You have sex with people all the time.”

This time, Harry opened his eyes with a pointed look. “You’re not some stranger in the pub, Louis. What if this messes things up with us?”

Louis barked out in laughter, hands wrapping around his neck and tangling in his curls. It sent Harry into a daze. “We’re Larry Stylinson. Nothing can break us.”

Harry snorted, stepping forward and resting his head on Louis’ shoulder. “I hate you,” he laughed. “Niall and you won’t ever let me live that stupid name down, will you?”

Louis grinned. “You’re silly when you’re plastered. I love it.”

Harry rolled his eyes, but his thoughts drifted back to Louis’ thighs holding him between them. God, he wanted to run his tongue up them so badly. “If you swear you’re okay with it.”
Louis grinned, pulling Harry in tighter. “Yes! You have no idea how okay I am with it.”

Harry raised an eyebrow. “I think I have a little idea,” he moved his hand up Louis’ thigh and palmed him for the first time ever, and god, it felt nice. He felt thick and heavy in his hand.

“Tonight?” Louis asked.

“Hush. It’ll be a surprise still, ya horny bastard,” Harry snickered, and then the timer on the oven went off, and he jumped away. “Shit. I so burned them.”

“Doubtful.”

Harry almost forgot about their conversation by nightfall. Almost but also not. All throughout the day, his eyes traveled to Louis. It was very distracting because Harry had to make 24 specialty cookies by the end of the day. Luckily, Louis noticed he was pestering Harry, so he made himself scarce and visited Zayn.

Harry got the cookies done in time. After his client came and picked them up, Harry was exhausted. He took a shower and immediately went to bed. Hours later, he was woken up by Louis crawling in bed beside him.

“Lou?” Harry murmured, rolling onto his side and getting a face full of brown hair.

“Hi, love,” Louis wiggled his butt back into Harry’s groin, which cleared away some gogginess. Without thinking about it, Harry wrapped his hands around his waist and pulled Louis tightly against him. “Oi, watch it, Haz. ‘M sore.”

“Sore?” Harry repeated, nuzzling into his neck. He smelled clean with the fresh mint smell he’d associated with Louis since they met.

“I fingered myself,” Louis hummed. “In case you wanted to…you know. Seems like you’re the one asleep for that right now, though.”

Harry hummed in response, only half hearing his words. He pressed his lips to his neck softly and murmured a good night. A few minutes later was when it hit him that Louis was serious. He was serious enough to finger himself open before crawling into bed. And that was just hot.

The next night, Louis had passed out on the couch during How the Grinch Stole Christmas. Even though Harry was painfully awake and turned on, he knew Louis had a long day of classes, and he definitely hadn’t gotten the chance to open himself up. Harry absolutely would, but he knew it’d wake him up.

“Can we watch a movie in your room tonight?” Louis asked the following night, yawning as he padded into the living room. Harry was finishing up a photography project, but he looked up anyways, and his heart melted. Louis had another long day. Their football team had two practices and weights along with their regular class schedule and tutoring. Harry was shocked to see him awake still.

“You sure you don’t want to just sleep?” Harry questioned dubiously. They often had movie nights, but it wasn’t so common when Louis had double practice days.

“Need cuddles,” Louis’ eyes were trained on his feet. Sometimes, Harry forgot just how adorable Louis could be. He was always so loud and seemingly dominant, but there was an entirely different
side to Louis that very few people got to see. It was one of Harry’s favorite sides to him.

“Okay. I’m going to shower, and then I’ll meet you in there,” Harry said, shutting down his camera. He glanced up to briefly gauge Louis’ reaction to his explanation – they used to never care about showering before cuddles. Then again, they normally didn’t cuddle in bed unless they were definitely going to sleep – not watch a movie. This whole week they’d been a little different.

Once Harry emerged from his shower with boxers on, he walked into the room to find Louis in the same dress flipping through Netflix. “Does Coco sound good?” Louis stretched his arms above himself with a yawn. Harry’s eyes caught on his tan stomach and pert little nipples. It was only then that he remembered he could end up having sex with Louis tonight.

He really could. They didn’t have early classes or anything tomorrow.

“How?” Louis asked with a little annoyance in his tone. He always got wound up when he was tired.

“Sounds great. Thanks,” Harry said when he remembered what film they were watching. Louis never was one to choose animated film unless he felt generous.

“I figure I’ll be out in half an hour, so,” he shrugged, scooting closer so that he could lean back against Harry’s chest.

As expected, Louis had fallen asleep before they even got to meet Hector. It was fine with Harry. It gave him a chance to watch this movie with Louis cuddled up into him without the negative comments flowing out of his mouth. Due to Louis having a passion for musicals, he always critiqued any movie that had people singing in it but wasn’t deemed a musical – also known as animated children’s movies.

After the movie ended, Harry shut off the laptop and put it aside. He wasn’t really tired yet was the issue. However, he never was one to pass up cuddles with Louis, so lifted the smaller man and moved down. With Louis lying half on top of him, Harry was able to run his fingers in a soothing pattern up and down Louis’ back.

His mind drifted to another world – one where this was a nightly routine, where he could kiss Louis any time of the day, where he could have all parts of Louis, where he could give up all parts of himself, where they called each other the loves of their lives. But that was a world that was simply out of reach for Harry. Louis didn’t love him. He shared everything with Harry, even the darkest parts of his past, but he’d never share the romantic part of his heart with him.

It was okay.

This was how it had always been for them, and that was how it would stay.

Even if Louis wanted Harry to fuck him. Even more than that, he wanted Harry to fuck him while he was asleep. It went beyond anything they’d even done together. This wasn’t the romantic side, but it was the sexual side. He wasn’t just sharing it with Harry – that only meant knowing what he was offering to him. No. Instead, Louis was giving it to Harry.

He was letting Harry take whatever he saw fit to take, and there was a good chance Louis would never know what Harry took.

It was insane, and it was tempting, and it was exhilarating. The fact that Louis would trust Harry that much made his heart swell with hope. He hated it was there. He hated he let himself have hope, but what if that meant Louis put Harry in a realm outside of anyone else? Didn’t that mean there was a special place in his heart for Harry? And really, that was all Harry needed. He could
stand not being his boyfriend as long as he got to have Louis in his life forever as whatever they were right now. Best friends that pushed the limits into a space of ultimate trust.

That was something, wasn’t it?

Jolting him out of his only semi-awake space, Louis shifted beneath him. His body curled itself around Harry’s right side, hips moving down against his thigh, and he was definitely hard.

Harry was frozen on the spot. Louis didn’t move again for a few minutes, letting Harry’s heart fall back to its normal rate. This had happened only a few times before. Louis was known for his dirty dreams. He loved telling Harry about them – normally they starred David Beckham. Honestly, he had them more than Harry thought was normal. Louis clearly needed to get laid more.

That was when Harry realized it was the perfect time. Louis let out a soft, placated sigh as he tightened his grip on Harry’s shirt. Harry’s body flushed hotly at the idea of what he was about to do. After all, Louis was turned on and needed to come, and he’d already consented to this, so Harry didn’t feel as horrible as he probably should have…

Nevertheless, when a small whimper escaped Louis’ lips, Harry gently rolled out from under him.

He hadn’t wanted something (aside from awake-Louis) in a long time. When Harry lifted the covers, his fingers tugged his underwear down to his ankles, and he had to stop himself from making a sound.

He’d seen his arse before, but now he knew he got to touch it, and that made it a thousand times better. It was the perfect, nicest bum he’d ever seen. Quickly, Harry grabbed the lube he kept in the bedside drawer and placed it beside Louis.

Harry ran his hands up his thighs, loving the soft skin at his touch, and then he finally grabbed his cheeks in both hands. This time, he groaned slightly, biting his lip at the feel of them in his hands. His bum was soft with firm undertones, and it was all his to touch tonight.

Louis had no idea. That thought really shouldn’t have been so hot.

Harry spread his cheeks apart and instantly felt his dick harden fully at the sight of Louis’ loose hole. He’d stretched himself earlier, as he’d promised he’d been doing, and now he was partially loose, and it was beautiful. His hole was calling out to Harry, so he had no choice but to lean down and lick around it, causing Louis to jump in his sleep. When he leaned over to see Louis’ face, his eyes were still closed.

Good

Being as gentle as possible, Harry rolled Louis over. He was deadweight, which only confirmed that he was still asleep. He gave Louis a few minutes to drift deeper into sleep after moving him, and those minutes were pure torture for Harry. All he wanted was to devour him. His lips were red and bitten, and his cheeks were slightly flushed. Without thinking about it, Harry leaned down and kissed his lips – just a peck, and Louis didn’t respond, but he just had to know what it felt like. And it felt like the easiest thing in the world because that was where he was meant to be.

Deciding he was making this more romantic than it needed to be, Harry gazed at the rest of his body with pure lust. His nipples were so tempting, but he was sure playing with them would wake him up, so he didn’t risk more than a lick, and even that had Louis squirming. His little budge of a belly had a happy trail running down it that Harry found so hot. He want to lick it so bad, but he didn’t. Instead, he moved back down and spread his legs and bum apart.
Harry grabbed the lube and covered his fingers. He pushed two inside with only a little tightness. Any other time, Harry would explore his body in length, but he had a feeling Louis was so responsive he was going to wake up any minute now. Even when he just barely brushed over his prostate, Louis’ body tensed, and a hushed whimper left Louis’ lips. It sounded addicting – just as good as Louis singing in the shower, but this time it was better because Harry was causing it.

The thought sent heat throughout his body. He was causing Louis to make these sounds, and Louis didn’t even know.

Deciding he really couldn’t wait longer, Harry stretched his rim once more before stripping his boxers off, grabbing a condom, and lubing himself up. Just gazing at the boy laid out before him made Harry want to cum. He was tan, curvy, and ready for him. And he was still so sleep.

When Harry eased in, he was sure Louis was going to wake up. He was sure of it. Louis’ fists tightened, and his bum pushed back into Harry, making it even more impossible for him to not cum then and there, but his eyes stayed closed.

“Lou?” Harry whispered when he was all the way in. He hadn’t moved an inch more, wanting to know the moment Louis woke up so he could see the surprise on his face. However, Louis didn’t respond with anything more than a moan.

This was insane.

Now Harry him awake. He was going to fuck him awake and have him cumming before he could even orient himself.

Harry pulled out slowly, and then he slammed into Louis without any hesitation. “Ohh,” Louis groaned, back arching beneath him. His fists clenched, but his eyes were only fluttering, so Harry wrapped a hand around his neck, pulled back, and thrust into him at a different angle.

Instantly, Louis’ eyes flew open, locking with Harry’s lust-driven, focused green ones. “Holy fuck,” Louis rasped, but Harry tightened his hand around his throat. Louis’ hands flew to Harry’s, eyes muffled from sleep and watching, waiting for more. With a smirk, Harry started fucking into Louis a little faster. “’M dreaming,” he said as his eyes rolled backwards, body losing all tension.

“Feel so good, Lou,” Harry breathed against his ear, making Louis whimper as his hands clutched the sheets. “You were lying here all pretty and moaning, babe. Rubbing against my leg. Couldn’t stop myself. You were practically begging for it in your sleep.”

“Please,” Louis whispered, eyes fluttering as he tried to focus.

“Not about you,” Harry smirked, even though he’d do anything for Louis. “You’re here for me tonight. Taking my dick so good for me, baby.”

“Harry,” Louis whined, and hearing his name from those lips made his head spin. He fucked into Louis faster, causing him to scoot up the bed slightly with every thrust, letting out rough little, ‘uh, uh, uh’s with every thrust. It was too much.

“Gonna cum on my dick, baby? God, you’re gonna cum practically asleep like a little kid again, aren’t you?” Harry’s tongue licked along his ear, making Louis’ head fall back as he moaned loudly. “That’s right, baby.”

Louis’ eyes slipped close, and oh he liked that name. His body seemed to fall back into the sheets,
and Harry swore he was half asleep, like he was having a wet dream and was going to cum from just that like they all did back when puberty hit, and for some reason, that was so hot to him.

“If you cum, you’ll have to sleep in it. Wake up feeling all sticky,” Harry chuckled possessively. “So fucking hot, baby. Feel good?”

He angled the thrust slightly lower, and Louis’ eyes flew open as he screamed, “Harry!” as he came all over his stomach. It was so much cum it shot up into their hair. His hole clenched around him, and before he knew what was happening, Louis’ arms pulling Harry down and slotting their lips together.

It was slow, but hungry and hot. Their tongues slid against each other’s instantly, and Harry fucking into Louis once more before he came, moaning into the kiss, making Louis sigh with absolute, exhausted pleasure.

After Harry came down from his blurred high, he realized they were no longer kissing, and exhaustion hit him, so he gently pulled out of Louis, making the dazed man wince. His eyes were slipping closed, but once Harry discarded the condom, Louis blindly reached out to grab him.

Before Harry thought about it, he felt the warm, squishy feeling of semi-solid cum against his stomach. “I didn’t mean you actually had to sleep in your cum,” Harry mumbled, surprised he managed to get words out. Louis’ lifts lifted slightly, and his eyes were already closed as he nuzzled into Harry’s neck.

“S’hot,” Louis sighed, lips kissing his neck slightly. As sleepy as Louis was, Harry felt the complete opposite – mind, body, and soul alive with fire. “So hot. Night, Haz. Love you.”

What?

That was new. They’d never said that to each other, even in the friendly manner. It was understood that that word meant more to them than some people. They never used it lightly.

“I love you, too,” Harry said almost painfully as Louis tightened his hold on Harry and wrapped a leg around him, slipping back into the sleep he’d woken him from. “Fuck.”

Hours later, Harry eventually drifted to sleep with so many questions on his mind.

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“Fucking grosssss.”

Harry was nowhere near ready to wake up, but there he was, waking up to the sound of Louis complaining. He was squirming against his hold around his waist.

“What?” Harry mumbled into the firm muscles of his back. He smelled like a mix of sweat and his peppermint soap. That soap was going to be the death of Harry.

“I’m covered in dried cum! That’s what!” Louis groaned, giving up in the fight to get up and instead turning to face Harry. His lower lip was projected in a cute little pout. Harry chuckled smugly, pulling him tighter against himself. He felt pliant and warm this morning. “It’s everywhere. How much did I fucking cum?”

“You don’t remember?” Harry frowned quizzically.

Louis blushed, eyes running over Harry’s chest. “I do, but it’s, like, hazy. You know?”
Harry chuckled, lips smirking up in memory. Hope surged through his chest sporadically. It was hazy, but he remembered everything. There was a chance he remembered what he said. Harry didn’t want to hope too much, though, so he decided to just go with it. “Not for me. Were you faking sleep any?”

Louis shook his head. “No. I thought I was just having a wet dream, but then,” Louis blushed, eyes connecting with Harry’s, “then I woke up to you fucking into me, and yeah. That was great.”

“Yeah?”

Louis nodded. “Still, this was your fault-,”

“Which you asked for.”

“-so clean me up,” Louis glared, but it was forced and absolutely adorable.

“As you wish.” Harry grinned, and then he was pulling Louis out of bed with him even though it seemed he did not want to actively move. “For a university football player, you’re quite lazy.”

Harry lifted Louis off the bed after a few minutes of him playing dead-weight. He wasn’t too heavy to carry into the shower, even if he sort of refused to stand up on his own. Once Harry turned on the cold water, Louis shrieked, scrambling out of his arms to get out of the spray.

“You’re a fucking menace, Styles!”

Harry laughed, turning on the hot water and offering him a hand in. Louis kept his naked back to him. “This is just a treat for me, Louis,” Harry reminded him by smacking him firmly on the back.

“Oi! Hands to yourself,” Louis quipped, but there was a grin to his face as he finally turned around now that there was steam on the mirror. He stepped under the shower and closer to Harry, and his eyes were glazed. It was like a picture of one of Harry’s dreams, so he couldn’t help himself from grabbing at his waist and slamming him against the shower wall. Louis’ eyes went wide, so Harry took that opportunity to bend down and kiss Louis, slowly and soft. His lips were wet and hot and – and not kissing him back. Louis jerked back, shoving against Harry with a look of absolute shock.

“What are you doing?”

Harry frowned. “What do you mean – I’m kissing you?”

Louis nodded, looking at him like he just stuck his finger into an electrical outlet. “Yeah. Why?”

“Why?” Harry repeated, not understanding where this was coming from. From the moment they woke up, Louis didn’t seem awkward about last night. It made no sense to Harry. “I just – we’re showering together, Lou. We had sex. I don’t – what do you mean why?”

Louis cleared his throat, eyes pointedly looking at Harry’s hands still on his hips. With more attitude than he probably deserved, Harry stepped back hotly. “We had sex. We’re not having sex. I don’t do friends with benefits, Haz.”

“Yeah, but-,”

“I’m sorry,” Louis frowned. “I just – I’ll get attached, and we’re best friends, so we can’t. You know?”

“You’ll get attached,” Harry repeated, the words flashing across his vision as he tried to see but couldn’t. The haze of the steam filling the room didn’t help him see or breathe. “Right. Okay. So
“Harry,” Louis said, voice firm, but it was the last thing Harry wanted to hear right now. He shook his head, stepping back out of the shower carefully. “What does that – Harry, come back.”

Harry bit his lip, wishing among all else he could take back so much. He could withstand the embarrassment of Louis not kissing him back. It was everything else that he couldn’t stand. It was knowing they’d had sex. It was knowing how Louis sounded when he came. It was knowing what Louis felt like underneath him, withering and pleading for release. It was all that that killed him.

As amazing as the night before was, he wanted to take it back. He wanted to not know all of that about Louis. He wanted to not know all the things that would definitely, undeniably kill him.

. . .

Harry managed to avoid Louis for two more days until the weekend. Then, he escaped to Niall’s house with an overnight bag in hand. He answered the door wearing pajama pants and a ‘Courage the Cowardly Dog’ t shirt.

“Harry,” Niall frowned, rubbing his eyes. He’d clearly just came from a nap. “What are you doing here? The party’s not for a few more hours.”

“Party?” Harry frowned.

Niall opened the door further, letting Harry step inside because he was always the welcoming type regardless of reason. “I texted you lot about it yesterday. It’s my and Zayn’s two-year anniversary or whatever, but he’s pouting about me eating his take away from last weekend still, so we figured a party would be better than being alone.”

Harry blinked, not expecting that explanation in the least. He’d forgotten it was their anniversary this weekend. Now he felt extra awful for coming here. “Wow. You guys have worse problems than Louis and me.”

Niall giggled. “What do you mean? You and Lou never have problems. Except for that one time he ate your final project and you had to redo it.”

“We really should have less food related problems among our friends,” Harry snickered, reminiscing on the time he gave Louis the silent treatment for an entire week.

“If we didn’t have such pigs for friends, maybe we wouldn’t,” snipped Zayn as he walked into the kitchen holding a cup of coffee.

“Okay, but this is serious,” Harry said.

“And lack of respect for your boyfriend’s stuff isn’t?” Zayn demanded, slamming his coffee on the counter and spilling it, which only made him more upset. Niall sighed, but he came padding around the counter with a rag and cleaning it up before wrapping himself around Zayn’s back. “Get off me. I’m serious, Niall. This isn’t something-. . .”

“We had sex.” Harry blurted, watching as both Niall and Zayn froze in place, turning all this attention back to him. “We had sex and it meant nothing to him, so can I please stay here for a few days?”

“Wait a second, Haz. We’re processing what you just said,” Niall frowned, moving around so his back rested against Zayn. They were both deep in thought. “Like, I always thought you two just
wouldn’t tell us for some weird sex reason.”

“Yeah,” Zayn agreed, hands idly wrapping around Niall’s waist. Harry would say their blatant PDA was odd, but he was so used to it by now it was odd not to see them wrapped around each other even during their fighting spouts. “But you’re serious, aren’t you? This was the first time?”

Harry nodded glumly.

“Was it bad or something? You look right depressed,” Niall snorted. “You know it had to mean something to him, Haz. Otherwise you all would have been doing it from the start.”

Harry scoffed. “It meant nothing. I promise.”

“Back up for a second. How did this even happen?”

Harry snorted. That was even worse. With a deep sigh, he looked at the pair with a dead expression and said, “We were talking about kinks. I told him one of mine I’ve never gotten to try because, like, you need to trust someone-,”

“Just what is it?” Niall asked, grabbing Zayn’s coffee and taking a sip. “Gross. Tea’s better. Come on - tell us. I’m sure we’ve done it before.”

Zayn nodded solemnly, like talking about their sex lives was a common thing. Harry didn’t want to say, but he felt compelled to explain how this came about as accurately as possible because it was kind of awful. “Um, I don’t know what it’s called, but, like, having sex with someone who is kind of asleep?”

“What the fuck?” Niall exclaimed like Harry just admitted to killing someone. “That’s like -,”

“I know!” Harry said, gritting his teeth.

“Somnophilia,” Zayn provided with a mindful nod. “Attracted to someone unconscious. I’ve done it. Not that weird. So Louis offered to do it with you?”

“What the fuck, Z?” Niall huffed indignantly. Zayn whispered something in his ear that Harry was grateful for not being able to hear. “I don’t care! We’re doing it, alright?”

Zayn chuckled smugly. “Whatever you want, babe.”

“I’m ignoring you two,” Harry huffed. “But yeah. He just – offered. Like it wasn’t a big deal. He said because we could trust each other, you know?”

“But it’s a big deal to you?” Zayn asked, and Niall took that opportunity to smack him upside the head.

“Duh. He’s been in love with Louis for longer than I’ve been in love with you. Get with the picture,” Niall snapped his fingers in front of his face.

“Sorry. I’m more Louis’ ‘vent to’ guy than Harry’s,” Zayn mumbled, grabbing the coffee from Niall’s hand and going to the sink to wash it. “And because of that, I’ll tell you, Harry. I’d talk to him.”

“Why? What do you know?” Harry asked.

“Nothing. Continue talking,” Zayn said with his back to them, but Harry had a sneaking suspicion that he knew more than he was letting on.
“Well, we did it, and like, he was falling back to sleep almost right after we both – you know – but he kissed me – which we hadn’t done at all – and said he loved me,” Harry sighed, elbows pressing into the cold counter so he could rub at his temples. Just going over the horrific events made his head hurt. “The next morning, we cuddled and shit and went to take a fucking shower together, but when I tried to kiss him, he freaked out. Said he didn’t do friends with benefits, that we were best friends and he didn’t want to get attached. So.”

“Oh,” Niall said cheerily. “So he’s just scared.”

Harry frowned. “No. That’s not – the point is the sex meant nothing to him.”

“Well did you say it was going to beforehand?” Zayn asked, turning around once the cup was clean. Harry began to answer, but it just made him feel dumb. “Right. You can’t blame him if it didn’t. He probably thought it didn’t mean much to you either. No offense, but you’ve always had one-nighters that don’t mean anything to you, so I’m sure Louis thought that was the case with him.”

“Why would he think that?” Harry scowled. “He’ll always mean so much more to me than anyone.”

Zayn shrugged. “That’s just what he feels.” He paled, and Harry’s jaw dropped. “I mean, that’s probably what he feels.”

“You’ve talked to him,” Harry accused with a pointed finger that Niall hesitantly pushed down. “Is that what he said?”

Zayn groaned. “Just talk to him, Harry. You know he goes crazy without your attention.”

Niall huffed. “Yeah, but if he doesn’t want something with Harry, why should Harry bend over backwards to give him attention? Like, fuck, why do you think Harry’s never been in a relationship? Because living with Louis and acting like they’re dating minus the sex has been leading him on,” Niall muttered petulantly, as if he were the one who was being lead on.

“Jesus, Niall,” Harry breathed.

“Sorry. You pine after him a lot when you’re drunk,” Niall said. “It hurts me just hearing about it.”

“Okay, but that’s not exactly Louis’ fault,” Zayn huffed. “Harry and he have a different relationship, but Harry could have stepped away years ago.”

“How could he step away when there’s a big part of him thinking maybe Louis is secretly in love with him and has been this whole time? All the touches, and cuddles, and jokes, and adoration. Nobody could get over someone with that around them all the time,” Niall retorted, Irish accent growing thicker as he got more wound up. Harry just sat and watched them battle it out. Now he felt extra bad. They’d already been fighting, but he had no idea his fucked-up relationship with Louis was affecting their friends’ relationship as well.

“Well then he should have made a move! It’s been years, and -,”

“You know what?” Harry stood, suddenly feeling more suffocated here than at home. “I think you’re both right. I should talk to Louis. Make a more and all that shit – just please, please stop fighting. Especially on my behalf – that was just weird.”

Zayn smirked, and Niall looked somewhat hurt. “Good man, Styles.”
“Just trying to stand up for you, Haz,” Niall pouted, so Harry wrapped his arms around Niall and gave him a tight hug. Aside from Louis, Niall was the best hugger.


“Alright, go get Louis, Harry. And get your hands off my man,” Zayn walked around and patted Harry on the back, to which Harry grinned.

“Right,” he breathed. “Easy.”

As he was heading for the door, he heard Niall say, “Okay. I’m going to chug some Nyquil, and then you can fuck me.”

“No, Niall, you don’t actually need to be unconscious. I’d really rather you wake up during some part of it,” Zayn protested as Niall bounded to their medicine cabinet. Harry stifled a honking laugh because the two of them were absolutely hilarious at times.

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After checking the whole apartment twice, Harry concluded that he definitely ran Louis off. It was upsetting, but at the same time, he wasn’t shocked. Harry tried to be productive to keep his mind off of it. He tried to finish his photography assignment, but all he succeeded in was texting Louis and asking if they could talk.

Hours later and three cheese dips and four batches of cookies made, Harry decided Louis simply just wasn’t going to respond. He was probably going to avoid him for double the time Harry did because Louis was eccentric like that.

He just lost his entire world, most likely, and all because he was an idiot.

Nevertheless, if Niall kept to his word, Harry could bring his dishes and desserts for his party guests to eat while also finding a place to drink his sorrows away for the night. Niall was known for his epic parties. There had never been a single time when he said he was having a party that it didn’t end with the living room packed so full you could barely move.

Tonight, however, seemed to be the night.

The first sign was the lack of blaring music coming from the flat when Harry neared the door. The next sign was that the door wasn’t even unlocked – Harry had to knock. Finally, it was that Niall opened the door almost immediately.

“Oh shit,” he paled. “We, uh, didn’t know if you were still coming.”

Harry snorted. “I brought food. Am I welcome now?”

“Um, if you want,” Niall hesitantly stepped aside, eyes not even glancing at the dishes in Harry’s hands, which was very unusual for him.

“Are you ill or something? You never turn down my – oh,” Harry cut himself off when he entered the kitchen, eyes falling on Louis almost immediately. He was sitting on the counter nursing a beer, seemingly in conversation with Zayn and Liam. “What happened to a party, Niall?”

“We said just the five of us earlier,” Niall mumbled, like he didn’t want to bring the bad news to Harry again.
“Thanks a lot,” Harry grumbled, feeling everyone’s eyes on him. He decided to just dive right in, so he set the food on the counter and moved so he was as in front of Louis as he could get with Liam and Zayn deliberately in the way. “Lou, can we talk?"

“Oh, sorry, I didn’t know you noticed I was on the same continent as you these days, let alone wanted to talk to me,” Louis huffed, and yeah, he was pissed. Harry tried not to let it get on his nerves because he knew he was partly to blame. On the other hand, a big part of him still felt like Louis had just toyed with his emotions.

“Please,” Harry looked at him with his puppy dog eyes. It seemed to have no effect on him, but he hopped off the counter nevertheless.

“Fine.” Louis led the way to the fire escape, which didn’t settle well in Harry’s stomach. He surely knew what this was relatively about, and if it went in the direction Harry desperately wanted it to, he sort of pictured it ending with them having sex. Then again, he really wouldn’t want to do that in their friends’ bed.

It was cold outside. Harry still had his coat on, but Louis was in short sleeves and would likely start freezing soon. It made his throat clog at the knowledge that Louis also thought this would be short enough of a conversation that he wouldn’t need a coat out here. “Here, take my coat.”

“I don’t want your bloody coat,” Louis huffed despite him actively rubbing at his arms. Harry gave him a raised eyebrow, to which Louis tossed his hands up in the air. “What did we come out here to talk about, Harry? Out with it.”

The issue was Harry never thought about this part, about starting this. He just thought it would flow. It didn’t. He stood there, mouth gaping, for a full minute.

“I’m going inside,” Louis scowled, moving to slip past Harry and through the window, but Harry reached out, stopping him with a hand on his waist.

“Please wait,” Harry begged, eyes filling with tears at the pain knowing he was so close to losing Louis if he couldn’t get his foot out of his arse. “And take my coat.”

“Fine.”

Louis hotly pulled on Harry’s coat, leaving Harry in a sweater and jeans. It was very cold outside, so maybe that was what pulled the words out of his mouth. “I’m sorry for avoiding you lately.”

Louis hummed, saying nothing in return.

“I just – um, the sex meant more to me, Louis. We never talked about if it meant something or not, but we’re us, and we’ve always meant a lot to each other, so…”

Louis’ jaw clenched, and his eyes turned stormier – colder. It made Harry’s heart race. He was screwing it up, but Louis was speaking before he could ramble more. “So you just thought ‘why not?’ That’s not how relationships go, Harry.”

“I know!” Harry blurted. “That’s not what I was thinking. It was more-,”

“Like what?” Louis crossed his arms over his chest. “Spit it out, Harry! Don’t have all night out here.”

Harry hated when Louis got like this. When he got defensive, he was the most unreasonable person Harry ever met, and Harry couldn’t even tell what he was defensive about. “You’re not sending
reciprocating messages, so forgive me for trying to prepare to tell you I’ve been in love with you for years! Blood hell,” Harry shouted, hands running down his face as the energy drained out of him.

“You – what?” Louis blurted, scowl deepening further. “No you don’t. You don’t even know what love is.”

“How would you know?” Harry mirrored his stance. Louis was making this conversation ten times more difficult than it needed to be really. If he didn’t feel the same, all he had to do was say so.

“You’ve never been in a relationship, for one,” Louis said with a harsh, soul sucking laugh at the end. And that was the tipping point for Harry. He had expected more respect from his best friend on this subject, but the message was clear. He in no way felt the same. He felt such the opposite that he was laughing and saying it was impossible. Harry once thought to love someone, they had to reciprocate it at least a little, but maybe he was wrong. “Secondly, you can’t just expect me to believe after endless rounds of people rotating through your bed that I’d be the one to make you stop the rotations.”

God, he wasn’t even listening to Harry, was he?

“Right,” Harry laughed without any humor. His eyes were trained on his feet now, looking between the bars at the ground so far below. He wanted more than anything for it to reach up and swallow him, even ten stories about the ground. “Right.”

Louis faltered a bit because he finally stepped forward and reached out. “Haz-,”

“No,” Harry stepped away from him. He couldn’t handle his touch, not when he knew so much more than a simple arm squeeze. “No. It’s okay. Like you said before, we’re best friends. Getting attached isn’t, um, allowed. Silly me.”

Louis shifted his feet, and at least he now had the decency to look guilty. “You probably thought it was years, but I’m sure it’s just fleeting. Watch, you’ll be onto the next bird or bloke by next weekend, yeah?”

“Yeah,” Harry whispered because any louder would cause the lump in his throat to burst. “Yeah. We’re good then?”

“Of course,” Louis whispered in an equally solemn tone as Harry, which didn’t make sense.

A lot about their conversation didn’t make sense. It didn’t make sense that Louis was telling him what he felt when Harry knew what he felt. It didn’t make sense that he acted like Harry slept with people every weekend when it was more like once a month if he felt like it. It really didn’t make sense that Louis almost sounded like he was slut-shaming Harry for it, too. It didn’t make sense that Louis never told him his feelings on anything. Most importantly, it didn’t make sense that as they hung out with their friends for the rest of the night, Louis looked impossibly sadder than Harry, who was emotionally drained and completely not there.

Louis announced he had a boyfriend the following week. It hit Harry like a brick. He didn’t stay that weekend to meet Eli. Instead, he went home and visited his Mum and didn’t talk about Louis at all. He came back that Monday and smiled and acted like he was fine because that was what best friends did. Even when Eli started coming over every night. Even when Eli didn’t allow Louis to cuddle with Harry given their ‘past,’ which Harry laughed at because there was no past, right?
Louis didn’t laugh. It was okay though because they were Harry and Louis and nothing could break them. He only stopped smiling when Eli didn’t allow time for Harry and Louis to be a thing at all.

That was how life was now. Harry watched gogglebox in his own room now because Louis and Eli were always cuddling on the couch – never in his bed like normal couples would. Instead, Harry had to witness their gross cuteness (even though Eli really wasn’t all that cute but Louis could make up in cuteness for a swamp monster).

Unfortunately, hiding out in his room only worked for some things, like his photography. It did not work for his cooking.

He entered the kitchen to try to make a soufflé that evening with a small hope in his chest. It was a new recipe, and he was very eager to try it out. He started it out quickly and efficiently, waiting until he put the dish in the oven to announce it. “Hey, Lou,” Harry called out over the large table, “I’m making your favorite breakfast dish. It’s new. Want to try it out when it’s done?”

Louis and Eli were watching a movie in the living room. It looked to be something scary, which was odd because Louis found scary movies ‘absolutely the most boring type of movie.’ They scared Harry, but either way, it wasn’t something they ever watched before.

“Oooo, what is it? You know I love your cooking!” Louis squealed, crawling to his knees to peer over the couch at Harry.

“Breakfast soufflé.”

“Yum!” Louis grinned. “Can’t wait. You should-,”

“Louis. The movie,” Eli said loudly. “You can’t try his shit. We have dinner reservations.”

Louis’ face fell, and his eyes turned down in apology as he looked at Harry. Then, Eli tugged on him and caused him to fall back to the couch. “Sorry, Haz. Next time.”

Harry tried not to let the disappointment seep into his voice as he said, “Sure. I’m making a dessert tomorrow. It’s -,”

He was cut off by a squeal from Louis. It was the sound he made when he was getting tickled, but there was also a distinct sound of puckering lips. Knowing it was a bad idea but already feeling like he’d been stabbed in the gut, Harry put his oven mitts down and walked toward the living room. Just as he knew he would, he saw the couple in the middle of the game Harry and Louis had long ago founded called a ‘love bite war.’ Just as they’d named it, they’d made it immediately exclusive between the pair.

The tears hit him out of nowhere, hot and burning his skin as they fell. It paralyzed him. The pain was so sharp, twisting the knife in his stomach, but it was almost welcomed. He’d been suppressing the pain, over and over, constantly, but here Louis was, taking away one of the few things Harry had left between them. The pain was justified in this one, sole moment. Like a dam breaking, he let the pain wash over him, compounded further by Eli catching his eye with a smug smirk as Louis, straddling the man below him, attacked his neck restlessly.

Harry found his way numbly to his room, letting the door slam loudly behind him without a thought. He turned his music up so they wouldn’t hear him cry, even as they turned into sobs.

He was so stupid. He did this to himself. He let this happen. Louis made it clear by his lack of response that he didn’t have feelings for him. Harry shouldn’t have let his hope fester. Louis not
saying anything back on the fire escape was just his way of letting him down easy, which he had to do because they were flatmates. It wasn’t him secretly holding out for some god forsaken reason. He got a fucking boyfriend two weeks after they had sex.

Louis had no more feelings for him than he did for any friend even though Harry was desperately, hopelessly in love with him. It felt like he’d willingly tied himself to an anchor and jumped into the Mariana trench.

His nails dug into his skin as he tried so hard to quiet his cries, but it was months’ worth of pent up agony. It was months’ worth of watching Eli and Louis cuddle and kiss and flirt. Louis used to flirt with him like that, even if it was never intended to be acted upon.

Louis used to eat his food no matter what. He used to watch movies with Harry. He used to distract Harry while he worked, never letting him be caught up. Now, though, Harry ate his own food and had gained five pounds because of it. Now Harry didn’t watch movies because they were boring without Louis’ sassy comments. Now Harry was ahead in his courses and he was as miserable as a person who’d been shot through the heart.

Suddenly, his music stopped and hands were pulling on his shoulder. “Harry,” Louis whispered with so much concern in his voice it made his tears double. “Hazza, shh, it’s okay. I’m here, and you’re okay.”

“I’m not,” Harry moaned into the pillow. Louis continued stroking up and down his back, soothing him despite it making the pain in his heart pulse harder. After a few minutes of it, Harry managed to quiet his cries into sniffles. “I’m not okay here, Louis. I can’t do it anymore.”

“Can’t do what, love?” Louis asked softly, like he had no idea. He probably didn’t. He was pressed as close to Harry as he could get, and when Harry moved, Louis tried to get even closer. This time, Harry stopped him. He had to stop the pain now that it had become overwhelming.

“I can’t live here anymore, Lou,” Harry whispered, making Louis’ eyes go wide. Hurt flashed across his features and didn’t leave, but Harry didn’t care anymore. “I’ve been trying for months to make things okay between us. When Eli came, I had to try even harder, but it was fine because it was for you, Louis. I’d do anything for you, but you don’t need me anymore.”

“I’ll always need you,” Louis huffed, outrage and anger on his face now. His fists clenched Harry’s wrists, but he was on the verge of sobbing again. Already the tears were flowing heavily again as he shook his head and scooted closer, desperate to get his point across.

“You don’t. You have Eli. I – I thought it’d be fine, but I can’t watch him replace me. Not anymore. I just – fuck, I can’t because I love you so fucking much, and it’s killing me. I never wanted it to hurt us, you know? We’re Harry and Lou,” Harry closed his eyes, head hanging low because he couldn’t bear to see Louis cry, and he looked near tears. “But we haven’t been Harry and Lou in a long time.”

It was silent for so long Harry thought Louis had stormed out, but then he felt hesitant hands on his shoulder, pulling him closer to Louis, who had tears of his own in his eyes. His lips were in a nervous, wobbling smile. “Nobody could replace you, Harry. Not ever.”

Harry began to give a self-depreciating snort and explain to him how he was being replaced, but Louis moved so he was practically in Harry’s lap, and his hand was pressed to his mouth. “I’m sorry, Haz. I never believed you before when you said you were in – yeah,” Louis sighed, hand dropping away just as the light in his eyes slipped away. He stared at Harry’s collar bones as he spoke, fingers trailing along them in a way that lulled Harry enough to hear him. “I’ve wanted you
for so long in all the ways possible, but you never made a move, so I sort of had to convince myself you’d never want more. I didn’t want to risk getting hurt, and I know it was a coward move, alright? I know, and I’m sorry, Harry. I didn’t think I’d ever hurt you like this.”

Harry frowned, not sure he heard correctly. He had so many chances to do this, but he chose now, when Harry was at his low. When he’d lost all hope. “You mean you’re…?” The words needed to be said for both their sanities.

“In love with you?” Louis offered, finally looking at Harry with eyes that were honest and bright and, what Harry could see for the first time, scared. “I’ve always been. Always.”

Harry frowned. “But Eli?”

Louis laughed, ignoring the dazed confusion in Harry’s eyes as he climbed onto his lap. “We heard you crying,” Louis ran a hand down his cheek. “Eli made fun of you for it, so I broke up with him.”

Harry gaped. “You broke up with him just because – Louis! Why?”

Louis shrugged. “He was possessive and boring. I was getting tired of him anyways. Did you know we never even had sex? The one time we thought about it, we got into a fight about who would top.”

It brought too much giddiness to Harry, and the conversation was finally taking a lighter turn. His smile graced his face without much protest, and he wrapped his arms around Louis’ waist to pull him closer. “Serial monogamist at its worst,” Harry grinned, face inching closer to Louis’. His lips were so tempting. “I have a joke.”


“A serial monogamist and a player walk into a bar…” Harry grinned, “care to finish it for me?”

“And the player pisses on the monogamist’s shoes, so, naturally, they fall in love and get married.”

“Ooo, marriage?” Harry grins, hands tightening on Louis’ waist and pulling him closer. “Moving pretty fast here, Tomlinson. I like your Style-s.”

Louis threw himself back on the bed with a groan, giggles escaping his lips, so Harry took the opportunity to follow him and trap his head between his arms. “God, I love you, Harry, even with your awful jokes.”

“Good,” Harry whispered, lips ghosting up his neck, silencing all laughter from him. “Because they’re not leaving, and neither am I.”

“Better not,” Louis shivered, eyes clashing harshly with Harry’s. “We have a lot more kinks to explore. And even then, it’ll take some time perfecting them.”

“Oh yeah?” Harry grinned. “Better get started then. What first?”

Louis hummed as his hands tangled in Harry’s hair, pulling their lips together firmly, kissing him properly by running his tongue along his lip. Harry groaned into the kiss, lips plush and desperate against his. Louis had a hint of mint on his lips, and he kissed so fervently, like the world was ending. Heat swelled in Harry’s chest as he let his hips fall into Louis’, feeling every inch of his body like he’d always craved. It was a sloppy, desperate kiss, and it was the kiss that would change his world forever.
“I’m feeling like getting bossed and tossed around right now, how about you, Styles?” Louis breathed into his lips, tongue licking into Harry’s mouth and sending heat rushing through his body.

“You have been a fucking pain in the arse,” Harry hummed, smirking into the kiss. “On your stomach, babe. I’m gonna make your arse feel the pain this time.”

“How can you make your shitty jokes so hot?” Louis moaned as Harry began kissing down his throat.

His sass was always hot to Harry, but the hottest part was thinking of all the ways he could make his sass disappear. Harry grabbed his hands and quickly pinned them above his head, making Louis whimper and arch his body up into Harry.

“Did I say you could talk?”

“Fuck,” Louis whined, eyes slipping shut.

“Look at me,” Harry growled, biting on his neck for emphasis. “Spanks?”

Louis’ eyes glossed over. “Y-yeah. You’re really good at this dom thing for not doing it before,” Louis panted as he moved onto his stomach. Harry’s smile grew while he carefully tugged down his joggers.

“Thought about it a lot,” Harry hummed as his hands rubbed circles into his plump cheeks. Then, he brought his right hand up and sharply smacked it down onto him, eliciting a groan from Louis. “You’re pretty bad at this sub thing.”

“I-,”

“Don’t talk back to me,” Harry growled, smacking down onto his cheeks again, this time harder. A red handprint would definitely be forming soon. Louis’ hips ground into the bed, so Harry took the opportunity to spread his cheeks and run a thumb along his hole. “Feel good?”

“Yes,” Louis whined, lifting his hips up into Harry’s hand. It made the younger man chuckle.

“Harry, please.”

“Please what?” Harry smacked his bum again, groaning as he watched it move beneath his hand. Louis whimpered helplessly. “Tell me what you want, baby.”

Louis’ entire body went pliant at his words, so Harry stored that information away in his mind for forever. “T-tongue?”

“Hmm, I don’t know if you deserve me eating you out,” Harry let his lips ghost down his back, and with each breath, Louis’ body squirmed. Harry shoved him forward on the bed so he could lay behind him. “I think I’ll make you come on my tongue first, and then again on my fingers, and then a third time on my dick.”

“Harry,” Louis said, voice muffled as he buried his head into his arms. “I – I can’t…”

“I think you can,” Harry let his thumb tug on his rim, making Louis moan, the sound as beautiful as his singing. God, Harry missed the sounds he made so much. He couldn’t resist himself any longer, bending down and letting his lips kiss his rim. It was hard because his bum was so full, almost refusing to let him get his mouth on his hole, and that made Harry’s dick so hard it was difficult to think. “You’ve been difficult lately, baby.” Louis shuddered, pushing his bum back into him. “But
I’m still gonna make my baby feel good. Three times. Can’t complain about that, right, baby?”

Harry licked a long line against his hole as Louis cried out, body panting like he was out of breath. After a few minutes of Louis bucking back into him, Harry finally pushed past his wall of muscles and licked into him, making Louis cry out loudly. God, he was so loud.

“Love hearing you moan,” Harry growled, teeth nipping at his rim.

“H-Harry,” Louis moaned, fists clenched tightly into the sheets. “So close.”

“Gonna come on my tongue for me?” Harry smirked, plunging his tongue in and out of him faster, stretching him to his best ability. He smacked a hand roughly against his bum, making Louis groan again. “I love eating you out, Lou. Feel so tight. You’re so loud for me.”

Louis let out what sounded like a sob as he pushed his bum back roughly, absolutely desperate for release, so Harry just had to give it to him. He breathed against his rim, “Babyyyy,” Harry bit his rim slightly. “Come for me, baby.”

He plunged his tongue into him as Louis screamed, shooting cum into the bed moments before he collapsed against it, panting and completely out of it. Harry grinned, moving up the bed and pulling Louis against his chest. He let him rest for a minute before planting kissing along his neck, wet and sloppy from all the spit he’d smeared on his face.

“So…baby, huh?” Harry whispered into his ear, hand slipping underneath Louis’ shirt to play with his nipples, making him jerk to life again.

“Shut up,” Louis rasped, voice deep and used.

“Don’t get sassy again,” Harry warned, hand blatantly palming his dick. “We’re not finished yet.”

“Oh god,” Louis whimpered. “You’re going to be the death of me.”

“Nah,” Harry grinned as he reached into his bedside drawer and brought out the lube. Even though he originally planned on milking Louis for all his cum, his own need was getting too pressing. “On your back this time, babe.”

Louis complied easily, limbs much more pliant as he moved. He made a face as he settled back into the bed. “Ew. It’s on me bum,” Louis groaned, but that just made Harry smirk.

“That’s hot,” Harry smirked. “Speaking of your bum…” He squirted some lube onto his fingers and wasted no time in toying around his hole. “Think you’re ready for me?”

“Find my prostate and then we’ll talk,” Louis hissed as Harry inserted a finger inside him. He was so tight around him, hole fluttering and pulling him in further. “Ooh, fuck. Haz, please.”

Harry fell forward and kissed him hungrily, grinding his pressing member into Louis’ groin as he slowly stretched his rim. Louis was squirming beneath him in seconds, so Harry inserted a second finger. When he curled them just softly, he could feel the plush prostate gland, and even if he hadn’t been sure of it, the mind-shattering groan Louis let out alerted him well enough. His fingers dug into his hair, pulling roughly, and the pain sent a buzz through Harry’s body. It spurred him on more, and in no time, he got a third finger in there and was moaning into his mouth as Louis continued to pull on his hair.

Finally, Harry couldn’t take it any longer, so he pulled out his fingers, rolled on a condom, and slicked himself up. “Harry, please,” Louis whined, arching up into him.
With a smirk, he licked into his mouth, kissing him until their lips were numb. He lined himself up and pulled back, wanting to watch Louis as he pressed into him. “Want my cock in you, baby?”

“Yes, please, please,” Louis whined, pressing down against his head, and Harry couldn’t deny his begging for long.

“God, I love you, Louis,” Harry breathed, grabbing his legs and throwing them over his own shoulders, and then in one smooth slide, he pushed in until he bottomed out. Louis’ eyes went wide as he did so, but they never moved from Harry’s.

“L-love you, Harry. S-so much,” Louis stuttered, struggling to speak, and then Harry moved and the most sounds he got out were soft moans and pleas.

This was different than before. This wasn’t as focused on the hot, heavy fucking they’d planned on doing. Louis’ cries were desperate and vulnerable as Harry began moving in and out of him in a firm yet slow pace.

“So beautiful,” Harry breathed, lowering himself until his lips found Louis’ neck, sucking and kissing as he fucked into him. The angle changed, and then he was hitting Louis’ prostate dead on with every thrust, and his hole was clenching around him tighter, threatening to make this end so much faster than he’d planned. “My beautiful Louis. All mine.”

“All yours,” Louis breathed, eyes rolling to the back of his head. Even when he looked back, his eyes were distant and glossy, only seeing Harry and that was it. His breathing was sporadic and his nails were breaking the skin on Harry’s back, but it felt so good. “Ahh, Harry, fuck, I – I -,”

“Shh, love, I have you,” Harry growled as he fucked him faster, losing control rapidly. His hand snuck down to wrap around Louis’ dick, pumping up and down. “You feel so good around me, baby.”

“Harry, god!” Louis shouted as he came, hole clenching around him in way that was completely overwhelming, and then Harry found himself biting into his collarbone and coming so hard he saw stars dance across his vision.

When he came to, Louis’ eyes were fluttering, on the verge of shutting, so Harry kissed him slowly, no tongue, just lips against lips, adoration and care mixed between. He pulled out, making Louis wince and break the kiss.

“Harry,” Louis said, voice high and searching and almost scared. He was squirming on the bed, hands digging into Harry’s skin and pulling him impossibly closer. “Hazza, oh god, Haz?”

“I’m here,” Harry responded, concerned for the fear in his voice. He’d never seen Louis like this before. “It’s okay, baby. Breathe. I’ve got you.”

Harry rolled to his side and pulled Louis into him, foreheads pressing together. “I’ll always have you, Louis. Forever.”

Louis nodded, eyes closing as he slowed his breathing. His grip on Harry’s back never wavered, but he finally opened his eyes minutes later. “S-sorry. It’s, um, called subspace?” He seemed to still have trouble breathing, talking slower than even Harry. “Didn’t expect you to get me there.”

“Sorry?” Harry pressed a chaste kiss to his lips, loving that he was able to do that now whenever he wanted.

“It’s sooo good, Haz,” Louis shook his head. “Whole body orgasm. You’re so fucking amazing,
Harry. So amazing.”

Harry smiled, nuzzling his head into his neck, kissing lightly over each mark he’d made on his skin. “Post-sex Louis is full of compliments. So rare.”

“Arse,” Louis breathed.

“Good thing we both love arses, hmm?”

“Your fucking puns,” Louis grinned with adoration as he kissed into Harry’s lips. “I secretly love them sometimes.”

“I KNEW IT!”

End Notes

What did you think? I think the second smut scene was better, right? I just don't feel like I captured what I wanted to in the first, but oh well.

Also HAHA bc I don't think I gave Liam a speaking role - yes I'm still a little salty that he thinks Harry is so different now that he'd have nothing else to say to him other than hi. Like bro, you were in a band with him for years whatta?

Anyways, please let me know what you thought and check out my other stories!

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