Summary

Smut and smut and more smut!

Decided to write some one shots.

All ships. Including Zianourry! Tops and bottoms switch up.

Just lots of smut!

Enjoy ;) and welcome to the Madhouse.

Xoxo

Notes

If youve got prompts comment em!!
See the end of the work for more notes.
One hundred percent not gay. Who the fuck is he kidding? That's not what he said last week when Sophia was half way across the world.

Zayn read the tweet again and actually laugh out loud. Louis looked over, confused as to what was so funny.

"Nothing. Just found something on Twitter that made me laugh."

Liam thinks he's not gay? We'll see if he still thinks so tomorrow morning.

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"Li, please come over. It's two doors down. Just for a minute."

"I'm sorta busy right now, Zayn. Can it wait?"

Sort of busy. Zayn knew what Liam was trying to say without saying it. Right now Sophia was probably wearing one of the many 'only-for-private' outfits Liam has bought her, prancing around the room for him.

"No. I need you to come over now, Li," Zayn pleaded.

There was a shuffling sound and Zayn heard Liam sigh, "Soph, get off. I have to go."


"I don't know. Zayn said he needs me."
Really Liam? Zayn? Don't you dare leave me to go to him.

"Zayn, I'll be right over. Whatever it is, you better make it quick."

"I don't know, Li. It might take a while," Zayn said and hung up.

He was still angry, but he couldn't help but smile at the fact that Liam was leaving his room with Sophia, during a lap dance probably, to come to his room.

Zayn was already in his pajamas, aka joggers and a vest. He pulled off the vest and threw it in the top drawer of his dresser.

A minute later there was a soft knock. Like maybe Liam was hoping Zayn wouldn't hear it. He did though and went to answer the door.

Liam was clad in joggers as well but he had a black tee shirt on. Liam didn't even greet him, he just pushed past him and sat on the edge of the bed.

"What is it, Zayn?"

Zayn took a deep breath before turning around to calm his anger. He walked over the bed and put one hand on Liam's shoulder and the other on his stomach just above his pants.

"What-" Liam broke off when Zayn dipped his hand inside his boxers and started to message himself. Zayn's eyes fluttered closed as he kept moving his hand up and down his shaft.

"What are you doing?" Liam said again, but this time it was less forceful and more strangled.

"I'm getting hard so fast with you watching, Liam," Zayn spoke with a gasp. It was true. Zayn pants were tented now and his hand was moving quicker. "Do you want to feel me? So warm and hard."

Liam audibly swallowed and Zayn felt a hand on his thigh. He opened his eyes and looked down at Liam, who was looking up at him.

"I asked if you wanted to touch my cock, Liam," Zayn repeated indignantly.

Liam looked from Zayn's to his cock in his pants and paused. But only for second, and then he was pulling Zayn's bottoms to the floor. His cock bounced up right next to Liam's face and he looked like he was going to stick his tongue out and taste. But instead he kissed Zayn's hip and took his cock in his hand.

"Ugh, Liam," Zayn groaned.

Liam gripped tighter and started to pull. His movements were stilted and hesitant, though.

"Feels so good, Li," Zayn said trying to get him to loosen up.

Liam grabbed onto Zayn thin hip and dug his nails in. Zayn tried not to buck but failed. Liam's hand faltered and his grip loosened. He locked eyes with Zayn and Zayn knew what he was going to say.

"Zayn I promised—"

"It hurt, you know," Zayn interrupted.

Liam still didn't let go of Zayn's dick. "What did?"
"I'm one hundred percent not gay?" Zayn mocked.

Liam shook his head. "I'm not. I know I'm not," but even as he said the words his hand started moving on Zayn again. "I don't know what-I just need you to feel good."

"I do. It feels so good, Li."

Liam shocked Zayn by surging forward and wrapping his lips around Zayn's cock. Zayn let out a quick gasp and thrusted into Liam's mouth.

Liam didn't even falter but moved his mouth further down Zayn's shaft. He bobbed his head expertly up and down. Zayn couldn't believe Liam was so talented now.

Liam had never been with a guy before Zayn and they only started hooking up a year or so ago. But Liam quickly became Zayn's favorite. He was eager and loved to try things that people who were comfortable in their sexuality never thought to do.

Zayn wound his fingers in Liam's hair and guided him into a rhythm. Liam let go of his cock in favor of taking hold of his other hip. He opened his mouth wider and let Zayn take control. Zayn stepped even closer and brought Liam's nose to his stomach.

Liam breathed heavier through his nose and his throat pulsed against Zayn's tip. "Fuck, Liam, hold on. Wait, I'm gonna come," he said as he pulled Liam off his cock. Liam was reluctant to pull away and he pursed his lips tightly as Zayn pulled out.

Zayn growled, "Jesus, Liam." Liam smirked up at Zayn through his lashes. Zayn tried to contain his smile and pushed Liam back to the bed.

Liam scooted back so he was in the middle of the mattress. He lifted his hips and shimmied out of his joggers and boxers. They collected around his ankles and Zayn pulled them onto the floor.

Liam was so hard. The red tip of his cock had slipped under the hem of his shirt and Zayn saw a small, glistening wet spot start to form.

Zayn climbed onto the bed and straddled Liam's hips. He tucked his fingers under his shirt and ran his hands slowly, inch my inch, up Liam's stomach. His abs flexed under the attention and Liam's eyes shut softly.

When his shirt was bunched up under his arms, Zayn bent down and kissed between his pecs. Then he continued down the middle of his chest and to his abs.

When he reached his lower stomach, Zayn bit down on the flesh and pulled it into his mouth. He sucked until he was sure he'd leave a mark.

Mine.

"Zayn, please," Liam almost whispered.

"What do you want?" Zayn tempted. Liam shook his head. "I want you to say it, Liam." Zayn moved up and turned Liam to look at him. "Tell me what you want and I'll give it to you."

"I want, I, fuck Zayn, I want you ride me." Liam sighed heavily when he finally got it out.

Zayn nodded approvingly and pulled Liam's shirt off. He threw it off the bed somewhere and leaned in to lick up the shell of Liam's ear.
“Then ride you is what I'll do,” Zayn promised quietly. Liam groaned and gripped Zayn's thighs. “Do you want to open me up or do you want to watch me do it?”

Liam released a louder groan at Zayn's words and bucked up against Zayn's ass. "I want to. Let me."

"You want your fingers inside me?"

"Fuck, yes," Liam's head fell to the side and his mouth was open, panting. Zayn took the opportunity to kiss Liam's neck. He laced the vein there with licks and nibbles. While Zayn was focused on Liam's smooth skin, Liam was reaching for something.

When he reached enough to pull his neck away Zayn whispered, "Where are you going?"

"I need lube and a condom but I didn't, um, I didn't want you to stop."

Zayn's face was full of fond he was sure. "I'll get it." Zayn slid halfway off Liam, bumping their cocks in the process, making them both moan. Zayn grabbed his small bag on the nightstand that Liam had been reaching for and pulled out what he needed.

He brought them back and placed them by Liam's head. Liam immediately grabbed the lube and opened it. He had two fingers slick and warm in seconds. Zayn was once again proud of how far Liam had come.

Liam traced the edge of his hand down Zayn's back to his crack. He wedged his pointer finger between Zayn's cheeks to his hole. Liam circled it lightly, making Zayn shudder against him.

Liam smiled and kissed the corner of Zayn's mouth. "So pretty."

Zayn hid his face in Liam's neck. "Shut up."

"I mean it, Zayn. If you only knew who beautiful you are. You can't understand what you do to me."

Zayn kissed Liam's collarbone. "Tell me."

Liam nuzzled his hair. "Tell you what?"

"What I do to you."

Liam bucked slightly thinking about it. "I always, shit Zayn, I always want you. When we're in interviews, on stage-"

"When you're with her?"

Liam tensed and accidentally pushed the tip of his finger into Zayn's hole. Zayn pushed down onto Liam rubbing their hard cocks together again.

"Ugh! Yes, Zayn, when I'm with her I think about you." Liam gave up pleasantries and pushed his whole finger into Zayn.

Zayn arched back and ground down hard. Liam pushed up and they trapped their dicks between them. Liam started thrusting so they were rubbing back and forth, catching each other heads every once in a while.
"When you’re with her. When you've got your dick inside her wet pussy do you wish she was tighter like me?" Liam added a second finger and pushed them in and out harshly. "Do you crave to turn her over and fuck her from behind?"

"Fuck you, Zayn," Liam breathed.

"Almost, babe. Just open me up a little bit more." Zayn responded cheekily. Liam double his efforts and pulled on Zayn's rim, stretching him open.

"Sometimes, if I really need you, but Sophia is here," Liam choked out, I ask for the room next to yours hoping you'll wank or something and I can hear you."

Zayn gripped Liam's short hair and pulled his head back. "You filthy fuck."

"It's not my fault," Liam started searching for Zayn's prostate, "You do that to me." He found it and Zayn tensed, squeezing Liam's thighs with his own.

"I'll remember that. Next time I know you're next door I'll be sure to give you a good show."

Liam shoved his fingers in deep at the promise and hit Zayn's prostate hard.

"Shit, Liam, get inside me now." Zayn start moving up to straddle Liam and Liam gave one more hard jab to his bundle of nerves for good measure.

Zayn was leaking onto Liam's stomach while he reached underneath himself and lined up his hole. He started to lower down slowly.

He only got a couple inches down when Liam grabbed his hips and shoved up into him in one fluent move. Zayn cried out in a mix of pain and pleasure.

"You don't get to tease anymore. I gave you what you want. I admitted that I'm definitely gay. That I love your tight hole. Love seeing your beautiful, tan cock bounce when you ride me." Liam thrusted up again. "So now I get to have you."

Zayn put his hands on Liam's arms that rested on his thighs and clenched around Liam's prick. "Take me."

With that Liam assaulted Zayn's perfect hole tirelessly. Hit after hit to his sensitive prostate. Liam pressing against his warm, velvet walls. Zayn was reduced to a writhing mess.

Liam was leaving bruises for sure where he had ahold on Zayn's waist, moving him down with every thrust up.

"Yes, Li, fuck. Harder. Please!"

Liam dug his heels deeper into the bed and nailed Zayn harder. The smaller boy was letting breathy ah's go with every thrust.

Liam delivered a a couple more well-aimed thrusts to Zayn abused spot and he came hard, covering their stomachs and up to Liam's chest.

He kept pushing in and Zayn's cock kept pulsing with hot white liquid. Zayn was getting tighter the longer he was pushed into sensivity. When Zayn clenched hard in pain Liam came until it was leaking out of Zayn's hole down his cock.

Not wanting to really hurt Zayn, Liam pulled out as soon as he was finished.
Zayn's sweaty forehead fell to Liam's chest. "I didn't realized until I felt you come inside me that we didn't use the condom." Zayn giggled at the mistake.

"Good," Liam laughed too, "I fucked you so hard you're probably pregnant with my beautiful baby by now."

"Possessive."

"Daddy."

Zayn barked a laugh at that and snuggled on top of Liam.

"Really though, and I can feel your come on my leg and I need a shower."

Liam reached over Zayn to his hole and gathered some of the sticky mess. He brought it to Zayn's lips and he opened obediently.

"Let's go clean up."

Zayn huffed and lifted himself off Liam's warm chest. He didn't wait for Liam and sauntered off, limping noticeably, to the bathroom.

"Shit, I'm so gay."

Chapter End Notes

1. I love how Liam knew where Zayn kept his lube and shit.
Niall was sitting on Zayn's lap with Harry next to him, Louis on the floor between Harry's legs, and Liam had his head on Harry's shoulder and a hand on his thigh.

They were watching Iron Man 2 for the third time in two weeks and Niall was bored out of his mind. By the time Black Widow was being interviewed Niall had turned in Zayn's lap and started kissing his neck.

Zayn pointedly ignored him. But by the time Ivan made Stark crash his Formula 1 car Niall was blatantly grinding down on Zayn and making needy noises in his ear.

"Niall, quit," Zayn whispered.

"But I'm bored. And I want you," Niall whined in the dark-skinned boy's ear.

"Seriously, Niall, after the movie." Zayn pushed Niall off his lap in between him and Harry.

Then Niall got a better idea. Why try and make a stubborn Zayn do what he wanted when a much more eager-to-please Harry was right there?

Niall slung a leg over Harry's lap, toes under his knee and knee by his ribs. He scooted close and leaned into Harry's hair. "I'm horny," Niall admitted.

Harry rubbed Niall's arm on his chest and smiled. "What do you want, sweetheart?"

"You. And Zayn. All of you."

Harry stiffened a little. "All of us?" He whispered disbelieving.
Niall nodded and hummed. "All five of us. Together. Please."

Harry shifted under Niall which caused Liam to raise his head and see what was disturbing the movie. When he looked at the pair he saw Niall biting at Harry's neck and Harry had his head thrown back on the couch.

"Hey," Liam whispered, "No fair."

Niall laughed quietly and leaned across Harry to kiss Liam's lips. Liam took the kiss happily and slid a hand around Niall's waist and pulled them together over Harry. Harry groaned when Niall's leg moved on Harry's bulge.

Zayn who was still trying to ignore his boyfriends finally glanced over to tell them off. But instead he saw Harry looking straight at him with his lips parted and lids hooded.

"Zayn," Harry breathed.

"Shit," Zayn couldn't help but choke out.

Liam pulled Niall until he was properly straddling Harry and Niall accidentally kicked Louis in the back of the head.

"Oi!" Louis complained and rubbed the back of his head. When he turned around his annoyance died out instantly.

Liam slid off the couch and onto the floor in front of Louis. "Sorry, Lou," Liam apologized and kissed Louis softly.

Louis pulled back, albeit reluctantly, and looked up to where Zayn and shuffled down the couch to Harry and had his collarbone between his teeth. Niall still had Harry's lips captured and Harry was moaning into Niall's mouth from all the attention.

"Since when? I thought we were watching a movie," Louis said confused.

Liam chuckled and stood up. "I don't know, but I'm going with it." He offered Louis his hand and helped him up.

Louis kissed Zayn's shoulder and got his attention. "How about we head to the bedroom?"

Zayn nodded enthusiastically and stood up from the couch. He wrapped an arm around Louis and kissed his cheek, jaw, chin, then lips.

Liam teased the skin right behind Niall's ear, knowing he'd get his full attention, and suggested he and Harry join them.

The five of them made their way to one of the four bedrooms all the boys shared. They didn't have separate rooms, they slept with whomever they chose every night. To be honest, on the daily, no more than two bedrooms were used every night.

Harry was leading the pack with Louis attached to him from behind kissing back and forth between his shoulder blades. Harry was so distracted he missed the first door and opened the second instead.

This bedroom was painted dark blue. A king bed, with light grey bedding and a tall head board that took up most of the wall it was against, sat in the far side of the room.

Zayn had a hand on each of Liam's hips and was pushing him roughly to the bed. Liam hit the bed
and fell face first, barely catching himself enough not to hit his forehead on the duvet. But Zayn was relentless.

He straddled Liam from behind and bent down to suck Liam's earlobe into his mouth. He moved to Liam's neck where he sucked the skin between his lips and nibbled forming a bruise.

"Fuck, Zayn. Jesus Christ," Liam tried to catch his breath.

Zayn practically growled, "I want to be rough, Li. Out of all the boys, you take me so well when I'm rough."

Liam groaned at the promise and the praise. He heard a noise and looked over to where Louis was on his knees unzipping Niall's jeans. Harry was also on his knees, but he was behind Niall, messaging his ass in his hands.

Louis tucked his fingers into Niall's waistband and pulled his pants and boxers down in one go. Niall's cock sprang up hard and thick.

Liam kicked off his shirt while Zayn pulled on the legs off his jeans. Before Liam could breath he was laying naked on the bed under Zayn's lustful gaze.

"Strip for me," Liam pleaded. "I wanna watch you."

Zayn ran his hands under his shirt, up his torso slowly, fingers moving over the ridges of his abs. He kept moving his hands up until he lifted his shirt over his head.

Then he put his hands on the waistband of his pants but before pulling them off he slipped a hand inside and gripped his hard length. Zayn's eyes fluttered closed and he whispered Liam once before taking his hand out and unceremoniously discarding of the rest of his clothing.

Liam wasn't too upset about his forgotten strip tease because then Zayn was naked and flushed and hard standing not two feet from the bed.

Louis palmed Niall once, twice, and then brought the tip to his lips. He kissed it gently and sent a cheeky look up to where Niall was looking down at him.

"Don't tease, boo," Niall said low but powerful and pushed his cock into Louis' mouth. Louis took it gratefully and worked his tongue along the vein and up to the slit. He pressed the point of his tongue into the sensitive tip. Niall gripped Louis' hair and kept himself from thrusting into Louis' warm mouth.

Harry took one of Niall's cheeks in each hand and spread them. He groaned at the sight of Niall's tight, pink hole just waiting for him. Harry only admired it for a second before the need to taste overwhelmed him.

He pushed forward on his knees and licked a thick strip from the back of Niall's balls to the curve of his lower back. Niall's knees went weak and Louis gripped his thighs keeping his up.

Harry turned his tongue and licked back down until he was met with Niall's quivering hole. He swirled his tongue in circles, getting smaller until the tip of his tongue rested right at his opening.

Niall reached back and grabbed some of Harry's curls, now with a hand in each of the boy's hair. "Fuck, Hazza." Harry smiled against the skin and then kissed it.

"Turn over," Zayn ordered to Liam. Liam immediately flipped onto his stomach and arched his back
so his ass was on display for Zayn. "Eager," Zayn mused.

Liam made a noise in the back of his throat. Zayn climbed onto the bed and pushed Liam's legs wider. He rocked forward and his prick slid between Liam's cheeks. Liam groaned at the feeling.

"Please, Zee, fuck me."

"I don't know. You don't really sound like you want it," Zayn teased darkly.

Liam fell on his forearms and scrunched his eyes shut. "Please fuck me! Please Zayn, I need it. Your fingers, your dick, something, anything. Please!"

Zayn ran a hand down Liam's back, "That's my boy." Zayn leaned over so he was covering Liam's back and whispered in his ear. "I promised I'd be rough tonight. So no lube," he put two fingers to Liam's mouth. "You better get them extra wet, Li."

Liam gladly excepted the digits and sucked on them greedily. His eyes fell shut at the feeling of Zayn's finger on his tongue. He sucked and licked until they were covered in his spit and Zayn pulled them out.

Louis bobbed his head on Niall's cock. Taking in all but an inch or two every time. He pushed until he felt his nose hit Niall's stomach and the thin patch of hair there.

Louis breathed deep and kept his throat open trying to stay there as long as he could. Niall was tensing more and more the longer Louis stayed.

When he couldn't breath Louis pulled back a few inches and hollowed his cheeks to suck harder. Niall moaned loudly at that.

Harry's tongue dipped inside the tight ring of muscle. He moved it shallowly in and out loosening him up. Harry was reeling from how good Niall tasted. He always got off from tasting one of the boys. Blow job, rim job, didn't matter.

When he felt Niall relax around his tongue he went deeper, really pushing in. He licked along the velvety walls searching for Niall's little bundle of nerves.

He knew he hit it when Niall clenched tight on Harry's tongue and pushed forward in Louis mouth, making Louis' eyes water. "Holy hell, Haz. Again, again."

Harry licked over the same spot and Niall bucked again. "Sorry Lou. Fuck, Harry."

Louis pulled back a little and sucked tightly on Niall's head, figuring that was safer. He was proved right when Harry started to fuck Niall with his tongue and Niall lost his ability to be still and started pushing back on Harry's face and then into Louis' mouth.

Zayn pressed one finger into Liam tight hole in one swift motion. Liam growled and fisted the sheets in his hand. Zayn only gave a couple of thrusts before he added the second and starting scissoring him open.

Zayn's movements were quick and rough and had Liam squirming on his knees and elbows. He pulled open Liam's hole with his fingers for a minute, just enjoying the feeling of his warmth.

He took his fingers out and gripped Liam's hips. "Ready, baby?" Zayn asked. Liam only nodded into the sheets but that didn't seem to be enough for Zayn because he dug his nails into Liam's hips. "I didn't hear you, Li."
"Yes, I'm ready. Please fuck me," Liam begged.

Zayn made a sound of approval and shoved himself into Liam's waiting ass. He only stopped when he was balls deep and Liam called out his name.

Louis pulled off but quickly replaced his mouth with his hand, pumping Niall with a fast pace. "Yes, Lou" Niall breathed. Louis smiled in approval and ducked down to take one of Niall's balls into his mouth. "Oh god, guys, I'm close. Don't stop," Niall moaned.

Harry groaned out at Niall's words. He loved getting Niall like this: loud and ready to come. His tongue was deep inside Niall feeling around and tasting him just like Harry loved. He felt his stomach tighten and Harry thought he might just come from doing this to him.

Niall pushed back harder onto Harry's face and he moaned at it, digging his nails into Niall's cheeks. He took his tongue out and sucked on Niall's rim. It fluttered and tightened against his lips. Harry lightly bit the sensitive skin and then Niall was coming all over Louis' hand.

Louis pumped him through it and Harry sat back on his heels to admire his work. He pulled Niall's cheeks a little wider and saw how red his hole had gotten from Harry's ministrations.

He looked down at his lap and confirmed what he knew he'd see. He'd painted his stomach white while Niall was coming and his mouth was in Niall ass.

Niall turned to Harry and saw him looking down at his lap. "Did you touch yourself?" Niall asked. Harry shook his head and look up at Niall in awe. "Shit, Harry," Niall spoke in a quiet voice, "You came untouched just from eating me out?"

Harry could only smile at his boyfriend. Niall knelt in front of Harry and kissed him. Then he turned to Louis and kissed him. "I love you so much," Niall said against Louis' lips.

"I love you too, Ni."

Louis stood up and Niall was faced with Louis still proud dick. "Let me-" Niall started but Louis stopped him.

"I have a better idea," Louis smirked, ran a thumb across Niall's cheek, and walked over to the bed. He climbed up curled his arms around Zayn's waist, nuzzling into his neck.

Zayn could feel Louis' hard on on his back and he slowed his thrusts into Liam, causing the brown-eyed boy to look back at Zayn confused.

Louis bit on Zayn's ear and whispered, "Let me ride him. I want him inside me while you fuck him."

Zayn groaned at the suggestion and nodded. "Yeah, okay, Lou." Zayn pulled out and Liam whimpered. "It's okay, baby. Turn over. Louis gonna ride you. You want that?"

Liam flipped onto his back and nodded so hard Zayn thought he might get whiplash. Louis climbed on top of him on his knees and faced Liam. "No, sweetheart. Face me. I want to see you when you sit down on his cock," Zayn demanded.

Both Louis and Liam moaned and Louis quickly turned around and came face to face with blown, black pupils.

Zayn closed the space and kissed Louis harshly, biting his lip and running his tongue over Louis' teeth. But just as quick at he was there, he was gone. Louis opened his eyes and saw Zayn spreading
Liam's legs wide and pulling Liam onto his lap. He reached over and pushed a small pillow under Liam's hips.

"Ready, baby?"

"Yeah," Liam said breathlessly.

"You know I'll need more than that."

"Yes, please, Zayn. I'm ready, I'm so ready, please!"

Zayn nodded to Louis and Louis took hold of Liam's rock hard cock, lining himself up. He hadn't been prepped and knew this was going to hurt. He just prayed that the quickie with Harry earlier today left him loose enough.

He lowered slowly, inch by inch, down Liam's dick. He stopped for a second about halfway to breath deep.

"You look so pretty, Lou," Zayn praised.

Louis smiled with his eyes closed and lowered the rest of the way. Once he was seated he put his hands on the juncture of Liam's hips and thighs. He took two long breaths and lifted himself up only to drop down harshly.

Both boys moaned out in pleasure. Louis did it again and then again, building a slow rhythm. He'd just gotten going when he heard Zayn's voice lower than it normally was.

"Ready for me?"

Louis opened his eyes and looked down and Zayn's leaking cock. He had the urge to just bend over and take it into his mouth, but instead his licked his thumb and lowered is hand to grab Zayn's tip. He pressed his wet thumb into the slit.

"Ugh, Lou," Zayn voiced.

"I'm ready," Louis answered Zayn's earlier question. He pulled on Zayn's cock until it was pushing just against Liam's hole.

"Please, guys," Liam whined.

"As you wish, Li," Louis smirked. He grabbed Zayn's hip and pushed his cock into Liam in one go. Liam screamed high in his throat. Zayn's head fell onto Louis shoulder and he bit into the skin there.

Zayn pulled out to the tip and pushed back in roughly. "Come on Louis. Let's give Liam something to remember," Zayn promoted.

Louis nodded eagerly and lifted himself up at the same time Zayn pulled out. They both pushed in on Liam at once and Liam yelled and threw his head back.

The two boys continued moving in tandem and had Liam writhing and shivering under them within minutes. Liam had started pushing his hips how ever he could to get closer.

When Louis leaned over to kiss Zayn the change in angle had Liam hitting his prostate dead on. In the middle of the kiss Louis yelled Liam's name into Zayn's mouth.

"Yeah Li, right there. Again!"
Liam started thrusting up in Louis and felt it when Zayn hit his own prostate. He clenched around Zayn and pushed into Louis harder.

The three pushed and pulled on top of and inside each other while they sweated and moaned. Louis was the first to come onto his and Zayn's stomachs. He tightened around Liam and kept bouncing, chasing oversensitivity. Liam couldn't take the tight heat anymore and came into Louis' abused hole.

Louis whimpered when he felt Liam hot seed fill his red hole. "Yes," he whispered to no one in partially.

Zayn still pounded into Liam hard chasing his own orgasm. Louis slid off of Liam and scooted forward toward Zayn. He reached around Zayn and ran a finger along Zayn's crack.

Zayn shuddered and that was all it took before he was releasing inside Liam. He pushed in deep and stayed there until he finished. The three boys all fell next to each back on the bed.

"Harry? Niall?" Liam called.

"Yeah?" he heard from where the two apparently hadn't moved.

"Come cuddle with us," Louis requested.

"Do we have to?" Niall said sleepily.

"Please?" Liam asked.

Then there was shuffling and two more were joining them. The five of them huddled together, sweaty and sticky, and fell asleep to the muffled noise of the movie menu on a loop down the hall.

Chapter End Notes

I didn't do a centric for this one. I figured they could all just go for it. Hope that's cool.
"Hi Harry," Louis said as soon as Harry walked through the door.

Harry had been away on business for ten days. And he left his baby at home. They've called, texted, even Skyped (which was tons of fun) but Harry missed Louis so bad. He'd sent him a couple gifts to remind him that Harry was thinking about him.

One of those gifts Louis was wearing right now. Thin, white panties edged in baby blue lace. Harry chose them because he knew when Louis wore them they'd be thin enough to see his cock through. He was right. Louis' thick, red dick was pushing against the fabric and Harry could see every vein and curve.

Harry calmly dropped his keys in the bowl by the door and his small suitcase on the floor.

He walked into the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of water off the counter. He turns his back to Louis and leaned on the marble. Harry took his time sipping down half the bottle.

When he capped the bottle and turned around Louis was still in the same spot with his hands behind his back in nothing but those fucking panties.

Harry set the bottle down and walked slowly over to Louis. He saw the tiny perk up in Louis' face at finally being recognized.

He stopped when his chest was touching Louis'. He leaned in and whispered into his ear.

"Go to the room. I want you on your hand and knees when I get there."

Louis shivered and scampered off down the hall. The curve of his ass filling out his gift just like Harry knew it would. He took his time taking off his shoes and placing them at the end of the hall..
neatly. Then he shrugged off his jacket and hung it by the door. He loosened his tie and undid the top button of his shirt.

Finally Harry made his way down the hall to end where the master bedroom was. The door was open and he crossed into the cozy place he'd come to love.

He found his boyfriend on the bed on his hands and knees. Louis hadn't taken off the underwear, but he was palming himself through them.

Tisk tisk, Harry admonished. Louis' head shot up and he connected eyes with Harry. Louis dropped his hand immediately but knew he was in trouble. Harry removed his tie and laid it across the back of the chair by the closet.

"I'm sorry, Harry," Louis tried.

"Excuse me?" Harry voice was dangerous and Louis clenched his eyes shut tight.

"Daddy, Daddy. I'm sorry Daddy," Louis pleaded.

"You should've thought about that before you touched yourself without my permission."

Louis opened his mouth, certainly to protest, but closed it and just nodded instead.

"Were you naughty?" Harry asked already knowing the answer.

"Yes, Daddy."

"And what happens to my baby when he's naughty?"

Louis whimpered. "Baby gets punished."

Harry smiled, pleased. "That's right, love. Now all Daddy has to do is pick exactly how he wants to punish his baby," Harry mused.

Louis squeezed his thighs with anticipation.

"I know exactly what would make me happy. Do you want to make Daddy happy?"

Louis nodded enthusiastically into the sheets.

"Then go over to the closet and get Daddy's box."

Louis pushed off the bed and ran to the walk-in to retrieve what Harry requested. When he found it he brought it to Harry.

"Thank you, baby," Harry stoked Louis cheek and Louis pressed into the touch. "Go back to the bed. Hands and knees," Harry ordered.

Louis scrambled back on the sheets and place himself how Harry desired. He pushed his ass out knowing Harry would love it.

"So pretty, baby," Harry breathed. Harry shuffled through the heavy wooden box to find what he wanted while he talked. "Daddy has to punish you now, baby. But if you're good and take your punish like I know you can, then Daddy has a reward for you."

Louis moaned quietly and nodded.
Harry hummed, pleased, when he found what he wanted. He put the box down on the dresser and carried his tools over to the bed. He dropped them onto the duvet.

"I want you look at me and nowhere else. Come here," Harry ordered.

Louis' eyes snapped to Harry's and he crawled over to where Harry was standing at the edge of the bed.

"Give my your hands." Louis offered them up. Harry took them and placed one on each side of the bed post. Then he reached over and grabbed the leather cuffs attached to a chain. He closed them tightly around Louis' wrist around the post so he was locked to it.

"Sit up on your knees, baby." Louis did. Harry leaned in and ran his hand through Louis hair. "Not a single word except the count okay?"

Louis nodded, eyes glued to Harry. Harry leaned over and grabbed the small wooden paddle with an "H" shaped hole in it.

"Ready, baby?"

Louis whined low but nodded.

"Daddy loves you," was the last thing Harry said before he landed the first smack across Louis' still cloth-covered bum.

"One," Louis stated proudly.

A pride that Harry was going to soon replaced with desperation. He landed a second smack on the other cheek causing Louis to squeak.

"Two."

Less prideful. Harry smiled.

Next landed two consecutive swats, one to each cheek.

"Three. Four." Louis was definitely getting less powerful.

"So pretty," Harry said off-handedly when he saw Louis' head drop against his arms.

He delivered a well-place smack across the right cheek and Louis' body trembled.

"Five." Louis' voice was shaking.

Another.

"Six."

Another.

"S-seven." Louis choked out. He was crying now, his tears silent on his face.

"Doing so good for Daddy. Taking your punishment so well," Harry cooed.

Another hit. Louis' legs gave out and he sat down on the bed.

"Uh, uh. Up." Louis sat back up and hugged the post tighter. "Two will be added on for your
disobedience."

"Yes, daddy," Louis sobbed. He was full on crying now. Tears flowing freely.

Another two quick smacks to the same cheek and Louis had to bite his lip as not to scream Harry’s name.


"God, baby. You're so good," Harry squeezed the warm cheeks in his hand. "You don't know what you do to me."

Louis' back arched and he keened with the praise. Harry landed another hit.

"Ten."

The front of Louis' panties were soaked with precome. He felt it every time he shifted. He was so hard and his tip was pushing against the fabric and all he wanted was to rut against the sheets, but he knew he never would, or he'd disappoint Harry.

Harry place another loud smack and Louis did make a small sound this time. Either Harry didn't hear it or he graciously ignored it.

"Mmm, eleven."

"Last one, baby, my beautiful boy."

He swung the paddle for the last time. The crack was so loud he was sure someone had to of heard it.

Louis released a sob and said, "Twelve."

Louis collapsed down onto the bed. His head fell between his arms and he slumped over.

"Let me undo these. I hope you didn't pull too hard. People asked questions last time," Harry said with fondness in his voice. "I wish I could've told them exactly how you got them."

When Louis' hands were free they fell into his lap. Harry dropped the cuffs to the floor and lifted Louis' chin to look at him.

"Ready for your reward?"

Louis' eyes brightened and he nodded.

"Go lay down. Daddy's gonna put your favorite vibrator inside you, the one that reminds you of me, and then Daddy's gonna suck you off while you eat me out."

Louis' eyes were glazing over quickly and his cheeks were bright red.

"Yes, Daddy," was all he got out before Harry let him go and he fell back on the bed. He lifted his bum off the bed and scooted back so he was in the middle while Harry went back to the box and got out the vibrator.

"Gonna make you feel so good, baby," Harry said when he returned with the toy.

Louis smiled lazily. His head was sort of fuzzy and he was having a hard time keeping his eyes
focused.

Harry went to the night stand and pulled out the lube, slicking up the vibrator. "I assume you opened yourself up before I got home, considering what you were wearing."

Louis smiled sheepishly and nodded.

Harry climbed on the bed and placed himself between Louis' legs. He looked down and saw how wet Louis was already. "Fuck, baby, look what you did to your panties," Harry said in awe.

"I'm sorry Daddy. It just felt so good. I didn't-"

"No, sweetheart. I love it. I love that I can get you so wet for me." Harry ran his thumb over Louis' cock through the fabric. Louis bucked up into Harry's hand. "I love these, but if you want this," he held up with vibrator, "I have to take them off."

Louis lifted his hips off the bed helpfully and Harry chuckled at this eagerness. He ran his hand down Louis' side until he got to the lace hem. He hooked a finger in and pulled slowly until Louis' cock bounced up and hit his stomach.

"Fucking Hell, Lou, look at you. So hard for me. So wet."

Louis turned his face into the sheets and made a needy sound.

"Don't be ashamed, baby. Daddy loves this so much. You make me so happy."

Louis looked back to Harry, his eyes filled with trust. Harry nodded reassuringly and Louis relaxed into the bed.

Harry pulled his gift off Louis and tossed them towards the bin. He ran his free hand up the inside of Louis' thigh.

He got to Louis' hole and dipped just the tip of his thumb inside feelings how open Louis really was. When he deemed that he was stretched enough for no prep he placed the vibrator at Louis' entrance and pushed it in slowly.

Louis felt the sting of squeezing his sore cheeks, but also the pleasure of being filled up. Harry pushed it until the only the end was out and Louis was moaning. He flicked the switch and it started vibrating against Louis' walls.

"Aahh! Yes, Daddy!"

Harry smirked from his position between Louis' legs.

"Feel full don't you, baby?" Louis' head whipped up and down. "Do you want to taste Daddy?"

"Yes, yes, yes, please! Daddy, please!" Louis begged.

Harry got off the bed and quickly stripped off his suit. Louis watched every move Harry made and gasped when Harry finally freed his hard cock. He'd been leaking since hit number four and he needed Louis now.

Harry moved up beside Louis and swung his leg over Louis' chest. He moved back until his feet were by Louis' head and his ass hovered over Louis' face.

Harry sat back until he felt Louis' mouth against his hole. Louis spread Harry open with his hands.
Harry let his head dropped in pleasure while Louis immediately went to work flicking his tongue over Harry's hole.

"Yeah, baby, that feels so good," Harry encouraged. He took another moment to enjoy the feeling of Louis working his tongue into Harry before he laid down on Louis' stomach and took Louis' achingly hard member into his mouth.

Louis moaned against Harry and Harry clenched around Louis' tongue. Harry worked further down until he took all of Louis into his mouth. He massaged the base with his lips while his tongue ran up and down Louis' cock.

Louis had his tongue deep inside Harry now. He was thrusting it in and out and pursing his lips around Harry's hole. Harry was sitting back on Louis' face every once and a while.

Harry hollowed his cheeks and brought a thumb to press into his cheek while he bobbed his head slowly on Louis. Louis hummed into Harry at the feeling and squeezed around the toy pulling it in deeper.

He pulled it in just enough to graze his prostate and he whined and bucked up Harry's mouth. Harry watched Louis pull the toy into his hole in amazement.

He pulled off and spoke close to Louis' dick so he felt his breath when he talked. "You like your toy, Louis?"

Louis whined again and shoved his tongue deeper into Harry.

Harry grunted, "Just like that, baby."

Harry took Louis into his mouth again and suckled on the tip. He reached between Louis' legs and put his palm against the end of the vibrator.

At the same time, Harry pushed his tongue into Louis' slit and pressed the toy deeper in with his palm.

Louis bit down on Harry's rim and came into Harry's mouth. Harry clenched when Louis bit and came onto Louis' chest and his own stomach.

Harry kept Louis' come on his tongue and pulled the toy out gently and turned it off. He threw it somewhere on the bed and turned around to face Louis.

Louis opened his mouth knowing what was coming. Harry's pushed Louis' come into his own mouth and felt Louis swallow.

"Perfect, baby," Harry spoke against Louis' lips.

"Thank you, Daddy."

Harry pulled Louis into his arms. "We need to shower."

Louis just nodded and wiggled out of Harry's grip. He walked off, swaying his hips, red cheeks tempting.

Chapter End Notes
Hmmm, I'd love to see Louis all red and sore in lace. Shit.
"But I want it! Now!" Niall proclaimed.

"Niall James Horan. Watch the way you speak to me," Zayn warned.

Niall looked to be on the verge of tears. Zayn couldn't understand the importance. Niall already had plenty of necklaces. Why did he need this one?

"Please, I need it, sir," Niall begged.

Zayn tried not to look at Niall's baby blue eyes. They were shiny with unshed tears and pleading with him to reconsider.

"Why do you need it so badly?"

Niall ran a hand through his hair and looked to his sock-covered feet. "I just want it."

"That's not good enough, Niall." Zayn was on the edge between frustrated and angry. Niall could hear it in his voice. He'd never seen Zayn full blown angry before but he figured he might today.

He'd pulled Zayn out of a conference call into the hall only to demand a new piece of jewelry out of no where with no explanation.

"I promise I need it." He knew he was being spoiled but he couldn't help it. Niall cuddled up to Zayn's front. He ran a hand along the buttons of Zayn's shirt. "How can I convince you that I deserve it?"

Zayn smirked at the suggestion. "I don't know, Niall. Why don't you start by going to the living room and letting me see what's under your shirt that you're wearing."
Niall nodded quickly and disappeared down the hall. Zayn sighed, exasperated, and rubbed his temple.

A fucking necklace.

He walked down the hall and into the open living room. Zayn growled at what he saw. Niall was in the middle of the floor, sitting back on his heels, legs wide, naked, cock stiff in the air.

"Shit, Niall."

Niall smiled, proud. Zayn walked over to Niall and stood hovering over him. Niall didn't look up but instead stared straight ahead at Zayn semi that was only inches from his face.

"Well? Are you going to just sit there? Or are you going to undo my pants?"

Niall's hands snapped to Zayn's belt and started undoing it. He had it off and Zayn's trousers unzipped in seconds. He placed his hands back in his lap and waited.

"Do I have to take my own cock out?"

Niall shook his head resolutely and reached up to pull down Zayn's boxers enough to pull out his cock and balls. He wrapped his delicate white fingers around Zayn's tan shaft and pulled on it slowly.

Zayn made an almost silent noise of consent. Niall knew Zayn's noises well though and took that as a sign to get to work. He opened his lips and slipped them around the head of Zayn's dick.

Zayn hummed quietly while Niall sucked lightly on the tip. He kept going until Zayn thrusted minutely into his mouth, making Niall cock twitch. Niall looked up and into Zayn's eyes. He clasped his hands behind his back and relaxed his jaw.

Zayn took the invitation and started thrusting shallowly into Niall's warmth. Niall was humming every once and while, making Zayn push harder and harder until he was full-on fucking Niall's pretty pink mouth.

Niall was so hard he could feel the precome starting to collect. He reached between his legs and gripped himself in his hand.

Zayn grabbed two fistfuls of Niall's brown roots and shoved his face towards his stomach while pushing down his throat. At the end of every push forward he felt his tip slip down Niall's throat and it spurred him on even more.

The blond could feel his stomach tighten and knew it wouldn't be long. Niall's throat constricted around him on a rather hard thrust and Zayn moaned. "So good, Ni. So fucking good."

Zayn didn't use many words during sex, just a few curses and maybe Niall's name, so he took the compliment in high regard. The words made heat build at the base of his cock.

Niall kept his cheeks hollow and his throat loose and let Zayn use him how he pleased. Zayn's rhythm was fast and ruthless. Niall could feel his voice being fucked out of him.

Zayn's grip on his hair got tighter and he knew Zayn was close. He wiggled his tongue back and forth across the bottom of Zayn's moving cock. He tried to lick the tip every time Zayn pulled out.

The feeling of Zayn against his tongue had Niall spurting onto his stomach and thighs. His orgasm
made him push his tongue hard into Zayn's slit when he pushed back in and Zayn shoved forward until he was down Niall's throat and held himself there while he shot his hot load.

Niall only sputtered a tiny bit in surprise. He swallowed what he could and waited for Zayn to finish so he could swallow the rest.

When he'd finished Zayn put a hand on either of Niall's cheeks and pressed while he pulled his quickly softening prick out from between Niall's lips.

Niall licked his lips and swallowed what was still left in his mouth. Then he flicked his tongue out to clean up what was on Zayn's dick.

Zayn groaned quietly at the sight and the feeling. Once Niall was done he sat back and smiled up at Zayn like a child who'd just won first place in the school track meet.

Zayn gripped one of Niall's biceps and pulled him up gently. Niall made a small noise of discomfort and rubbed his bad knee.

Zayn noticed and picked him up bridal style to carry him to their bed. "I'm sorry if I hurt your knee," Zayn whispered into Niall's hair.

Niall just shook his head and smiled at Zayn fondly. "I'm fine. Promise," came Niall's hoarse voice.

Zayn laid Niall down on their bed softly and rubbed his knee with light touches. "Go ahead and order that necklace, Niall. You earned it."

Niall smiled contently, "Thanks, Zayn."

Chapter End Notes

Niall's little mouth is so talented.

Just imagine Zayn, hair slicked into a quiff, in a slim fit suit. Sitting in his home office oozing power. *shudder*
Narry - Don't Speak

Chapter Summary

Niall lost, but really he sort of won.

Top: Harry
Bottom: Niall
Kink: Exhibitionism.

Chapter Notes

COMMENTS AND KUDOS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"For fuck's sake Niall. You have to be quiet," Harry whispered, pressed against him with in hand massaging small patterns into his pants.

"Are you kidding, Styles? I've waited all day for this." Niall pushed his hips back into where Harry was hard in his tight black jeans. "You're fucking prancing around on stage, teasing me. Who the fuck do you think you are?"

Harry laughed and licked up the side of Niall neck lightly. "You like it," it wasn't a question because he knew the answer.

They played this game. Denying each other even a kiss all day, while they walked around flirting with the other boys, being cute during rehearsal, and then pouring on the sex during the show.

They'd started seeing who could make who the hardest by the end of the night. At first it was just Harry's usual fist pumps and hip shakes, and Niall's strut and too friendly hugs with the others.

But then they started the crotch grabs and grinding on the other boys and laying down on the floor in the middle of songs to partake in some barely concealed dry humping of the stage.

To be honest, most nights Niall won. Those tight legs leaping around, the soft voice, and that fucking hand on his dick during Better Than Words.

But all day Harry had been feeling especially gleeful. Teasing without even meaning to. He wasn't just friendly with all the guys, he'd cozy up to their security, Paul, Jarvis, anyone he could reach. Harry even nibbled on Zayn's ear during rehearsal.

Niall knew then that tonight he was going to lose. And losing meant he would be the one to get Harry's hard cock up his ass.

So now here they were, in the band's dressing room, while they were out on stage taking care of their instruments.
"You've been cruel tonight, Styles."

"Actually I was just in a really good mood. I woke up next to you this morning and you looked so fucking good. I wanked to you while you were still asleep." Niall shuddered against him. "I guess it was just a good day."

"So when you dry humped Liam tonight in front of everyone, you were just in a good mood?"

Harry could hear the undertone of jealous and smirked at his boyfriend. He put a hand around Niall's neck and pulled his head back to rest on his shoulder.

Harry bent down and bit into the tender flesh over the vein in his neck. "No, love, that was for you."

Niall groaned and pushed back. Harry ran a hand down Niall's chest, over his stomach, and to his hip, molding him to Harry's body.

"I won tonight. You know what that means," Niall could practically hear the shit-eating grin on Harry face even with his eyes closed.

"Where do you want me, Harry?" Niall whispered.

Harry squeezed on his hip and pushed him forward with him to the counter against the wall. Niall's front hit the edge and he whimpered at the pressure.

Harry moved the hand around his neck to the back of his hair and gripped tight. He pushed him face down on the cold tile. Niall groaned at the coldness and the display of power.

"You want me?" Harry asked.

Niall laughed, "No. I'm only face down in our band's dressing room, hard as a rock for you."

Harry pulled on the little hairs at Niall's neck, making his arch back and scream. "Quiet, love," he said without actually sounding like he wanted him to quiet down at all, "Wouldn't want anyone thinking that you want me."

Niall wiggled his bum in Harry's lap and Harry moaned over him. "Please, Harry. Hurry up."

"Don't speak, Niall," he covered Niall from behind and whispered in his ear, "Not another fucking word. Tonight you're mine. All I want coming out of those beautiful pale lips are whines and moans."

Niall shook his head fervently, letting Harry know he understood. Harry stood back up and reached around the front of Niall to undo his jeans.

He slipped a hand into his pants over his boxers and felt from base to tip how hard Niall was. Harry could even feel the thick vein that ran along the side through the material. He thumbed across it lovingly.

Niall was fighting to keep quiet, rocking his hips back and forth in Harry's hand slowly.

Harry kneeled down and took Niall's clothes with him, pulling them to the floor. He kissed up the back of Niall's thigh over the curve of his ass to the small of his back while he stood back up. He pushed Niall's shirt up under his armpits and left it there.

He rubbed his jean-covered cock against Niall's ass seeking friction. "Mmm, Jesus, Harry," Niall protested his teasing.
Harry dug his nails into Niall's porcelain skin and dragged them down his spine. Niall arched away from the touch but moaned louder. "I said not another word, Ni." Niall whimpered and put his head back between his arms on the counter.

Harry undid his belt and pulled out the soft leather from it's loops. He folded it and ran it across the small of Niall's back. "Silence, Niall. Don't make me punish you."

Niall nodded quickly and pushed back into Harry again. Harry shucked his shirt off and then his pants, throwing them somewhere he hoped he could find them again.

"Give me your hand, Ni," Harry requested. Niall reached his hand behind him and Harry took it and brought it to his bulge. Niall squeezed on impulse and Harry bucked into the touch. "I may have won tonight, but you didn't lose, sweetheart. One more second and I would've been the one face down begging for you."

Niall rolled his body pleading for more so Harry took off his tight gray briefs. Niall's hand quickly found him again and his wrapped his fingers as best he could from the awkward angle around Harry's length.

Harry pushed slightly back and forth, running his cock over Niall's ass and back, Niall's hand still holding the base. "One of these boys have to have lube somewhere," Harry mentioned.

"They better," Niall agreed.

Harry pulled away and went to their bags. Niall made to move but Harry's sharp order froze him. "Stay there. Get your finger wet. I want one inside you when I get back to you."

Niall's eyes slipped shut and he nodded. He bent back over the counter and spread his legs. He put a finger in his mouth and coated it. He could hear Harry throwing things around frantically and smiled. His finger was cold from the air mixing with his saliva but he pushed it in nonetheless.

The first knuckle breached his hole and he whimpered into his forearm. Like I said, Niall usually won. He hadn't bottomed in over a month and he underestimated how tight he'd be. Lube was definitely a necessity.

Niall thrusted his finger shallowly into his hole and mewled every time he went deeper. He heard Harry's blessed aha! and smiled.

*Harry was back to him in seconds running his hands over Niall's ready body. "My turn."*

Niall removed his own finger and waited for Harry's. He didn't have to wait long before he felt a slightly cold digit at his entrance. Harry circled his rim and then pushed inside. Niall moaned and consciously relaxed.

Harry pushed in to the last knuckle and waited for a moment. He took the time to trailed his long fingers up Niall's thigh and around his flushed cock, never touching, only teasing.

*He only thrusted for a minute or so before adding a second. Niall opened up and took it so well. "Shit, Niall. Look at you. You look so good."*

Niall preened and clenched around Harry's fingers. Harrys groaned at the promise of tightness and rambled his fingers as far as they would go. Niall whined softly in his arm.

"*Ready?*"
Niall ground down on Harry as confirmation and Harry took his fingers out and wiped them on a makeup rag on the counter.

He put fresh lube on his palm and slicked himself up then wiped that on the rag too.

Sorry whoever's that is.

He nudged Niall's hole and felt in twitch against his head. Harry closed his eyes, stilled his hands, and focused on the feeling as he pushed slowly into Niall.

Niall's mouth fell open but he stayed silent. His eyes squeezed tight and his eyebrows shot up. Harry took his time getting settled. His pushed every inch in like it meant something.

By the time he was seated, balls deep, Niall was shivering. Harry felt it and opened his eyes. "Hey. Babe, are you okay?" he asked softly.

Niall just nodded wordlessly.

"You can speak if you need. You can tell me if you're not okay."

Niall shook his head against his arm. "I'm fine. I'm good. You just feel so good. It's been a while," he huffed out in a rush.

Harry smiled and kissed each of his shoulder blades. He tucked his nose under Niall's shirt and kissed higher over the skin between where he'd just kissed.

"Move, please, Harry."

Harry wanted to reprimand him for talking but the way he asked was so innocent he couldn't. Instead he complied and pulled out about halfway and pushed back in slowly.

He built a steady but slow rhythm that had Niall wiggling back for more. Harry got the hint and pumped in and out faster. He ran his hands down Niall's sides to his hips and took a firm hold.

Niall must've guessed what was coming because he opened his legs wider and gripped the counter with the hand he wasn't biting into.

Harry pulled out to his head and shoved back in hard. Niall yelled into his hand but Harry didn't give him a chance to breath before doing it again.

He pushed in and out furiously, pounding into Niall with force. Harry was focused and all he heard was the sound of his skin against Niall's every time he buried himself and Niall's tiny whimpers that were muffled by his arm.

Niall was getting tighter around Harry the closer he got. He couldn't stop clenching around him every time one of Harry's thrust brushed against his bundle of nerves deep inside him.

Harry was rocking them both, slamming Niall into the counter with every forward movement. He was close and needed Niall to come with him but he didn't want to let Niall have anything but this.

Niall's hands had stayed obediently away from his flushed, wet prick so far and Harry wanted to keep it that way.

Harry took one hand off Niall's hip but kept his pace. His reached between them and felt for Niall's red hole. When he reached it Niall moaned and pressed his forehead into the counter.
Harry pressed his ring finger against the barrier and pushed just the tip inside alongside his cock. Niall's thighs tensed and he bucked sporadically back into the feeling.

Harry took that as an invitation to continue and pushed his finger the rest of the way in. Niall was producing a constant stream of whiny pleas now, just noises and nonsense.

Harry changed the angle a tiny bit and thrusted downward while he pulled his finger upwards and stretched Niall's hole from the inside out.

Niall screamed full out, forgetting to muffle it in his arm, and came onto the counter and his stomach.

Harry took his finger out and pistoned his hips hard a couple times before coming into Niall while he writhed and wiggled beneath him.

Niall was making pathetic noises and Harry knew he was so sensitive now. He pulled out and turned Niall around. Niall went pliantly and fell back against the wall.

Harry leaned down and licked up the cum from his stomach. Niall shivered at the warmth and the feeling. Harry kissed away any remnants of Niall's seed and swallowed.

"Fuck, Styles, the finger thing? Really?"

Harry smirked and kissed him. He spoke against his lips, "What can I say? You inspired me."

Niall let his head fall back while Harry left sweet, short kisses all over his chest.

***

"No, mate, I swear it was G, C, B."

"Wrong. It was G, C, A. I know it."

Dan and Sandy's conversation dropped to silence when they entered their dressing room and saw their stuff scattered, things knocked off the counter, and cum smeared across it.

"Fucking hell boys!" Dan yelled.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Dan and Sandy. Sorry not sorry.

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
"Veronica!

The grating voice of Veronica's boss, Richard, came from his office. We have phones you know. She got up, straightened out her skirt and walked to his office, heals clicking on the wood floors.

"Yes, sir?"

He waved her inside and she came to stand next to a man in short athletic shorts and a cut off. She gave him an appreciative once over and approved.

"V this is Leeroy. A new client. He's got an established health and fitness franchise, but he's looking into expanding to athletic wear."

Veronica nodded at the information. Leeroy looked at Veronica and smiled kindly. She smiled back. Cute.

"Your assigned to his file. Today I just want an informal meeting. Meet and greet."

"Of course, sir. If the smaller conference room is open I'll just use that."

Richard waved her away and she rolled her eyes. Leeroy snickered and Veronica looked at him and smiled. She grabbed her laptop and led them to the conference room.

All the blinds but the ones by the door were closed. Veronica put her laptop down and went to open them.

"No, leave them."
Veronica nodded and came to sit next to Leeroy about half way down the table.

"Why don't you tell me a little about your business."

"You're very beautiful," Leeroy complimented.

Veronica shot up an eyebrow at the forwardness. "You have no idea what you're getting into, honey."

Leeroy smiled and said, "Why don't you show me?"

Veronica shook her head in disbelief, "Confident. I like that."

"I can make you love that."

Veronica actually shivered. "You really think you want me?"

"I know I do."

Veronica gave him a permissive look and got up from her seat. Leeroy sat back in his chair and Veronica climbed into his lap, straddling his thighs.

She pulled her skirt up a couple inches so she could sit comfortably and wrapped her arms around his neck. One hand went into his soft blond hair and the other tucked into the collar of his cut off and between his shoulder blades.

Leeroy ran his hand down her back and around to cup her breasts though her shirt. Veronica moaned softly at the touch. He swept her hair off her shoulders and grabbed it in one hand, pulling her closer and kissing her pink lips.

Veronica shifted closer in his lap as he moved his other hand down her torso.

"You're missing the real prize, sweetheart," Veronica smirked and nodded to her skirt.

Leeroy licked his lips and moved his hand to the hem of her skirt. He ran his hand along the inside of her thigh. When he reached her hard bulge his hand froze.

Veronica gave his an expecting look and waited. Leeroy didn't move for a moment and just kept his hand where it was.

"Fuck," he finally breathed and brought her down to kiss him hard. He squeezed her through her lace panties.

Veronica rolled into the touch and squeezed her thighs against his.

"Take your skirt off," Leeroy damanded.

Veronica stood up and unzipped her expensive business attire. She shimmied out of the skirt and jacket and let it fall to the floor along with her slip. She stood in her now wrinkled blouse, heels, and red lace underwear, the head of her cock peaking out.

Leeroy looked like he wanted to eat her. Veronica hoped he would.

"Get on your knees," he said suddenly.

Veronica eyed him but he restated, "I want to suck my off. Get on your knees."
Veronica softened under the steal in his voice and got to her knees. She shuffled so she was kneeling between his legs. Leeroy quickly tore off his tank top and threw it over by the wall.

"You're so beautiful."

Veronica smiled and leaned down to kiss Leeroy's bulge through his shorts. She pulled down the elastic of his shorts and pants until she could pull his cock out. She held it firm in her grasp and pumped it a couple times.

Leeroy moaned and put a hand in Veronica's hair. He led her down to take him in her mouth. She wrapped her lips around him tightly and took him half way down.

He bucked but she put a hand on his hip and held him still. She bobbed her head and her curls bounced against her back.

She sucked him down until her nose touched his stomach and the light brown patch of hair there. She ran a thumb over her cheek and felt him sliding inside.

Liam pulled her back up and then down again. She continued bobbing, Leeroy guiding her, until Leeroy was making low noises.

She pulled off and pumped him fast until he shot cum all over his stomach and her hand.

Leeroy stood and pulled Veronica up by her hair. He put a hand on both sides of the front of shirt and pulled until the buttons popped and the blouse fell open. She was wearing a matching red lace bra. He slid her shirt down to the floor.

Leeroy, still hard between them, slid his shorts and briefs off. He took Veronica's hand and swiped it through the cum on his stomach and then moved it back to his cock.

"Lube me up. You're gonna need it," Leeroy growled.

Veronica practically whimpered and moved her hand over him, slick with cum.

He picked her up under her thighs and laid her down on the table. One heel fell off in the process so she kicked the other one off too.

Leeroy ran his hand up her smooth thighs and over her hips. He ran his hand firmly over where Veronica was leaking onto her lace. He continued his path and his hands moved up her sides and to her breasts. He cupped them tight in his hands and Veronica arched off the table.

"I love this but it needs to come off, now."

Veronica went to work undoing the clasp while Leeroy pulled her panties down her legs and dropped them on the floor.

Leeroy pulled her hips to the edge of the table and didn't waste anytime before pushing a dry finger in her hole. She wasn't as tight he expected.

"Who fucked you today?"

Veronica shook her head. Leeroy added another and pumped them hard. "I asked you a question."

"Me! I did. This morning," Veronica moaned.

Leeroy smiled. "Always ready, aren't you, sweetheart?"
"Yes," she breathed.

He pulled his fingers out and lined himself up. While Veronica was still trying to catch her breath Leeroy pushed in all the way in one go.

"Fuck!"

Leeroy brought her legs up to wrap around his back and he pushed in deeper.

Too quickly Veronica was panting and about to come. Leeroy shoved in at a different angle and hit her prostate. Veronica came with a shout on her lean stomach.

She clenched tight around Leeroy's cock and pushed him over the edge within a few thrusts. He worked himself in and out until he filled her up and felt his cum spilling back out onto his dick.

He pulled out and turned Veronica over on table. She was bent in half, toes barely touching the floor, ass in the air. Leeroy crouched down and shoved his tongue inside her wet hole. He licked around her sensitive hole. He pushed his cum around but didn't take any of it, instead tongue-fucked it back into her.

Leeroy loved the way they tasted together and started to get hard again. He squeezed her ass and she pushed back on his face. Her little whimpers brought him back to fill harness in minutes.

He stood back up and shoved his dick back in her before any of his seed could slip out. He leaned over her and whispered low in her ear, "I'm going to fuck you again. Fill you with two of my loads. Breed you so well."

Veronica thrashed her head. Too much. Her tits were sliding on the table. Her cock was bouncing, hard again, between herself and the table, her hole so stretched and used.

"You want my seed, baby girl? Want me to fill you up?"

"Yes, please," Veronica begged.

Leeroy pounded her hard into the table. He had a firm grip on her hips and watched his cock slide in and out of her quickly. He was slamming his hips forward with every thrusts and Veronica was thrashing against the table.

Her hands scratched the smooth wood and her head shook back and forth and she felt herself rise so close to peaking.

Leeroy's grip got tighter the closer he got and soon he was digging his blunt nails into her and filling her up for a second time.

Veronica shook and released onto the table. They rode out their orgasms together and Leeroy pulled out.

Veronica used the last of her strength to clench her hole so none of his cum spilled out.

"That's right, beautiful. Keep it in. Take all my seed."

Leeroy sat back down in the chair and pulled Veronica with him. She turned sideways and laid her head on his chest.

"You're very good at your job," Leeroy said and kissed her hair.
Chapter End Notes

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
"Tell him!" Harry bellowed.

"Tell me what?" Zayn said coolly.

Louis waved a hand to Zayn, "Nothing," and then to Harry, "Let it go."

"I can't. I won't. Tell him!"

The three boys had been bickering all day. It started with Harry and Zayn being competitive over something dumb. Then Louis made a comment about how Zayn was was stronger than Harry, but Harry was prettier. And that started a whole mess of macho comments between the three.

The three boys had a very delicate relationship. Harry knew Louis slept with Zayn often and Zayn knew Louis slept with Harry almost as much. But Harry had let Louis go a long time ago and Louis came to Zayn. Zayn was there for him. But you can't take Louis from Harry.

So they often tiptoed around catching each other and walked on egg shells when someone brought up the weird non-agreement.

There were times when the tension boiled over. Right now was one of those times. Louis and Harry were sharing a room because Perrie was in town. Harry had gone and dragged Zayn away and told Perrie not to wait up.

"Why don't you tell me, Harry?" Zayn countered.

Harry looked taken aback for a second but then steeled his face. "Fine." He walked over to tower over Zayn. "Louis thinks I'm better in bed, and wants to be with me, but he doesn't know how to end it with you."
Zayn gave Harry a moment and checked his face for any hint he was lying, but when he didn't find one he turned to Louis. Louis was glaring at the back of Harry's head.

"Lou?"

"Don't call him that. I call him that," Harry seethed.

"His mom calls him that. Chill, Styles. What is your problem anyway? You should be over the moon right now that Louis picked you."

"But he didn't!" Harry tried to explain. "That's why I'm so shocked. He admitted that I'm better. That he wants to be with me. But he said he wouldn't leave you. I asked him why the hell not, but he couldn't give me an answer. It just blows my mind."

Zayn looked back to Louis again and he was smiling softly at Zayn.

Harry turned to Louis, "You do realize that he's engaged, right? Soon to marry a female that isn't you?" Harry didn't know how to make Louis see that he was wrong when he let Louis go. That he should be with Harry.

"I know," Louis sighed and dropped his head into his hand.

"But I love you," Harry added.

"I love you too, Hazza."

"Then what's the problem?" Harry asked shyly.

"I love him, too." Louis glanced at Zayn then back to Harry.

"That can't work, Louis. I'd love for it to work. But we can't just share you."

"Why not?" Zayn asked.

Both of the boys turned and looked at Zayn incredulously.

"What?" Louis asked shocked.

"I love you, Lou. But I'm getting married. I can't have you with me everyday. I can't wake up next to you all the time. I can't fuck you every time you need me." Harry cringed at that. "So why not let Harry have you, too. We both love you. And I want you to have someone that loves you around all the time."

Louis shook his head slowly trying to work it out. "But what about when I want you both? Like right now? This is ridiculous."

"Have us both," Harry whispered, starting to understand. "When you want us both, take us both."

Zayn nodded and put a hand around Harry's waist. "I'd be crazy if I said Harry wasn't hot as fuck."

Harry smirked at Zayn. "Fuck off, Malik. You can't just have me without working a little."

Zayn pinched his ass and moved to Louis. "I want you to be happy. I'll do whatever I can to make you happy."

Louis nodded and pulled Zayn in for a sweet kiss. Harry came and pressed against Zayn's back. He
reached a hand around and grabbed Louis through his pants. Louis yelped into Zayn's mouth.

"I was feeling a bit third-wheely. Sorry," he quipped unapologetically.

Zayn laid his head back on Harry's shoulder and brought Harry's mouth to his neck. "Don't be sorry. Do something about it."

Harry kissed Zayn's soft, tan skin along his neck, then his scruffy jawline, then back to his ear where he whispered, "Be careful what you ask for, Zaynie."

Harry pulled Zayn away from Louis and pushed his onto the bed where he landed with a couple bounces. "Strip," he ordered and turned back to Louis. He kissed him passionately with Louis' face held tight in his hands. "I love you so much. I'll do whatever it takes to keep you."

"Thank you, Hazza," Louis whispered between kisses.

Harry tucked his fingers under Louis' shirt and lifted it slowly up his body and over his head. Then he flicked open the button on Louis' jeans and unzipped them. He slid his fingers under both layers by his hips and pulled them down his legs to the floor.

He kissed one thigh, then the other, before standing back up in front of a naked Louis.

Louis peeked over Harry's shoulder and saw Zayn, naked as well, sitting patiently at the head of the bed with his hand working slowly on his hard cock.

Harry followed Louis' gaze and smiled, "Go on," and smacked Louis' bum.

Louis yelped a tiny sound and rocked forward into Harry, feeling how hard he was already. He smiled up at Harry and ran over to the bed and jumped at Zayn, who laughed and caught him.

Zayn pulled Louis in and caressed his back. "He loves you a lot, maybe more than me, ya know?" he whispered.

Louis looked to where Harry was removing his clothes and nodded. "I know. I love him a lot, maybe more than you," Louis said reluctantly.

"I know," Zayn accepted.

"Cozy?" Harry asked from the foot of the bed.

"Not quite," Louis corrected, "Why don't you fix that?"

Harry grinned and climbed up the bed behind Louis. He ran a hand up Louis' side, from his firm thigh, over his hip, to his waist, where he gripped and pushed into his back.

Louis moaned softly into Zayn's shoulder. Zayn moved a hand to wrap around Harry and pulled them closer. Louis felt the new pressure on his hard cock and his eager ass.

"Someone, please fuck me," Louis pleaded.

"Oh no, Lou. I think your misunderstanding. You ask for us both, so now you'll have us," Zayn smiled, "both."

Louis' mouth opened, then closed, then opened again, but nothing came out.

"Don't worry, Lou, I know how rough you like it. I'll be sure to stretch you open wide," Harry
Louis shivered noticeably. Zayn laughed darkly. "I'll get lube." Zayn untangled himself and got up to find Louis' lube.

Harry kissed Louis' neck softly and just took the alone time to admire Louis' body. He massaged circles into his skin and nuzzled into his hair. "I'm sorry I was harsh earlier."

"I would've been more angry if you'd just let me go easy."

Zayn returned with the small tube and handed it to Harry. "I'd like his mouth on me while you prep him." Harry nodded in agreement and pulled Louis to lay on his back.

In any normal circumstance Louis' headstrong personality would've had him complaining about them making decisions and talking like he wasn't right there, but right now all he could do was close his eyes and follow their lead.

Harry lifted Louis' legs up and apart and kissed his inner thigh. Zayn climbed over Louis to straddle his chest and ran his fingers over his cheeks and down his neck.

Louis opened his eyes and his mouth together and waited for Zayn.

"Harry you first," Zayn said with a strangled voice. "I want to see his face when you put your finger in."

Harry hummed behind him and circle his lubed finger around Louis' hole. Louis relaxed under the familiar sensation and Harry pushed in to the second knuckle.

Louis face scrunched up and his mouth opened into an O.

"How he's feel?"

"Good," they both said at the same time.

Zayn chuckled and tapped his tip on Louis' lips. "Want me?"

Louis nodded, his mouth still open. Zayn pushed into his mouth as Harry pushed deeper into his hole. Louis groaned loud.

Zayn held Louis' head and guided him along his cock. Louis worked his tongue over the tip with every bob.

Harry twisted his finger in Louis' tight heat. He felt Louis' smooth walls against this skin. He pushed his finger in and out slowly, dragging along the rim before pushing back in each time.

Louis whined around Zayn when Harry crooked his finger, just barely missing his prostate. Louis' not dumb, and Harry's been inside him enough to locate his spot in a single thrust. Harry was teasing.

Louis whined again and Zayn pulled out. "What's a matter babe?"

"Harry," Louis breathed out heavy, "Haz is teasing."

Zayn smiled fondly down at Louis and looked over his shoulder at Harry. Harry raised an eyebrow to Zayn, challenge him, and Zayn nodded.

"Bed news, Lou. I think Harry wants to play." Louis whined louder but Zayn pulled open his mouth
and pushed back in. Louis' cheeks immediately hollowed like it was a reflex now.

Harry pulled out and pushed a second finger in. Louis pushed his hips down on Harry's fingers, pushing them in further. "Fuck, Lou. You take my fingers like a slut."

"Are you being a slut Louis?" Zayn asked.

Louis squeezed his eyes shut and made a needy noise around Zayn's cock.

"He is Zayn. He's being such a slut."

Louis clenched tight around Harry's fingers. Harry shoved them in harder. He scissored Louis open while he kept them pushed in deep.

Zayn was rocking into Louis' mouth, his lips tight around him.

"Haz, hurry the fuck up before I come."

Louis mumbled, causing Zayn to pull out. "I'm ready. Fuck me," Louis pleaded.

Harry laughed and Zayn just smiled. He bent over and kissed Louis' hair.

"I want in first," said Harry.

"Yes, Haz, please," Louis' voice cracked.

Harry lubed himself up and quickly pushed in. He got half way before Louis' even realized and clenched tight around him.

"Shit, Louis. So tight."

Louis wiggled his hips down pulling him in more while his delicate fingers gripped Zayn's thin thighs.

Zayn got off Louis and knelt beside him. Louis popped his head up to look at Harry. Harry pet his legs, lovingly, and looked at him with a soft smile.

"There you are," Harry whispered.

Louis' cheeks blushed red and he reached for Harry's hand. Harry granted it immediately and held tight. He leaned over so he was face to face with Louis and pressed his hand into the bed.

"I'll always need you," Louis promised.

"Then you will always have me," Harry answered.

"Harry?"

"Yeah?"

"Fucking move."

Harry laughed and pulled halfway out then pushed in slowly.

"Ugh, Haz. I will kill you. I said move!" Louis commanded.

Harry gave look an 'alriiiight' look and thrusted in hard. He started shoving into Louis faster and
harder and faster and harder.

Soon Louis was making choked noises and trying to grip something. He felt around for something firm and landed on Zayn's thigh.

"Zayn," he moaned.

"Ready for me?"

Zayn was trying to be as patient as possible, running a hand slowly over himself. He wanted to let Louis and Harry work out whatever was going on between them. If Louis' noises were anything to go by he'd say Louis' forgiven him.

"Yes, please. Please, fuck me."

Harry slowly down then stilled inside Louis. Louis pushed back at the lack of movement.

"Lou, be good and let Zayn in." He ran a comforting hand over Louis' chest.

Zayn leaned into Harry and whispered, "Do you want to be able to see him?" Harry kept his hand moving and nodded. "Then shove up so can get under you."

Harry maneuvered his legs over Louis and laid down against his chest. Louis wrapped him up and they laid together, waiting for Zayn.

Zayn lubed himself up and placed his head at Louis' stretched hole. He nudged just the tip inside and felt Louis clench.

"Relax, love," Zayn reminded. Louis reached a hand behind Harry for Zayn and Zayn took it.

Louis held tight as Zayn pushed in slowly. He got a couple inches before Louis begged, "Hold on! Gimme a sec."

"Are you okay?" Harry breathed against Louis' neck.

Louis nodded and squeezed Zayn's hand tighter. "Ok, go."

Zayn ran his thumb over Louis' knuckles and continued. He pushed all the way in and let Louis adjust.

"Ever had two?" Zayn asked. Louis shook his head quickly and whined. "You're doing so good," he added.

Louis preened and rolled down onto their cocks. Both the boys moaned when they rubbed together inside Louis.

"Someone go, please," Louis requested.

Zayn starting to gently rock inside Louis, making him arch and move Harry on top of him. Zayn got into a steady rhythm that had both Louis and Harry moaning.

Harry tilted his head up and kissed Louis' jaw. "So lovely," he whispered. He could barely see his smile from this angle but he knew it was there.

Harry soon joined Zayn and pushed in when Zayn pulled out. They worked against, yet for, each other while chasing their orgasms.
Louis was scratching at Harry's back with one hand and white knuckling Zayn's hand with the other. The three of them moved together, skin on skin, muscle against muscle.

Harry was the first to say it, "I'm close."

"Me, too," Louis choked.

"Fuck, so am I," Zayn agreed.

Louis' stomach flip on itself and his hole clenched and he streaked between him and Harry. Harry and Zayn kept going, Harry smearing Louis' cum between them.

Louis kept himself tight as long as he could and then Zayn was coming inside Louis. Louis felt the rush and heat of Zayn's cum inside him. He moved his hand down and slipped a finger down Harry crack. He lightly touched Harry's hole and Harry bucked one more time and came inside him.

Louis felt so full of their cocks and both their loads. Zayn pulled out first, groaning at his sensitivity. Harry gave one more small thrust, Louis nearly screamed, and he pulled out.

Zayn was laying on one side of Louis and Harry on the other, their legs still tangled. Harry crawled down the bed between Louis' legs. "Shit, Z, come here."

Zayn looked alarmed for a second until he saw Harry's smile and moved down to see what Harry was seeing.

Harry had four fingers, two on each side holding Louis open. Cum was dripping out onto the bed.

"Perfect," Zayn said.

"Hold on. Look," he let go of Louis' hole and it stayed open, gaping, and clenching around nothing.

"Fuck, Haz. We did that," Zayn's voice was full of awe.

"What?" Louis asked blearily.

Harry kissed the inside of his thigh and told him, "You're gaping for us. We spilt you open, love."

Louis moaned and used what little strength he had left to clench on air.

Zayn ducked down and gathered some off their cum on his tongue. He moved up the bed and kissed Louis. Louis took it with another moan.

"You guys taste so good," Louis complimented.

Harry joined them and they circled in together. "I'll never let you go," Harry said. "Zayn I mean you, too."

Zayn ran a hand through Harry's hair and said, "You're both mine."

"I love you," Louis said with his eyes closed.

Harry kissed his cheek and Zayn kissed his forehead. "Love you," they said together.

Chapter End Notes
Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
Niall was on his knees. Again. Third time this week. He wasn't complaining by any means, he's just saying. He actually likes to think it's a testimony to how much his boyfriends love him.

They could pick anyone of the five, and they've all been chosen, to be passed around like a toy. But Niall's been chosen every night this week.

By now his ass was sore but his heart was full. He was losing his voice from the screaming and the cocks down his throat. He felt used and abused.

And he reveled in it.

So here he was again. Another hotel room, another city. He sat back on his knees while his boyfriends surrounded him in various states of dress.

Liam stepped closer, in just his tight white boxers, and pet Niall's hair. "You were so good tonight on stage, baby."

Niall leaned into the touch. He scooted a tiny bit closer and placed a hand on Liam's thick thigh.

"He's so needy already," Zayn whispered to Harry next to him.

Harry made a noise of agreement and took off his boxers. "He's not even close to how needy he'll be soon."

Niall whimpered at the promise.

"Niall," Louis' authoritative voice rang from behind him.

Niall turned on his knees and saw Louis, with a hand on his shaft, looking at Niall like he wanted to devour him. Niall immediately started to crawl over to where Louis was standing.
Louis sat back in the chair and got comfortable. "Come here, baby."

Niall got into Louis' lap and felt Louis hard against his ass. He reflexively rocked back onto him and Louis hissed.

"I'm guessing that means you're first," Liam stated.

"Hell, yeah," Louis confirmed and ran his hands down Niall's sides. "Are you going to ride me, Niall?"

Niall nodded eagerly and lifted up so he could aligned himself with Louis. Niall thanked God that being fucked so many times this week has left him fairly stretched all the time, but no lube was still going to burn.

He lowered down until just the tip was inside and let his head fall back. Louis still stretched him open, despite the constant sex. Louis waited until Niall got halfway down to push the rest of the way.


"Come on, baby. Show me what you can do," Louis whispered.

Niall lifted himself up and fell back down slowly. Then again, faster, until he got a rhythm and was bouncing on Louis' cock.

Louis was moaning every couple of seconds and Niall has his short nails permanently embedded in Louis' skin. He rode Louis harder. Niall's thigh were tense and squeezing Louis' beneath him.

"Yes, baby. So good. I'm gonna come," Louis warned before shooting into Niall and thrusting up into him.

Niall held himself at his base to keep from coming when Louis hit his prostate. Louis finished inside him and Niall pulled off and sat back down on him. He slid off the chair onto his knees and licked Louis clean of cum.

Harry picked Niall up under the arms and laid him down on the bed on his back. Niall spread his legs without even thinking and Harry chuckled at him.

"So ready. Such a slut."

"No. Yours."

"My slut? That's so kind, Ni," Harry laughed.

Niall used his feet to pull Harry in and Harry pulled his hips to the edge of the bed. He folded Niall over so his knees were touching his sides and pushed in, using Louis' cum as lube.

"I thought you'd be loose by now, Ni. Shit, how do you do that?"

It was Niall's turn to laugh as he clenched around Harry and Harry bucked harder and groaned.

Harry retaliated by changing his angle and hitting Niall's weak spot dead on. He shoved in harder, abusing the little bundle with every thrust. Niall's laughed turned into whines and he gripped the sheets by his head.

Harry leaned over him and whispered into his mouth, "Never forget. You're mine." Harry pushed in hard one more time and Niall spilled onto his stomach and chest.
Harry pulled out and pumped his slick length until he shot hot cum out to join Niall's on his stomach. Harry shivered through his orgasm and fell forward to hover over Niall. He took his dirty hand and ran a couple fingers through the cum. He brought it up to Niall's lips and Niall took his fingers in and sucked them clean.

"My turn," Zayn said with a scratch in his voice.

Harry took one last finger of cum and fed it to himself before he let Niall's legs slip off his shoulders so they could fall on the bed.

Zayn took his place but pushed Niall up the bed a little so he could climb up. "Turn over," he ordered and Niall flipped onto his stomach. He felt his own, and Harry's, cum smear on the sheets and a trickle of Louis' slide down his thigh. "So beautiful, Nialler."

Niall arched his back at the praise and Zayn slapped across his ass teasingly. Niall moaned and pushed back at Zayn.

"Eager. He's so fucking eager," Niall heard Louis say from his chair.

"Look. His ass is already red," Harry said from the same direction and Niall assumed they'd cuddled together in post-coital bliss.

Zayn's hand came down again. Not hard, but hard enough to make Niall groan unabashed and start to get hard again.

Zayn ran his hand across the warm cheek and spread Niall open so he could see his puffy hole better. "I will wreck you, Nialler," Zayn promised.

Without another word Zayn pushed in with an unforgiving thrust. He set a brutal pace from the start and fucked Niall into the mattress. He gripped some of Niall's hair and pushed his face against the sheets.

Niall was whimpering and pushing back as best he could. His cock was hard again and trapped tight between his body and the bed.

Zayn didn't let up and ravaged Niall's already ragged hole. Niall felt himself being split open by force and his stomach started to coil with the familiar burn.

Then all of sudden Zayn stopped and Niall felt his mouth by his ear. "Liam just told me he wants you to wait to come for him. So I'm going to hit that little spot inside you really hard, again and again, but you're not going to come. Got it?"

Niall nodded as best he could pressed into the bedding. Zayn resumed his relentless thrusts. He found Niall's prostate instantly and never let up. Niall was thrashing on the bed under him while Zayn chased his orgasm.

He pushed in twice more and came into Niall's red hole. Niall felt the warmth against his abused walls and couldn't stop bucking back and forth between the bed and Zayn, even as Zayn softened and pull out.

Niall was left flat on the bed, still except his hips that were swiveling against the sheets. "How badly do you want to come, baby boy?" Liam asked from the foot of the bed.

All Niall could do was sob, wetting the fabric under his face. Liam must've taken that as badly enough, because Niall felt the bed dip and then warm, hot actually, skin cover him.
Liam tucked Niall's legs under him and then his arms, so Niall was curled into a ball. His hole was on display and Liam couldn't help but run a finger over where he was so sensitive.

Niall cried out and shied away from the touch. Liam covered Niall with his body and wrapped his arms around Niall, encompassing his chest and biceps. Niall's hands found Liam's forearms and held tight.

The two were pressed so close to each Niall wasn't sure where he ended and Liam began. Then Liam pushed forward and Niall felt him slip inside. He choked and Liam nuzzled his head into Niall's neck and said, "I love you so much, baby boy. We all do. You're so perfect. I love your flawless skin, your perky ass, your strong shoulders, your innocent smile. You make me so weak for you. I want you so bad."

Niall's head was spinning at his words. He couldn't concentrate and the world felt like it was burning around him. Liam was setting his whole body on fire, from his toes to his lips.

Liam was bucking hard and deep, not willing to separate from Niall. Niall felt the slide of Liam inside him and on him and with him.

"Gonna come for me, baby boy?" Niall nodded minutely but he knew Liam would feel it. "Then come with me."

Liam stilled inside Niall and Niall clenched and they came together in deafening silence.

Liam pulled back just enough to pull out and then their legs gave out and they fell to the bed. Liam rolled off and pulled Niall into him. He burrowed his head in Liam's chest.

They soon felt other arms and legs join and they made room. The five tangled together and fell asleep sweaty and well-loved.

Chapter End Notes

Lucky Niall. I want a night like that please.

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
"This has been a long time coming," Simon addressed the crowd. "We've worked hard and now it's finally here. This album will change the business."

Everyone was gathered in the crowded ballroom in fancy suits with champagne in their hands waiting for the toast to finish.

"I'm so proud to have been there from the beginning and be the reason these boys have done so well," Simon continued and Zayn rolled his eyes. "To the boys and their best album yet," he held up his glass and the rest followed.

Clanking sounds rang out and then chatter ensued. Zayn looked around the crowd for his boyfriend but couldn't see him. He put his glass down on a table and made his way through the crowd.

Finally he squeezed through two old guys he'd never seen before and found Liam talking to someone in a dark, slim suit with slick brown hair. He had to be twice Liam's age. He was smiling at whatever Liam said.

The man put his hand on Liam's shoulder my pulled him in to whisper something that made Liam laugh. Zayn ground his teeth and marched over to the smiling couple.

"Zayn!" Liam bellowed, clearly intoxicated.

"Liam," Zayn said calmly and turned to the older man, "And who are you?"

The man looked taken aback for a second before easing into a smile again.

"Johnson. A friend of Simon's. Big fan of you guys. I was just telling lovely Liam here-"
"Yeah, I don't care," Zayn interrupted.

"Zayn?" Liam questioned his rudeness.

The man looked between the two and then realization hit him. He put a hand on Liam's shoulder and said, "Liam's very sweet. Maybe too sweet. You might watch that one," he finished to Zayn.

Zayn nodded tightly and pushed between the two so the man knew his cue to leave. He leaned in to Liam and whispered, "Follow me."

Liam was all smiles and shiny eyes. He nodded enthusiastically. Zayn walked off, sure Liam was right behind him. He ascended the large staircase to the hotel part of the building and walked down the hall to his room.

He heard Liam's unsteady but eager footsteps behind him so he kept walking to his door. He took out the key and slid it in. The lock beeped and he opened the door. He left it open for Liam to follow him in.

Liam pushed the door shut rather loudly and followed Zayn into the room. Zayn slid his shoes off and pushed them, with his feet, against the wall.

Liam came up behind him, hugged him, and laid his head on Zayn's back. Zayn removed Liam's arms and stepped out of his grasp.

He turned around and said, "Take your clothes off." Liam paused and Zayn gave him a waiting look. Liam toed off his shoes. Zayn sat in the chair on the far wall and relaxed.

Liam started to work on his tie. His drunk hands slipping with the knot. Eventually he got it and pulled his tie off.

"Bring it here," Zayn ordered. Liam walked over and place the tie in Zayn's hand. "Continue."

Liam shrugged off his jacket and let it fall to the floor. Zayn followed it with his eyes then brought them back to where Liam was working on his buttons. Zayn watched his hands undo each one, a little more skin and a little more hair peaking out every time one was unbuttoned.

Liam's fingers were still slipping but he soldiered on and finally undid the last button. He let his shirt fall off to the floor to match his jacket. Liam paused like he wanted something so Zayn tore his eyes away from Liam's toned torso to his face.

"Yes?"

"You're still dressed."

"You're right. And that's how I'll stay until I say otherwise. Continue."

Liam pouted but got his hands on the button of his pants. It popped open easily, as did the zipper. Zayn could already see the curve of Liam hard in his briefs. Zayn felt himself twitch in his pants.

"Off," Zayn said hoarsely.

Liam pushed the trousers down his legs and kicked them off, leaving him standing in only his thin black briefs. Zayn's eyes trailed from his shoulders, down his chest, admiring the bulge in his underwear, to his strong legs.

Liam was twitching to move towards Zayn, but didn't because he knew he wasn't allowed.
"Now you?" he asks quietly.

Zayn shook his head but undid his tie and took both of them in his hand as he stood up.

He stood chest to chest with Liam and ran just a finger over his skin. Liam shuddered and his eyes fell closed.

"Hands and knees on the bed. Don't move until I say so," Zayn almost whispered, but the order was loud and clear in Liam's ears.

He climbed onto the bed and took the position Zayn desired. Zayn did one more look over his whole body before walking up to the side of the bed and taking Liam's hand in his.

He kissed the top of it and smiled at Liam. Liam smiled back. Then he stretched Liam's arm out and wrapped one of the ties around his wrist. Then he tied the other end around the headboard.

Liam looked shocked for a second but Zayn steeled him with a look. He walked around to the other side and took Liam's other hand. Liam would've fallen face first if Zayn's grip hadn't been so tight. He tied him to the bed and stepped back to admire his work.

Liam's shoulders were rippling with the new strain. His hands were clenched in fists around the ties. His back arched naturally with gravity. Zayn almost lost it right then.

Instead he moved back to the foot of the bed and waited. He just watched for a minute while Liam fidgeted and pulled and strained.

Soon Liam called out, "Zayn?" He didn't answer so Liam tried again, "Za-"

"Stop." Liam whined in response and dropped his head between his arms. "Who was he?" Zayn asked. Liam stayed silent and Zayn growled. "Answer me when I ask you question."

"I don't know. He came to me."

"So you thought it'd be okay, then, since he came to you, to flirt with him."

"No I-"

Zayn continued like he hadn't tried to talk, "While I was in the room. Anyone could see. I saw you." Zayn climbed onto the bed and grabbed Liam's ass in his hand. "Was it worth it?"

"Wh-what?"

"Getting my pissed. Was flirting with that fucker worth getting me so angry?"

Liam was shaking his head widely, but when Zayn brought his hand down with a smack and said, "It was, wasn't it?" Liam started to nod.

Zayn spanked him again and Liam nodded harder, "Yes!"

"Yes what?"

"Yes, it was worth it!"

"Good. I'm glad. Then I won't feel bad about tearing you apart tonight."

Liam whimpered and pushed back towards Zayn but Zayn kept his distance. He pulled Liam's
boxers down so they pooled at his knees. Liam cock sprang up and hit his stomach, making Liam moan.

"Feel better?" Zayn asked darkly. Liam nodded but Zayn wanted more. He brought his hand down and spanked his other cheek. "I asked you a question."

"Yes, Zayn, I feel better!" Liam cried out.

Zayn smiled and made an appreciative sound. Zayn ran his hand from the back of Liam's legs to the front and leaned in so his hard on was pressing against Liam. He slid his hands up the front of Liam's thighs, skipping over his hard cock, and up his chest.

"Feel so good Liam." Zayn thumbed over Liam's nipples and Liam pulled on the restraints. They tighten around his wrist and Liam moaned at all the different sensations he was feeling.

Zayn pinched his nipples harder and felt them stiffened between his fingers. Liam was rocking unconsciously back and forth like he was imagining Zayn inside him.

Zayn reached down between them and unbuttoned and unzipped his suit pants. He pulled his pants down just enough to pull his solid cock out. He brought two fingers to Liam's mouth and ordered, "Suck." Liam rushed forward and took them into his mouth. He groaned at Zayn's soft fingers against his tongue.

He'd seen Zayn do so many things with his hands: play instruments, hold a mic, paint and draw, eat. But nothing was as good as when Zayn uses those fingers on him.

Zayn pulled his fingers out and placed them against Liam's hole. "I think you need to learn who you belong to, my love."

Liam's head drooped down again and he whined, "Yes, please."

"Can't wait to hear what those words sound like in fifteen minutes." With that he pushed both fingers in together and Liam screamed and pulled on the ties.

Zayn didn't give Liam even a moment before he was thrusting his fingers in and out harshly. They rubbed against Liam's tight walls and pulled on his rim. He changed his angle and curled his fingers into Liam's prostate.

"Zayn!" Liam screamed shocked at the sudden surge of pleasure. Zayn just chuckled and push in again, hitting him dead on.

Just when Liam was starting to rock with Zayn's fingers he pulled out and spit on his palm. He spread his saliva around his flushed cock and lined up with Liam's hole.

"One day you'll learn, baby. Until then, I'll just have to teach you," he shoved in to his base, "again," he pulled out quickly, "and again," he pushed back in hard.

Liam was yelling Zayn's name and his legs were shaking. "Yes, yes, Zayn," he mumbled and shook his head. Liam could feel the soft fabric of Zayn's suit and the harsh teeth of his zipper against him. He couldn't get enough of the idea that he was completely exposed while fucked him fully dressed.

Zayn held Liam's hips tight and thrusted in harder every time. He felt bruises forming on his own hips from where he was hitting Liam's ass.

Zayn reached forward and gripped what little hair Liam had and arched his back. "Are you going to
"flirt with random men anymore?"

"No, no I won't!"

"I don't believe you," Zayn teased and pulled hard while he thrusted forward.

"I won't, I promise! I promise!" Liam was pushing back trying to get Zayn deeper.

"Who do you belong to?" Zayn said with his grip still tight.

"You!" Liam answered immediately.

"I'm sorry, who?" Zayn pushed deeper and nailed Liam's spot.

"You! you!"

"What's my name?"

"Zayn! I belong to Zayn!"

Zayn let go of Liam's head and it fell down lifelessly. Liam's legs were spreading wider and he was falling to the bed with every push. Zayn gripped his hips tighter and pulled him back up to his knees.

"You belong to me. Never forget."

Liam shook his head in agreement and let his body be used. Zayn was leaving nail marks on Liam's hips and hitting his prostate with every thrust.

"Za-Zayn, Zayn, fuck I'm gonna come!"

Liam came hard on the bed and his stomach. Zayn push in one last time and came inside Liam, filling him up. He reached a hand around and took Liam's still dripping cock in his hand.

Liam wailed at the oversensitivity. Zayn's voice filled the air, "Mine." He squeezed Liam one more time and let go and pulled out.

He fell next to Liam and then scooted so he was under his chest, his face a couple inches under Liam's.


Liam smiled lazily. "I love you," he mumbled.

Zayn reached up and kissed Liam's bitten-red lips. "Love you."

Zayn untied Liam's wrists from under him and let Liam fall on top of him. He pulled him in and wrapped the blanket around them. "You know I'd never," Liam trailed off.

"I know. But I still worry. You're gorgeous and special and anyone would be lucky to have you. But I have to make sure they know they don't have you. I do," he spoke into Liam's hair.

"You have me. You'll always have me."

Chapter End Notes
Dom Zayn much? That's damn sexy!

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
Lilo - Rumors

Chapter Summary

Louis heard a rumor about a certain hot, young boy and he can't wait to see if it's true.

Top: Liam
Bottom: Louis

Chapter Notes

Another request but I changed it a bit.

Y'all know I love your requests but I won't change my writing style. Give me scenarios, don't demand things. My smut seems to be romantic even if it's dirty. I don't write cheesy porn and I will NEVER call one of the boys dicks a Beast. Ever. And I won't give them 10 or 11 inches just because. Sorrynotsorry.

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis was already late for work, but his coffee was way too important. He waited at the counter for his name to be called and heard two teenagers next to him.

"I swear it's true," one said.

"No way," the other countered.

"He's huge. I have gym with him. I've seen it."

"Liam? Liam Payne? I don't believe you."

"I don't know what to tell you, man. He's packin'." "Lucky slut that gets him, I guess."

Liam Payne? Louis knew Liam. He's Harry's best friend. Over all the time. Nice kid. Louis had no idea he was so...gifted.

"Lewis?"

Louis sighed and took his coffee.

***

"Dad? I'm home! I've got Liam!" Harry called as he walked in after football practice. "Can he stay
for dinner? Thanks!" He yelled as the two boys ran up the stairs to Harry's room.
Liam poked his head into the kitchen and smiled, "Hey Mr. T."
Louis couldn't help but glance towards Liam's jeans. "Hey, Liam." Then Liam disappeared up the
stairs.
***
"How was your day boys?" Louis asked when they sat down for dinner.
"I passed my Maths exam," Harry informed Louis.
"That's great! We studied hard for that one," Louis encouraged. Louis put a hand on Liam's
shoulder, "What about you, Li?" Liam smiled and told Louis about his typical high school day.
Harry grabbed the dishes and took them into the kitchen to rinse and put them in the washer.
Louis had been tense all throughout dinner trying and failing not to scan Liam's body. His chest was
actually rather toned and his arms were lean but defined.
"Liam?" Liam looked up from his phone with a raised eyebrow. "How old are you?"
"Seventeen, sir."
"Almost legal." Liam nodded. "Do you, um, have a girlfriend?"
"No, sir. I don't, well sir, I don't like girls."
Louis' mind rushed with thoughts of Liam with men, Liam with him, Liam enjoying it.
"I can't say I'm not pleased," Louis spoke lowly.
Liam eyes went wide for a second taking in what Louis just said and his dark, wide pupils.
"How old are you, Mr. Tomlinson?"
Louis smirked and said, "I'm fourty-one, Liam. A bit older than you."
Louis saw Liam's hand curl into a fist on his leg when he said, "Not that old."
Louis nodded, contemplating whether or not he could touch Liam. Before he could decide Harry
came back to the table.
"Done. Li?" He said and pointed upstairs.
Liam glanced over to Louis then back to Harry and nodded. Harry led Liam upstairs while Liam
looked over his shoulder at Louis.
***
Louis was sat on the couch watching some barely funny sitcom, but all he could think about was
Liam's legs as they climbed the stairs. He rubbed his palms on his shorts to keep from palming
himself. He was getting harder but refused to touch.
He heard footsteps coming down the stairs and quickly adjusted himself in his pants. Whoever it was
went into the kitchen and fiddled around before coming into the living room.


Mr. T?

Louis groaned internally. "Hey, Liam. Where's Harry?"

"Upstairs. He was practically falling asleep while we were doing homework so I decided to take a snack break." Liam plopped down next to Louis on the couch.

Louis clasped his hands together and stated intently at the now fascinating show.

Mr. T?

"Yes, Liam?"

"Are you gay?"

Louis' entire body froze. His blood stopped pumping, his heart stopped beating, his lungs stopped breathing.

"I only ask because I told you I was, and I know Harry was adopted, and I never see any women around the house, and-"

"Yes. I'm gay, Liam."

Liam breathed out what sounded like relief and turned so he was facing Louis.

Louis shook his head, knowing what was coming. "Liam, I can't."

"What's the youngest you've been with?"

"I can't," Louis repeated.

"I just want to know," Liam asked again.

Louis looked at Liam, deciding. Finally he sighed and said, "When I was in my early thirties I went through a phase."

"What kind of phase?" Louis shook his head, but Liam put a hand on Louis' knee. "I'd really like to know."

Louis sighed again. "I met someone. Harry was in grade school and he had a tutor for English that was in high school."

"And you slept with him?"

Louis nodded and kept going, "He had friends. It started something. But then Harry starting noticing the boys coming and going so I stopped. Not before a parent or two found out."

"Parents know!"

Louis shushed Liam and calmed him, "Their kids are in college or have families now so everyone has gotten past it. It was almost ten years ago."

"Do you still like younger guys?"

"Liam, stop."

"I'm old enough. I'm not a child. I know," he slid his hand from Louis' knee to his thigh, "I know
what I'm doing."

Louis put a hand on Liam's arm but didn't push him away. "Harry."

"Probably asleep by now. And I told him I'd be back up later."

Liam shifted closer and kissed Louis' shoulder where his shirt had fallen off. "Liam," Louis breathed.

"You don't have to do anything if you don't want. Just let me," he whispered and kissed Louis' collarbone.

Louis could feel the tips of Liam's curls on his skin. It tickled a little but he loved it. Liam kept moving his lips closer until he nuzzled into the curve of Louis' neck.

Louis gripped tighter on Liam's arm that was making its way from his thigh to his crotch. When Liam found the curve of Louis' shorts between his legs he curved his fingers around Louis' hard on and squeezed.

"Sh-shit."

"You're very handsome, Mr. Tomlinson."

Louis smiled and pulled Liam across him so he was sitting on Louis' lap. He took Liam's face in his hands and brought him down to kiss him. Liam tensed for a second but quickly relaxed and brought his hands to Louis' sides and rubbed circles into his shirt.

"I can't stand the idea of Harry catching us. We have to hurry." Liam nodded and went to pull his shirt off. "No. If Harry comes downstairs we need as much clothing on as possible."

"Ok," Liam agreed and kissed Louis again.

"Have you ever?" Louis spoke against his lips.

Liam stopped kissing and looked down to his lap. "I've done, um, I've done stuff, but I've never..."

"Fuck, okay. Lay down."

Liam climbed off Louis' lap and laid back so his head was in the arm of the couch. Louis straddled Liam and shoved his pants down to his knees, releasing his hard cock.

Liam reached for him immediately and took him in his hand. He stroked Louis surely, pulling his foreskin back with every tug.

Louis moaned into the back of the couch then quickly sucked on two fingers. Liam watched as Louis reached behind himself and pushed one inside. Louis' mouth fell open and Liam tugged faster.

"Yes, Liam," Louis moaned quietly.

Liam felt a smile spread across his face and reached his other hand down to pull his own dick out. Louis glanced between them and saw that Liam's friends weren't lying. Liam was massive. He couldn't help but sit up and take Liam in his delicate hand. He barely got his fingers around him. Liam groaned when he felt Louis pump him slowly.

Louis added another finger and his eyes fell closed. He pumped his own fingers inside himself and scissored them without any finesse, just going for speed. Louis' hand fell away from Liam's long dick to his chest.
Soon he pulled out his fingers and pushed away Liam's hand from his cock.

"You have to be quiet," Louis warned. Liam nodded silently. "And I'm clean. I promise."

"Mr. T?" Louis raised an eyebrow. "Please do something before I come."

Louis laughed and scooted up Liam's body. He hovered over Liam's flushed, red cock and leaned down to kiss him.

"You're lucky. I haven't gotten any in a while so I'm really tight. Although, with your size, you'd split me open even if I were loose."

Liam groaned loudly and Louis covered his mouth. Liam apologized with his eyes and gripped Louis' hips.

Louis reached a hand behind him and lined Liam up. He lowered down smoothly and gave Liam a glare when he tried to buck up. He could feel Liam smiled under his hand.

Louis finally came flush with Liam's hips and leaned down and let his head fall forward onto Liam's shoulder. His hand fell from Liam's mouth to the arm of the couch by his head.

"You are," Liam choked, "really tight."

Louis chuckled, "I don't normally bottom but I had to try you out. Louis bit down on Liam's shoulder when he thrusted up into him. "I heard you were big, but fuck."


"It's definitely a compliment." Louis pushed down.

"Well you're really fit." Thrust.

"Thank you." Push.

The two gained a fast and hard rhythm that had Louis panting against Liam's neck. Liam was biting his lips between his teeth to keep from screaming at the tight warmth surrounding his leaking cock.

"Lou, Louis. Fuck I'm gonna come," Liam sputtered.

"Hold on for me."

Liam nodded against Louis' head and focused solely on not coming. Louis sat back a little so Liam's massive head pushed against his prostate. Louis bit down again and moaned.

"Stop, shit, stop biting me or I'll come Louis, I swear," Liam warned.

"Sorry," Louis whispered.

Louis pushed back at the same angle while Liam thrusted harder. He felt the familiar heat and knew he was close too. Liam kept hitting his spot and Louis' legs shook.

"Fuck, okay Liam, come with me," Louis breathed against his skin.

Liam pushed in twice more and shivered while he came into Louis. Louis tensed and shot hot cum into the tight space between them.
Liam kept thrusting until Louis whimpered and ordered, "Pull out."

Liam slid out while Louis clenched his sensitive hole. Louis sat back on his knees and rested his head on Liam's chest.

"So big," he whispered to no one in particular.

Liam smiled and ran his fingers through Louis' hair. "So fit," he whispered back.

"Liam?" Harry called from the top of the stairs. They both froze but didn't hear footsteps.

"Yeah?" Liam called.

"Are you done eating? I hate doing this shit by myself."

"Don't curse," Louis admonished quietly, so only Liam heard.

Liam chuckled and scratched Louis' scalp. "Yeah, be right there."

They heard Harry's bedroom door close again and both breathed out a sigh of relief.

Louis sat up on his knees and pulled his shorts and briefs back up. Liam tucked himself back into his pants. Liam looked at Louis' shirt then his own and made an annoyed sound.

"I have one you can borrow," Louis assured him.

"Won't Harry notice?"

"Tell him you spilled something on yourself."

"Actually you spilled something on me," Liam laughed.

Louis hit him playfully and climbed off. He led Liam to his room and gave him a clean shirt.

"I wanna try your bed out next time."

Louis whipped around to confirm that there will NOT be an next time, but then Liam was smiling and giving Louis that look and instead he just changed his own shirt and said, "Death of me."

Chapter End Notes

Daddy Louis is always soooooo good. Hmmmm. And fetus Liam got me feeling some type a way.

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
Chapter Summary

Louis isn't getting enough attention from his boyfriends.

Top: Liam. Louis.

Chapter Notes

Gave this one a little something special because I noticed I had 69 kudos on this collection! Thanks guys!

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

"You haven't touched me in weeks!" Louis screeched.
"Louis, keep your voice down," Liam warned.

Zayn reached for Louis but he pulled away. "Lou, please calm down. People are staring."

They were in their dressing room about to go on stage. They could even hear the dull hum of thousands of screaming girls.

"Calm down? You're supposed to be my boyfriends and I can't even get a kiss for one of you, but I find you two making out in the bathroom like fucking teenagers!"

Harry, Niall, Lou, Caroline, and Paul were all staring at Louis throwing a tantrum. Harry, Niall, and Paul knew about the three way relationship but Lou and Caroline were shocked.

"Louis, I won't ask you again to keep your voice down," Liam warned.
Louis seemed to shrink at Liam's words.

"I'm sorry that we made you feel like we don't want you. We love you," Zayn assured him.

"You sound like my fucking parents! Last time I checked you don't suck your parent's cocks!"

"Louis!" Zayn scolded. "We're acting like your parents because you're acting like a child."

Louis slumped down into a chair and folded his arms. He was too focused on his shoes to notice that everyone left to go backstage and Liam asked for just a minute alone, but when he looked up it was just the three of them.
"We don't have time for this right now. We're already late to start the show. But Louis," Zayn grabbed Louis' chin and made him look him in the eyes, "this ends now. Behave."

Louis ripped out of Zayn's grip and stomped past his boyfriends to the stage.

***

Louis spent the entire show pointedly ignoring Liam and Zayn while he flirted with Niall and even Harry, much to his boyfriends' dismay.

The boys were in a blacked out car on their way to some high end club. Niall suggested it and Harry immediately agreed. Louis, to their surprise, said sure so Liam and Zayn decided to join.

They arrived and were ushered in the back entrance to a VIP area. Louis walked off immediately and headed for the dance floor. Liam and Harry headed to the bar and Niall and Zayn found seats.

Louis moved to the middle of the crowd and moved against the mass of bodies. Soon he felt hands on his hips and he was pulled against someone.

He looked over his shoulder to find a tall, dark-haired someone smiling at him. Louis smiled back and fell back into his chest.

Zayn watched Louis calmly from his seat on the balcony above the dance floor. Liam and Harry came back with drinks. Zayn directed Liam's attention to where Louis was grinding on no-name. Liam snarled and his hands balled into fists.

Zayn pulled him down and sat on his lap. He whispered to him, "Let him have his fun. He'll learn," and kissed his neck. Liam relaxed under Zayn's touch.

The boys drank, danced, and enjoyed their night. Louis spent it all with random strangers. One even left a mark. A bite mark on Louis' neck. Liam almost lost it when he saw the older guy bite into Louis' flawless skin, but Zayn held him tight.

***

Their driver dropped the boys off at their hotel and they all rode the elevator in silence. Harry was a quiet drunk. Niall was mumbling but couldn't form coherent sentences. Louis was glaring at the doors. Liam was seething. And Zayn was already mediating in his head.

Harry and Niall went to their rooms and Louis headed to his while Zayn and Liam followed closely behind. Louis left the door open knowing they'd follow.

He heard it slam behind him but he didn't turn around. What he didn't expect was the sound of lips moving together. He turned around and saw Zayn with his arms wrapped around Liam's neck, hands in his hair, lips on his lips.

Liam grabbed Zayn under his legs and lifted him up to straddle him. Zayn went willingly and they made out while Louis watched. Liam walked forward until Zayn's back hit the wall, making Zayn groan into Liam's mouth.

Liam took one hand off Zayn's ass to slip it under his shirt. Zayn arched into the touch and squeezed his legs around Liam.

"Guys?" Louis asked quietly, not sure what to do. They didn't respond so he asked louder, "Zayn? Liam?"
Zayn finally tore away from Liam's mouth and brought Liam down to kiss his neck. He tilted his head to Louis and smiled. "Yes, Lou?"

"What about me?"

"What about you?" Zayn asked. Liam ground into Zayn harder and Zayn moaned.

Louis pursed his lips and walked over to where his boyfriends were having fun without him. "Hey! I'm right here!"

Liam dropped Zayn gently to stand again and turned to Louis, "You want our attention?" Louis nodded shortly. "Strip. Go lay down. On your back. And shut up."

Louis looked unsure between the two and then started taking off his clothes. Liam sat down in the chair across from the bed and pulled Zayn into his lap. They watched as Louis' shirt, then pants, then briefs hit the floor.

Liam smirked when he saw Louis was already hard. Zayn noticed Liam getting hard at the sight and pushed back on him. Liam groaned and gripped Zayn's hip. Louis climbed on the bed and laid down.

Liam and Zayn didn't move. Louis fidgeted but kept generally still until he could wait anymore and asked, "What now?"

"I said shut up," Liam ordered.

Louis bit his lip and closed his eyes when his cock twitched at Liam's demanding voice. He heard shuffling but didn't open his eyes. He just waited for someone to touch him.

When someone finally did touch him it was to wrap soft silk over his eyes. Louis made a sound of protest but he heard Zayn chuckle. "Baby, this is just the beginning."

Then he felt one arm being pulled taunt and then the other. They were both tied to the headboard, and he knew before he felt it, that his legs would be next. Louis was just glad his boyfriends preferred silk to rope.

Louis bucked up hopelessly for friction. He felt a warm hand on his hip, holding him down, then Liam said, "None of that. You don't get anything you want tonight." With that Louis felt the cold plastic of a cock ring push against his tip. Liam pushed Louis' hard cock through the ring and tugged it tightly into place before expanding it around his balls. Liam pulled one through the thick metal loop, then the other. Louis whined and bucked up.

Louis' cock twitched feebly and he groaned. "Please," Louis whined quietly.

"Do I need to gag you?" Liam questioned. Louis shook his head.

Louis felt long fingers wrap around him and sure tugs that had to be Zayn. He moved his hips minutely in rhythm with Zayn's hand.

He felt breath in his ear and Zayn whispered, "Behave better than that for Li, baby, or you'll never come."

Louis nodded resolutely and Zayn backed away. Next he felt someone over his nudge against his arms.
"Open your mouth, Louis," Liam said from a few feet away. Louis did and he felt the warm tip of Zayn's length on his tongue. He closed his lips around him and moaned at the taste of Zayn precome. He had to be sitting backwards with the angle of the things Louis was feeling.

Louis knew he was right when Zayn laid down on Louis' torso and took him into his mouth. Louis moaned and sent a shiver of vibrations up Zayn's body. Liam climbed up and sat flush against Louis' ass on his knees. "Open up, Zaynie."

Louis felt the large head of Liam's cock rub against his inside Zayn's mouth. Louis groaned at the friction. He could just imagine Zayn's lips stretched around both of their cocks. His cheeks straining to take both of his boyfriends.

Louis sucked Zayn harder and twitched because he was trying so hard to keep still. Liam's hands groped Louis's thighs, wandering down to squeeze at his ass. Louis hummed, the warmth of Zayn's mouth and Liam's hands making him smile despite his frustration. One of Liam's hands slipped between his cheeks, teasing at his whole. The blue-eyed boy winced, remembering that he'd fingering himself until he'd come out of spite just before the show, hoping to somehow make them jealous. He was sure that wouldn't go over well now. "What's this?" Liam quipped, and Louis knew he was fucked. He couldn't even defend himself with Zayn's length sliding along his tongue. "It looks like Louis doesn't really need us after all, Zaynie. He's all loose like a slut." Zayn moaned, his hand sliding over to meet Liam's, feeling out Louis's loose hole to confirm what their boyfriend claimed. "Get me really wet, Zaynie. I've decided that if Louis' going to act like a slut, then he'll get fucked like one. No lube. No prep. Just your warm, sweet spit to lead the way."

Louis whined around Zayn and Zayn bucked down, gagging Louis. Liam pulled out and Zayn let Louis slip out of his mouth. Liam whispered something to Zayn and Zayn pulled out of Louis' mouth and left his body to the cold air.

Liam lined himself up with Louis' hole and gripped Louis' thighs. He shoved in until his hips met Louis ass and Louis yelled.

Zayn put a hand on Louis' chest and kissed his cheek, chin, neck, ear. "Take Lili so good, don't you baby?"

Louis nodded and pushed down on Liam. Liam thrusted forward and made Louis arch in his ties. "Zaynie?" Zayn must've answered non-verbally because Liam said, "I want you to ride him."

Louis and Zayn both moaned as the request. Zayn straddled Louis and leaned over so his lips were by Louis' cheek.

"Open me up, Daddy?" he asked Liam. Liam and Louis moaned and pushed into each other at Zayn's words.

Liam must've starting working Zayn open because he was making little high-pitched noises next to Louis' cheek.

"Wanna feel you, Lou," Zayn whispered. Louis whined and nodded.

Louis felt a hand around his aching cock suddenly and he pushed into the fist. Liam pinched his thigh to reprimand him. Louis felt Zayn's hole brush against his leaking tip. He bit his lips so he didn't beg Zayn to just sit on him already.
Soon though Zayn sank down onto Louis smoothly. Louis muscles tensed and he made a desperate noise in his throat.

Liam had to of been guiding Zayn because they fell into a rhythm almost immediately.

Louis was cramping from keeping still and his head was thrashing back and forth on the bed.

"He's so tight, Zaynie," Liam cooed. "Haven't had him in a while," he pushed into Louis hard. "That's why you've been such a brat, right? Because you thought we didn't want you?"

Louis nodded and a tear soaked into the silk.

"That's crazy, baby. We love you. And I want to feel your tight little hole around me every," thrust, "single," thrust, "night," thrust.

Louis cried out and shook his head trying to deal with Liam and his words.

"Would you rather have some older stranger in a club or us, baby?" Liam asked.

Louis only whined.

"Lemme hear you, love," Zayn whispered.

"You! I want you!" Louis voice broke over the words.

"Who do you belong to, baby?"

"You! You, Daddy! I belong to you!"

"You're mine," Liam growled.

"Yours!" Louis cried.

"And mine," Zayn spoke softly but forcefully.

"Yours Zaynie! Only yours!"

Louis was fully crying now and breathing like he's just ran a marathon.

"Daddy! Zaynie! Please let me come! I need it!"

"Make Zayn come," Liam demanded.

Louis thurst into Zayn harder and located his prostate with familiar accuracy. Zayn shivered and shot hot cum between them. He shook through his orgasm and pulled off of Louis while Louis kept rocking his hips.

Zayn fell down on the bed next to Louis with a sigh. "Now Daddy? Please let me come! It hurts!"

"Make me come, baby," Liam ordered instead.

Louis pushed down on Liam and clenched around him. Liam pushed in deep and came inside Louis' wrecked hole. Louis felt Liam's cum wash over his prostate and he sobbed with need.

Liam pulled out and got off the bed. "Let me come Daddy! Zaynie, please!"

Louis felt Zayn get off the bed too and then heard the ruffling of clothing.
"We'll see if you remember who you belong to tomorrow," Liam taunted.

"No! Daddy please! Zaynie, please make me come! I belong to you! I'm yours! Yours! Yoursyoursyours!" Louis lost the ability to form complete sentences and started making desperate noises.

He heard the door click shut on his hotel room. Louis writhed and thrashed and pulled until his tired, horny body fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Louis was bad. Does he deserve to come?

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
Zouis - On Holiday

Chapter Summary

It's all fun and games until you're naked and horny with your best mate.

Top: Zayn
Bottom: Louis

Chapter Notes

This one actually covers a couple requests so here you go Zouis shippers! This one was super fun to write.

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Louis was cold. And uncomfortable. And cold. He was standing there, butt naked, with Zayn next to him, also naked, inside their cabin on top of a skiing mountain.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," Louis reprimanded himself.

"It was your idea!" Zayn reminded him.

"Yeah, and it was great one when I wasn't involved in it."

"So you just wanted to make me get naked by myself?"

"Exactly!"

Zayn punched Louis for his selfishness.

"Don't worry," Liam calmed them. "Niall's on the other side with your clothes."

"You're sure he's in Paul's cabin? He swore?" Louis made sure.

"Yes, Louis. Now I'm so excited to see how this goes wrong so let's go!" Liam laughed.

Zayn back handed him quickly before gathering himself. "On three?" Louis nodded. "One, two, THREE!"

The two boys took off through the small neighborhood of cabins, dicks blowing in the wind.

A young mom screamed and covered her daughter's eyes. They kept running, their feet freezing in the couple feet of snow. An elderly couple gasped in shock and stared as they ran by.
They finally reached the secondary cabin on the other side and Louis turned the knob.
But it was locked. He knocked loudly and yellow, "Harry! Let us the fuck in!"

"Harry!" Zayn yelled.

No answer.

"Fuck!" Louis hit the door one more time and ran to the next cabin. He turned that knob. Locked. Next. Locked. Next.

Finally one opened and he pulled Zayn inside with him. They both fell back against the door, breathing hard.

"Assholes," Zayn spat.

"I can't even be mad. I would've done the same if I were them." Louis shook his head and laughed.

Zayn looked at him shocked, but soon broke out into laughter too. They fell to the floor in a fit of giggles until Louis reached out and accidentally touched his freezing hand to Zayn's chest.

Zayn hissed and pulled back. Both boys suddenly remembered their naked state and went to cover themselves.

"We should see if people are staying here," Louis suggested.

Zayn agreed and they got up off the floor. Louis went into the kitchen and Zayn went into the bedroom.

"There's nothing here," Louis called.

"Here either," Zayn answered.

Louis joined Zayn in the bedroom and sighed. "Well, shit. We're inside, but we have no clothes. Or phones."

Zayn bit his lip and sat down on the bed. He rubbed his hands over his arms and shivered. "Fucking freezing."

"Use the comforter. Wrap up," Louis suggested.

"What about you?"

"I'm fine." But even as he said it he shivered.

"Come here Louis," Zayn got under the blankets and lifted them up, inviting Louis to join.

Louis thought about saying no, but then he huffed out a breath and it came out in cold smoke and he padded over to the bed and got in.

"We're gonna die. Thanks to those fuckers we call band mates," Louis complained.

"We're not going to die. Come here," he scooted closer and reached an arm out for Louis to fit under.

"No way." Louis continue to shake under the covers, his teeth chattering.

"Don't be a pussy, Lou," Zayn said and grabbed him and pulled him to his chest.
Louis felt the warmth of skin on skin and melted into Zayn. He tucked his head into Zayn's neck. Zayn flinched at Louis' cold nose, but cuddle closer. Their chests met, then their hips, and then they tangled their legs together.

"No homo," Louis muttered.

"Shut up," Zayn bit back.

Louis relaxed and brought his arm up to cover Zayn's back. He pulled in even closer and their bodies pressed together. The tiny bit of friction had Zayn making a small, muffled groan in his throat.

Louis ignored it and cuddle closer. He rubbed against Zayn again and this time Zayn groaned so Louis couldn't ignore it.

"Be still, Louis," Zayn spat.

"I can't. It's cold." He moved again, making himself groan.

Zayn felt himself filling up. He started to push against Louis. Louis felt the sudden lack of space and went to push away. Cold air rushed between them and he pulled back in, even closer.

Louis tried to ignore Zayn's growing problem like Zayn was, but then Louis felt Zayn roll forward into him and Louis started getting hard.

"You told me to be still," Louis reminded.


Louis bit on the skin near his mouth and bucked into Zayn harder. Zayn growled and rolled them so he was on top.

He lurched forward and littered Louis' neck with open kisses while he pushed Louis' legs open with his. Zayn settled down between them and let their cocks rub together in sweet friction.

Louis let a small whine escape and his hands wandered down to Zayn's ass. He gripped and pushed Zayn down onto him. Zayn moaned and bit Louis' shoulder.

"Please," Louis whispered. He wasn't sure what he was asking for, but he wanted it, whatever it was.

Zayn reached between them and took both their cocks in his hand. Louis hummed for Zayn's hand and thrusted into his fist.

Zayn put his weight down on Louis to keep him still and pumped his hand around them. He pulled Louis' foreskin back with each tug. He twisted his wrist and they slid against each other, making both boys moan out.

Louis' finger dug into Zayn's ass as he sped up his hand. Zayn was moving slightly back and forth, rubbing against Louis. That and Zayn's hand had Louis climbing towards his peak.

_Knock, knock!_

"Louis? Zayn? Are you guys in there?" Harry called from outside.

Zayn faltered but kept his hand around them.
“Shit,” he whispered. Louis bucked up, angry at the loss of movement when he was so close.

“They're not in there! We fucking lost them!” Niall shouted.

“We can't let them leave. They won't come back for us,” Zayn warned.

“Please don't stop,” Louis begged and rolled into Zayn's hand again. Zayn groaned and pumped them again.

“Guys!” Zayn yelled towards the open bedroom door. “Fuck,” he sputtered when Louis slipped a finger between his cheeks.

They heard the front door open and Harry call, “Zayn? Louis?”

Louis moaned as Zayn sped up again, heat coiling inside. Zayn was thrusting against Louis in rhythm now and his hand was a blur between them.

“Stay there!” Zayn choked out.

“Are you guys okay?” Liam sounded worried.

“Fuuuuuck,” Louis whined. "Fine! Sit the fuck down!” he yelled.

Zayn moaned when Louis slid his finger along his perineum then up towards his hole.

Zayn's hand and both their cocks were slick with precome now. Louis arched into Zayn and said, "Fuck me. Please, I wanna feel you. God you feel so good."

"The guys-

"Fuck 'em. They left us to bloody die. Now they can wait."

Zayn laughed and kiss Louis hard. Louis moaned against his lips and spread his legs wider. The dark-haired boy got the hint and let go of their leaking cocks in favor on putting two fingers to Louis puckered hole.

"Relax," Zayn breathed against his cheek. Louis felt himself loosen up and Zayn pushed in a finger.

"Guys what the fuck are you-Oh my God!” Niall yelled.

Zayn barely glanced towards the door before pushing another finger in and scissoring Louis open. Louis moaned loudly and threw his head back into the pillows.

"Are they?" Harry asked. Niall didn't say anything but he must have confirmed it because then Liam yelled, "That's not even your bed!"

"No one is staying here," Zayn called.

“There's keys by the door!” Harry yelled back.

Louis laughed a little at the boys yelling in the other room. Zayn couldn't be bothered to even hear what they were saying when Louis was so tight around his fingers.

“Zayn Javadd Malik get inside now or I swear-” but he was cut off when Zayn took his finger out and pushed inside in one smooth motion, his hips hitting Louis' perfect ass.
"Fuck, Lou," was all he could seem to say.

"That would be great."

Zayn smiled and kissed him again. While his lips explored Louis', Zayn rolled and shifted, exploring Louis' hole.

He changed his angle again and again, loving the feeling of Louis pressing against him in different ways.

"You feel amazing," he spoke against Louis' lips.

"You feel amazing inside me," Louis countered. "But you know what would feel better?" Zayn smiled knowing what he would say. "If you pounded me. Hard. Until I came."

Zayn's smiled turned into a groan and he pulled out and pushed back in harshly. Louis moaned at being so full.

"Honey, I'll be quick. I just forgot my keys," a voice called as they opened the door.

Zayn and Louis heard frantic running around in the other room and then Liam said, "Hello there."

Zayn slowed down but kept pushing into Louis. Louis whimpered and Zayn's hand flew to his mouth.

"Who the fuck? Wait, you're that boyband that's staying here. Why are you-"

"We're so sorry. We saw a couple paps and need a place to hide for just a minute and your door was unlocked," Liam quickly lied.

"Yeah thank God because I forgot my keys," the man said.

"These?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, thanks." There was moment of silence and Zayn stay deep inside Louis, rolling his hips. Louis was making tiny whining sounds into Zayn's hand. "Well, my family is waiting for me, and I'm sorry about the paps, but I'll need you guys to leave so I can lock the door."

Louis was scratching down Zayn's back in tiny lines and Zayn pushed in harder at the feeling. He hit Louis spot on accident and Louis groaned loudly into Zayn's hand.

"What was that?" the man asked.

"What was what?" Harry asked back.

Louis pushed down to try and feel that feeling again. He rolled back and forth until Zayn's head hit his prostate again. He moaned brokenly into Zayn's hand again.

"That. What was that?" the man repeated.

Zayn took his hand off Louis' mouth and glared at him. "Fuck it." Zayn pulled Louis' legs higher on his waist and held himself up on his forearms.

He rammed into Louis fast and hard. Louis mouth fell open and long, broken moans slipped from his lips as Zayn pounded into his most intimate spot without mercy.

"What the fuck?" the guy yelled and then there were heavy footsteps.
They heard the boys trying to stop the guy, they even heard Liam command him to stop.

"Hurry," Louis wheezed and clamped down on Zayn.

Zayn's breath whooshed out of him at the tightened heat that surrounded his pulsing length. He thrusted two more times and yelled Louis' name as he came inside him.

"Who the fuck are you?" The guy was at the bedroom door now.

"Come for me, Louis," Zayn purred in Louis ear and bit on the soft flesh of his earlobe.

Louis' nails scraped across Zayn's back as he spilled between them. He moaned Zayn's name and shook as his orgasm took over.

Zayn quickly pulled out and wrapped him and Louis up in the bedding. At the door all three of the boys were holding the guy back.

Zayn took the blanket off the bed and gave it to Louis. He took the sheet and wrapped it around himself as he got off the bed. He wiped the cum on his stomach into the sheet and walked to the where the guy was seething.

"I'll have the maid come and clean the whole cabin. I'll pay for your stay here. I'm sorry for invading your privacy. We didn't think anyone was staying here."

The guy shook the other three boys off and walked to Zayn. He swung his fist and hit Zayn with a right hook. The boys moved to defend him but he put a hand up.

"I'm sorry," Zayn said as he rubbed his jaw. He went back to Louis and kissed his cheek. "Come on. We need to go back to our place."

Louis nodded and grabbed the blanket to keep it around him. Zayn led all the boys, with Louis under his arm, out of the bedroom to the living room.

There were clothes sitting in a chair and Zayn handed Louis his so they could both get dressed. They put their clothes back on and dropped the bedding onto the chair.

The guy was still standing by the bedroom door looking pissed. Zayn apologized one more time and took Louis' hand. They all walked back out into the snow.

Their cabin seemed a hundred years away now but Louis stayed tucked under Zayn's arm and shuffled through the white, frozen village back home.

Chapter End Notes

Zayn makes me just *growl*

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
Harry tried his best to keep his eyes on the bricks that made up the boardwalk. Each one a little bit unique. They kept his attention for a whole two minutes before he decided he hated himself, and he looked up in front of him where Louis and Eleanor were holding hands and enjoying the scenery.

Louis was smiling but he didn't look right. Something was off. But Harry knew he loved this place. They came here together just a couple days ago. But now Louis didn't seem like he wanted to be here.

Harry didn't get it. He got to enjoy this place with his perfect girlfriend. Why isn't he happy?

Harry wasn't even sure why he agreed to come along. He didn't want to be stuck in the hotel all day, but it would've been better than seeing Louis with her.

Eleanor leaned in and whispered something while she pointed across the street. Louis nodded and smiled. He turned back to Harry, We're going to the arcade, Haz! Coming?"

Harry just nodded lamely and let the couple go ahead. He followed slowly behind and when he got to the arcade Louis had his arms around Eleanor, helping her hold a giant gun for a game Harry and Louis had played just a couple days ago.

Harry had had enough. He hated feeling like this. He hated watching the person he loved with someone else and not being able to do anything about it. Because Louis was straight. And Louis had the perfect girlfriend.

Harry turned to their security guard and told him that he was heading back to the hotel. The guard pulled a second one over and had him take Harry back.

***
"Harry?" Louis called from outside the door. "Are you okay? You left without saying anything."

Harry was laying on his bed, on top of the sheets, still in his day clothes, staring at the ceiling like he has been for the past two hours.

And just now Louis noticed he was gone.

"Haz?" Louis tried again.

Harry sighed and got up. He shuffled to the door and open it to see a rather ruffled Louis. His face was wearing a worried expression and his hair was a mess.

"Harry," Louis breathed and hugged him.

Harry stilled in shock. "What's wrong?"

Louis shook his head against Harry's shoulder. "Nothing now."

Harry remained unmoving. "Then what was wrong?"

"I don't know. I turned around and you were gone. I thought maybe you wandered off by yourself and there were fans everywhere. I went looking for you for like two hours before they told me you went home." Louis grasped Harry's shirt in his hands. "I was so scared. You can't do that, Harry. Tell me if you're going to leave me."

"I didn't leave you," Harry said dumbfounded. "You were with El. I got...tired. So I came back."

Louis finally let Harry go. "I know. I just freaked for a minute."

"Or two hours."

Louis laughed humorlessly. "Yeah. Sorry."

Harry broke. "It's okay. I'm sorry I didn't tell you I was leaving. You were having a good time and I didn't want to bother you."

"I wasn't." Louis came all the way into Harry's room and shut the door. He went and sat at the edge of Harry's bed.

"Wasn't what?" Harry sat next to him with his hands in his lap.

Louis looked down to his lap, "Having fun."

"I saw you. You love that place. And Eleanor seemed to be having fun."

Louis just breathed out a resigned, "Yeah."

"But?"

Louis looked to Harry. "I loved that place when we went. But today it just," he waved his hands, "wasn't the same."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know. I mean we played that game with the massive gun and it was so fun! But El and I tried to play it today and it wasn't as fun."
"I'm sorry if I ruined for you."

Louis put his head in his hands, "No you didn't. I don't think so. I don't know."

Harry shrugged confused, "Okay."

Louis groaned in frustration. "I think every place we go is ruined."

Harry's eyebrow rose in offense, "Oh. I get it."

"No. You don't. Because I don't. It's like anytime I go somewhere without you, it sucks!"

Harry's hands were getting fidgety now. He was twisting them back and forth nervously. "I'm not understanding, Lou."

Louis stood up abruptly. "Yeah, me either." With that Louis walked out of Harry's room, leaving a deafening silence behind him.

***

All the boys decided to go to dinner together. Louis brought Eleanor and the six of them were now seated in a quiet corner of a local cafe.

There were fans outside but they sat far enough from the window that no one could get pictures. Security were outside and then one sat at the head of the table.

Louis and Harry were sitting across from each and Louis had Eleanor to his left.

Harry refused to make eye contact with Louis all night, but he could feel Louis' crystal clear blue eyes boring holes into Harry's face.

Finally when they got their food, Harry dared to look across the table to Louis. Louis was looking back at him through his lashes while Eleanor was whispering something in his ear.

Harry wanted to jump over the table and kiss him for looking so sinful just sitting there. But he also wanted to get up from the table and run out of the restaurant at the way Eleanor's lips touch his cheek.

Louis was staring so intently he'd completely stopped eating. Harry felt self conscious under the scrutiny. He tried to look away but couldn't.

Then he felt something rub against his leg and he jumped slightly in his seat. Then he felt it again and recognized Louis' small shoe against his shin.

Louis smiled just the tiniest bit, the corner of his mouth raising up for a split second. But it was enough for Harry. He extended his leg and crossed it over Louis' extended leg. They rubbed against each other under the table.

Harry hooked his foot behind Louis' calf and pulled him forward a little. Louis shifted in his seat so he could get closer.

Eleanor was babbling about something they saw today and Louis was adding affirmatives when needed without taking his eyes off Harry.

Louis ran the toe of his shoe from the hem of Harry's jeans up his leg and nuzzled into the junction behind his knees. Harry smiled at the touch and scooted forward in his seat too.
He reached a hand under the table and felt for Louis. He found him and trailed his fingers under the edge of Louis jeans and rubbed over where he knew his tattoo was.

Louis smiled contently as he pointed his toe and pressed his foot into the inside of Harry's thigh. Harry's hand froze at the close proximity to a much more dangerous area. Louis smirked and pressed in again.

Harry and Louis were both on the edge of their seats, Louis practically had his foot in Harry's crotch. When he felt Louis press closer he put his hand on Louis' foot and pushed it back a little. Louis laughed silently and pushed it back to where it was.

"Lou, honey, did you hear me?"

Louis faced fell from its mischievous grin and he turned to Eleanor and he dropped his foot to the floor. "What, babe?" he said guilty.

"I said I heard about a night movie that was playing and thought we could go."

"That sounds so fun!" Niall added. "Louis, you should go."

Louis tried not to glare at the Irish boy. "That's sounds great, El," he agreed stiffly. "You guys should come if you want," he looked around the table, taking an extra long look at Harry.

"I'm in!" Niall agreed.

"Yeah why not?" Zayn added.

Eleanor only looked slightly put off by the extra members joining them.

"Li, come?" Zayn asked.

Liam rolled his eyes and said, "I never sleep anyway."

Louis looked to Harry and said, "Haz?"

Harry had to make his brain catch up with everyone else. He was still feeling Louis' foot just inches from where he really wanted him. He shook the thought away and sighed, "Actually I'm really tired."

Louis' face fell at the news but he insisted, "Come on, Hazza. We're all going."

Harry was trying to make it out of this with the least amount of hurt possible. He just wanted to forget what just happened and go back and fall asleep and dream of Louis and him together like he always did.

"I'm really not-

"If you don't go, I don't go," Louis announced. Eleanor looked at him confused.

"Louis, that's not fair to the others. Go. I don't have to go."

Louis wanted to scream at him. Don't you remember? Anywhere I go without you is ruined! Instead he huffed and said. "Then I'm not going."

"Babe," Eleanor whined, "I wanted to go."
Louis turned to her and smiled apologetically, "Then go. I'm sorry, love, but I promised Harry that after I blew him off today that we'd do whatever he wanted later."

Eleanor looked between the two boys and knew she'd never win. She never did with those two. "Fine. But tomorrow, we do what I want."

Louis nodded and kissed her cheek. "Of course."

They paid the bill and the group split up. Everyone but Louis and Harry headed towards the park that the movie was going to be screened at.

Harry and Louis got in the car and settled back, sitting so they weren't touching. They were silent until Harry broke it with, "You didn't have to do that."

"Do what?"

"Lie. And ditch El for me."

"I didn't do it for you."

Harry looked over and Louis had his head leaning back on the seat and he was staring at the roof of the car. It reminded Harry of himself earlier today.

"Then why?"

"I can't," Louis pursed his lips and tried again, "I wanted to."

"Ok then, what do you want to do tonight?"

Louis laughed.

"What?" Harry asked.

"I wasn't actually planning on going anywhere. I just didn't want to go somewhere without you."

Harry lost his train of thought at that and fell into silence again.

"I told you. I hate going places without you," Louis added.

"I thought you were just being nice."

"I'm not a nice person, Harry."

Harry actually laughed at that. "You're the nicest person I know!"

"That's only to you, Haz. I'm not nice to anyone else. Why do you think Liam hated me for so long?"

"Because he guys were so different."

"Because I was an asshole to him on a regular basis. El's fed up, too. I treat her like crap, and I don't even mean to."

"No you don't. I see you with her. She loves you."

"She does. But I don't."

"We here, guys," the driver announced.
Louis looked like he was going to finish his sentence but didn't. Harry cursed him in his head.

They got out and took the elevator up to their floor. Harry headed to his door and Louis started towards his but when he heard Harry open his he turned back and marched over to Harry's room.

He pushed Harry inside and shut the door. Harry let a squeak lose at Louis' force. Louis pushed him against the just closed door and took his face in his hands.

"I can't do anything without you," he told him with sincerity in his eyes.

"I don't get it, Lou," Harry said honestly.

"I can't be without you," Louis rubbed his thumbs across Harry's cheeks. Harry eyes fluttered at the soft touch. "I think about you all the time. Even when I'm with El. When I kiss her I see you. Last week with we made love I had to bite the pillow because I almost said your name."

Harry's eyes went wide with the confession. "But you're not gay."

"No. I'm not. But I do love you."

Harry's mouth fell open. He didn't know what to do. So he closed the space between them and pushed his mouth onto Louis'.

Louis moaned into his lips and Harry took that as permission to continue. He threw his arms around Louis' waist and pulled him flush against his chest. Louis' hands shifted from his face to his hair.

Louis ran his tongue along the seem of Harry's lips and Harry sighed, giving Louis entrance. Louis took it and pushed his tongue into Harry's waiting mouth.

Harry started stepping them backwards towards the bed. When they hit it Louis fell backward and brought Harry with him. Harry put an arm out and held himself above Louis.

They broke the kiss and breathed heavily into each other's space. When Harry breathed in he felt his chest push against Louis'.

"I'm not gonna lie," Harry sputtered, "I'm halfway sure I'm dreaming this right now."

Louis laughed. "God you're so cute. How did I ever think I'd be able to resist that."

Harry blushed and hid his face in Louis' shoulder.

"Shut up," Harry whined.

"I mean it. I really thought I'd just grow out of my complete infatuation with you, but now I know that was never going to happen."

Harry kissed Louis' neck sweetly. "I promise you, I think about you more than you think about me."

Louis shook his head insistently. "Not possible."

"Possible."

"No. I even dream about you, Harry."

Determined to let Louis know he wasn't the only one, Harry made his way to Louis' ear. "Just last night, I dreamt that you took me to bed. We were actually laying something like this. And I could feel
you, how hard you were, between us," Louis bucked up at that and Harry smiled, "I couldn't resist. I had to just reach down and feel you. Know what you felt like when you were hard for me," Harry slipped his hand between them and gripped Louis between his fingers.

Louis moaned and pushed into Harry's hand. "You feel even better than I dreamed. Bigger. Hotter." Harry tucked his fingers under Louis pants and took him in his hand properly. "So much better." Louis made a needy sound and Harry started moving his hand. "I dreamed that when I did this," he ran his thumb through Louis slit and felt a drop of precome slip out. Louis keened and gripped Harry's hair tighter, "you did that," Harry moaned.

"What else?" Louis begged.

Harry smirked and continue replaying his fantasies. He sat back and pulled Louis pants down to his knees. Louis' cock bounced up, pink and hard. "So much better," Harry said again.

Louis kicked his pants off and reached for Harry. Harry smiled and leaned back over him. "I dreamed that you took off all my clothes." Louis' hands went to work on Harry's belt and pushed his jeans down then his briefs.

Harry groaned when the cool air of the hotel hit his hot cock. Louis smiled at the thought that Harry was enjoying himself and slipped his hands under Harry's shirt. Harry shivered slightly at Louis' cold fingers, but more at the feeling of them on his hot skin.

Louis tore Harry's shirt off and admired the boy on top of him. "I know I've seen you before," Louis breathed, "but I've never been able to look because I thought it'd be weird."

"I've looked at you. But then, I have no shame," Harry came back.

Louis laughed and ran his hands slowly over Harry's pecs. He felt Harry's hard nipples under is fingertips. His rubbed over them and watch as Harry's muscles jumped. He continued his hand's path down to Harry's abs. He let his fingers run over each one slowly, like water running over a stream. Smooth and sensual.

He finally made it to Harry's hips and ran his fingers along Harry's v cuts. Harry shivered and rolled forward subconsciously. Louis gasped quietly and looked up to see Harry staring at his face, pupils blown.

"You're amazing," Louis whispered.

Harry's eyes filled with adoration at Louis' words. He ducked down and kissed Louis softly. "I love you."

Louis keened and kissed Harry harder. He pulled his own shirt off and then kissed Harry again. He brought his arms around Harry's back and waist and pulled his down to him.

Their cocks rubbed together and they both moaned at the friction. Louis rolled up and brought Harry down so they were grinding on each other. They pushed together again and again. Harry watched Louis start to fall apart with pride.

"Haz," Louis pleaded. Harry pushed down harder and Louis' hand flew to his ass. He gripped the soft curve in his hand and heard Harry's quiet groan.

Harry pushed back into Louis' hand and and it slipped down to Harry's crack. Harry moaned at the touch. Louis took the hint and slipped a finger between Harry's cheeks.
Harry bit his lip, but his moan still made its way to Louis' ears. Louis loved how soft Harry was. He ran his finger down to Harry's hole and felt it twitch against his finger.

"Fuck, Harry."

Harry hummed against Louis' lips. "What?"

"I've never. I didn't know what it felt like." Harry pushed back against Louis' finger and the tip pushed inside. "Fuck, that's amazing."

Harry chuckled and whispered, "You haven't felt anything yet." Harry climbed off Louis, gaining a disapproving noise from the horny boy, and went to get the lube from his bag.

He found it and came back with a grin. "I can do this if you want, or I'd love for you to do it."

Louis looked confused. "Do what?"

Harry smiled, "Finger me."

Louis mouth fell open in shock. "What?"

"I need to be stretched and it always feels better when someone else does it."

"You want me to put my fingers," Louis ran his hand down to Harry's ass. Harry nodded, smiling, but Louis shook his head. "No way. They won't fit."

Harry laughed again. "Trust me they will. Mine are bigger than yours and they fit."

"You've put yours up there?!" Louis asked disbelievingly.

"Louis. I'm gay. It's sort of what we do."

"But there's no way."

"Why don't you try it and find out." Harry took Louis' pointer and middle fingers and covered them in lube. "Go slow. I haven't done this in a while."

"Done what. What do I do?"

"Just go for it. One finger at a time."

"I can't believe this is happening."

Harry pushed down on Louis' hard on and smiled, "Trust me, you'll love it."

Louis nodded trustingly. He put his fingers against Harry's entrance and pushed just the tip of his middle finger past the tight ring. The warmth and softness enveloped Louis' finger and he couldn't help but pushed deeper.

Harry groaned and choked out, "Gentle."

"Sorry," Louis apologized and started to pull his finger out.

"Nonono," Harry whined and pushed back on his finger pushing it nearly all the way in. Louis moaned at how tight he was. "Christ, Harry, that's crazy."
"Wait 'til you feel it around your cock."

Louis pushed his finger in deeper in surprise, "What?!"

Harry kept from coming when Louis' finger pushed in all the way. He calmed himself and said, "I didn't mean to assume, but I thought you'd want to do this."

"Yes, I want this. I want you. God, I want you!" Louis bucked up and his finger moved inside Harry.

Harry rocked back for more, but it made Louis freeze. "I just don't understand. I'm not bragging but I'm a bit bigger and definitely longer than my fingers."

Harry smiled adoringly down at Louis, "Louis, I can assure you that this will work. And I will love it. You won't hurt me."

Louis gulped down his worry and nodded. "You have to tell me what to do."

Harry ran his hand across Louis' cheek, put his weight on one arm, then reached his hand back and led Louis' second finger to his hole.

Louis took the hint and pushed his pointer finger in next to the other. Harry rolled back onto his fingers. Louis felt him stretch around his digits.

"Shit, Harry. How do you do that?"

Harry leaned down and kissed Louis quickly. "Maybe one day you'll find out for yourself."

Louis pushed his fingers deeper into Harry and groaned. Harry eyes fell closed and he pushed back on Louis' hand. He rocked back a few times before getting frustrated and saying, "Angle your fingers down. Towards my stomach. Push in deep."

Louis eyebrows furrowed in concentration. When he pushed his fingers back in he angled them forward.

"F-fuck! Yes, Lou, right there." Harry clenched around Louis' fingers.

"I did it?"

"Again! Please, don't it again."

Louis pulled out and pushed back in the same way. Harry moaned and his voice cracked over the pleasure. Harry rocked back forth between Louis' fingers and rubbing their cocks together.

"Harry, please," Louis begged.

Harry ran his lips from Louis' ear to his chin. "What do you want?"

Louis pumped his fingers in faster and huffed, "Don't tease, Haz."

Harry keened from Louis' now almost constant contact with his prostate. His legs started to shake and he knew he was close.

"Don't move for a minute."

Louis nodded and Harry moved up Louis' body and straddled his hips. Louis fingers slipped out and Harry clenched around nothing. Instead, Louis' hands grabbed hold of Harry's thighs.
Harry reach behind him and took Louis in his hand. Louis kept himself from bucking up but dug his fingers into Harry's smooth skin.

Harry felt Louis' tip against his hole and sighed in relief at finally getting what he wanted. "I've wanted this for so long."

"I didn't know I wanted this until tonight," Louis admitted, "but now I don't want anything else."

Harry smiled contently and lowered down. His tightness enveloped Louis and he used every ounce of willpower not to thrust in the rest of the way.

Harry slowly descended the rest of the way and breathed out when he felt Louis' hips. "Bigger than I thought."

"Tighter than I could've imagined."

Harry laughed a little and rolled in small circles to adjust. Louis fingers were bruising Harry's thighs with the effort not to move.

"Harry, pleasesesplease do something."

Harry lifted himself up, the muscles in his thighs flexing under Louis' hands, and lowered back down just as slow.

"Jesus Christ, Harry! Faster, please!"

Harry chuckled and started with small bounces that turned into powerful thrusts up and down Louis' leaking cock.

Louis took Harry by the hips and pulled him down harder when he thrusted up. Harry let out a long moan when Louis hit his prostate with full force.

Louis fucked up into Harry harder and faster as he felt his stomach tighten. Harry's legs were shaking and he couldn't get his breath to even out.

Louis reached between them and took Harry's wet length in his hand. He pumped him in rhythm with his thrusts.

Harry screamed and came over Louis' hand and wrist. Louis' eyes blacked out when Harry got tighter around him and he came into his hole, painting him with his cum.

Harry gave a few more desperate rocks before hissing in sensitivity and pulling off. The last of Louis' cum hit Harry's hole as he lifted off of him.

Harry fell down beside Louis and couldn't stop smiling. He was breathing heavy and his eyes were a little foggy.

Louis looked over and saw him. "What?"

Harry caught Louis' gaze and said, "I'm so glad you're good in bed. I was so worried that a straight guy could never do it right."

"And?"

Harry shook his head, "Unbelievable. You're sure you've never done this?"
"Girls have a g-spot to, Harry."

"True. But girls never feel the same. Too loose."

"Yeah," Louis said absently.

"What?"

"I just, I'm afraid I'll never be able to enjoy sex with El again after this. It won't be the same."

Harry's face betrayed how hurt he was. "I didn't know you were planning on trying."

"She's my girlfriend, Haz."

He turned over to face away from Louis. He fought the tears back and breathed long breaths. 

"Harry, please. Don't hate me. I don't know what to do."

Harry just made a dejected sound and pulled the covers over him.

Louis phone rang and he answered without looking at the ID.

"El, hey. What's up." Louis could hear how sad he sounded. "Nothing's wrong. What'd you need?" He closed his eyes to stop the tears that threatened to spill out. "No that's fine. Have fun." He hung up and fell back to the pillow. He sighed, "El's staying out late. Said to stay with you so she doesn't wake me when she comes back."

Louis started laughing. Harry turned over, confused. "What the hell is so funny?"

Louis gripped his sides. "She has no idea that I wouldn't have come home either way!"

Harry only got more confused. "What?"

Louis' face fell serious and he took a calming breath. "I couldn't have left you. I don't think I can ever leave you again." Louis joined Harry under the covers and pulled him close.

Harry tensed but allowed himself to curl into Louis' arms. "What do you mean, Lou?"

"I love you. Like I've never loved anyone else. I don't know what I'm doing, but I know that I'll never leave you."

Harry wrapped an arm around him and the other drew small shapes on his chest. "I can't imagine what you're feeling right now, but."

"Do you love me?" Louis interrupted.

"Yes. Absolutely," Harry answered immediately.

"Then you can imagine what I'm feeling right now. Nothing else matters."

Chapter End Notes

Of course Louis' good at being gay. It's Louis. ;)
Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
"Dance with me?" Zayn heard a light voice over a shoulder ask. He turned around in the crowded, dimly lit bar to see the vague figure of a small, curvy man with eyes that glowed even in the dark.

"I don't dance," he said regretfully.

The adorable face turned from hopeful to upset on cue, making Zayn's heart break.

"Then, come stand behind me while I dance on you?" he tried again.

Zayn couldn't help the smile that made its way to his face. He nodded and left his drink to take the bright-eyed boy's hand.

He was led to the dance floor and both his arms were wrapped around the tight little body in front of him. He leaned over the boy's shoulder and whispered over the not-so-loud music, "What's your name?"

The one with the curves turned his head and laid it on Zayn's shoulder. Zayn could see his smile in the dark and it made Zayn smile back.

"Louis. Yours?"

"Zayn."

Louis lifted on his toes and kissed Zayn's neck. "Good name," he played.

Zayn leaned into Louis' lips, but they were gone before he could really even feel them. Louis was rocking gently against Zayn's body, while he kept him close.

Zayn felt like he was being lulled into a trance by his movements. He hadn't had much to the drink,
but the curve of Louis' ass against his hips was making him drunk.

The music changed and the song gained a steady beat. Louis rocked harder and wrapped his arms around Zayn's neck, pulling him closer from behind.

Zayn felt himself rock back without meaning to, just trying to give this bright boy anything he wanted.

Louis was smiling and giggling and moving on Zayn, and Zayn was losing all his chill. His pants got tighter without permission and he tried to pull back so he didn't offend Louis.

Louis turned around when Zayn pulled away with a disappointed look on his face. Zayn hated that look on such a beautiful face.

"What's wrong? Did I do something?" Louis asked.

Zayn shook his head fervently, "No, of course not. It's not you."

Louis barked a laugh, "Wooooow. Haven't even taken me home yet and you're already using the 'it's not you, its me' card." Louis quoted the words.

Zayn ducked his head down, trying to hide how perplexed he was. Not sure what to do so he didn't lose this shining star, he grabbed Louis' hand and brought it to the front of his pants.

Louis yelped but pressed into it with a smirk. "Ooohhh, okay," he laughed. "Well you don't have to worry," Louis soothed and stepped forward to press his own hard on into Zayn.

Zayn growled at the friction and the fact that he'd made this unreal boy hard just by dancing with him.

Louis leaned into Zayn and whispered, "Take me home."

Zayn didn't respond verbally, he just took Louis by the waist and pulled him to the door. Louis was laughing under his arm.

***

"Nice place," Louis complimented.

"Thank you."

"Only the best for Zayn, huh?" Louis looked around and admired a few of the paintings on the wall.

"Then I suppose you belong here," Zayn purred.

Louis looked over his shoulder with a raise eyebrow. "Lines?" Zayn shrugged. Louis tilted his head in consideration, "Honestly I don't care if you use lines, as long as I get to hear that voice."

Zayn went to Louis and tucked him into his arms from behind and put his head on Louis' shoulder. "Wasn't that a line?" he spoke, close to Louis' ear.

Louis shivered and nodded slightly. "Just encouraging you."

Zayn laughed and ran his hands along Louis' hips playfully. His hands travelled from pressing into Louis' hip bones to running over the slight indentions of his abs.
Zayn let his hands wonder while he kissed Louis' shoulder. Then he kissed the back of Louis' neck and tucked his hand under Louis' shirt.

Louis let his eyes close and he swayed slightly under Zayn's tender touch. "So beautiful," he heard Zayn whisper against his skin. Louis preened and arched in Zayn's hands.

Louis was getting short of breath and he hadn't even moved yet. "Zayn," he tried but his voice came out barely above a whisper. Zayn made a noise of acknowledgment anyway. "You're wasting time. You could have me naked underneath you right now."

Zayn gripped at Louis' waist with the suggestion. But released it gently and nuzzled into his hair. "Not a single moment where my hands are on you is a waste of time." He turned Louis around and looked him dead in the eye. "I'm not sure what you're used to. But tonight you're going to let me worship you."

Louis whined and bit his lip with fondness for this dark, kind stranger.

"Is that alright with you?"

Louis nodded quickly.

Zayn returned his hands to Louis' small form and took Louis' shirt off. Louis went willingly with Zayn's movements. Zayn leaned down and kissed over each letter of the tattoo that sprawled across his chest, like he was printing it on Louis himself.

He moved down and took one of Louis' light nipples between his lips. Louis arched into the warmth of Zayn's mouth. Zayn sucked on the bud until it was hard in his mouth and moved on the other, which was hard already.

He gave it the special attention it deserves as well before kissing between his pecs and down to his stomach. Zayn lowered to his knees and kept kissing over each dip and curve of Louis' body.

He kissed one hip then the other while he rubbed his hands up and down his sides. Louis thought he might fall to join Zayn on his knees with the loving attention.

Zayn lowered his hands down Louis' side and let them wander over his jean clad thighs. Zayn kissed over the material on each leg and looked up at Louis.

Louis felt him stop and looked down to wide, adoring eyes. He almost said something ridiculous like Marry Me! before he swallowed it down and said, "Yes?"

Zayn kissed his thigh one more time before answering, "I'd love to feel your skin here," he squeezed Louis strong legs, "too. If that okay."

Louis nodded eagerly and Zayn gave a low chuckle. Louis scrambled to undo his pants but Zayn took both his hands and intertwined their fingers.

"Let me." he said and put Louis' hands by his sides.

Zayn slowly undid Louis' button and zipper while he kissed the light spatter of hair that seemed barely noticeable on his tan stomach.

Louis shivered again with the sensitive touch of Zayn's lips. Zayn pulled down Louis' jeans little by little, making sure to kiss any newly exposed inch of skin before the air even had a chance to reach it.
When Louis’ jeans got to his knees he quickly kicked them off and to the side. Zayn smiled up at him and scratch his blunt nails lightly across his thighs.

Louis whined in that needy, higher-pitched voice and Zayn made an appreciative sound. He continued his rain of lips on skin and gradually moved closer to where Louis was tenting his boxer briefs.

Zayn nosed against him and Louis' hand flew to his hair. He gripped it tight in his fingers and said before Zayn could, "You have permission. Just touch me, please."

Zayn nodded as best he could with Louis' hand clenched in his hair. He parted his lips and mouthed over Louis through the material. He tasted the salty sweet taste of him and knew he was leaking already.

He tucked his fingers into Louis' waistband and pulled them down to let Louis' flushed cock spring up. Zayn let the underwear fall to the floor and kissed the base of Louis' length.

Louis moaned and his grip in Zayn's black hair tightened. Zayn ran two fingers up the underside of Louis' cock and let his tongue follow the trail. He continued to leave open-mouthed kisses all over Louis' smooth foreskin.

He wrapped gentle fingers around Louis' base and led his wet tip to his lips. Zayn gathered the precome that was already there with his tongue before putting his lips around him.

Louis groaned and scraped across Zayn's scalp. Zayn melted into the touch and sank down further onto him. He pulled the foreskin back with his hand and tightened his lips around the head, sucking gently to milk more precome out of him.

He gathered that on his tongue as well and then ran his tongue over the first few inches of Louis, letting the wetness of his mouth mix with the wet of Louis' own juice.

Louis was still making small whiny sounds while Zayn worked under him. Zayn let himself sink down until Louis hit the back of his throat. He closed his eyes and relaxed so Louis could feel the warm slide of himself inside Zayn's mouth.

Louis pulled Zayn off and huffed, "I don't want to come yet."

Zayn smiled and kissed Louis' tip. "You can if you want," Louis went to protest but Zayn added, "Don't worry I'll make you come again when I'm inside you."

Louis groaned and bucked forward. Zayn took him in his hand and pumped him with purpose. He opened his mouth and put Louis' head on the edge of his lip.

Louis ran a hand through Zayn's hair as the heat built until he was shooting ropes onto Zayn's tongue. Zayn closed his lips around Louis' head and sucked all he could from him.

He popped off and stood up with a smirk on his face. Louis took Zayn mouth with his and ran his tongue over his own cum sitting on Zayn's tongue.

He let it moved between their tongues before pulling back and watched Zayn swallow it.

Louis put his hands on Zayn's hips and kissed along his jawline. "Take your clothes off."

Zayn pushed his cheek against Louis' and whispered, "Would you like to do it, or would you like to watch?"
Louis trembled, loving both choices. He let his hands move down Zayn’s back to his ass while he decided. "I think," he said playfully, "I'd like to watch."

Louis let go of Zayn and sat on the large, plush chair with his eyes moving over Zayn's lithe body.

Zayn didn't sway his hips or bend over suggestively. But his hands moved slowly and surely over his body, and that had Louis filling up against his thigh.

Zayn slid his shirt over his head while Louis watched his stomach tense and relax with the movement. Louis' tongue swiped over his lips with the desire to taste those muscles against his mouth.

Zayn let his shirt fall from his hands and moved to his jeans. They fell almost as easy as his shirt once his got them undone and past his hips. Louis watched them hit the floor and growled.

Zayn looked from Louis' once again hard cock to his face with questions.

Louis got up from the couch and walked to Zayn. "I love watching but I can't just not touch," Louis informed him.

He pushed his and Zayn's hips together and Zayn moaned and let his forehead fall to Louis'.

"Touch me," Zayn breathed.

Louis pressed the heel of his palm into Zayn's erection and tilted his head to kiss Zayn's willing mouth. Zayn took everything Louis gave him, tasting him and pressing into his hand.

Louis ran his hand over him, back and forth, feeling every inch of Zayn in his tight black boxers. His fingers found the curve of Zayn's hard on again and again.

Zayn was much more controlled than Louis had been. He stayed still in Louis' grip and kept quiet while his eyes devoured Louis.

Louis slid Zayn's briefs down his legs and let's Zayn kick them off when he couldn't reach. Louis felt Zayn stand proud between them and had to push closer so he could really feel him.

Zayn wrapped his arms around Louis' waist and picked him up so he was standing on his toes.

"Let me take you to bed," Zayn requested.

Louis nodded with a shy smile and pushed up on Zayn's shoulders so he could hop up and wrap his legs around him. Zayn caught him with both hands under his thighs and kissed him.

Zayn took them both to his room and walked to the bed. Louis try to put his legs down but Zayn held tight.

"Not letting you go yet," Zayn whispered. He knelt down on the bed with Louis still on his hips. He laid them down and held himself up with one arm.

Louis smiled up at him and said, "Its not fair."

Zayn chuckled and asked, "What's not."

"You," he answered seriously. "Now all my one night stands are going to have very high expectations from me."
Zayn face went serious too and said, "I thought I made myself clear by my actions, but let me make myself perfectly plain." Zayn leaned down and bit lightly on Louis' shoulder. "I don't plan on letting you have anymore one night stands."

Louis pressed up into Zayn's body and ran his nails down Zayn's back. Zayn growled and lifted Louis' legs higher so he could settle between them.

"Will you let me take you home every night, Louis?"

Louis made a needy sound in the back of his throat and pushed his ass down so he could feel Zayn's hard cock against his hole.

"Yes, Zayn, please."

Zayn brought a hand up and wiped Louis' hair off his face. Louis' eyes met Zayn's and he tilted his chin up, asking for a kiss. Zayn granted one, long and slow, while his hand that wasn't holding him up moved down his body to his hole.

"If you can reach, I have a few flavors in the drawer by the bed you can pick from," Zayn told Louis.

Louis laughed and mumbled, "Unbelievable," then reached over and pulled the drawer open.

Zayn kept two fingers firm against Louis' tight rim, teasing with barely any pressure, while Louis felt around for a familiar tube shape. He felt two and picked them up without looking.

He gave them a once over and smiled, "Piña colada? That's ridiculous," but he put the other one down and opened the piña colada with a smirk.

Zayn brought his fingers up to Louis' and Louis covered them in the fragrant gel. Zayn brought his hand back to Louis' tight hole. The lube was cold and Louis hissed, but Zayn quickly warmed it up against Louis' skin and kissed his chest while he did it.

Zayn slipped one finger in slowly and watched as Louis' mouth fell open and his forehead scrunched up as his cock twitched. By the time Zayn's finger was deep inside him, Louis was moaning in that high-pitched voice that Zayn had already become so accustomed to.

He listened closely as Louis' noises changed from adjusting to wanting he pushed the other finger in and buried them deep.

Louis was breathing fast while Zayn distracted him with kisses and nips all over his neck. He spent an extra couple of minutes on one spot and pulled back to see the light red mark getting darker as the blood rushed back to it.

Zayn growled softly at the mark of ownership Louis let him have. He pulled his fingers out and pushed them in smoothly, gaining speed as Louis started pushing back on them.

"So lovely," Zayn whispered.

Louis whined and pushed down harder. Zayn upped the speed and scissored Louis' pink hole open.

"Zayn, Zayn," Louis choked out.

Zayn hummed into Louis' neck. "Yes, love?"

"Please fuck me. Now. Please, fuck me now," Louis begged.
Zayn dragged his fingers along Louis' walls, enjoying the heat, before pulling them out and reaching for the lube. He gave it to Louis and put his hand up for Louis to put the cool gel on.

Louis waved it away and put some on his own hand. Then he reached down and moved his hand over Zayn, slicking him up. Zayn groaned and his head fell between his shoulders.

"Louis," he breathed.

Louis just smiled and kissed the top of his head. "You're lovely too," Louis complimented.

Zayn looked back to Louis and he couldn't help the complete adoration that overtook him. Louis led Zayn's tip to his hole and Zayn pushed in while he lowered down so their chests were touching.

Louis ran his slick hand up Zayn's side, making him shiver, and to his back so he could pull him closer. Zayn held his breath until he was fully seated inside Louis. Louis sighed, relieved to finally feel full.


Louis put his other hand on the curve of Zayn's ass and pulled him as close as he could, so every millimeter of Zayn was inside him.

Zayn stayed still to let Louis adjust, but Louis started moving in small circles and Zayn fisted the sheets to keep from ramming into him to quickly.

"Zayn, move!" Louis demanded.

Zayn laughed and kissed Louis' cheek, "Be careful what you ask for."

Zayn pulled out to the tip and slammed back into him. Louis arched and moaned, but Zayn didn't give him a moment to gather himself before grabbing both of Louis' wrists and putting them above his head.

He slammed in harder and harder while Louis writhed beneath him. Louis' hand were gripping at the pillow while Zayn's fingers surely left bruises.

Zayn sank lower and angled his thrusts up towards the spot that would have Louis screaming.

"Fuck, Zayn! Fuckfuckfuck, right there!"

Zayn smirked and hit the spot again. Louis was a slur of Zayn's name and desperate expletives until his legs clenched around Zayn's waist and his hole clenched around Zayn's cock and he shot hot cum between their chests.

Louis moaned a long, relieved version of Zayn's name when he kept pushing into him, chasing his high.

"Lou, lou, God, you're so beautiful. I love how you feel. I'm gonna come, Lou," Zayn rambled.

Louis leaned up so he could whispered in Zayn's ear, "Fill me up."

Zayn groaned and spilled into Louis' hole. His hips stuttered as he rode out his orgasm. Louis was whining with sensitivity by the time Zayn pulled out and fell next to him.

Zayn didn't waste anytime reaching into the drawer and pulling out a wipe to clean them up. But when he turned back over Louis had his fingers running through the cum on his stomach.
Louis looked over to Zayn and brought his fingers to his mouth. Zayn growled and lowered down to Louis' stomach to get a taste himself. Louis made a pleased sound and put his hand in Zayn's hair.

When Louis' stomach and chest were clean of cum Zayn used the wipe to clean them both up. Then he moved to Louis' sensitive hole and ran the wipe gently over him.

"Zayn," Louis begged and pulled him up to lay with him.

Zayn wrapped Louis in his arms and pulled the blanket up from the end of the bed to cover them.

Louis hummed and snuggled in close to Zayn's warm, tan skin.

"Louis?" Louis hmm'd in response. "Let me take you to dinner tomorrow."

Louis tilted his head up so he could see Zayn. "I'd love that."

"Louis?"

Louis chuckled and said, "Yes, Zayn?"

"Let me take to lunch the next day. And coffee the next morning. And then to the cinema. Then the gallery. Then the park. And wherever else you want to go."

"Zayn?"

"Yes, Louis?"

"Consider my calendar full for a while. You can take me wherever you are."

Zayn kissed Louis' forehead and pulled him back to his chest for the first, but not last, night together.

Chapter End Notes

Zayn! Please worship me too!! Louis gets to have all the fun.

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
Niall (little bit of Zianourry) - Special Delivery

Chapter Summary

Niall gets a present that's sure to please.

Top: N/A
Bottom: Niall

Chapter Notes

This is a request that has been waiting so patiently in my list. I'm really excited about it! It has visuals yall! There's a picture and link that will be somewhere in the story...exactly where you need it.

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Niall finally finished his studio session and was more than ready to fall into bed for a long nap before he was supposed to have the guys over for dinner. He walked up to the door of his rental but was too tired to see the package that was sitting right outside his door, so when he kicked it he swore quietly and bent down to pick it up.

"To: Niall Horan" with his current address.

But there wasn't a return address or even a real name, only the words scribble in messy letters, "Yours Truely"

Niall took the package inside and set it on the kitchen counter. He'd hadn't gotten an unmarked since he lived in the X Factor House and fans had access to his address. He examined the small package, nothing more than box the size of a movie case and about four inches thick. He turned it over but there weren't any identifying stamps or writings.

Well, if it was a bomb it'd go off whether or not he opened it, right?

Niall took the scissors from the kitchen drawer and cut the flaps open. He turned the box upside on the counter and a styrofoam block fell out along with two pieces of paper, instructions and a written note with his name on the front.

First he picked up the note and unfolded it. It had a few short paragraphs in the same messy writing that was on the front of the envelope. He didn't recognize it right away, but he swore he'd seen it before.

Niall let his eyes read over the words slowly:

Niall my dear,
This is a very special gift that I'm sure you'll love. Don't be scared, it's all in good fun. I saw it and immediately thought of you. I knew I had to give it to you. Pink is just your color, don't you think?

Just my color? Pink is not my color.

If you haven't opened the packaging yet, please do that now.

Niall looked from the styrofoam to the letter and back before taking the two sides apart and letting the pink plastic fall to the counter.


What the hell is it? Am I supposed to cook with it? He looked back to the note.

Pretty, right? Just like you. Now if you're not sure how to use my precious gift then there are instructions included, but somehow I'm sure you'll figure it out.

But Niall, please don't hurt yourself. And for my own peace of mind, start with a finger.

I want you to use it. Enjoy it. Take pictures if you'd like. But I'll be by later to make sure you haven't wasted my present.

Yours Truely, Xoxo

Niall picked up the thing that looked like a remote in his hand. He pressed the top button but nothing happened. He pressed the bottom one and the thing attached by a chord started vibrating. Niall jumped a little in surprise. He watched it bounce against the granite with wide eyes.

He took it in his hand and it made his skin vibrate. His hand tingled and he giggled at the sensation.

He tried the other button again and the vibrations increased, getting more powerful and faster. He pressed it again, and the vibrations now moved at a mind-boggling pace. Niall's hand started to itch with the sensation. He pressed the button again, assuming it would turn off after that last setting, but instead the vibrations went from constant to short pulses every other second.

Niall made an appreciative sound. That one seems nice. Like a back massager. He pressed it and the vibrations changed again. This time it was two in short succession and then one longer one, repeating over and over.

He pressed it one last time and the vibrations went back to the first softer setting. He clicked it off and put it down on the counter.
Niall figured it was time for the instructions. He picked up the two sided page with the hand that didn't still hold the remote, surprisingly tight he realized and loosened his grip on it.

**Anal Fantasy Wireless Remote Vibrating Butt Plug** were in bold letters at the top of the instructions. Niall's mouth fell open and he dropped the pink remote on the counter. He backed away from the thing...with the paper still in his hands, finger crinkling it in his grip.

*Niall just stared at the small pink plastic for so long he felt his legs getting antsy. He still couldn't get his mind around it. He thought about all the disturbing things that he'd heard about toys like that. He thought about the disturbing things the note asked him to do with it. He thought about the nice way it felt in his hand when it pulsed. No not nice, bad, Bad way it felt. The bad way it felt so nice.*

Niall took a hesitant step closer and eyed the thing like it would come alive and throw itself at him. But it didn't. It remained still and pink and bad and nice.

He finally came back to stand in front of the counter and decided to at least try and make sense of the instructions. So he could understand only.

**The Remote Control Silicone Plug features a tapered tip for easy entry**...easy entry in my butt!...*while the whisper-quiet motor delivers mind-blowing vibrations directly to your most sensitive areas*...Mind-blowing? Sensitive area? Niall's mind was racing and he couldn't skip over he connection between how it felt in his hand to how it would feel-no. Stop.

Niall reached out and touched the "tapered tip" that was for "easy entry". He didn't notice before that it was smooth, even soft, to the touch. He picked it up in his hand again and felt that the whole thing was soft against his skin. He trailed his thumb from the small tip to the ball that sat at the other end.

A ball? What was that for? Not easy entry that's for sure.

Then the end was curved and had like a handle. It needed a handle. This was crazy.

*Put it down, Niall. This was funny for a milisecond but now you should put it down.*

He didn't put it down. Instead he picked up the remote, too. He held them both in his hands and glanced around the house like someone could actually see him. But it still served to make him feel safer that no one was around to see him, standing there, holding this thing, like he actually wanted it. Like he actually wanted it....he wanted it.

The realization hit Niall like a brick wall. He wanted to use it. He wanted to enjoy it. He wanted to take pictures. All like the note said. Niall groaned at his own fantasies.

He took the note in the same hand as the remote and instructions and ran to his bedroom. He dropped everything on the end of the bed and quickly disrobed, throwing all his clothes off into a corner.

He stood there naked, and admittedly half-hard, looking at the toy like he couldn't believe this was happening. He reached a hand down to confirm his fears, and moaned at the rough skin of his hand on his smooth cock. He gripped himself without thinking and pulled slowly up and then down. looking at the toy with something dark in his eyes.
He was hard. Because of this thing. This thing he had to try.

He scooted everything up the bed and then laid down next to it. Niall pretended to hate this idea for one more minute before taking the remote in one hand, and the...plug?...in the other. He pressed the the power button and it came to life in his hands. The vibrations steady but soft. He looked at it then looked down towards his flushed cock, laying on his stomach.

He remembered the note. *...please don’t hurt yourself. And for my own peace of mind, start with a finger...* 

Niall wasn't gay, but being in this band had taught him a thing or two, and Harry's late night, drunken words spilled into his head. *Lube is essential. Lou likes it rough, but I swear to God I never let him put anything inside me unless it's slick.* Harry had slurred with his head on Niall's shoulder and his hands waving wildly.

*Lube. Okay, lube.* Niall didn't have lube. He looked aound without any clue what to do. He spotted the lotion bottle on the nightstand.

*Lotion? Would that work? I don't know if that's a thing.* Niall looked back the toy in his hand and decided it would be a thing today. He turned it off set toy down, reached for the lotion, and pumped some into his hands. He brought it back and looked between his hand and the toy.

*...start with a finger...*

Niall put the remote down too and ran a finger through the cold, clean-scented half-solid. He took one last deep breath before he opened his legs and reached a hand down to his virgin hole. He placed the tip of his finger against his entrance and yelped at how cold the lotion was. He rubbed his finger around to warm up the lotion and made a small noise when it also felt kind of good.

He closed his eyes and tried to not focus on the fact that he was doing this. He pushed just the tip of his finger in and hissed at the foreign feeling. Not bad, but more like what the hell, that's a finger in my ass, okay.

He pushed it a little more and got past the part that he coated in lotion and started to feel the rough skin of his finger against the ring of muscle.

*More lotion it is,* he thought and pulled his finger out. He wasn't sure, but he might have clenched slightly when pulled out. He rubbed lotion over his entire finger, just in case, and put it back to his hole.

He gave the same treatment of rubbing around his hole to warm up the cold lotion before poking his finger back in to the first knuckle. He groaned but told himself to relax. *It was no big deal. It was nothing. He didn't have a finger in his ass. It didn't feel...nice.*

He pushed in further and felt his hole stretch to the new instrusion, like it was made for this. Like it knew this would happen one day. His finger rubbed against his walls, slick against smooth. He stifled a moan when he finally pushed in all the way to his third knuckle.

He was breathing heavy and his forehead was lined with sheer traces of persperation. He looked down and saw his hand curved down to where he couldn't see, where his finger was inside him. Inside him! He let his head fall back to the pillow and groaned.

*Now what? Take it out?* He went to pulled his finger out slowly so he wouldn't hurt himself and moaned at the friction against his inner walls. *Again!* He pushed back in and felt that same precious
feeling of friction. His cock twitched on his stomach and he thought, *Well at least someone's not scared to say he's enjoying this*, as he gave his length a pointed look.

He started moving his finger in and out in rhythm. His hole was no longer screaming with the new stretch, instead it was closing tight around his finger every so often. His cock was harder than he'd every seen it. He knew that if kept this up, he'd come, and quick.

He glanced next to him and saw the toy laying there, like it was waiting patiently for it's turn. He smirked at it and pulled his finger out with a loud groan. He reached for the toy and the remote, one in each hand.

*...never let him put anything inside me unless it's slick...*

He used the leftover lotion on his hand smear over the plug he was holding. When it was shiny he gave it one last once over and lowered it between his legs. The small end was pressed against his now seemingly greedy hole. It sucked it in almost as much as Niall pushed it.

It was smaller than his finger at first and just sort of gave him relief. But then he pushed it further and it widened to a thickness bigger than his one finger and he was at that point all over again where his body felt stretched and the heat burned. But it was gradually, and had him arching into it instead of hating it.

He kept pushing until he felt the ball against his entrance. *No. Nope. Can't do it. Not happening.* Niall's head was shaking back and forth on his pillow while he tried to convince himself not to go ahead and push the entirety of it in.

But the small end of the toy was almost there. Almost to the innermost part of him. And he could feel himself wishing that that last space would be full too. So he scrunched his eyes shut tight and gave the toy a shove. He let out a long *uuuuuugghh!* when he felt his hole stretch around the ball, but then it was inside and he pushed the last centimeters in and felt so full.

He let out a contented sigh. *I did it! Fuck, I did it. Ugh, It's so big. I can't...so nice. Now for the vibrating part, I guess.* Niall was surprised the remote hadn't cracked, because when he looked down he was gripping it so tight his knuckles were white.

He pressed the power button with a shaking hand and the toy vibrated inside him. Niall released an unabashed moan at the crazy sensation. He started shifting on his bed with the inability to lay still, but that only served to make the tip press into Niall's prostate.

Niall's hips jerked into the air, followed by hips legs and back, into a full arch. He squeezed his cheeks together, pulling the toy in with all his might, and making it touch that spot again. This time Niall fell flat back onto the bed, limbs lose, and breath ragged.

His head was flying around on his pillow and his now free hand was scratching at the sheets. He couldn't imagine what the other settings felt like. Let's find out. He pressed the button and the vibrations sped up. Niall made a low sound in his throat and bit his lip hard. He pressed it again and the vibrations took on an unreal pace that had Niall pushing back and forth onto the toy.

Niall knew his favorite setting was next and clicked the button with anticipation. The vibrations stopped for a small second before he felt a powerful buzz right up against his spot. His cock leaked a bead of precome onto his stomach. Then another forceful buzz a second later and another drop on his stomach.

Niall made a rhythm of rocking down as the pulse vibrated against his most sensitive spot. He had
produced a small pool of sticky white liquid above his navel.

He had to try the last setting. He had to. So he hit the button one more time and put the remote down. The two short buzzes had Niall making a tight high-pitched sound each time, while the longer vibration had Niall producing a constant stream of precome.

Niall was milking himself with a butt plug and he didn't even know it. All he knew was that his cock and stomach was covered with his thin white evidence of pleasure.

"Ni?" he heard from his livingroom.

Niall's hazy mind took a second to realize that that wasn't his voice he just heard. And neither were the footsteps he heard in the hall. His whole body tensed up with fear and the vibrations suddenly seemed to be rocketing through his entire body. He screamed and came in long, hot ropes over his chest and stomach. His whole body shook with the force of his most powerful orgasm ever.

"Ni?" a worried voice said as the door swung open. "Fuck! Niall!"

Niall lifted his groggy head to see Harry standing in his doorway, with Louis and Liam on his right, and Zayn on his left. They had facial expressions ranging from shocked to amused to lustful.

Niall let out a soft whine and his legs fell flat to the bed with the toy still inside him. He brought a hand to his racing heart, landing in a spot of cum. He groaned and rolled his eyes before letting his hand fall back to the bed.

"Jesus Christ, Nialler," Zayn sounded in awe, "We didn't think you'd actually do it!"

Niall raised his head up at that. "You?"

Louis grin grew, "Yep. Us. Damn, Niall. I can't say I'm shocked though." He came to the bed and reached a hand between Niall's legs to tap the still vibrating toy playfully. Niall moaned and clenched the sheets in sensitivity. "Did you like my note?"

"Out. Out," he begged weakly and lifted his hips towards Louis' hand.

"Is baby Niall sensitive?" Liam purred from behind Louis.

Niall didn't know what to do so he nodded and a sob choked its way out of his throat.

"Don't be mean," Harry admonished.

Louis scoffed but reached down and slowly tugged on the now filthy toy. Niall was whining with the tender shocks it sent through his body.

"Shhhh," Zayn soothed. He came and kissed Niall's flushed chest.

Louis continued to pull the plug out until it slid free of Niall's stretched, puffy hole. "Shit, guys come here." Louis waved them over.

Niall raised his head again to see all four of his bandmates gathered around his sore entrance.

"So pink," Liam whispered.

Harry made a hum of agreement.

"Think he's loose enough?" Louis ask mecheviousely.
Zayn looked to Louis to see if he was serious. He was. Zayn looked back to Niall's face, then back to his hole. "Yeah," he answered eventually.

Niall huffed and whined, "Guys."

"Don't worry, love, we'll take care of you," Harry promised.

Chapter End Notes

Little innocent Niall laid out on the bed with a butt plug filling him up while he writhes and twists in pleasure?? I'm dead.

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
"Where'd you hear that?" Louis asks the interviewer. She was a young blonde woman. Probably meant to play on Louis' reputation...you know the one. The one where he shags at least one hot lady at nearly every event, conference, and well, interview. But they had no idea. Louis wouldn't put a hand on the woman. He's not into women. But an incorrect reputation is better than none in Hollywood, right?

The woman pushed her chest up between his arms and said, "From my sources, obviously. Is it true?"

Louis laughed humorlessly. "Sorry, love. Fraid not. Wasn't anyone I...wanted that night. Especially not her. Not my type."

"She's everyone's type, Louis. She's a VS model."

Louis smirked and accepted the information as generally true. "Guess I just wasn't into it."
“Well then you should maybe tell her that. She seems convinced something went down that night.”

"Who am I to change her mind?" Louis said with a sarcastic air. The interviewer laughed and smiled wide.

"Very well." She uncrossed and recrossed her legs the opposite way, giving Louis a quick peek up her too short skirt. Louis rolled his eyes and tapped his fingers on his ankle that was resting on his knee. "How about we talk about the new single..."

The interview was fairly normal after that. No more sex scandals. Louis' been quiet this week. After they finished he gave the woman a flirty smile and a handshake that lasted just a second too long. Louis couldn't help it. The woman didn't mind.

Louis went to where catering had some tea waiting and made himself a cuppa just how he liked it. While he was stiring it to perfection he heard a voice behind him. "She's pretty hot."

Louis turned to see a bright, young smile and eyes that were mostly innocent, but Louis knew what mischief looked like, and this kid had it.

"Pardon?"

"Sandra. She's hot."

Sandra. Louis didn't even catch her name. "Yeah. I guess." The boy laughed and his blond tips shook with it. "Something funny?"

The boy settled after a minute and fixed Louis with a look. He leaned in and whispered lowly in Louis' ear. "I'll give you twenty bucks right now if you can convince me you'd rather have her suck you off than me."

Louis' eyes went wide and his breathe skipped for a moment. He settled himself internally and refused to acknowledge the twitch of his dick in his pants. He laughed, soft but sure, in the boy's ear. "I don't need the money."

"It's not the money I really want to give you."

Louis groaned low so no one could hear and the blond laughed again. He finally moved back from Louis' space and Louis could see his grin was still fixed and his eyes were playful. He grabbed Louis by the wrist and pulled him away from his tea, still on the table, and down the hall to an empty interview room.

Louis followed blindly after him, but when the kid closed the door and grabbed Louis through his pants he put a hand on the boy's arm and shook his head. "I don't even know your name."

"From what I hear, name's aren't all that important to you Mr. Tomlinson."

"Don't believe everything you hear. What are you a gossip writer or something?"

Niall laughed and said, "Not so much. I'm just an assistant for the magazine's enteratinment VP."

"You're an errand boy?"

Niall shrugged and said, "Pays the bills."

"Well, errand boy, contrary to popular belief, I do prefer to know the name of someone," he pushed the blond's hand on him harder, "that's about to suck my cock."
The boy shuddered and breathed, "Niall."

Louis smiled, "Niall. That's a great name, kid."

"Not a kid. Just younger than you."

"I can see that. Are you even old enough to know what a dick looks like?" Louis teased.

"I see," Niall said evenly. "Well then I guess if I'm not good enough for you then I'll just go." Niall let go of Louis' jeans and started to walk away.

Louis grabbed his wrist. "Wait." Niall smiled at the door. "I'm sorry. I was just teasing. I'm sure you're plenty good."

"I am, by the way," Niall said as he turned back. "Something I'm willing to show you, if you'll stop being an ass."

Louis barked out a laugh, "You know most people don't talk to me like that."

"Most people don't see that you've obviously never slept with any of those women they say you have."

Louis tilted his head in consideration, "That's not entirely true. I've been pretty wasted."

Niall ran his tongue over his teeth, "Some life."

Louis gave Niall a hard look, trying to see if he was truly just being rude, or if he was making an offhand comment. "It's better than most. One I'm grateful for."

Niall nodded seriously. "Of course, I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything by it." He came closer and ran a soft hand up and down Louis' side, "I just want you to have what you truly want. Not trashy, high maintence girls, wearing too much eye makeup."

Louis' lips lifted into a half smile. "And you're going to give me what I want?"

Niall turned truly young for a moment and nodded enthusiastically while he fell to his knees. Louis couldn't help the fond look on his face as Niall kissed his hips and undid his jeans. "I've had a crush on you for a long time," Niall said, lips against the hem of his shirt.

"Then you're welcome."

Niall looked up and they were both silent for a minute before Niall laughed that fun, young laugh again. He pulled Louis pants to the floor and mouthed at his boxers. Louis groaned and ran his fingers through Niall's dyed hair. Niall let his tongue move over Louis' bulge and rubbed patterns into his strong thighs.

"So fit," Niall mumbled into Louis' briefs.

Louis felt his warm breath seep into the material and waft over his hot cock. He rocked forward and Niall chuckled at him.

"Eager," he tutted. Louis shot him a look and Niall relented, peeling his boxers down his legs and let Louis' cock spring up next to his face. Niall gifted kiss after kiss to Louis' length, from base to tip. He could feel Louis' leg muscles tensed and relax with every contact of his lips.

"You're a tease," Louis admonished.
"And you're impatient," Niall rebutted but gripped a sure hand around Louis' base. Louis moaned at the relief of friction. The blond pumped him slowly, making sure to drag Louis' foreskin with him on every stroke. He pulled down and let Louis' pink head peek out so he could wrap his lips around it.

Louis' grip got a bit tighter in Niall's hair, which Niall took as encouragement. He pursed his lips tight and sucked, feeling the dip between Louis' tip and his shaft. He ran his tongue just under the head, back and forth. Louis made a strangled sound in his throat and let his head fall back. Niall moved down to take more of Louis in, inch by inch, until he was two thirds down.

His hand kept a tight grip and twisted just a little back and forth while he licked up and down Louis' length. Louis' finger nails were digging into Niall's scalp now, and he pushed Niall's head further so he was taking all of him. Niall gagged around Louis' head in his throat but didn't pull back. Louis felt Niall's jaw and throat relax and his breaths become longer.

Niall stayed there, deep throating Louis and licking him in random patterns until Louis felt heat start to build. He pulled Niall back just a little and reached a hand down to take hold of Niall's chin. Niall looked up at Louis with watery eyes and flushed cheeks. Louis pulled on Niall's chin and Niall opened his mouth as wide as he could and waited for Louis to take over.

Louis' hand moved from his chin to run his fingers across Niall's cheek. Niall decided then that Louis wasn't at all like the media made him out to be. Except the fact that he was tons of fun in private, of course. Louis interrupted Niall's thought when he thrust into Niall's mouth. Niall sputtered a little but kept his mouth open and his eyes locked on Louis'.

Louis' eyebrows furrowed and he pushed in again. Niall's eyes fluttered for a second but he kept them open. Louis rocked steadily back and forth, letting his tip slide down Niall's throat each time. He wasn't fast or hard, but that may have been what had Niall so needy for him. He knew Louis was only scratching the surface.

He tried to dig his fingers into Louis' legs harder to get him move faster, but Louis raised one eyebrow and order, "Behind your back."

Niall swallowed around Louis and let his arms fall to his back where he grabbed a wrist in one hand. Louis stepped just a little closer and took Niall's face in his hands. He didn't take his eyes off the young boy on his knees as he pulled out and then shoved himself down Niall's throat.

Niall moaned as best he could with the pressure. Louis shoved in again, harder, and Niall felt a tear fall down his cheek. His rythym sped up and soon Louis was fucking Niall's face in earnest. Niall was crying silently and breathing short breaths through his nose. Louis was making small reassuring sounds while he ran his hands over Niall's cheeks, jaw, and into his hair.

Louis felt his stomach tighten and he took a grip in Niall's hair again. He pushed him down his cock so his nose was settled into the hair at his base. He shuddered and came down Niall's throat. Niall swallowed as he felt each spurt come out. Louis rocked gently, riding out his orgasm, before he pulled Niall back and off his softening cock.

Niall inhaled gasps and slumped forward into Louis' crotch. He kissed his soft length gently while he caught his breath. Louis bent down and picked Niall up. He kissed him and tasted the remains of himself on Niall's tongue.

"Your turn," Louis smirked and fell to his knees lazily.
Don't be disappointed. I love a wrecked Niall as much as the next filthy-minded chick. I'll write another Nouis, with bottom NIall, soon. But I just wanted a little Nouis out there and I haven't done a bj in a while.

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
Chapter Summary

Lou braids Harry's hair for the last show of tour. Louis has a thing for braids on his boyfriend.

Top: Louis  
Bottom: Harry  

Chapter Notes

Here's a Larry request! Lots of Daddy!Louis for you my lovelies!

Fair warning: BDSM kink

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

"I love it, Lou!"

"It's very...pretty, Harry," Lou Teasdale said with a laugh.

"I know!"

Harry was particularly happy tonight. He'd begged Lou to braid his hair all tour and now she finally did it. Louis was going to love it. But Harry didn't want him to see it until they got on stage.

He slipped out of the their dressing room and hid in the catering room until Paul came and collected him. He went the long way just to avoid the others, well Louis, and slipped under the curtain to their starting platform where it was nearly pitch black.

Louis was a couple people down so he couldn't even ask Harry where he'd been all night. It wouldn't of mattered anyway because then the screen lifted and the band played the opening chord of Midnight Memories and the fans were screaming.

Louis smiled at the familiar thrill. They turned around and walked, or in Louis' case strutted, down the catwalk to spread across the stage.

Harry was bouncing and excited, so full of energy. He whipped his head back and forth, feeling the end of the braids hit his neck.

The boys sang loud and proud. Finally Louis and Harry crossed paths. Harry almost kneeled down on stage at the look Louis gave him. Louis eyes went black almost immediately and he lost the words to the song for a second.
Harry used all his strength to look away and keep walking. He sang, and danced, and laughed. Tonight he was really feeling it.

Louis couldn't focus. All he could do was sneak glances at Harry. Braids? He was going to kill Lou. Harry let Louis braid his hair all the time at home, and Louis loved the feeling of Harry's hair in his fingers. He loved the texture when he ran his hands over the twists. He loved to grip them in his hands when they made love.

And now Harry had finally convinced Lou to braid it for a show. Knowing what it would do to him. Well two can play, Harry.

Harry played the entire show. He was having the time of his life. Every time he looked at Louis he was staring back at him from under his lashes, or over his shoulder. He even caught him adjusting himself.

Finally the concert ended and Louis hauled ass off stage. He waited for Harry, but Harry bounded past him and to their car. He sat between Liam and Niall, bouncing in his seat.

"Great show," Niall enthused.

"Yeah, mate. One of the best yet!" Harry agreed.

Louis was sat in the seat in front of them with Zayn, his hand gripping his knee.

Zayn leaned over, "You alright?"

Louis just nodded. Zayn shrugged and sat back. Louis could still see Harry jumping around, his braids hitting his shoulders again and again. He imagined they'd do the same when he was fucking him into the mattress. Louis groaned and dug his fingers into his leg.

They finally reached the hotel and all the boys jumped out and ran in the back entrance. They took the elevator up to their floor and separated to their rooms.

"Hey, Haz! Lou! We're probably going out tonight, if you wanna come," Niall offered.

"We're not going anywhere tonight," Louis said and led Harry, with an arm around his waist, to their room. Harry shivered at the possessive touch and went happily.

Louis slid his card in the key and opened the heavy door. Harry walked in and waited for Louis to shut the door. Louis took his time pushing the door closed.

Harry was rocking on his heels and with his hands behind his back. Louis turned around and saw him smiling and sweaty, but his hair was still in perfect order. He'd soon change that.

Louis walked to Harry and kissed his jaw. Small, light touches of his lipped to Harry's skin. Harry leaned into it without thinking and Louis pushed him back and took his mouth away.

"Don't be greedy, baby." Harry whined and pouted. "Don't make me punish you, love."

Harry shook his head and stood still. Louis pressed his chest against Harry's, leaving just enough space for his fingers to work under Harry's shirt. Harry shivered at the touch he'd been longing for all night.

Louis lifted Harry's shirt over his head and dropped it next to them with a smirk. "You look so good tonight, Hazza," Louis whispered between them.
Harry beamed at the compliment but kept his hands dutifully by his side. Louis loved how youthful Harry was right now. He couldn't wait to ruin him.

He pushed Harry backwards to the bed and Harry laid back. Harry put his hands out flat on the bed and smiled lovingly up at Louis.

Louis got on his knees over Harry and pulled his shirt over his head. Then he flicked open Harry's tight fucking jeans. He stood up and started pulling on Harry's jeans. Harry giggled and help to squirm out of them.

Louis finally got them off and threw them with a frustrated huff to the other side of the room. "I hate those pants."

"You love what's in them," Harry waggled his eyebrows at Louis.

Louis slapped Harry's thigh and quipped, "I love when I'm in them."

Harry laughed until Louis shut him up with a kiss. He held Harry down by his shoulder and reached down to run his hand over Harry's tight briefs. Harry whined and bucked into Louis' hand.

Louis pulled back and sat up. "I've warned you not to be greedy, baby. Now I'll have to punish you."

Louis went to his bag and pulled out a smaller, but still good sized, leather bag. Harry whined and gripped the sheets when he saw what Louis had. He quickly discarded his briefs to the floor and waited for Louis to come back to the bed.

Louis dropped it on the bed between Harry's legs and started riffling though it. He pulled out the bright blue rope that was coiled up neatly. He pulled it loose and dropped it onto Harry's stomach.

"Legs up," Louis ordered and he stripped himself of the rest of his clothing.

Harry lifted his bent legs so his knees were by his ribcage. Louis wound the rope above one knee then pulled it up and wrapped it around one wrist. He looped it through the head board and then around the other wrist, and finally he tied the rope around Harry's other knee.

Harry was left with his legs suspended and his arms stretched out towards the head of the bed. He pulled on the ropes and felt them grate against his skin, moaning at the hint of pain. Louis smiled, pleased with his work.

Now that Harry was forced to stay put, Louis back up and admired the boy. He let his eyes roam over Harry's flushed body. He kept flexing and pointing his toes restlessly. He kept his eyes locked on Louis while he was being evaluated.

"Lovely, baby."

Harry preened, back arching, with the praise. Louis knelt on the bed again and attached his lips to the inside of Harry's thigh. Harry sighed softly at finally having Louis' attention. Louis sucked and nipped until there was a spattering of colorful marks along both thighs. Harry was trying to keep still, but his hands were closing into fists and opening wide over and over.

Louis looked up from between Harry's legs and smiled at his sweetly. "So pretty," Harry whined. "What do you want, baby?"

"You, Daddy," Harry answered immediately.
"More specific," Louis ordered.

Harry squeezed his eyes shut so he could collect his thoughts, then opened them again to find Louis watching him closely. "I want-you-your fingers, Daddy. I want you on me, inside me. I want you, Daddy." Harry sighed when he finally got it all out.

Louis eyes went soft and he kissed Harry's stomach. "Then you'll need to be good. You haven't been very good so far, baby."

"I'll be good, I promise. I'm good," Harry pleaded and his hands gripped the rope by his wrists.

"Do you think you deserve me? Have you been good enough to have me, baby?"

Harry wanted to say yes, hoping Louis would just fuck him, but he knew he hadn't so instead he let his face scrunch up in disappointment and said, "No."

"Then what do you think you'll need to do to earn it?"

Harry licked over his lips, thinking. "You can fuck my face. I'll make you come, and I'll swallow it all."

Louis groaned and gripped Harry's thigh. "Baby, that sounds like a great idea." Louis climbed between Harry's legs to his chest, settling right next to his outstretched arms. The rope was caging him in, almost touching his sides, but not quite. He ran a hand along the lines and pulled forward gently, making Harry's leg bend further. He made a whiny noise and Louis pulled on the other one. Harry's legs were stretched so far Louis could feel his knees grazing his back. He kept him there until Harry started to making pained noises, and released the rope. Harry's legs fell back to where they were, grunting when the rope rubbed his skin.

Louis scooted a little closer and looked down at Harry expectedly, "Gone on then," and nodded at his hard cock. Harry lifted his head up and reached towards Louis' tip. He couldn't quite reach, his neck straining. "How bad do you want it, baby?"

Harry whined and lifted his shoulders off the bed so he could bend an inch further and take Louis into his mouth. He let out a pleased sound and started suckling on the head. Louis sighed and ran his hands along Harry's arms. Harry could only take an inch or two in from his postition but he strained for more. The vein in his neck became prominent and his face started to turn red with the effort.

"Come here, love," Louis cooed and scooted closer. Harry greedily sucked his down further, bobbing his head now that he had the access. Louis rocked into it and wrapped his fingers around Harry's forearms. He sat up on his knees more and pushed down Harry's throat. He was lifting up to his knees and sitting back down, back and forth, driving Harry's crazing. He could taste Louis all over his tongue, but he didn't want just a taste, he wanted to feel him, really feel him.

Harry made a needy sound and Louis slowed in question. Harry responded by loosening his jaw and keeping his head still. Louis smirked and scratch one hand down Harry's flexing arm. He bent over and kissed the faint red lines he left in his wake.

"So needy." Harry made a pleading sound again so Louis took hold of his long braids between his fingers and shoved deep into Harry's pliant mouth. Harry moaned, making Louis shiver, and push in again. Louis pushed and pulled on Harry's soft braids while he fucked his mouth. Harry hands were twitching with the need to touch. Louis just kept pushing in deeper and harder each time until tears were forming in Harry's eyes.

He stopped when he felt the pressure build in his stomach. Harry whined, but Louis shut him up with
a warning glare. He pulled out and let Harry's head go. It fell back to his pillow weakly. Harry took his bottom lip between his teeth and sucked on it, savoring the taste of Louis.

Louis moved back down so he was settled between Harry's legs. He hovered over him, eyes dark, cock leaking. Harry's face was sad and Louis hated that look. It didn't deserve to be on such a beautiful face.

"What's wrong, baby?"

"I promised I would swallow when you came, but you didn't come. I didn't do a good job," Harry's voice cracked over the last few words.

Louis pet Harry's hair and gave him kisses all over his face. "No, baby. You did amazing. You were so good," he spoke against his skin, his lips trailing over Harry's hot cheeks, "I was so close, but I want to come inside you. Fill you up. Don't you want to be so full of me?" Harry nodded eagerly. "You did so good, I'll even give you a gift." He leaned back to look Harry right in the eyes. "Once you have all my cum inside you, I'll put in your favorite plug, and you can keep me inside you all night."

Harry arched into Louis and moaned. "Yes, please, Daddy. Please, I want that so bad."

"Ok, baby," Louis said as he leaned over to where he'd put the leather beg and pulled out the large purple butt plug. Harry whined for it and squirmed around on the bed. "Now be good for Daddy and lay still while I open you up, okay?"

Harry breathed deep and said, "Yes, Daddy."

Louis smiled approvingly and laid the plug down next to them. He reached into the bag and pulled out the strawberry flavored lube. Louis didn't particularly love it, but Harry loved when Louis bought it for them. He squeezed some onto his fingers and rubbed them together to warm up the cold gel.

"Daddy?"

Louis looked up from his hand to Harry's innocent face. "Yes, baby?"

"I love you."

Louis slipped his fingers between Harry's cheeks and pushed one inside, smooth and quick, to the third knuckle. "Love you so much, baby."

Harry smiled, content, and gripped at his ropes. Louis led two fingers down to Harry's waiting hole and kissed bruises into his stomach and chest.

He bit down at the same time he pumped the first finger in. Harry's whole body tensed and he let loose a throaty moan. Louis smirked at him and thrusted his finger into Harry.

Harry's toes curled when Louis added a second finger. Louis ran a hand up and down Harry's thigh, soothing him. Harry took in short, gasping breaths and clenched around Louis' fingers.

Louis spread his fingers open, stretching Harry's rim wide with each stroke. Harry kept trying to stretch out, display himself for Louis, but he was met with the ropes rubbing on his skin every time.

When Louis shoved his fingers in deeper and grazed over Harry's prostate, Harry pulled the ropes so hard his wrists starting to turn colors.
Louis saw him struggling and kissed all up and down his next. "Baby, behave. If you hurt yourself we won't be able to play anymore."

Harry shook his head at possibly disappointing Louis. "Sorry, Daddy. I'm sorry," he choked out.

"It's okay, baby. Just don't pull so hard, yeah?" Louis ran his hand up to Harry's wrists and smooth his thumb over the irritated skin. "They're so red. So pretty for me."

Harry tried not to stretch or pull too hard, but Louis was right there and telling Harry he was pretty.

"Daddy," Harry voiced was almost broken and he pushed up as best he could with no leverage to meet Louis.

"Ok, baby. Alright," Louis calmed him with gentle scratches over the rope around his knees. He reached for the lube again and covered his flushed cock in a good layer.

He rubbed the rest over Harry's hole and perineum, just to tease a little more. Harry twitched at the feeling of Louis' fingers running over him but he stilled himself quickly.

Harry opened his legs wider and waited for Louis to finally take him. Louis hovered over him, cock rubbing against Harry's ass, and kissed his forehead.

"Perfect baby."

Harry shuddered and let his eyes slipped closed. He felt Louis pushed into him, inch by inch. His head slipped past Harry's rim fairly easily, but Harry really started to feel the stretch when Louis kept going, digging deeper into him.

Harry's noises became progressively less sensible the further Louis got inside him. By the time Louis was fully seated, Harry was gasping out pathetic whimpers.

"Take me so well. Look so good wrapped around me."

Harry nodded loosely. Louis pushed in deep again and again, not pulling out very far because he wanted to keep Harry close. Harry fell to mostly silence with Louis surrounding him in every way.

He was so content to have Louis over him and inside him and looking at him and talking to him. His mouth was open, jaw slack, but he wasn't making any noise.

Louis sped up, but stayed deep, pushing into Harry powerfully. Harry didn't even moan when Louis hit his prostate. Just let the fuzzy weight of his mind accept the added pleasure.

He did sigh though, completely at ease. Louis kept moving the hand that wasn't holding him up all over Harry's body. He ran his hand over Harry's chest and follow it with his lips, leaving marks in his path.

By the time Harry squeezed his legs together lazily and came he had a canvas full of red and purple marks of ownership. Louis kept rocking into Harry while he let his body move with Louis' thrusts.

Louis released inside Harry with a long groan and a pinched off version of baby. He stayed buried deep, playing with all the fresh marks and the blue ropes.

Louis didn't pull out until he undid the knot holding the rope in position. He pulled back and Harry's right leg fell at the same time.

Louis grabbed the plug and held one of Harry's legs out so he could shoved it in deep. Harry whined
low and tired but made an appreciative sound once it settled inside him.

Louis unwound the rope from his leg, then his wrists, then the other knee, kissing each area as he moved.

Harry was spread out, eyes closed, while Louis scooted over to the bag to get the lotion.

He spent a few minutes, while Harry came down, rubbing lotion over all the red area that were marked by the ropes.

"Daddy," Harry whispered as Louis finished and put the lotion back in the bag. "So full."

"I know, baby. Got Daddy's cum stuffed inside you. Filling you up." He kissed Harry's wrists again where they lay by his sides. "I think we'll need to invest in padded cuffs and keep the rope as an extra bit."

"Are they pretty?"

Louis took Harry's sensitive wrist in his fingers and brought it up so Harry could see him kiss it. "Beautiful, baby. So red and lovely. You always squirm for me. Make yourself all flushed."

"I love it," Harry recalled reverently.

"I know you do, baby." Louis turned Harry on his side and curled him to his chest. He wrapped strong arms around him and bent his legs to match Harry's.

Harry fell asleep with raw wrists and Daddy against his back.

Chapter End Notes

Pretty red wrists on baby!Harry

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
There he was. Walking down the hallway like he owned the place. Quiff standing tall, scruff on at least day three, black jeans tight over his slim hips and low enough to see a sliver of tan skin when he raised his arm for a high five from a friend.


Louis stared blatantly as he passed with his small, loyal group of friends. Zayn must've felt someone watching a little too intently because his eyes fell on Louis' fluffy fringe and blushing cheeks. He lifted a corner of his lips into a half smile before joining back into the apparently hilarious conversation his friends had started. Louis didn't realize he wasn't breathing until Zayn was ten feet down the hall and the early bell rang loud, making Louis jump. He collected his books up and headed for his first class.

***

"Hey," someone whispered behind Louis, "Hey, Louis, right?"

Louis turned around in his chair. "I'm sorry?"

"Louis, right?"

"Yes?" he said like he wasn't sure that was the name he'd had since the day he was born. Louis recognized the guy as one of Zayn's friends. He'd never talked to him before today and he wasn't sure what the kid could possible want with him. Probably needed to copy his homework or something.

"Cool. So I have a question."
"Excuse me, Mr. Carson. Do you have something to share with the class?"

The kid's head popped up and he smiled brightly, "No thanks, Ms. Mars." The teacher scoffed and turned back to the projector. The boy leaned closer over his desk to Louis. "So anyway. I have a question."

"Yes?"

"Are you gay?"

Louis mouth went slack. He'd never been asked out right before. He knew that anyone that took two minutes to look at him could tell he was a twink, but no one had felt the need to hear Louis actually say it.

"Why?"

"Just wondering."

Louis gave a skeptical once over of the boy and nodded. He smiled and nodded in response and sat back in his chair. Louis slowly turned back to the teacher's lesson.

Weirdest day ever so far.

***

"Why does he care?" Niall asked from across the table at lunch.

"I don't know. Hopefully it's not so he can start something. Everyone's been so cool about me being gay. I don't want to start getting hate my last year, ya know?"

"Yeah, but everyone pretty much knows. I feel like if they wanted trouble they would've caused it by now."

Louis bit his lip in consideration. "Yeah, I guess. Then I don't know what he wanted."

"I guess we'll see," Niall said and nodded his head to something over Louis' shoulder.

Louis turned around to see Zayn and the kid that talked to him earlier walking over to him and Niall. Zayn smiled at Niall quickly then sat next to Louis, one leg on either side of the bench, so he was facing Louis, and tipped his chin towards him in greeting. Louis swallowed around the giant lump of please fuck me that just appeared in his throat.

"Louis," Zayn purred his name like it was water on hot day.

"Hey, Zayn," Louis choked out. Calm the fuck down, Louis!

"How are you?"

I'd be better if you fucked me. "Good. How are you?"

Zayn smirked like something about that was funny to him and said, "Better."

Niall scoffed at the almost line and the friend that had sat beside him knocked him in the shoulder. Niall shrugged and Louis looked back to Zayn's dark eyes, twinkling with secrets Louis would love to discover.
"So Louis, I'm having a party tonight. I'd like you to come?" I'd like you to come. Louis opened his mouth, closed it again, looked to Niall, and opened it again. "Niall you're welcome to come. I've actually got a tip that there will be someone there tonight that's dying to meet you."

Now it was Niall's turn to get flustered. "What? Who?"

"Come, bring Louis," he glanced back at Louis so Louis didn't feel like he was talking about him like he wasn't there, "and you'll find out."

"I'll go," Louis answer.

Zayn's face automatically broke into a wide, bright smile where his eyes got smaller and his cheek crinkled. "Good. I'll see you tonight."

The friend patted Niall on the shoulder and follow Zayn as he walked, or strutted like a fucking model, away.

"So we're going to a Malik party. Tonight. Awesome. I have nothing to wear."

Louis couldn't even comprehend what Niall was whining about because Zayn Malik was just right next to him. He's probably breathing the same air he just exhaled, he probably smells like him now. He's going to a Malik party!

***

"Are you sure I look okay?" Louis was panicking right outside the front door of Zayn's two story block party.

"You look great. Now stop whining and tell me I look great too."

Louis rolled his eyes but said, "You look great, Niall," in a monotone voice.

Niall wasn't offended. He just smoothed out his tee and said, "I know." Louis raised a hand to knock, but Niall stopped him. "What are you doing?"

"Knocking?"

Niall laughed but then saw Louis' confused face and held it in, "Oh no, mate. You don't knock at a party. They wouldn't hear you anyway."

Louis considered this. He could hear the base of the music through the door so he assume Niall was right. So he dropped his hand to the knob and opened the door. The music flooded over them along with the smell of beer, weed, and sex. Niall smilled and waggled his eyebrows.

"Let's go then."

Louis hummed and followed Niall into the thick crowd that took up the entry way. Niall kept walking past them to the kitchen. He took two cups off the counter and handed one to Louis. Louis looked down at it and saw the golden liquid sloshing around in the plastic. Louis hated beer. Tastes like piss. But he sipped it anyway.

Niall took Louis' wrist and lead him to the open area that must've been the living room before the party started. Now though, it had two stacks of speakers on either side a DJ booth. A DJ booth which held none other than Zayn Malik himself on the turntables. Next to him was a buff, smiling boy with one hand in the air and the other holding a second set of headphones to his ear. The two
were playing around with the song, mixing beats, and generally just having a good time. Louis was smiling just looking at Zayn smile.

"Damn," Niall said over the music. Louis looked over to see Niall practically drooling into his cup. He never drooled over Zayn, although he admitted that he had inhumanly attractive features once a few years back while they were up late and watching some shitty made-for-TV movie. So he must be drooling over buff friend then. "Who is that?"

Louis shrugged even though Niall wasn't looking at him and turned his attention back to where Zayn was egging the crowd into dancing harder. He caught it when Zayn finally noticed him. Zayn's wide smile fell into an easy smirk and he winked at Louis.

Louis almost fainted. Honest to God, almost fell to the floor right then. Jesus holy Christ Zayn Malik just winked at me!

Niall pulled Louis to him and danced with him for the rest of the song. Louis let himself be pulled and swayed against Niall but he couldn't stop looking Zayn. His hands, quick on the buttons and switches. His eyebrows, furrowing when he was about to drop the bass. But his gaze always landed back on Louis. It went from interested, to teasing, to frustrated. By the end of the song Zayn was looking at Louis like he was actually angry with him.

He came down, amidst applause, with the friend following behind and squeezed through the crowd to Louis and Niall. He gave Louis a head-to-toe once over and made a face of casual approval. But then his features turned back to angry when he turned to Niall.

"Niall. This is Liam. He's a rugby player and a fan of blonds."

Niall's eyes got wider as Zayn finished and he turned them on Liam. Liam was smiling kindly at Niall, eyes twinkling with mischief. "Hi," he held a hand out, "Nice to meet you. Zayn been telling me all day about this cute blond I just have to meet." He ran his finger tips over Niall hair and said, "Now I see he was definitely right."

Niall just laughed and said, "Remind me to thank you, Zayn," without taking his eyes off Liam. Liam took his hand and led them somewhere not there, Louis couldn't be sure where because Zayn was still glaring at him and he couldn't look away.

"Hey," he croaked.

Zayn's face softened and he smiled a small smile. "Glad you came."

"You're really good," Louis said and nodded towards the booth.


Louis blushed and couldn't think of a single thing to say except, "So hot."

Zayn's smirk broke out again and he ran his tongue over his bottom lip. "Can I take you upstairs?"

What? What! I was not mentally prepared for this. Shit! What if I pass out? What if I literally blackout before Zayn gets to fuck me. A little warning would've been nice, Malik!

"Sure," Louis barely whispered.

Zayn took Louis' cup and set it down on the table. He put a hand on Louis' lower back and led him towards the stairs and up to his room. He shut the door behind them and sat on the edge of his bed.
"Come here." Louis walked over and sat next to Zayn. "You're really cute."

Really cute? Is this real life? "Thanks."

"Can I kiss you?"

Well I should say so! "Sure."

"Sure. You're so sure tonight," Zayn said with a chuckle.

I'm not sure. Not sure if I'm breathing right now. "Yeah."

Zayn laughed one more time before leaning forward and pressing his lips to Louis'. Louis instantly melted forward into Zayn and Zayn brought a hand around to Louis' lower back and pulled him closer. Louis sighed into Zayn's mouth and opened for him to push his tongue inside. Zayn took the invitation and ran his tongue over Louis' teeth.

Zayn let his hand trail down Louis' arm to his thigh, where he squeezed the strong muscles in between his finger. Louis pushed his leg into Zayn's palm and Zayn lifted Louis' leg over his so he was almost sitting in his lap. He kept pushing into Louis' mouth harder until Louis had to pull back for air.

"I want you," Louis breathed.

"Yeah?" Zayn was just as breathless.

"Yes."

"Get on your knees," Zayn ordered so low Louis almost didn't hear it. But he did hear it and slid off the bed to his knees in front of Zayn. Zayn unbutton then unzipped his jeans and slid them down to his knees. Louis see the hard line of Zayn in his boxers. He sucked his bottom lip into mouth with the need to take Zayn into his mouth right this moment.

Zayn slid his boxers down to join his pants and Louis watched his cock spring up and hit his abs. Louis moaned quietly at the sight. Zayn put a hand in Louis' hair and scratched at his scalp.

"Want me?"

Louis nodded slowly. Zayn scooted forward so he was on the edge of he bed and Louis kneeled closer so his face was only inches away from Zayn flushed tip. Zayn didn't push him down or pull on his hair. He just sat and watched Louis swallow in thirst and lick his lips over and over. Louis looked up to Zayn and saw the struggle on Zayn's face. He wondered what he was thinking right now.

Louis didn't have long to wonder though because Zayn settled his features and said, "If you want me, take me."

Louis body arched forward in need and he lowered his mouth around Zayn. Zayn's fingers did tighten then, but he didn't move Louis down. Louis mouthed at the head until he tasted drops of Zayn's precome on his tongue. He swallowed them down and moved his head further to take in more. He hallowed his cheeks and bobbed his head slowly up and down until Zayn started to roll his hips up with Louis' mouth.

Louis sucked hard and pressed his tongue against the underside of Zayn's leaking cock. Zayn sat up stick straight and his whole body tensed when he shot into Louis' mouth. Louis kept his mouth
around Zayn until Zayn pulled on his hair to get him off.

"Jesus, Louis. Fucking eager."

"Want you," Louis' voice was hoarse and Zayn groaned at the sound.

"You had me. Get up." Zayn's voice was hard. Louis blinked at the sudden change.

"Wha-"

"For fuck's sake Louis. Get up." Zayn pulled his pants back up and moved around Louis to stand up. "Don't be such a slut."

"Zayn-"

"You should go-No I should go. I'm going," Zayn rambled. He ran a hand through Louis' hair and walked out the door. Louis was still on his knees, cock hard in his tight pants.

Chapter End Notes

Part two soon to come!

Ps: Zayn may be a demi-god but I'm about to smack him. kthanks

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
"You're taking these piano lessons really seriously, Liam," Harry pointed out on their way home from school.

"I really want to learn," Liam said shyly. A lie. He'd been lying to Harry a lot the past few of months.

"I wish I cared enough to learn piano. Guitar's enough for me, but Dad's been wanting me to learn piano for years."

"He's a great teacher."

"I bet. He loves you."

Liam tensed at the words. He knew Harry didn't mean them like that, but he also didn't know that Liam has been dying to hear the words from Louis for a while. He'd almost let those words slip last week when Louis was eating him out while Harry was making dinner.

"He said that?" Liam tried not to let his tone betray his curiousity, but he knew he failed when Harry gave him a sidelong glance.

"Uh, said you were a great kid. Glad I kept you around."

Liam nodded shortly and kept his eyes on the ground. They walked up Harry's stone path and in through the front door with a shout from Harry, "Dad, Home!" Louis had been shifting his work so he could work from home in the afternoons. He said it was so he could be home when Harry got home from school, but Liam knew it was so he could be there when Harry brought him home from school.
Louis walked around the corner from the hall, probably from his office, and smiled when he saw the boys. "Haz. Lili. How was school?" He hugged Harry with a pat on the back, and then hugged Liam. Liam felt his lips brush the edge of his curls by his ear for just a moment, but then Louis was pulling back.

"Same. Mrs. Evans gave a shit assignment for homework."

"Don't swear," Louis and Liam said together. Liam's eyes went wide for a second while Louis held in a laugh. Liam had heard Louis say it so many times he just adopted the habit.

"Gee, thanks, Dads," Harry said sarcastically.

"Welp, I think we should get started, Liam, while Harry does homework. I intend to have an extensive lesson today to make up for missing Monday's."

Louis' voice sounded professional enough, but Liam knew the implications behind his words and couldn't help the shiver that ran over his spine. "And Harry-"

"I know, I know. Don't interrupt. Creative process and whatever." Harry waved them away and started up the stairs.

Louis smirked at Liam and pulled him down the hall to his office. Liam closed the door behind them and crowded into Louis from behind.

"I missed you," Liam whispered.

"Mmm, missed you too," Louis laid his head back on Liam's shoulder. "Screw doctor's appointments if they make me wait five whole days to see you."

"Let me make it up to you."

Louis pushed back into Liam's crotch and felt him twitch. "You better." He turned in Liam's arms and layered kisses along his neck and jaw. He nipped on Liam's newly developing facial hair.

"No marks," Liam reminded.

"Hmm," Louis agreed, "No marks that people will see." He pulled Liam's collar down and bit on his chest. Liam grunted and laced his fingers in Louis' hair. Louis pushed him back and then to the couch where he fell and settled under Louis' gaze.

Louis straddled Liam's hips and ran his hands under Liam's shirt. Liam pushed into Louis' fingers so Louis pulled his shirt up and over his head. Thank God Liam was health conscious, because it meant he had defined abs and thick biceps for a teenager. Louis bent down and licked up Liam's abs one by one. Liam moaned and gripped the back of the couch.

"Off, Louis." Louis looked down and Liam was fiddling with the button his own pants. Louis smirked but sat back so Liam could undo his pants and push them down. He made it to mid thigh before Louis lifted his legs and pulled them the rest of the way off. Liam shoes came off with them and Louis peeled his socks off after. Liam's legs fell back to Louis' sides so Louis could look over his tan body.

"So glad you started wearing tighter pants, love," Louis said as he palmed Liam in his briefs.

Liam laughed, "My mom tried to buy the old kind and I made her put them back. She asked what was wrong with my old boxers, but I couldn't tell her that my older lover preferred to be able to see my hard on in my pants."
Louis groaned and pressed harder into Liam's bulge. Liam moaned and bucked up into Louis' hand. Louis scrambled to strip himself while he sat on Liam's lap. Liam kept himself busy by rubbing up any new space of Louis' skin that appeared.

Louis finally pulled Liam's boxers off too and eyed his thick cock with greedy eyes.

"I wanna ride you, babe. Haven't been stretched like you stretch me in almost a week, Li."

Liam moaned into the back of the couch and pulled Louis' hips down to his, letting their hard cocks rub against each other.

Louis shoved three fingers in Liam's mouth and he immediately sucked on them. He ran his tongue over the dips between his fingers and all the way down to the last knuckle.

Louis let his head fall to Liam's chest and he started on a pretty fantastic love bite right next his right nipple. By the time he pulled his fingers out the spot was bright red and turning purple in the middle.

"Fucking pretty," he ran his wet fingers over the mark. Liam groaned and arched his back off the couch.

Louis reached behind himself and pushed two fingers into his hole together. After months of having Liam's fat cock inside him, he'd learned to take more.

Louis eyes slipped shut and he bit his lip hard to keep his moans in check. Liam reached behind him and squeezed Louis' round ass in his hand.

"Jesus, Lou. I need you now," Liam scratched at Louis' hips.

Louis nodded and pulled his fingers out. Liam pulled Louis up so his cock rubbed along Louis' ass. Louis' head fell back and he pushed back to feel more.

Louis lifted himself up and lowered down on Liam's cock slowly. He'd taken Liam a number of times, but he still had to stop for breath halfway sometimes.

Since he hadn't been fucked in five days he definitely needed that breath. Halfway down, he sat still and let his hole get used to the intrusion again. Liam was breathing heavy too, but with the strength not to thrust.

Louis put his hands on Liam's chest and said, "Push up. Slow. Push yourself inside me," his voiced choked on the last word because Liam bent his knees and planted his feet.

"Sure?"

"Fuck, Liam, do what I say."

Liam lifted his hips and felt his warm length push further into Louis' hole. Slowly, inch by inch, he was sucked into the warmth.

Louis' skin was twitching, but he sat still and let Liam do the work. Once he felt Liam's hips against his ass he let go and fell, pushing Liam back to the couch and impaling himself a little bit more.

"Jesus shit, Louis!"
Louis clapped a hand over Liam's mouth and started small circles, getting himself adjusted. Liam was kissing and sucking on Louis' palm, so Louis shifted his hand and put two fingers back in Liam's mouth.

He bounced on Liam cock while he clenched his thighs around Liam's torso and Liam fingers made bruises on Louis' hips.

Liam turned his face away so Louis' fingers fell out. "Louloulou, gonna come," Liam warned.

"Come on, love. Fill me up. Missed your warm cum inside me this week."

Liam bit his lip and groaned as he came inside Louis. Louis kept moving on him while Liam shook and moaned. Louis didn't waste any time in getting off the couch, only to turn around and straddle Liam's face.

His leaking dick hung in Liam's face, not an inch away from his lips. The curly-haired boy leaned up and collected the precome that was about to drop down onto his tongue.

Louis moaned and pushed his tip into Liam's mouth. Liam took it gratefully and sucked on the first couple inches. Louis leaned down and kissed Liam's spent prick.

Liam whined around Louis' cock so Louis pushed deeper to shut him up. He kept kissing, then wrapped his delicate fingers around Liam. Liam felt the slight pain as blood rushed south to fill him again. Louis pumped Liam to full hardness while he rocked into Liam's mouth. Liam was tensing and twitching under him.

Liam ran his tongue up and down Louis every time he pushed into his mouth. Louis moved his hand faster on Liam and used the new leaking precome as a guide to slick him up so he could really pump him.

Louis felt the tightening in his gut. He squeezed his hand around Liam as he came down Liam's throat. His tight grip pushing Liam over the edge too.

"Dad? I know I'm not supposed to interrupt, but a package arr-" Harry cut off when he saw a rope of Liam's cum land on his dad's cheek.

"Harry," Louis tried to sound forceful but he was still coming down.

Harry walked forward with heavy footsteps and picked Louis up from the couch. Then he reached down and picked up a fucked out Liam. He shoved Liam's clothes at him and said, Go home, Li."

"Harry," Louis tried again.

Harry rounded on him with a stiff jaw. He swung back and landed a punch on Louis' left cheek. Liam gasped and pushed Harry back.

"Harry! The fuck!" Liam yelled.

"He does this, Liam!" he tried to explain. "I thought you stopped!" he yelled at Louis while Liam held him back. "You promised!"

"Harry, calm down," Liam cooed.

"Did you know he's fucked other kids? More than one? More than just you?"

"I know."
Harry's anger left as quickly as it came and was replaced with confusion. "What?"

"I know." He let go of Harry and went to Louis, rubbing his swelling cheek. "You, okay?"

Louis nodded and turned his face to kiss Liam's hand. He walked around Liam to his son "Please, let me explain."

"Nothing to explain," Harry shook his head and walked out.

Both of them didn't know whose jobs, if anybody's, it was to go after him. Instead Louis turned back to Liam and pulled him close.

A pained expression crossed his face before he looked into Liam's eyes and smiled. "I love you."

Terrible timing, but then again, that was Louis. Liam's face broke into a grin. "I love you," Liam said back.

Chapter End Notes

Good? And no, I won't be continuing this. I don't do extended chaptered things in this collection. Sorrynotsorry Xo

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
Ziam - After School

Chapter Summary

Liam has tons to teach Zayn during their private tutoring sessions.

Top: Liam  
Bottom: Zayn  

Chapter Notes

This is actually a combination of requests. I've gotten so many Ziam requests that I just put a couple together that wanted similar things. You Ziam shippers *fond smile* You ship so hard! I really enjoy writing Ziam though! They're so masculine!

I have a couple more to fulfill and I'll work on them. For now be grateful with what I give you bitchachos! :D

COMMENT AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! SERIOUSLY THOUGH I HATE WHEN MY INBOX IS EMPTY! MWAH!! XOXO

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Every Tuesday and Thursday. Right after school. Two whole hours alone with the most beautiful man Zayn had ever seen. He was terrible at History, and his mom told him that he has to go for tutoring or he'd lose his car. Maybe he was nearly failing because he couldn't keep his eyes on his work or on the board. Not when soft eyes, strong shoulders, and a pert bottom was standing right in front him.

Zayn used to sit on the front row, but when he started sporting semis in class he moved back a couple rows. Now he begged his mind not to wander, failed miserably, and then imagined Liam pinning Zayn against his classroom door, or over his desk, or Liam riding him in his big desk chair.

Tuesdays and Thursdays were the hardest. He had Liam's class last of the day and then had to stay behind for a one-on-one session. Now it's Tuesday and Liam's wearing this tight sky blue button up and slick black trousers with smart boots.

Zayn ignored his growing problem the entire class period, but when everyone shuffled out of the room and Liam came to hover or his desk with a wide smile, Zayn made a nervous, high-pitched sound. He pushed his thick, black-rimmed glasses further up on his face and looked out the window.

"Ready to get started?" Liam deep voice rang out in the silence.

Zayn's head snapped to where Liam was looking mildly concerned, but mostly kind.
Zayn cleared his throat and let out a small, "Uh huh."

Liam brought a chair to sit at the other side of Zayn's desk. Zayn tried to stop the shaking of his hands as he grabbed the assignments from last class.

"Why you tell me what you were having trouble with from last night's homework."

Zayn closed his eyes and swallowed before saying, "Everything."

Liam let out a small chuckle that had Zayn's skin crawling. "A little more specific maybe? Tell me what you need exactly."

Zayn's breath caught on the accidental innuendo. "I, um, I need..." Zayn freaking breath! "I guess the ranks of parliament are giving me problems," he said like he wasn't sure.

"Ok, then we'll start there."

They spent the whole two hours going over the differences in government during times of war and peace. Zayn left with flushed cheeks and plenty of material in his wank bank.

***

"Now you're getting it!" Liam cheered and put a gentle hand on Zayn's arm. Zayn froze and willed himself to focus. Do not get hard. Do not get hard. Liam let his hand linger until he noticed Zayn pained expression. He let it drop back to his leg and kept talking. "You're going to ace this next exam, Zaynie. I can feel it."

Zaynie. Zayn let the nickname waft over his brain. They'd been tutoring together for almost a month now, still twice a week. Liam seemed to grow fond of the dark-haired, shy boy, finding excuses to stay a couple minutes after they were done, or making sure to really encourage him when he got something.

He didn't even notice when he'd started thinking about him outside of class. One day he was in a parent-teacher conference with another student's parents and he'd zoned out. When the parents called his attention back he coughed and quickly rushed out, "Yes, Zayn is doing exceptionally well in class." He caught himself almost immediately and shook his head with a smile. "Connor, I'm sorry. Connor is doing very well."

***

Liam came into class the day after a long round of parent-teacher conferences with an old pair of dark-wash jeans and a faded t-shirt on, his hair falling out of it's lazily styled quiff. It wasn't casual Friday and Liam looked like he'd had a hard night, so Zayn assumed he was nursing a hangover. He'd gone out on a Monday? Liam didn't seem the type to party on weekdays. Not that Zayn really knew him, but Liam always said how important his job was to him.

Liam struggled through the first half hour of class, before giving them a reading assignment and slouching down into his chair for the rest of the hour. Zayn kept his seat as everyone filed out, ready to get a whole two hours with his favorite tutor. Liam had his eyes closed and his thumb and forefinger were rubbing his temples harshly. When he finally looked up and saw Zayn sitting there he looked almost surprised, like he didn't tutor him every Tuesday for the past month and a half.

"Oh, Zayn. I'm so sorry. I don't think I can tutor today. I'll make it up to you on Thursday."

Zayn nodded but didn't move. He didn't want Thursday. He wanted now. "I can just sit. Work. And
if I need you-

"Zayn, I can't."

Zayn nodded again but still didn't move. "Tell me what I can do, Mr. Payne?"

Liam made the smallest sound and let his head fall back on his chair. "Honestly, I don't know. I just didn't have a very good day yesterday."

"Or night?" Zayn squeaked, unsure if he was crossing the line.

Liam chuckled, "Or night, as it is so obvious, I assume."

"You, uh, you still look good, though."

Liam's eyes opened at that, but he didn't look at Zayn. "I really don't think I can tutor today, Zayn."

Zayn wasn't getting angry. He wasn't. But he didn't want to miss out on his time with Liam. It's really the only thing he looked forward to anymore. Plus, Liam looked all soft today. A juxtaposition to his usual sleek, powerful aura.

"Then don't."

"Okay," Liam seemed to accept that, "Then I'll see you in class tomorrow."

Zayn set his feet resolutely, "I don't know..." he sighed, "I'm not leaving yet."

Liam did look at him then, with questions in his eyes. "I can't let you stay here without supervision."

Zayn nodded once, "Then I guess you have to stay." Where was this coming from? Zayn had no idea what he was saying now, but he couldn't let Liam leave. Not when his arm were flexing in the short sleeves of his shirt with every movement. Not when he kept letting his head fall back, exposing the soft skin of his neck.

Liam actually laughed at Zayn. "You are something, Malik." Liam got up from his chair and crossed the room to hover over Zayn's desk. He planted both hands on the wood and leaned in, not even a couple inches from Zayn's face. Zayn stopped breathing, stopping moving. He was pretty sure his blood stopped pumping because his brain didn't feel like it was getting enough oxygen. "You want to know what I did last night?"

Zayn just nodded dumbly.

"I drank my weight in rum. I drank until I couldn't think. Because before that all I was thinking about was you. I couldn't stopped thinking about your dark eyes, those fucking glasses. Your tan skin, thin hips. I even called another student by your name yesterday. So I drank," he tilted his head in acceptance, "until I couldn't think about you." He leaned in even closer. "But you know? It didn't work. I still thought about you. I thought about you so long that I got hard."

Zayn's sharp intake of breath broke the air. "Mr-

"And I couldn't help it. I wrapped by big hand around myself and wanked to the thought of your tight ass riding my cock."

Zayn whined high in his throat.

"Is that what you wanted to hear?" Liam stood back up. "Is that why you've been looking at me like
"You know I wanted you for weeks."

"Months," Zayn corrected without thinking.

"Months? Fuck, Zayn," Liam sighed unbelieving. "How many times have you imagined us, during our tutoring sessions? You laid out across my desk. Me pounding into you."

Zayn was so fucking hard. He bit his lip and looked down at his bulge. He whimpered at the sight and Liam's words.

"You have thought about it," Liam sounded awed. "You think about it all the time don't you?"

Zayn nodded without looking up. Liam grabbed Zayn by the arm and pulled him up out of seat. His hard on rubbed painfully in his tight jeans. He didn't let go of Zayn's arm as he pulled him to the front of the class. He pushed his chair back from his desk and sat down, finally letting go of Zayn's arm. Zayn just stood there with blown pupils and a painful hard on.

"Well?" Liam asked, "Are you going to let me see what I'm missing?"

Another whine slipped out as Zayn's hands went to the hem of shirt in obedience. He let one hand pulled his shirt up while the other popped open the button of his jeans. Liam's eyes followed the moments with slow determination. Zayn pulled his shirt over his head and dropped it by his side. He readjusted his glasses on his face. His hands then immediately crossed over his body, but Liam growled in protest.

"Don't you dare, love. You're so perfect. Let me see." Zayn arms slowly dropped to his sides and Liam hummed in approval. "Keep going," Zayn pulled his zipper down and tugged his jeans past his hips until he wiggled them to the floor. Now all he had to concealed his painful erection was the thin cloth of his tight black boxers. "So hard. That for me?"

Zayn nodded and kept his eyes on Liam. Liam smiled like he was grateful for Zayn's obvious lust. "Liam?"

"Sir."

"What?" Zayn asked shyly.

"You will address me as Sir."

Zayn nodded weakly and let the syllabal fall from his pink lips, "Sir?"

Liam's eyes fluttered closed for a second before he answer, "Yes, dear?"

"Can I see?"

Liam raised an eyebrow. "You want to see me? See what you've waited months for?" Zayn's head nodded so quickly Liam was sure he'd get dizzy. Liam laughed darkly and said, "Come on then. Find out for yourself." He nodded his head towards his body. Zayn lurched forward before he could think about it and dropped to his knees. His hands found Liam's hips and he slipped his fingers inside Liam's soft shirt. He sighed, content, at finally getting to touch. "You going to take off all my clothes for me, love?"

Zayn nodded eagerly and pushed Liam's shirt up under his arms. Liam raised them above his head and gave Zayn an unobstructed view of Liam's defined torso, muscles moving under Zayn's touch. Zayn wanted to taste his skin, lick it, bite it. He pulled Liam's shirt off and threw it behind them. He
kept his hands in constant contact with Liam's abs and chest, memorizing every inch. He gradually drew closer without noticing, and before he could register it was he kissing Liam's stomach. Liam's fingers found Zayn's hair and they rubbed soothing patterns into his scalp. Zayn hummed as he trailed kisses along Liam's torso.

Liam let him for a minute before pulling him back by his hair and ordering, "Are you going to make me sit here in my jeans, Zayn? They're so tight on my cock."

Zayn whole body tensed at the admission. "No, Sir." His fingers fumbled from Liam's pecs to his waistband, quickly undoing Liam's pants. He pulled on them insistently until Liam relented and lifted his hips so Zayn could pull them down to the floor. He pulled Liam's shoes off to join his own in the pile and then his jeans. Now they both sat in just their tented boxers. Zayn could finally see how turned on Liam was. He's guessed with the dark eyes and the slightly strangled words, but it was nice to see proof that Zayn wasn't the only one that was way past uncomfortable in their confining briefs.

Zayn leaned down and mouthed at Liam's cock through the material. He traced his tongue down the length to the leaking head and sucked the precome through his boxers. Liam was more sweet than salty, and Zayn couldn't get enough. He licked and sucked all he could until Liam groaned and pulled him back by his hair again.

"Little tease aren't you."

Zayn shook his head as best he could and whispered, "Want you so bad."

Liam let his lips curve into a soft smile at Zayn's willing face. "So bad?"

"So bad," Zayn repeated, pleading.

"Then why don't you take those," he pointed to Zayn's boxers, "off and get up on the desk so you can have me."

"Yes, sir," Zayn complied and crawled up to the desk after he took off the last piece of clothing he had.

Liam watched with lustful eyes as he stood up and took his own tight boxers off. He pulled them slowly over himself, the material scratching roughly against his painful hard on. Zayn sat on the edge of Liam's large desk, wooden desk with his legs spread lazily, toes barely brushing the ground. Liam reached into the bottom drawer of his desk, lifted up some filed, and retrieved a small packet of lube. He handed it to Zayn while he stroked himself mindlessly. "Lemme see those slender fingers in your tight hole, love."

Zayn bit his lip, but spoke through it, "Yes, sir." Zayn ripped open the packet, spilling a little on his thigh in the process, but he just swiped it up and added a little more to his fingers. He rubbed his fingers together to try and warm up the cool liquid before propping one leg up on the desk and reaching down between his cheeks. Liam groaned at the sight of Zayn tight, tan hole, skin puckered closed.

"So fucking tight, Zayn. Gonna stretch you so well."

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"So fucking tight, Zayn. Gonna stretch you so well."

Zayn let a whimper loose and nodded with his eyes shut tight. He rubbed his middle finger over the ring of muscle and felt it twitch with the touch. He pushed the finger inside, pushing past the tight rim and into his own warmth. Liam placed a hand on Zayn's lifted knee and squeezed. Zayn opened his eyes and saw Liam burning holes into his body, watching closely as Zayn's finger pumped in and out...
out of himself.

Liam moved forward and let his flushed cock rub against Zayn's thigh that rested on his desk. The friction shot electricity up his spine. "So good, love. Put your other hand around me." Liam stepped as close as he could and Zayn reached clumsily for Liam's thick length. He groaned when Zayn's long fingers got a hold, bucking reflexively into his fist. Zayn pumped Liam in rhythm to the now two fingers he had inside himself. Liam could almost imagine, with the matching thrusts, that he was already inside Zayn.


Zayn quickly removed his fingers and moved his hand to behind his knee to hold his leg in place. His other hand dropped from Liam to the desk to hold himself up. Liam pulled Zayn's closer by his hips so his head ran along Zayn's perineum. Zayn's moaned and rolled his hips toward Liam. Liam's fingers tightened on his hips and he growled, "Don't be greedy. Sit the fuck still. I'm going to use you how I like, got it?"

Zayn's head fell back just a little but he nodded all the same. Liam took the packet his hand and ordered, "Give me your hand." Zayn's abs flexed to keep himself up straight as he held out his hand for Liam. "Slick me up, love."

"Yes, sir."

Zayn let Liam cover his palm in lube and he went to work slicking up Liam's large prick with it. "Tighter," Liam spat out. Zayn's hand clenched around Liam as he smoothed the gel over him. "Yes, Zaynie, just like that." He let Zayn's hand work him over for another minute before he slapped it away and it fell back behind Zayn to hold him up again, leaving a smear on some papers that Zayn neglected to move.

Liam lined himself up and leaned forward to kiss Zayn's quivering lips. "Breathe, love. Relax for me." Zayn took in a deep breath and pushed his lips to Liam's on the exhale. Liam took him gladly and let his tongue run gently over the seam between Zayn's lips. When Zayn parted his mouth to let Liam in, he pushed his tongue and his tip in together, making Zayn moan into the kiss.

Liam pushed deeper, until he was seated inside Zayn's tight heat. He sat still, licking into Zayn's mouth while Zayn adjusted, but he didn't wait for consent before we pulled out a couple inches and pushed back in, slow but deep. Zayn mewled and arched forward to meet Liam's chest. Liam smiled against Zayn's mouth, just breathing into each other now instead of kissing.

"Fucking tight, love. So tight."

Zayn nodded anxiously and rolled his hips in circles. He needed more of Liam inside, around him, on him. Just moremoremore. He'd waited so long for this. Liam seemed to understand, so he gripped Zayn's hips tighter and pulled out almost to his tip and pushed back in roughly. Zayn's voice cracked over a moan that anyone left in the neighboring classes was sure to hear. Liam's hand flew from Zayn's hip to his mouth. He didn't say anything but he pressed his fingers over Zayn's noisy whimpers.

Zayn didn't seem affected, just kept letting unabashed sounds leak from between Liam's fingers while Liam pounded into him. He thrusts were so rough that Zayn had to scoot himself back onto the desk so he didn't fall. His glasses were sliding down his nose but Zayn just let them. Liam's rythym never faltered, just got faster and harder as he felt heat coil inside him. Zayn's noises went from needy to airy, barely audible over the sound of skin on skin. Liam let his hand fall back to Zayn's body, running over his chest, down his stomach, to his leaking cock. He gripped Zayn loosely in his
hand but didn't move it.

Zayn pushed needily towards Liam, begging for more. Liam just pushed in harder and kept his hand still. "Can you come from just my cock, love?"

Zayn didn't answer right away, his body stilling as his eyes squeezed shut. But soon he nodded, unsure but determined. Liam put his arms, one at a time, under Zayn's legs and lifted him off his desk. Zayn's arms wrapped around Liam's neck and Liam pulled him close and bounced him on his cock. Zayn felt Liam pushed in deeper with the extra force of gravity. Liam's head was rubbing against his sweet spot with every thrust now, filling him up so he couldn't form coherent thoughts.

"Please, Sir, more. Moremoremore, please." Zayn was so close, precome a constant stream that dripped down his cock to gather on Liam's stomach. Liam lifted Zayn up higher, only to pull him down harder. He turned them around and pushed Zayn against the wall. Zayn's back hit the surface with a smack and he groaned as Liam's cock pushed against his prostate particularly hard. Liam used the new stability to ravage Zayn's hole, staying deep and pummeling his spot relentlessly.

Zayn noises got higher and higher until he was whimpering a breathy, "Can I come? Please, Sir, I need to come."

"Not yet, love, Not 'til I do." Liam voice was steadier than Zayn thought possible right now. But Liam's thrusts were loosing their stability and becoming a rapid force filled with need. Liam pushed in once, twice, and shot into Zayn's hole while Zayn clenched at the feeling of being filled. Liam continued his assualt and leaned into to whisper one freeing word in Zayn's ear.

"Come."

Zayn's hole spazmed and he shot rope after rope between them, decorating his chest and even his bobbing adam's apple with his hot cum. Liam groaned at Zayn's grip on his sensitive cock, but he kept moving inside Zayn's until he was soft and Zayn's was wincing. Liam pulled out and turned to drop Zayn in his chair. Liam fell back to lean on his desk as they both caught their breath. Zayn's eyes were closed in exhaution and his hands sat limp on his stomach, his tired cock on his thigh.

Liam squatted down and kissed the cum-covered head. Zayn whined, but didn't move. Liam licked up all the come that had dripped down onto this lap and his dick. Then he trailed his tongue up Zayn's chest, over his still hard nipples, and up to his neck where cum was smeared across his protuding adam's apple. Zayn made soft noises but otherwise stayed pliat under Liam's mouth.

Once Liam cleaned up all of Zayn's come he lifted Zayn's leg slowly. Zayn's made a desperate sob, knowing what was coming. Liam ducked down and licked up the cum that dripped out of Zayn's abused hole. He slipped his tongue inside and tasted the mix of Zayn and himself. Zayn's hands gripped the side of the chair to keep himself from shying away. Liam cleaned Zayn out and brought his mouth up for Zayn to taste them together. Zayn accepted the kiss gladly, a weak smile playing on his lips.

"Best. Tutor. Ever."

Liam laughed fondly and picked Zayn up so he could sit down with Zayn on his lap. Zayn curled into him and rested his head on Liam's chest. Liam's hand found Zayn's sweat-laced hair and scratched at his scalp gently.

"It's only Tuesday. We've got another session on Thursday."

Zayn's smile grew. "I think this upcoming test is going to be very hard for me. Might need to extend
my sessions."

"Might," Liam agreed easily. "Just might."

Chapter End Notes

Yes, sir: my moto if Liam ever told me to undress him. *shivers*

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in questions, requests, or just say hi!
Chapter Summary

Everyone is screaming for Liam's new, fit body, but Harry thinks he can make Liam scream even louder.

Top: Harry
Bottom: Liam

Chapter Notes

Here's a combo of a Lirry request and a Bottom!Liam and Possessive BF request! I know I haven't done a Lirry yet and hope this will hold you over until my next one. Xo

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! WHAH!! Xoxo

"Leeyum!" Louis squealed with delight. Liam was smiling shyly at the interviewer while Louis was squeezing his bicep between his fingers. Liam knows he's gained some muscle lately. Working out a couple hours a day will do that to you. But now people were getting obsessed. They loved that small, serious Liam was finally fulfilling the darker side of his nickname; Daddy Direction.

The interviewer laughed at Louis' antics and kept going, "How do you find the time, Liam? I mean my job is not nearly as hard as yours and I can't seem to find a single hour everyday to commit."

Liam just shrugged and pushed Louis' hand off him. "I don't know. I've got a great trainer. Jarvis really doesn't let me slack off 'cause he knows I'll regret it later. Plus, I need the stamina."

Niall cackled at that, "Running marathons, huh Liam?"

Liam blushed at his accidental sex joke. "No, Niall," he sounded exasperated. "For the show and stuff."

"And stuff," Zayn gave a wink to the other boys. Everyone laughed except Harry, who had his hand in a fist on his thigh.

"Okay, okay. Let's move on to your show and stuff," the interviewer thankfully stepped in.

The rest of the interview, Liam kept shooting nervous glanced at his boyfriend, but Harry was staring ahead, jaw clenched into a tight smile. Liam knew that look. Shit.

***

"Yeah, Payno! Work!" Niall yelled from his spot at the treadmile while Liam was lifting weights. Jarvis shot him a shut up look, but Niall ignored it. "Looking good, Li!" Niall laughed. They only
did it because they knew it bothered him, got him flustered. If he didn't react they'd let it go, he reminded himself.

Harry was on the treadmill two down from Niall in the hotel's gym. He had headphones in, but from the scowl on his face his music wasn't loud enough to drown out Niall's catcalls. Harry jammed his fingers into the red STOP button and hopped off the treadmill. Liam watched as he grabbed his towel and rubbed down his glistening chest. Liam dropped the weight to the ground a little too hard when Harry tilted his head back to wipe off his neck. Harry looked at him in concern, but smirked when he saw Liam's dark eyes. He grabbed his water and phone, wrapping the headphones up, and left without so much as a glance over his shoulder.

***

"Let's hear it for Liam's muscles!" Louis yelled to the crowd.

Liam ducked his head in embarrassment while the girls screamed. Louis hit Liam playfully in the shoulder and danced away to continue pumping up the crowd. Harry had had enough. He was so done with this shit. Louis led them into the next song. Harry swayed over to Liam and crowed into him from behind. Liam jumped a little until he realised who it was and settled back to grind on his boyfriend. Harry rolled into him while 60,000 fans watched.

But they weren't who Harry was trying to get to. The other three boys stayed oblivious until the camera put Liam and Harry on the big screen. Harry put his chin over Liam's shoulder and whispered something into his ear that had Liam's eyes falling shut.

Zayn, never one to talk more than he had to, suddenly wanted to see which side of the stadium could yell louder. The camera turned to him and Harry look Liam's hip in his free hand. "Mine," was all he said before he bounded away to the edge of the stage to try and reach some girls' outstretched hands. Liam spent the rest of the show half-hard because Harry made it his particular mission in life to touch him in every halfway conspicuous way he could.

The other three spent the whole show distracting the fans with stupid jokes and stories. Louis was so shocked when Harry ran his lips over the shell of Liam's ear that, when he went back stage for a 'wee', he took Harry with him and had the stagehand hold their mics so he could yell.

"What the hell are you doing?"

Harry just shrugged. "What. You guys can fawn over my boyfriend, but I can't."

Louis eyes bugged out for a second in exasperation, "We're just joking. You're getting Liam hard in front of 60,000 fans."

Harry smirked at that and said, "Then you do see the difference. You can touch him, awe over his muscles, but no one affects him like I do."

Louis rolled his eyes, "We get it, Haz. Liam's your boyfriend."

"No I don't think you. But you will," Harry threw over his shoulder as he retrieved his mic and slipped back on stage. Liam was nervously searching for him, but relaxed when he saw him join him back under the spotlights.

Liam was still in the middle of his 'You guys are the best' speech, but Harry came to stand by him. Liam smiled at Harry to see if they were okay. When Harry smiled genuinely back, Liam relaxed. He turned back to the crowd and said, "Let's give it up for Mr. Harry Styles!"
Harry ran his hand down Liam's back before moving forward to say 'Hello' in whatever language he was supposed to. The rest of the concert was smoother, but no thanks to Harry, who kept touching and whispering and smirking at and singing to Liam.

The drive back to their hotel was excruciating. Liam tried to touch Harry, but Harry growled for him to keep his hands to himself. Meanwhile, Harry was talking up a storm to the others while running his hand all over Liam's lower half. He'd started innocently enough on his knee, but twenty minutes into the ride Harry's hand was teasing the crease between his thigh and hip. And by the time they reached the hotel Harry was blatantly palming Liam's semi while Louis, sitting next to Harry, tried to ignore it and have a normal conversation about tomorrow's interview.

When the pressure suddenly disappeared because Harry got up to crawl out of the large car, Liam whined and bucked up for more. Harry tutted at him and said, "Settle." Liam pouted but stayed quiet the whole way through the back lobby and up the elevator. The other boys ignored Liam's dilated pupils and flushed cheeks in favor of keeping up an awkward conversation that Harry gladly joined in on.

They usually all went to one room to settle down after a show until they got tired and separated to sleep, but tonight Niall and Louis went to Zayn's room, while Harry led Liam to theirs right next door. As soon as Harry shut the door, Liam's lips were on his neck, sucking and nipping at the soft skin. Harry ran his hand up and down Liam's back and said, "Go to the bed for me, love. Get yourself just how I like you, yeah?"

Liam nodded and kissed Harry's cheek before sauntering slowly to the king bed on the wall they shared with Zayn's room. Harry casually took off his head scarf and shook out his curls, running his finger through them. He went up next to the head of the bed and put his ear to the wall while Liam was undressing and looking at him curiously.

On the other side Harry could hear the muffled sounds of tired conversation and low music. Harry smiled and came to stand at the foot of the bed. Liam had rid himself of his clothes and was sitting cross-legged at the head of the bed with a small smile.

"You're so handsome, Li."

Liam blushed a little but smiled wider. "Thank you."

"Everyone knows it, too." Liam went to shake his head but Harry cut it off with a "You know it's true. Everyone wants you. Everyone wants a piece of you. Your strong arms. Your broad chest. Your massive cock. They all want it." Liam groaned and palmed himself hard. Harry just smirked, "But they can't have you, can they?" Liam shook his head. "Why not?"

"Because I'm yours," Liam answered quickly.

Harry nodded slowly and climbed onto the bed on his knees. "That's right, Lili. You're mine." He pulled Liam's legs open with his hands and settled on his knees between them. "Problem is, I don't think they get that." Liam reached towards Harry's smooth thigh and raked his nails down the skin. Harry groaned and shuffled closer, spreading Liam's legs wider with his own. "I think I need to show them that you belong to me." Liam swallowed thickly and let his eyes flutter closed at the promise.

Harry reached between them and wrapped his hand around Liam's hard cock. Liam bucked up immediately but Harry held him down with his other hand. "Here's the deal, Lili. I'm going to make you come harder than you have in a long time. I'll make you shudder and spazm under me," Liam muffled a groan, "On one condition."
"Yes, anything," Liam breathed.

Harry smiled, satisfied. "I want them to hear it."

Liam's eye opened and his mouth opened and closed in confusion. "What?"

"They don't get that you're mine, love. You need to prove to them who you belong to." Harry pumped Liam so slowly it was almost painful. "I want you to scream my name so loud that it wakes up our entire floor. Make sure that those pricks in the other room really hear you."

Liam wanted to protest, but then Harry bent over and licked across Liam's tip. He let loose a strangled cry and a bubble of presome dripped down onto Harry's hand. Harry just used it to ease his glide over Liam.

"Don't you want to, sweetheart? Let everyone know who makes you feel so good?"

Liam was nodding before Harry even finished his sentence. "Yes, please."

"Good boy."

Liam's head fell back at the praise and he let his mouth fall open in a breathy moan. Harry pumped Liam without real force while he sucked on the column of Liam's neck. He spent a little extra time on a spot right next to his birthmark, knowing Lou always had issues using makeup right there because it looked weird when it covered his mark. Liam was making whiny noises while Harry sucked harder. He gave one last bit to satify himself before licking over the spot and blowing on it gently.

Liam groaned and swore, "Fuck," while leaning into Harry's receding mouth. Liam gripped Harry's shirt in his hands and growled, "Off." Harry just chuckled and discarded of his shirt and then jeans. He returned to Liam with just his short, tight briefs and a boner. He grabbed Liam's bent legs around the top of his thighs and pulled him down so he was laid out on the bed.

He lowered down to rub his clothed dick against Liam's. Liam moaned just loud enough, but not innapropriately. Harry thought that just wouldn't do. He reached over Liam to feel under the pillows for the lube they kept for easy access. While he was searching he whispered, "Li, take my pants off, yeah?"

Liam didn't even verbally answer, just tucked his fingers into the waistband and pulled down harshly, letting Harry's hard cock spring up and hit his stomach. Harry groaned quietly with relief and kicked them off to the floor. He aha'd when he found the package and came back to hover over Liam, their cocks just barely brushing. Liam gripped the sheets in his fists and fought to stay still.

"Oh, Liam," Harry tutted, "I can't wait to see you lose that precious control of yours." Liam was shaking his head no but Harry kept going, "Can't wait to having to moaning for me, screaming my name, shaking for me." Liam bit his lip in defiance, but a small moan still slipped past. "Don't worry, babe. You'll see how good it can be."

Harry opened the packet and dripped some lube onto three of his fingers. He didn't bother trying to warm the liquid up, Liam would soon be very hot. He just trailed the back of his hand down Liam's leg slowly until he got to his ass. He pressed the heel of his hand into Liam's small, round cheek and Liam pressed into it.

Harry ran his fingers from there to Liam's hole and felt it twitch against his tips. Harry grinned and said, "You want it so bad."

Liam shook his head, his eyebrows knitting up, and choked, "You. Want you."
Harry kissed the inside of his knee in gratitude. He pushed the tips of two fingers in together. Liam's voice went high as he moaned a long "Yeeeeeessssss". Harry kissed lower down, around mid thigh, and pushed in a little deeper. Liam was breathing hard at being stretched so quickly. He alternated between pants and moans as Harry's fingers found their way past the rings of muscle and into Liam's warm walls.

Harry let his fingers settle, not moving, while Liam squirmed with need. "Fuck, Harry, fuck."

"So lovely, sweetheart." Liam turned his head into the pillow and groaned. "Hey now," Harry shoved his fingers in harder, making Liam's mouth fall open with a silent scream, "None of that. I want to hear you."

Harry pulled his fingers out just a little and pushed them back in. Liam made a garbled noise in response. Harry took that as permission and scissored his fingers inside Liam's tight ass.

Liam was soon rocking back on his fingers and breathing Harry's name over and over. Harry pet Liam's cheek and pushed his third finger in next to the others. Liam first real, honest to God, moan came out and filled the room.

Harry beamed at the sound and laced his chest with kisses. "So good, love. That's what I want." Liam preened and pushed down for more. Harry answered with a firm thrust of his fingers.

"Need you. Need, please, now, you," Liam rambled with a broken voice.

"Of course, babe. You've been so good for me."

Liam nodded his agreement and closed his thighs around Harry. Harry pulled his fingers out and wiped the lube left on his fingers over his cock. Liam was impatiently wiggled his hips down.

Harry leaned back and laid a sharp smack on his right cheek. "Behave," he demanded.

Liam cried out and threw his head back into the pillow. Harry liked that. So brought his hand down on the other cheek and Liam's voice got louder. "Yesyesyes! Yes, Harry, please more, please," he begged. "So good, more, pl-

Harry shoved inside, cutting Liam off mid-plea. Liam's words were replaced by his scream of "Fuuuuck!"

Harry's smiled turned smug as he shoved into Liam's clenching hole again.

"Shit, Harryharryharry."

"Liam Payne," Harry teased, "Such a filthy mouth on you." He punctuated it with a rough thrust.

Liam was holding firm, nails digging in, to Harry's biceps, his legs curled around Harry's waist. Liam got louder the longer Harry was inside him.

By the time Harry changed his angle and thrusted into Liam's prostate he was yelling "Harry, Jesus! Fuck me, please, harder!" loud enough for everyone to hear.

Harry bent Liam's legs back so his knees were grazing his ribs and pushed in deeper, staying close and pushing in small circles, giving Liam's bundle of nerves nearly constant pressure.

Liam's cock dripped a stream of white down its length. Harry kept pressed close and rubbed into Liam's spot, back and forth, milking his precome out of him.
Liam started sobbing quietly and thrashing his head around the pillow. "Har-Har-I cant, fuck, I need," Liam cried.

"Tell me, love. What do you need?" Harry purred.

"I need to come, please," he whispered weakly.

Harry squeeze Liam's thighs in his grip and pushed in harder. Liam arched off the bed and leaked more sweet liquid onto his stomach, but barely kept his orgasm at bay.

"You know what I want, Li."

Liam gulped and sighed. "Harry, please let me come," he raised his voice.

"Louder."

"Fuck, Harry! Please, let me come!"

Harry approved and leaned down to kiss Liam's cheek. "Come for me. Nice and loud."

Liam screamed Harry's name as he shot hot, sticky cum up his torso. Harry reached down and squeezed Liam in his hand, milking more of his sweet cum out.

Harry thrusted a few more times before coming inside his fucked out boyfriend. Liam moaned again at the feeling of Harry's cum against his walls.

Harry pulled out and fell on top of Liam's heaving chest. He groaned at his juices smearing between them. Liam wrapped Harry in his arms.

They flinched when Harry's phone rang a minute later. Harry leaned over and saw Louis' name flashing on the screen. He smirked and answer it with a too sweet, "Hello?"

Fuck off Styles. We get it, okay. Louis hung up and Harry dropped his phone to the bed and his head to Liam's chest.

"You're perfect," Harry offered.

"You're freakishly possessive."

"Because you're mine," Harry said with a kiss to Liam's skin.

"And you're mine."

"Absolutely."

Harry lifted himself off the bed and pulled Liam with him to the shower where, maybe with the echo, Liam could be twice as loud.

Chapter End Notes

I bet Harry's name sounds so good coming from Liam's lips.

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! Send in
questions, requests, or just say hi!
Don't Hate Me: There's no smut in this update (I love you, I'm sorry haha)
ITS MY SOCIAL MEDIA UPDATE!

Chapter Notes

I told yall I'd be making some social media accounts for my AO3 so here ya go loves!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Here's all the social media stuff I told you I'd give yall. I'll also put this in my fics and on my profile.

I just started a Twitter and Tumblr specifically for my AO3 and Wattpad accounts. So you guys can ask questions about the fics or me. You can send in requests on either one. I know Tumblr allows anonymity so that's nice!

I'd love to talk between posts, see what yall are thinking as I'm writing. Maybe even get some input on where my stories go!

The Twitter is: @purpleeyeslie

The Tumblr is: 1dand5sosobsessed (you know!)

They're nothing fancy I just wanna connect, ya feel me??

Add me and I'll follow back real quick! I'm excited to see where this goes!

MUCH LOVE! MWAH!! Xoxo

Chapter End Notes

Follow me! I'll follow back and we can share our mutual love of 1D sexiness!
Chapter Summary

Zayn can hypnotize anyone he wants to do whatever he says. Liam is his next willing subject.

Top: Zayn
Bottom: Liam

Chapter Notes

The request has been sitting so patiently in my list for like ever. I apologize for how long it took. This prompt was just so hard for me idk why. Hope it doesn't disappoint.

I have a few other Ziam's to do as well. They are coming.

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! XOXO

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"I'd like a sandwich if you're getting up, Nialler," Zayn asked.

Niall turned to Zayn next to him on the couch in their dressing room. "Get your own sandwich, Malik," he said with no real spite.

Zayn rolled his eyes and grabbed Niall by the chin. "I think you should get me a sandwich." Zayn's pupils dilated quickly and Niall's whole body relaxed.

"I'm going to go get you a sandwich," Niall replied.

Zayn smirked and sat back against the couch.

"You can do that, Zee," Louis warned.

Zayn's smirk fell. "I know. It's not a big thing. I just wanted a sandwich."

"You promised not to use your gift on us," Harry reminded.

Zayn huffed, "I know, I know. I'm sorry. I'll get him a sandwich later. No more, I promise."

Liam leaned into his boyfriend and whispered, "You know I still remember last time you tranced me? I remember everything," he purred.

Zayn growled just loud enough for Liam to hear it and gripped his thigh in his hands. They haven't done that in a while. Maybe Zayn would break his promise sooner than he expected.
"Everyone give it up for Mr. Harry Styles!" Liam introduced.

"Hello!" Harry yelled across the stadium. "How is everybody doing tonight?" Screams rang out and echoed through the air. All the boys were smiling, excited to get this show really going. Liam was wearing a white vest that cut just low enough for Zayn to catch a peak at his chest when he leaned forward. He had on these tight black jeans that fit around his thighs like a glove. Zayn was breathing hard already and they'd barely gotten started.

Liam skipped over to him and put an arm around his shoulder. He didn't smell like sweat just yet, but more like the underrated cologne that he always wore and the strawberries he'd eaten before the show.

"How ya feeling?" Liam greeted with a wide smile. Zayn loved his job, he really did, but being on stage in front of 60,000 people often got to him. He hated the cameras and the screams gave him a headache. But Liam was so at home up here. Jumping around, grabbing areas that only Zayn got to really enjoy, and it made Zayn happy when Liam was happy.

So when Liam didn't stop smiling and pulled him closer, Zayn went willingly and whispered. "You look really good."

Liam blushed instantly and ducked his face behind Zayn's head so the cameras wouldn't catch him looking like a love struck kid. That was Zayn's other favorite part about his job. Getting his boyfriend all worked up. Liam was so strong and mature that sometimes had to really work to get him to loosen up.

"I mean it. I want to rip those jeans off you right now," he whispered low in his ear.

Liam grunted and pulled back to try and get some air that wasn't filled with Zayn. "Stop. Not now," but there wasn't any real protest, just slight hesitation. Zayn winked and walked away to make sure he wasn't distracted when his solo came.

Liam was bouncing around, doing his signature dance moves, and generally just having a good time. But he kept glancing over to his boyfriend, who was giving him the filthiest looks he'd seen in a while. He knew Zayn was up to something, but he just didn't know what.

He got a few clues the longer the concert went on. Liam always loved when Zayn took control. He was so good at it. When he used his gift on Liam and didn't give him a choice. Liam could tell he was going there tonight. Zayn walked in front of him and stopped to whisper, "Take your jacket off your waist and give it to me." Liam wouldn't of needed to be 'convinced' to do that, he loved when Zayn wore his clothes. But he machanically handed over the plaid anyway. Zayn smiled and gave a quick, "Thanks," before putting the jacket on.

During Liam's big speech, you know the one, where he gets all serious and tells all the fans how much they've done for the boys, Zayn watched Liam with a heavy glint in his eyes. Just as Liam finished he walked over and put his hand on Liam's lower back gently. Liam turned around and Zayn's eyes were black instead of dark brown, no iris left to be seen.

Zayn spoke so he could be heard, but not loud enough to gather anyone's attention. "I want you hard. Think about me. All of the things I'm going to do to you tonight when he get back to our room. Stay hard for the whole show." Liam whimpered in real protest this time, but felt himself start to strain against his pants. "By the end, you'll be so worked up you'll be begging me to take you," Zayn shrugged, "And I will." Liam's eyed fell shut for a moment as he imagined Zayn's hand, lips, all over
him. On his now hard cock. Inside him. Fuck he was going to come in his pants. On stage. Shit.

Zayn must've known because he spoke again, "Uh uh. You're not allowed to come until I say."
Suddenly the urge was sedated, not gone, but pushed just under the edge so Liam didn't feel like his
body was going to explode. Zayn, pleased with his work, brought Liam in for a totally innocent,
platonic hug as far as anyone could tell. Except for the fact that he pushed into Liam's erection with
no mercy before pulling back and walking off.

Liam did stay hard, through the whole show. Painfully so. He was leaking small drips into his
boxers, but he couldn't come. His body wouldn't let him. He just kept seeing Zayn above him while
they were in bed. Or felt the cold tile of the shower as Zayn pushed him into the wall and pushed in
deep. Jesus, Liam was going to die.

He missed two solos and his cue for his last speech, all of which made Zayn chuckle. The boys were
starting to catch on when Liam actually moaned instead of sang into the mic. They all glared at Zayn
at some point during the night, but Zayn couldn't bring himself to be bothered.

Best Song Ever never sounded so good. The glorious melody of the last song of the night. Liam
wanted to cry with relief. Zayn was actually mildly annoyed by now as well, seeing Liam constantly
adjusting himself while his eyes rolled back was getting a bit too tempting. He was close to just
taking Liam right there on stage.

Poor little girl in the second row that had to see Zayn's reactions.

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"Please, please, Zayn. Come on, please. Touch me. Anywhere. Touch me, please." Liam was
panting in the backseat of the car while he sat on Zayn's lap and rocked down into him with need.

Zayn help Liam's hips still and quipped, "Liam? You're being very rude. I'm sure the other guys
don't want to hear exactly what you want me to do to you right now." Liam whined, his voice higher
than Zayn had ever heard it.

"This is your fault, Zayn. He wouldn't be like this if you didn't trance him," Louis complained.

"I don't know. I'm not complaining," Harry offered. Zayn growled at that and pulled Liam closer, to
which Liam moaned and let his head fall onto Zayn's shoulder.

"I wish you would all get a fucking room," Niall spouted absently.

Harry leaned over to the seat in front of him and gave Niall a quick lovebite for his troubles. Niall
swatted at him, but Harry just laughed and hid under Louis' arm for protection. Liam was still
grinding in Zayn's lap with his name falling in whispers from his lips. Zayn was soaking it up. He
loved when Liam was forced to let go like this. Not worry about the things he'd messed up during
the show, or fret over the show the next day. Instead he was made to live in this moment right now,
with Zayn rock hard under him, two minutes from their private room.

The van pulled up to the door and Liam practically ripped Zayn's arm off to be the first ones out of
the car. There were fans lining the walkup but Liam didn't even see them. He still had Zayn's wrist in
his hand and pulled him along. Zayn didn't like the crowds anyway so he was glad to be pulled
through it so quickly. They were feet ahead of the others, who'd gotten stuck in the mass, so they
took the elevator up by themselves.

Liam threw himself at Zayn, mouth attaching to his lips, hands around his neck. "Please, fuck me.
Now, right now. Take me," he begged between kisses.
Zayn chuckled darkly, "You have to wait until we get to bed, babe."

Liam groaned in frustration. "No. No we don't. Right here. I'll suck you off, yeah?" Liam went to drop to his knees but the door, thankfully, opened to their floor. "Oh thank God," Liam huffed and pulled Zayn to their room. He slipped the key in and then dropped it on the table before chucking his shoes in the corner.

"Zayn, babe, I'm begging you to be naked by the time I turn around," Liam pleaded.

Zayn laughed and starting stripping off his clothes. Liam almost fell over getting his tight jeans past his painfully hard bulge. He didn't stop though, until all his clothes were in a pile on the floor.

When he turned around Zayn was devouring him with his eyes and slipping off his thin black boxers. Liam took in the sight of Zayn's intense gaze and hard dick.

"Zayn," Liam breathed because he couldn't think of anything else at that moment.

Zayn closed the space between them. "I know, babe." Liam's eyes were still saucers under Zayn's influence. "On your knees, love," Zayn said with a firm hand on his shoulder, pushing him down gently.

Liam went willingly and kissed down Zayn's torso until his knees hit the carpet. "Need you," Liam voice was deeper now, filling with want.

"I know." Zayn's fingers found themselves in Liam's short hair as he led Liam's lips to wrap around him. Liam opened his mouth and kept eye contact with Zayn while Zayn pushed past his lips and felt Liam's tongue slid under him.

"Fuck, babe," Zayn growled. Liam smiled internally and pushed down further until he could feel Zayn hit his throat. Zayn's finger tighten and he pushed Liam's head further.

Liam relaxed and closed his eyes so all he could feel was Zayn on his tongue, pushing down into the column of his throat.

Liam hummed and his throat fluttered around Zayn. "Hmm, close baby," Zayn said and pulled him off. Zayn's breathing was coming hard, "Come here, love."

Zayn picked Liam up and kissed him hard. "Zay-Zayn please," Liam sounded close to tears. Zayn could feel how hard Liam was between them. He was sure it was painful by now.

"Go lay down." Liam nodded and crawled up the bed. Zayn reached into his bag and pulled out the lube before kneeling on the bed over Liam. "You've been so good you know. Doing everything I say." Liam huffed. "I know you don't have a choice, but I also know you'd do it all anyway," he leaned down and kissed Liam's neck, "Even if I didn't control you right now."

Zayn looked Liam right into the eye, "Tell me exactly what you're thinking right now."

"I need you. I need you so bad. Please, it hurts Zayn. I love you so much. I need you," Liam rambled off.

Zayn kissed him slowly, made Liam's lips move at an easy pace. "Love you," he answered. Zayn poured lube over his hand and slicked himself up. He looked back to Liam's eyes and made sure not to break contact. "I know you're tight. But I'm not going to prep you. And you won't scream. Understand?"
Liam nodded, mouth slack. Zayn nudged his tip against Liam's hole. Liam eyebrows rose up but he didn't say anything. Zayn used one hand to grip Liam's ass and pushed past his rim and then kept going.

Liam arched off the bed and his mouth fell open in a silent scream, but not a single sound left his throat. Zayn slid in further until his balls pushed against Liam's skin.

Zayn fell to Liam's chest. "Shit, Li. I can't-fuck, so tight."

Liam hands gripped at Zayn's shoulders and he dug his nails in. Zayn pulled back and saw Liam's lip between his teeth and his nostrils flaring with the strength of staying quiet.

"Okay, Li. Lemme hear you," Zayn pulled back and shoved in hard.

"Uuuuggghh! ZaynZaynZayn!" Liam chanted.

"Hmmm, babe," Zayn grunted as he pounded into Liam's forcibly stretched hole. "Feel amazing, Li. Gonna come."

Liam scratched at Zayn's shoulders, "Faster, please, Zee."

Zayn pick up his pace and gave Liam exactly what he needed. Liam nails drew small droplets of blood when Zayn hit his prostate. Zayn groaned and growled, "Hands off."

Liam's hands flew back to the bed without his permission. "So close, Zee. Don't stop," Liam could barely get out.

Zayn pushed in harder and came into Liam's hole, shaking and rocking into him while he rode out his high.

"Come for me, Li." Liam screamed as he felt Zayn fill him up and came between them.

Liam rocked down on Zayn even has he got soft inside him. "Sogoodsogoodsogood," he mumbled. Zayn pulled out and ran a hand through Liam's hair, "Released." Liam's pupils shrunk and he let out a heavy breath. Zayn fell to the bed next to Liam and laughed.

"What?" Liam's voice was shot.

"I'm going to get shit for the scratches."

Liam scoffed, "I don't feel bad. You made me stay hard the whole show."

"That was amazing, Li."

"But I couldn't come."

"Yeah," Zayn recalled dreamily.

"Ass."

"Love you, too."

Liam hit Zayn and then curled up to him. Just as Zayn was about to fall asleep Liam murmured, "My ass is going to hurt for days."
Zayn's a little shit, yeah?

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)
"I'll do it, Lou!" Niall volunteered.

"See? I can always count on Nialler," Louis beamed, "The rest of you? I'm disappointed."

"Whatever, Tommo. Just don't make too big of a mess," Liam warned.

The other boys walked out without so much as a glance over their shoulders. They refused to be apart of this particular prank, considering they just got ripped a new one two days ago for a big one.

Louis threw his arm around Niall's waist and brought him close with a smirk on his face, "Ready to do this?"


"Great," Louis chirped. He led Niall, hand still around his waist to a few bags on the table. "I'll do the hard part. You're my escape plan, okay? You can't forget about me, got it?"

"I wouldn't."

Louis lips turned up, but he didn't look back at Niall. "I know, love."

Twenty minutes later Louis had two coke bottle bombs in each hand. Niall was biting his lip nervously, "I don't know, Lou. Maybe we shouldn't."

"Hey," Louis leaned in to get Niall to look up at him, "It'll be fun. And no one will know you were involved. I'd never rat on you." Niall was still chewing on his now red lip. Louis couldn't help but
glance at it. "Trust me," he said and gave Niall's cheek a quick kiss.

Now Niall's cheeks matched the color of his lips. Louis sort of wanted to kiss them again. But instead he swayed off, back to the table, to put the leftover stuff back in the bags.

Niall didn't come help. He didn't move at all, so far as Louis could tell, the whole time he cleaned up. When he turned back Niall was gone.

Well that was just rude. Louis need Niall as a wingman. Hold the other bottles while he strategically opened each one on unsuspecting victims. Then have the golf cart ready when he was done. Speedy exit.

Louis put the bottles in his bag so no one would find them and went looking for him. He checked the band's dressing room. The extra one for the crew. The catering room. He was sure he'd find him there but didn't.

***

Louis opened the door just enough to look both ways and make sure there were no fans around. He'd pretty much abandoned the prank by now, too worried about where Niall had gotten off to.

When he saw the coast was clear he made a mad dash for the gate to the back parking lot where the buses were. Halfway there he heard it. High-pitched screams.

"Shit." He ran faster, ripped open the gate, and close it behind him while a mass of girls with wild faces stormed towards him. He waved behind him with a small smile before heading off to the band bus.

He opened the door and climbed up the steps with quiet a, "Ni?" No response. He moved down the bus, checking Niall's bunk and then his own just in case, but got nothing.

He let his forehead fall the edge of the bunk in frustration just when he heard a small Louis! Louis' head popped up. Was that Niall's voice? It sounded like him but weird.

He slid open the door to the lounge and froze. "Shit, Louis!" Niall screamed and grabbed his jeans to cover himself.

"Were you?"

Niall shook his head, "No I wasn't. I wasn't."

Louis face slowly turned from shocked to amused. "You were! You were wanking to me!"

Niall pressed his jeans down harder on his still hard cock. "I swear-I didn't-" he let his head fall back to the couch, "I'm sorry."

Louis closed the space between them and sat down gently on Niall's lap. "Don't be. I was wondering when you were finally going to tell me. But I guess now you don't have a choice," he giggled.

"You knew?"

"Ni, babe. You're about as smooth as Zayn's scruff." Niall hummed at the pleasing thought. Louis huffed, "Hey now! You're supposed to be into me."

Niall laughed and put his hands of Louis' hips. "I am. I really am. Don't worry."
"Good," was all Louis needed to say before he bent down and kissed Niall's lips, still red like he hadn't stopped biting them since he walked away.

Niall sighed into the kiss and opened his mouth without Louis having to ask. Louis took the invite and pushed his tongue past Niall's plump lips. He ran a hand down Niall's flushed, sweaty chest to where his jeans were bunched up in his lap.

"Let's move these," he suggested against Niall's lips. Niall nodded quickly and pulled them away. Louis couldn't help but look down between them to where Niall was hard and leaking. "Shit, Nialler."

Niall whined and pulled on Louis' hem by his hips. Louis chuckled, "Okay, okay. Gimme a minute." He crawled off Niall's lap and started taking off his clothes.

Niall watched every move, making small sounds of approval when another piece of clothing hit the floor. "Want you to fuck me," Niall breathed.

Louis fingers froze in his waistband, about to pull down his boxers. "What?"

"Want you to. I've wanted you to for so long." Louis didn't breathe, didn't move, didn't blink. He just stared at Niall with his mouth hanging open. "I'm sorry. You don't have to. I didn't mean-" then Louis' whole body went from zero to sixty in point four seconds. He shove his boxers down and ran out of the room, only to be back thirty seconds later with lube and a condom.

"I want to," he assured. He pushed Niall down so he was laying flat on the couch, one leg bent over the back. His hands didn't stop moving over Niall's body, like he was seeing it for the first time. Like he didn't know Niall had a scar on his knee, or hair on his chest. He kissed every place his hands touched. He trailed his fingers down Niall's leg, "Need to prep you."

Niall giggled, "I sorta did already."

Louis' fingers made it to Niall's hole to find that he was telling the truth, "Jesus, Ni."

"What?" Niall's face burned, "I was in here a while before you found me."

Louis eyes went wide but his smile was genuine. "Cheeky."


Louis burst into a short laugh and rubbed a finger over Niall's rim. "Can I please be inside you now?" Niall bit his lip and nodded eagerly. Louis pulled on the condom and slicked himself up hurriedly. Niall wiggled under him impatiently so Louis gripped his hip tight in his hand and lined himself up. He paused, "You should've told me."

"Tell you how? Oh hey, Louis? I know you're like my best mate and we have to keep a professional bandmate relationship, but would you mind fucking until I forget my name?"

Louis laughed, "Professional? When have we ever been professional? In fact, from now on I plan to touch you in inappropriate ways all the time." Niall groaned and pushed down towards Louis.

"Alright, love," he rubbed his thumb over Niall's hip, "Calm down."

He pushed into Niall quick, but smooth, feeling how he clenched around him on instinct. "Yes," Niall whispered with satisfaction. Louis loved the sound of his voice, the look on his face. He'd fuck Niall everyday if he got to see that face. He might fuck Niall everyday anyway, now. Niall started meeting his thrusts, rolling down to take more of him. Louis' pace got faster as he felt himself get
closer. Niall was whispering small expletives as Louis pounded into him.

Louis pulled Niall closer with one hand and wrapped his other around Niall's hard length. "Lou! I'm close!" Louis sped his hand up and kept pushing inside him. Only a couple thrusts later Niall was spilling between them, back arching off the couch. Louis kept moving, thrusting into him until he tensed and came inside Niall. Niall ground down, riding Louis' twitching cock through his orgasm.

Louis pulled out and wobbled over to the trash can to tie off and throw away the condom. He walked back to Niall with a blissed out smile on his face. Niall's seemed to match. "Better than I thought."

"You weren't expecting much?" Louis tried to sound offended, but couldn't in his current state.

"No I did. It was just better." They both giggled as Louis grabbed his shirt and wiped Niall clean before falling down on top him with a sigh. "We can't stay. We have a show soon."

"Yeah, yeah, Horan. You're not going anyway until I say so."

Niall mussed up Louis hair, but kissed his forehead when Louis huffed. "Fine with me."

Chapter End Notes

Those two are just adorable and snarky and I can't.

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! You can ask questions, send in requests, or just say hi! Much love Xoxo

Seriously though, I wish more of you followed me on social media because I have suggestions for things (Like Zouis - Miscommunication) and I want yall's opinions!
Chapter Summary

After leaving Louis at his party, Zayn can't get Louis out of his head.

Top: N/A
Bottom: N/A

Chapter Notes

As promised! Part 2 of a very popular one shot. You guys dig some Zouis or what? I put a teaser of this on my Twitter and Tumblr earlier too!

Now this obvs isn't the end of it. I have a question. If yall like this addition I can extend it to a mini fic and put give it it's own work, not in my one shots because I don't write chaptered stuff in here. Or if want to keep it short lemme know and I'll give yall one more nice and smutty part to finish off.

I'll be putting more teasers and ideas on social media so keep a look out!

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Louis was slumped against the wall in the hallway. He'd had maybe three or four more red cups since Zayn walked away and left him hard and alone. He sort of lost track of what time it was after almost an hour of searching for Niall. He knew Niall wouldn't just leave him here, but he'd even walked in on two inappropriate scenes while searching the large house for him and got nothing. So now he was sitting, drinking and sitting, drinking and sitting and feeling sorry for himself.

He'd never given a blowjob before, except to Niall which doesn't count, and he thought he did alright. But apparently it wasn't good enough for Zayn, who probably had people lining up to suck his cock. Asshole. Blowjob-recieving asshole. Louis was about to get up and do another round to look for Niall, but he couldn't seem to make his legs move. Don't be a jerk. Do what I say! he yelled internally at his limbs with no response. He tried to look down the hall for someone, but his head started spinning and he had to close his eyes so he didn't throw up all over his brand new pants.

He didn't know how long his eyes were closed for before he felt a strong grip on his shoulder. Then someone was shaking him. Stop or I'll puke, idiot! They kept shaking him until his eyes blinked open as he heard the familiar Irish accent. "Louis! Louis, please don't be dead!"

Louis groaned and hit the hand on his shoulder away. "Not dead."

"Oh thank fuck. Jesus Christ, Louis. Give a mate a heart attack why don't you?"
"Where am I?"

Niall shook his head sympathetically, "You're on the floor at Zayn's house. But the party ended like an hour ago and I couldn't find you." Louis nodded, but stopped quickly, because it felt like his brain was rattling around in his head. "How much did you have to drink?"

"Just a cou-" he stopped when his tongue got tangled, "A couple of beers I think."

Niall picked up his drink and sniffed at it before pulling it away with a nasty look on his face, "Man, I'm not sure when that stopped being beer," he took a sip, "but that shit is strong," he coughed.

Louis wanted to just closed his eyes again, and sleep maybe. But then he heard another voice down the hall, "Holy shit! Is he okay?"


Louis heard Niall's small gasp and then Zayn's awkward cough. "I think you should take him home."

"I'm sorry what about Zayn's...um...whatever?" Niall stuttered.

"Tastes so good. I think he eats a lot of fruit," Louis repeated lazily.

"Okay. Time to go. Seriously, out of my house." Zayn came and picked Louis up under his arms. He gave Louis a quick once over to access his true state then leaned in and tilted Louis' head up so he'd pay attention. "Are you going to be okay?"

Laughed harshly, "What do you care?" Louis could barely get the words out, but he had so many more in his head. You're the one who left me alone! No I'm not fucking okay! My head hurts, my heart hurts, and I had to wank by myself in your bathroom because, oh yeah, YOU LEFT ME! By the way, hope you enjoy the nice little stain I left for ya on your towel.

"I was just...asking."

Louis pushed him off with more force than he thought he had. "Well don't. I'm fine." Louis wobbled over to Niall and fell onto his chest. "Can we go home?"

Niall pet Louis' sweaty hair, "Of couse, love. Want me to stay the night?"

"Yes, please," Louis spoke into his shirt. Louis heard a displeased sound behind him from Zayn but he ignored it and let Niall lead him out to his car. Niall opened the passanger door for him and sat him down carefully before getting in and turning on the air. Louis didn't say anything else, and he could see so many questions on the tip of Niall's tongue, but he wasn't in the mood. He just wanted to strip out of his sweaty clothes and fall into bed for a cuddle with his best mate.

Luckily that's just what happened. Niall didn't berate him for his drunken state, or for giving a nearly perfect stranger (Perfect stranger of his dreams!) a blow job at a party. He helped Louis undress and tucked him in before he changed into a pair of Louis' shorts and curled in behind him.

Zayn can suck it...well no he can't apparently...or refuses to maybe. But he can go fuck himself. Yeah. Screw Zayn Malik and his perfect hair, and his beautiful jawline, and that adorable way his eyes get all crinkly when he laughs....SHUT UP! Zayn can go fuck himself.

Louis definitely didn't fall asleep thinking about Zayn Malik fucking himself...
The next Monday was awkward as hell. Louis had woken up Sunday morning with a hangover to rival all others and Niall's heavy body on top of his. He'd pushed Niall off, showered, and busied his entire day with homework he'd neglected all weekend. Niall still didn't ask, and Louis still didn't tell. He stayed very busy, and only thought of Zayn when he breathed.

Now he was at his locker with Niall, trying to convince him that Derby was never going to make it into the Premiere League, when Zayn and clique came walking by. They were all laughing as usual. *Apparently life in the in crowd was funny as hell.* All except Zayn, who's mouth was set in a thin line and eyes were on the ground. They all stopped laughing for a moment went they passed Louis, but then cracked up harder and kept walking. They were all elbowing Zayn playfully and throwing glances over their shoulders at Louis.

"The fuck?" Niall asked once they were gone. Louis just shrugged but he could tell whatever it was was bad news.

His fears were confirmed when he was sitting at the usual table with Niall the next day, and he could feel everyone's eyes on him. A few were laughing, or snickering more like, but most were just whispering. He couldn't take it anymore and turned to see the real damage. Everyone turned back to their tables instantly and tried to pretend like they weren't just being obnoxious. Louis' eyes trailed over the tables to Zayn's. His friends had the biggest smiles on their faces. Zayn was just staring at Louis, eyes intense but cold.

Then Louis saw something he swore couldn't be real. The friend that asked if Louis was gay reached into his pocket, took out a couple bills, and place them in Zayn's hand with a laugh. Louis swallowed hard and felt the sharp pang in tears in his eyes. Zayn just kept staring, like he could make Louis disappear if he concentrated hard enough. Louis turned back to his table before any of the tears could fall.

Niall looked between Louis and Zayn multiple times before getting up from the table. *Where are you going? Don't leave me, titface!* Louis watched as Niall slowly made his way through the cafeteria to Zayn's table. The entire place was dead silent. The loudness of it hurt Louis' ears. He watched as Niall hovered over Zayn. He watched as Zayn looked up at Niall. He watched as Niall's arm pulled back. And he watched as his fist hit Zayn in the face.

Louis, and everyone else in the room, gasped. Zayn fell out of his chair to the floor with a thud. He rubbed his face, but didn't move to get up. Niall shoved a certain finger at his face and walked away. He calmly came to sit back down at their table. Louis couldn't take his eyes off Zayn. He was still sitting on the floor with his eyes locked on Louis'. Only when Zayn closed his eyes in resignation did Louis turn back. Niall had a big grin on his face, but it fell when he saw that Louis was actually crying now.

He grabbed all of their stuff and pulled Louis up to leave. Louis followed dumbly behind until they got to the bathroom down the hall just as the bell rang. "You don't have to tell me anything. But I need to know that you're going to be okay when I go to class," Niall spoke. The noise was like lightening to Louis' ears, shocking and sudden. "Louis, please answer me."

"I'm fine," he croaked. "Really. I just need a minute okay? Go ahead." Niall nodded and grabbed his bag. He gave Louis one last look of concern before leaving. Louis slumped back against the wall and sighed out through the tears. "I'm fine," he said to himself. And he might've been. Could probably have dealt with the rest of this fucking awful day...if the world didn't hate him.

The door opened, and had Louis wiping at his face hastily, but his hands froze when he saw that the
world didn't only hate him, but wanted him to suffer greatly.

"Hey," Zayn greeted hesitantly.

"Seriously?" Louis' voice was watery but he kept going, "What the hell do you want, Zayn?"

Zayn rubbed the back of his neck and shifted his eyes to the floor, "I'm a prick."

"Oh really? Wow, what else did we learn at school today?"

Zayn huffed out a dry laugh but didn't look up. "I don't know why I did it."

Louis folded his arms over his chest. "Honestly, I'm not even sure what you did. All I know is people are talking about me, laughing at me. And you're over here taking money under the table like a drug dealer. Why don't you tell me what you did before you decide why you did it."

It's like Zayn's eyes were permanently glued to the dirty tile when he started. "I'm not gay. I don't like-" he ran a hand through his quiff and sighed. "I've never done that," he gestured towards Louis' general form, "with a guy before."

"So I'm an experiment? You knew I was gay and that I liked you and you used me."

Zayn did look up then. His eyes were hollow, like all the strength drained out of them with Louis' words. "Yes. I mean no. I'm still not gay. That's not why I did it."

"Then why?"

Zayn's mouthed opened, but he closed it again and ran his fingers over his scruff. He sighed again and said, "It was a bet."

Louis had his suspicions. He saw the money. But actually hearing it was something else. "A bet," Louis breathed.

"Yeah," Zayn ran his hand over his hair again. Louis wanted to tell him to quit, that he was going to mess up his beautiful style, but didn't. "My friends, they bet me that I wouldn't get blown by a dude because I wasn't gay." He let his hand fall. "Then they bet double that I couldn't get you to be the one to do it."

Louis link it sink in. A bet. A bet. A bet. A bet. A bet. A bet. For some reason the word bet just wouldn't make sense in his head. They were quiet while Louis let his brain run and run and run. Finally he breathed a long breath and said, "Did you at least enjoy it?"

Zayn flinched at the venom on Louis' voice. He dropped his head again and whispered, "Yeah. And I don't know what to do about that."

Louis scoffed. "Sorry if I don't feel like helping you figure it out." He reached for his bag and started towards the door.

Zayn put an arm out to block him. "Let me-" he coughed but set his jaw and continued, "Let me make it up to you."

"What?"

Zayn pulled Louis in gently by the waist. "Let me make up for leaving you the other night." Zayn's hand trailed down his hip to the front of his jeans. Louis sucked in a breath, but didn't move. "I need to-I need to make it up to you." He pressed the heel of his hand into Louis crotch.
"Don't," Louis choked but Zayn cupped his fingers around Louis' half-hard length and massaged small patterns into the material. Louis dropped his bag to the floor again.

"Please," Zayn's voice was small and needy. "I don't know what to do, but I want to-"

Louis pushed into Zayn's hand and demanded, "Say it, Zayn. If you're going to do it, then you're going to say it."

"I want to feel you." It all came out in a rush, but Louis heard every word like Zayn was yelling at him.

Louis reached down and led Zayn's hand to his waistband. Zayn's fingers slipped inside and rubbed over his thin boxers. A soft sound escaped Louis' mouth and Zayn's fingers pushed in further. Louis looked up to catch Zayn staring at him with something like wonder on his face. Louis unbuttoned his pants and opened the zipper so Zayn could reach further, an opportunity that Zayn took. He curved his hand around Louis' hard on and let his eyes fall shut.

"You're thicker than me," Zayn commented quietly while his eyelashes fluttered against his cheeks.

"You're longer," Louis countered.

Zayn hummed and kept his hand moving over Louis. "Can I?" His fingers hesitated at the edge of Louis underwear. Louis nodded and Zayn tucked his hand underneath and felt Louis for real. He hummed again, and Louis could've sworn his face looked...content. Like he didn't have his hand on someone else dick for the first time.

"You okay?"

Zayn chuckled, "I can't believe you're asking me that. Right now. And after what I did."

"I'm a saint, Zayn. Don't take it personally."

"I won't," he said seriously. Zayn took a firmer hold on Louis and started moving his hand slowly in his pants.

"Shit," Louis breathed.

Zayn smiled at him and moved his hand faster, adding a flick of his wrist. "This isn't meant to be weird, but you're kind of beautiful."

Louis wanted to hit him. Because he had no right. But just then Zayn pressed his thumb into Louis' slit and Louis' head fell onto Zayn's chest with a groan. "Shut up," Louis gasped between breathes. "You can't say shit like that."

"Why not? You don't believe me?"

Louis' hand came up to grip Zayn's bicep as Zayn's hand tightened around him. "No. I don't." Zayn extended his fingers to rub at Louis' balls and Louis bucked into his hand and moaned. He breathed a few steadying breaths and said, "But that's not why you can't say that."

"Then why not?"

"Because you don't deserve to. You don't deserve me."

Zayn's hand double it's pace and had Louis' stomach clenching in minutes. "I know I don't. I guess it's a good thing I'm not gay."
Louis laughed and Zayn's grip tightened again, making Louis moan and shoot into Zayn's hand and his own boxers. Zayn flinched when he felt Louis' cum on his skin, but kept his hand moving until Louis' breathing returned to an acceptable pace and he whined. Zayn pulled his hand out and went to the sink to wash it off. Louis tucked himself back into his boxers properly and fixed his jeans.

Zayn was back in front of him with clean hands and a sad look on his face. "I'm really sorry for what I did."

"Too late now."

Zayn nodded, accepting it, and picked up Louis' bag for him. "Sorry about your pants, too."

"Yeah now I have to finish the day in these. Thanks for that." Louis took his bag and walked around Zayn and into the now empty hallway. Now that Louis thought about it, he's surprised no one had walked in on them. *Well world, thanks for that at least.* But now he had to figure out how to avoid Zayn for, oh say, the rest of forever.

Chapter End Notes

I need Louis to stop with the inner monologue! It kills me! haha

Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! You can ask questions, put it requests, or just say hi!
Chapter Summary

Liam takes his baby to get a new outfit. The private dressing rooms at Burberry make for a ton of fun.

Top: Liam
Bottom: Harry

Chapter Notes

Here's a Lirry request for Sugardaddy!Liam

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"He'll need a new one," Liam ordered. "I can't have him on my arm in a suit he's worn already."

Harry was sitting on the plush love seat in the back room of Burberry Prorsum. He had a glass of champagne in his hand and a pleasant, but not overwhelming, buzz going.

Liam was demanding things left and right. Harry already did the hard part, he got remeasured, and now he can just sit back while Liam picked out what he deemed worthy of Harry's body.

"Blue not black. Slim. No, no tie, are you an idiot? He's twenty not thirty-seven."

Liam acted like thirty-seven was ancient. Liam was thirty-five and Harry did think he was old at all. He definitely wasn't ancient. He had no problem keeping up with his baby.

The poor workers were running around grabbing things for Harry to possibly wear to the charity function/televised auction that Liam was hosting. Liam would be there, fit as fuck, with his hair slicked back and his 'in charge' voice on. And Harry would be right beside him, all smiles and fluttering eyelashes.

Hopefully if he was a good boy he'd get fucked into the mattress later that night. Or maybe Liam wouldn't wait. Maybe he'd take Harry into an empty room down the hall and bend him over some chair.

Jesus Harry was getting hard at Burberry. Liam must've noticed because he came and sat next to Harry and put a firm hand on his thigh.

"What are you thinking about?" Liam inquired.

Harry swallowed and said, "You."

Liam smiled, pleased with the answer. He picked Harry up and sat him in his lap. "What kind of
things about me?"

Harry wrapped his arms around Liam's neck and nuzzled his lips under Liam's chin. "Naughty things." Liam's hand tighten on Harry's leg. Harry mewled into Liam's ear.

"Everybody out." Liam's commanded wasn't loud, but everyone froze for a second and then filed out nonetheless.

As soon as they were alone Harry properly straddled Liam's lap. "Daddy," Harry breathed, "Need you."

Liam's smiled was warm and conspiratorial at the same time. He let his hands slide under Harry's cashmere sweater. "You look lovely in this sweater I bought you," Liam complimented and kissed his shoulder where the seam ran over the curve of it.

"I always look pretty in things Daddy buys me."

Liam hummed his agreement and slid Harry's sweater up his body and over his head, making Harry's barely controlled quiff fall forward.

"What about these?" Harry fiddled with the button on his jeans. "You bought me these. Do I look pretty in these?"

Liam ran his hands down Harry's sides to his hips and rocked Harry against him. "Don't know, baby. Can't tell from here. Why don't you get up and show Daddy how pretty you are while you're taking them off?"

Harry nearly tripped scrambling off Liam to stand in front of him. Liam settled back into the seat and crossed his ankle over his knee, waiting. Harry trailed his fingers across the waistband of his pants. The material was rough in comparison to his sweater.

He tucked a finger under the button and popped it open. He grabbed the zipper between two fingers and pulled slowly so the teeth opened up one by one.

Liam watched as Harry's hands moved over his pants. He loved how long Harry's fingers were. His thumb still ran over one of his laurel tattoos while the rest of his fingers pushed under his jeans.

Liam growled and Harry's fingers retreated. "Don't touch." Harry made a small noise and moved his hands back to his waistband and pulled his jeans down just enough for Liam to see the line of his hard cock in his black boxers.

When Liam didn't give any sort of response Harry bit his lip and kept pushing his jeans down, past his hips to knees.

"All the way off, baby." Harry could hear the well-concealed lust in Liam's voice and his fingers balled around the material of his underwear.

He took a breath to keep from pressing his hand down into his erection and toed his jeans off his legs to the floor. Liam slid his hands up his thighs and undid his belt. He opened his trousers and took his dick out.

Harry was fidgeting where he stood and couldn't stop looking between Liam's face and his cock. "Daddy," Harry begged quietly.

"Come here, baby." Harry climbed onto Liam's lap and Liam let him grind into him. Harry kissed up
and down Liam's scruffy jawline while he moved in little circles on top of him. "Wanna ride me?"

Harry moaned and nodded eagerly. "Yes, please." Harry's voice dropped an octave, filled with need.

Liam pulled Harry's boxers down just enough and pulled Harry up so his dick rubbed against his ass. Harry bit lightly on Liam's ear and a long breathe was pushed out of him when Liam sat him down on his cock.

Harry whined at finally being filled. Liam lifted Harry and bounced him gently up and down his length. Harry was making tiny ugh sounds and clenching his hands on Liam's shoulders.

"Always look so good riding Daddy's cock, baby. Love how prepped you keep yourself for me. Always ready."

Harry tried to nodded his agreement but then Liam started thrusting up and Harry lost his ability to control his body. He rocked down on Liam harder, looking for that perfect angle. When Liam hit it Harry moaned out, loud enough that, if the Burberry staff wasn't sure what was going on before, they surely were now.

"Baby you make such pretty sounds for me." Harry couldn't stop the chant of little whines that fell off his lips as Liam continued to push into him. "Mmm, Hazza, I'm gonna come. Want me to fill you up, baby?"

"Please, Daddy. I need it. Wanna feel you," Harry rambled into Liam's skin.

Liam thrusted harder until Harry felt his warm cum fill his hole. Harry took himself in his hand and pressed his cock against his stomach so when he came he didn't get any on Liam's expensive suit. He felt his cum dripping down his abs and Liam's started dripping back down his cock as he fucked Harry through his orgasm.

Harry pulled off and went on search of some tissues, underwear still pulled halfway down his hips. He wiped himself off and came back to kneel in front of Liam. He took Liam in his hand and licked him clean before tucking him back into his pants.

Harry pulled his boxers up and put his clothes back on while Liam watched with a content smile on his face. "Call them back in and we'll continue while you hang on my arm with your flushed cheeks and glassy eyes so everyone knows I fucked you, yeah?"

Harry bit his lip and cleared his throat so he could get a simple, "Yes, please, Daddy," out. He walked to the door, with a slight wobble, and peaked his head out to tell them they were ready to continue the appointment.

Every filed back in and Liam stood up, hair already fixed and smile bright. "I was thinking Harry might need two new suits. I feel like taking him out tonight."

Harry preened and curled his fingers between Liam's. Everyone nodded and started pulling more things for Harry to parade around in for his Daddy.

Chapter End Notes

Baby! Harry gives me all kinds of feels!
Find me on Twitter (@purpleeyeslie) and Tumblr (1dand5sosobsessed)! You can ask questions, put in requests, or just say hi!! Xoxo
"Good evening, Daddy," Niall whispered into the phone.

"Hi there, baby," Liam cooed.

"You didn't call yesterday."

Liam made a sad sound at Niall's disappointment. "Oh, my little leprechaun, I'm sorry. I'm in the middle of moving and I was very busy." Niall only sighed so Liam tried again, "But I called tonight. And I'll stay on extra long for you, baby. How's that sound?"

"I don't want you to have to spend the extra money on me."

"Hey, I'd spend every cent I have on you, baby. Why don't you just start by telling me what your wearing?"

"Nothing, Daddy. As always. Naked and waiting for you."

Liam groaned at the submissive little boy that was his favorite phone sex operator. "That's good, my little leprechaun. Open and waiting for Daddy to take you, huh?"

"Yes, please," Niall almost whispered.

Liam could just see it: his perfect boy laid out on the bed, legs wide, begging for his Daddy. "Put your fingers, two of 'em, inside your tight hole, baby."

Liam heard the squelch of lube coming out of the bottle and then the sound of slick skin on skin. Niall whined, high in his throat, and then sighed out contentedly. "Feels good, Daddy. You always
feel so good."

"Yeah, love. Wish it was my cock in your little hole. You'd take me so well."

"I bet you're big, Daddy. You'd have to open me up really good."

"I would, little leprechaun," Liam could hear the small pants Niall released every time he brushed across his prostate, "And you'd take my thick cock like a champ. I know you would."

Liam's hand was lightening on his hard length. "I would, Daddy," Niall echoed Liam's promise. "You'd push in so deep I could feel you in my little stomach. I'd be begging you for it."

Liam threw his head back and came over his stomach. "Fuck, baby! So good!" Niall was whining with so much need, "You can come, love," Liam spoke with a fucked out growl.

Niall screamed and shot hot ropes of cum up his torso, his fingers still pumping inside him. "Yes, Daddydaddy, yes."

"That's my good boy. So pretty for me."

Niall giggled and pressed the phone close. "You'll call again tomorrow, yeah? Won't skip it?"

"Oh, my little leprechaun. I need you so badly every single day. It kills me when I can't call."

"Promise? Tomorrow?"

"Promise," Liam offered sweetly and hung up the phone. He groaned and dropped it to his bed. He'd never have a real boyfriend if he kept this up. He'd found Niall a few months ago and had been addicted ever since the first time he answered the phone with a Let me please you. Since then, Liam had learned his real name and hair color, although apparently the blond is as fake as his sex name.

Even though Niall told him he could call him by his real name after a month of near daily calls, Liam still liked to hear the way he hummed when Liam called him his little leprechaun.

He couldn't get enough of the way his thick accent only got more pronounced when he was turned on. How daddy turned into a jumble of consonants when he was close. Liam was hooked and hopelessly in love with a voice on the other side of the phone.

At least he had the added pleasure of getting Niall off too. Niall said he's normally not even allowed to actually participate because it distracts from focusing on the customer, but the first time Liam called him his baby and told him he wanted to hear what Niall sounded like with a finger in his ass, Niall complied without question.

Since then Niall's been Liam's sub and Liam has been Niall's Dom. Only they've never met. And probably never will. Because it's Niall's job at the end of the day and Liam pays him for it.

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"It's a good place," Harry complimented.

"Thanks. I've come to think so," Liam replied. "At first I wasn't sure. But this new job is good for me."

"Absolutely, mate. It's a good move."

Liam picked up one of the last boxes and cut it open. "Thanks for you help, Haz. Would've taken
weeks if I'd moved all this stuff in by myself."

Harry waved him off, "Of course. Glad to." Harry smirked, "But now if you had that little phone boy of yours here, he could've helped. And then helped in a completely different way.

Liam threw an oven mitt from the box towards Harry, missing dreadfully, and scoffed. "Shut up. I only told about that because I was drunk. You can't keep holding it against me."

"Nothing of the sort. Just reminding you that he's probably wanking off to you right now."

"Don't speak about him like that," Liam ordered.

Harry only laughed in that easy way he does. "Didn't mean anything by it, Li." Harry flopped down on the couch. "Are you almost done? I could really go for a cup of coffee after the all night unpacking spree."

Liam nodded, "Yeah. I'll just do this box and we'll go." Harry went off to the bathroom to probably play with his hair or something while Liam finished.

They walked down the street, looking at all of the shops and restaurants his block had to offer. They finally came to a small coffee shop with a blue awning and went inside. Liam looked over the menu while Harry flirted with the barista.

"Hey there," Harry purred. "What's your name, hun?"

"Sorry. You're very cute, but I've already got somebody."

Liam froze, his yes glued to the backboard above the counter, but not reading a single word.

Harry shrugged, "As you should. I hope she's good to you."

"He is."

Liam couldn't breathe. This couldn't be real. He couldn't make himself look down.

"Lucky bloke, then."

That giggle. Liam was going to explode. He finally tore his eyes away from the blurry white chalk letters. In front of him was a petite blond boy with a wide smile and an Irish lilt.

"Holy shit," Liam choked.

Niall's eyebrows furrowed. "Sir, are you okay?" Liam saw the way Niall's eyes trailed along his body too slowly, inspecting everything about him.

Liam had to calm himself. He couldn't make a scene right here in the coffee shop. He coughed and tried to make his voice sound different. "Fine." He turned and whispered to Harry, "Order me anything. I'll be at a table."

Harry was looking at Liam like he'd lost his marbles. "Uh, okay," he drawled. Liam stumbled away and found a small booth on the wall opposite the counter and flopped down into it. Harry came and sat down with two cups of coffee and a concerned look on his face.

"What the he-"

"Little leprechaun," Liam whispered.
"What?"

"That's him. I know it. That's my baby."

Harry looked back at the barista and then back to Liam with wide eyes. He pointed his thumb silently towards the counter and Liam nodded slowly.

"No way," Harry squealed a little too loud. Liam clasped a hand over his mouth across the table and steeled him with a dangerous look. Harry shied away and bit his lip in apology. "Are you sure?" he said quieter.

"I know that voice."

Harry nodded, accepting that much. "You have to go talk to him."

"What? No," Liam shook his head.

"Are you kidding? If you leave here without talking to your soulmate I will give up on love," Harry claimed dramatically.

Liam rolled his eyes, "Be serious, please. I can't just go on up to a normal person, that might not be who I think it is, and be like 'I love when you ride your vibrating dildo while you scream my name'."

Harry held up his hands, "First of all, too much," he settled forward so he could keep his voice down and still have a proper conversation, "Secondly, I'm am being serious. Talk to him." With that Harry picked up his coffee and walked out. Liam stared after him in confusion and little bit of animosity.

Liam didn't talk to him. But he did call him that night. Harry had gone home early, and Liam was on his bed, half hard as he hit the speed dial number, and heard, "Daddy. I'm so glad to see your number."

Liam couldn't help but put a proper face to the voice now. He could see his big blue eyes and pink lips as he spoke. "Keep talking, baby. Wanna hear your voice tonight."

"I missed you, Daddy. I miss you all the time. I miss your voice. I wanna feel you all over me."

Liam groaned and gripped his phone tighter. "I need you so bad."

"I need you too. I wish I could see you. I know I'm not supposed to say that, but I want to."

Liam felt guilt wash over him at his lost chance to make his baby's wish come true. "What if- Nevermi-Can we not focus on that. I want you to come twice tonight, my little leprechaun."

"Daddy," Niall whined. "Yeah, Daddy, please."

Liam had Niall finger himself on his hands and knees until he soiled his sheets and then got him hard again just to have him use his Fleshlight. Niall was a continuous stream of whimpers by the time Liam came into his hand. They stayed on and Niall told him about his hard day at work, with no real specifics, but Liam had to ask. "What job is it that's treating my baby so badly?"

"A lame coffee shop. Their coffee isn't even good, but it pays, you know."

"So do I," Liam spouted before he could think about it.

Luckily Niall giggled and said, "You're way better than any customer I've even had at the shop."
Liam smiled to himself, "I don't know. There's got to be one or two that you like."

"None as good as you."

Liam was beaming. He eventually said goodnight and went to shower. He saw that same face, Niall's face, from the coffee place, in his mind as he toweled off, and as he slipped on a pair of boxers, and as he laid down to sleep. Then when he closed his eyes he dreamed about him.

***

He woke up and decided he had to see him today. He had to say something. He spent a few extra minutes on his hair, and made sure his shirt wasn't wrinkled. He'd sent Harry a text informing him of his plans, to which Harry replied *Show him who's daddy!* with a winky face emoji. Liam didn't dignify that with a response. Instead he pulled on a jacket and headed down the street to the very intimidating little building with the blue awning.

Niall wasn't at the counter. Of course he wasn't. Liam didn't think through the possibility that we wouldn't be working. Well now he would look like an idiot if he didn't at least order something, so he went up to the counter and ordered something that probably had too much sugar in it.

"Anything else for you?" the chipper girl with black hair asked.

Liam looked down at his hands and then back up to the worker. "Yeah, one thing. Is there someone that works here by the name of Niall?"

"Hello, Daddy," Liam felt whispered lowly into his ear. "I knew it was you yesterday."

Liam's closed his eyes and let a small moan slip past his lips. The girl diverted her gaze towards the counter at their closeness. Liam turned around and saw Niall in the all black outfit employees had to wear, but no apron. "My little leprechaun," Liam couldn't help the fond that seeped into his voice. Niall blushed bright pink at his nickname being said in front of everyone in the shop. Liam coughed and rubbed a hand behind his neck in apology.

Niall looked over his shoulder, "I'm off Catelyn. See you tomorrow." He grabbed Liam's hand and led him outside. As soon as the door closed behind him Liam got a firm grip on Niall's waist and pulled him back against his chest. Niall melted back into him. "Daddy," he breathed.

"God, baby. You're even prettier than I imagined. Look at those pink cheeks. Bet those lips taste so good."

Niall whined and pushed back into Liam. Liam put a hand to the side of his face and pushed so his neck was open to taste. Niall pulled away and muttered, "Shit, Liam."

Liam hands flailed for a second with nothing to hold on to before he said, "What's wrong?"

Niall nodded his head towards the shop behind them. Liam turned around and saw everyone in the small room looking at them with everything from open mouths to cheeky grins. Liam growled and pulled Niall back to him so his chest was against Niall's back again, with Niall facing the large window. He pulled his chin up and latched his lips onto Niall's neck for everyone to see. Niall whined again but didn't pull away. Liam bit down and Niall's hand flew into Liam's hair. He pulled off and gave everyone a possessive glare through the glass.

He put a hand around Niall's waist and pulled him along, all the way back to his new apartment. Niall held tight and nuzzled into Liam's neck the whole time. Liam rushed them up the stairs and into his livingroom. Niall hands were under his shirt immediately. Liam pushed them away, "Don't be
impatient, baby.” Niall made a petulant sound but let his hands fall. Liam walked away down the hall and threw a, "Coming?" over his shoulder.

Niall's quick steps sounded out on the wood floors and Liam lips turned up in approval. He walked into the bed room and went to his closet. Without looking back he said, "Go lay down. Don't touch yourself." Liam heard the mattress move under Niall's weight. Liam dug further back in his closet, and made a pleased sound when he found what he wanted. "I bought a few things over the past three months we've been talking," Liam started, "Things that I've dreamed of using on you." He pulled the box out and turned around.

Niall was fidgeting, rumpling the sheets, and his hands were clenched in the fabric. "What kind of things?" he gasped.

Liam's easy smile spread across his face. "You'll see." He dropped the box on top of the dresser and went to stand at the edge of the bed. "Take your clothes off for me. Slow, so I can see you."

Niall licked his lips and got up to sit on his knees. He lifted his shirt over his head and threw it off the bed. Liam raked his eyes over Niall's torso. He was fit, but soft, the planes of his chest firm, but the slight curves of his stomach were meant to be bitten and grabbed. Liam wanted to do that right now, but he'd rather have Niall naked. Which Niall was very close to with his pants pushed to his ankles and being kicked off. He lifted his hips up and put his thumbs under the waistband of his boxers, but he waited, eyes on Liam.

"Lemme see, my little leprechaun." Niall scrambled to get them off and then sat back on his knees with his hands in his lap and a smile on his face. "So pretty, baby. I can't even describe how beautiful you are." Niall's hands gripped his thighs, but he sat still otherwise. "Such a good boy, aren't you? Gonna stay quiet and still until I tell you?" Niall nodded eagerly. His hair was in a soft fringe today, as opposed to the sharp, messy quiff from Liam's last visit to his work, and it shook with his head movement.

Liam took his time undressing, watching Niall watch his every move. He let his hands linger on his hips when he undid his jeans and Niall licked his lips again. Liam could tell he was practically gagging for a taste, but didn't move any faster. He slid his jeans and pants down together and let his hard cock slap his stomach as he bent over. Niall let a tiny moan escape and his eyes went wide at his disobedience. Liam clucked his tongue and raised an eyebrow. "What was that, love?"

Niall didn't move or respond, just kept his eyes on Liam's. Liam chuckled and moved around so he was standing right next to the side of his bed. Niall didn't follow his movement, just kept his head facing foward. Liam was impressed, "Good boy. Now come here and suck daddy's cock." Niall almost fell over trying to get to Liam fast enough. He kneeled right at the edge of the bed and bent over to kiss the tip of Liam's head. "Hmmm, come on, baby. Take me like you've always wanted."

Niall didn't move anymore time in taking Liam into his mouth. Liam groaned and squeezed Niall's shoulder under his hand. Niall sucked hard and worked his way down so his breath ghosted over Liam's hair at the base of his dick. Liam pushed into Niall's mouth and he instantly relaxed his jaw and looked up at Liam with wide, innocent eyes. Liam pushed into his mouth, harder this time. Niall moaned around his cock. Niall let Liam fuck his face until Liam was so close his legs were shaking.

Liam pulled him off and jacked himself until he released all over Niall's lips and cheeks. Niall licked everything he could reach and then wiped the rest up with his fingers and sucked it off. Liam was breathing hard and Niall was smiling like he'd just won the spelling bee at school. Liam made a pleasantly frustrated sound at his boy. "Didn't want to waste it," Niall explained. Liam had to close his eyes for just a second because his cock was getting hard again painfully fast and he was this close to just turning Niall over and pounding into him until he came all over the bedding.
But he wanted this to last. Wanted to make Niall wait to come, which he knew he would, for as long as he asked him to. So instead he pushed Niall back gently until he fell to the bed, legs flying out from under him. Liam left him to go back to his box and picked up a few things. He came back and let his bounty fall to the bed. Niall eyes flickered, but he didn't look anywhere but Liam. "Being such a good boy. I'll have to give you a reward."

Niall preened silently at the praise and the promise. Liam reached over and picked something up. He brought it into Niall's field of vision and he saw that it was anal beads, that increased in size, and a bottle of lube. Niall's toes curled at the images in his head. Liam smirked and opened the bottle and slicked up the toy. He crawled onto the bed between Niall's legs and settled cross-legged with Niall's legs draped over his knees. Niall couldn't stop smiling at Liam like he was giving him candy for dinner.

Liam pressed the smallest bead, the width of a finger, to Niall's hole. He flinched at the cold, but then settled into the sheets. Liam pushed the first bead in slowly and Niall's mouth fell open in a silent moan. He turned the bead around in slow circles inside him, letting him adjust, before pushing the next one in. Niall's face scrunches up, and Liam stilled his movements, but Niall pushed back towards Liam, wanting more. Liam gave his thigh a sharp smack, "Don't be greedy. Take what I give you." Niall face and chest flushed red and he clenched his hands in the sheets again.

When Liam had the entire string pushed inside Niall he put his thumb to the soft skin between his hole and his balls and applied a heavy pressure. Niall couldn't help the choked moan that fell out of his mouth at that. Liam gave his leg another sharp wack. Niall was breathing hard, chest heaving. Liam applied the pressure again and pulled on the beads just enough to make them move inside him. Niall whole body was tense, feet pointing and flexing over and over.

Liam pulled the largest bead halfway out and left it there to stretch Niall wide. He moved the fingers on his perineum to press against the stretched ring of muscle. Niall whimpered and put an arm over his face. Liam was smiling softly, but bursting with pride inside, at Niall's need. "Ok baby, let me hear you."

It was like the flood gates opened and Niall rambled out, "Jesus, fuck, Daddy. It's so good. So full. I need it. Please, fuck me Daddy. I want-too much-please, need you. So bad, Shit, so bad."

Liam ran a hand across Liam's stomach soothingly, "Shh, baby. It's okay. Let Daddy take care of you." Niall nodded, trusting and open, while Liam pulled the beads out slowly, one by one. Niall whined with each one until they got small enough that they just slipped out. Liam moved Niall's legs to one side and flipped him over. Niall laid, sprawled out on the sheets, panting and crying. Liam bent one of Niall's legs out to the side and covered his body with his own.

"Want Daddy's cock now?"

"Yes, please, fuck me, Daddy. Need it."

Liam pulled the uncapped bottle of lube back to him and squeezed some on his hand. He reached down between them and slicked himself up, then used the extra to tease Niall's puffy entrance. Niall pushed back into Liam's hand, and Liam punished him with a hard spanking, two quick slaps on his right cheek.

"I won't tell you again." Niall shook his head and mumbled a quiet I'm sorry while Liam kneaded the tender flesh in his palm. Liam gripped Niall's cheek and spread him open so he could line himself up. He pushed in, slow and deliberate, while he rubbed Niall's ass with small circles. Niall pushed his face into the bed and let a long, powerful moan soak into the material.
Liam pushed the last little bit, so he felt Niall's heated skin, his right side moreso because of the small discipline he'd given. Niall sighed into the comforter and his fingers relaxed their hold on it. "So full, Daddy. You fill me up so nice. Love how you feel inside."

Liam leaned his weight on one arm and brought the other from Niall's ass to his hair, gripping it firmly in his fingers, and pulling just enough to have Niall's head lift up off the bed. "You're so tight on my cock. I bet no one's fucked you in a while."

Niall shook his head as best he could and said, "No, Daddy. Didn't want anyone else since I met you. Only used my fingers or myibrator when you let me."

Liam growled and bit down on Niall's jaw. "Fuck. That's beautiful. My little leprechaun, only pleasuring yourself with my permission, even before you ever saw me."

Niall made a pleading sound and Liam released Niall's hair, his head falling back to the bed docilely. Liam bracketed his forearms on either side of Niall's back and pulled out to his tip and slammed back in. Niall screamed and pushed his face into the bed again. Liam was relentless after that, pulling out needy, destitute sounds from his baby boy. Niall soon lost control of his body and started fidgeting, and then thrashing, under Liam's firm weight. Liam pistoned harshly in and out while Niall clenched tighter around him.

"I'm close, baby. Gonna fill you up. Make you all wet inside with my seed."

Niall sobbed and rocked back into Liam with abandon. "Pleasepleaseplease, Daddy, please," Niall gasped between pants. Liam pushed in twice more before spilling into Niall's abused ass. Niall moaned and kept driving back onto Liam's twitcing cock. Liam pressed Niall down into the matress with his body and whispered, "Come for me, little leprechaun."

Niall cried out and shot into the creases in the bedding while he desperately thrusted between Liam's softening cock and the bed. Liam pulled out but stayed on top of Niall, rubbing patterns into his shoulder. He kissed every place he touched, reveling in the after glow of making his baby come.

He turned them both onto their sides and curled Niall against his chest. Niall snuggled back gratefully and turned his face to hide between Liam's shoulder and the bed.

"Baby?" Niall hummed that he was listening so Liam continued, "You said you already had somebody. Yesterday when Harry was flirting with you...which remind me to punch him for."

"Do you have someone?"

"It's you," Niall rushed out. "The someone is you."

Liam was stunned for a minute, but then he leaned in and kissed Niall's hair, "You're absolute perfection." Liam spoke almost like he didn't even mean for anyone to hear it. Niall sighed and smiled were his face was pushed against Liam's skin. "I can't wait to make you come like that again and again."

Liam held his boy until he heard soft snores and then snuck away to grab a washcloth to clean them up. He wiped Niall off and grabbed a blanket from his closet before snuggling back behind him and curling up to dream about Niall's voice and the face that finally went with it.
Daddy! Liam will be my COD!
Zarry - Reality

Chapter Summary

Zayn speaks through his art and he has something very important to tell Harry.

Top: Zayn
Bottom: Harry
Kinks: Slight food kink. Hidden love.

Chapter Notes

Y'all I've been writing these for a month! And I've got nearly 30! I'll be going to fifty before I start a "second collection" so it doesn't get to be too much.

Here's a Zarry that is a cross of two requests and done as a special thank you to one of my first Twitter followers!

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Zayn had charcoal all over his hands. And face. Doing art is dirty work. Harry had requested a new Zayn original to hang in his bunk and Zayn was slaving over it, trying to get it perfect. He spent too long just trying to get an idea of what to draw. Harry told him it didn't matter really, that whatever it was he would love it. But Zayn needed this to be perfect. He wanted to show Harry everything he'd been thinking and feeling for ever with this one picture.

Harry had no idea. You'd think he'd catch on, what with the never-ending stares and near constant flirting. But Harry was never one to see what was right in front of him. And Zayn had waited long enough. He was about to make it so obvious that Harry couldn't ignore it.

Zayn wondered if Harry even realized that he flirted back. That he made Zayn dizzy and hard, often as the same time. He talked to Zayn differently than he talked to the other boys. He spent so much time investing in Zayn's happiness, Zayn just wanted to return the favor. He wanted to give Harry the lifelong happiness he deserved.

"I'm not looking I promise," Harry giggled as he came into their shared hotel room with his eyes closed.

Zayn quickly covered the drawing with his notebook and scoffed. "Harry open your eyes. You can barely walked safely with them open," he teased.

Harry uncovered his eyes with a drawn out Heeeeeeey and a smile. Zayn could drown in that smile. Harry came up behind Zayn's chair and wrapped his arms around Zayn's neck. He pushed his nose into Zayn's hair and said, "I'm sure it's amazing. How can it not be? Look at who's making it?"
Zayn flushed and leaned back into Harry's hold. "I'm nervous for it."

Harry made an unimpressed sound, "Are you kidding? Sometimes I wonder if you even know how talented you are, Zee?"

Zayn couldn't help but wonder about all the things Harry didn't know. Did he realize that he was brighter than the sun, that he was more calming than the moon, that he was more inspiring than the stars? Zayn couldn't help the overwhelming need to create beauty because of Harry's presence.

"I'm guessing I can't see it," Harry asked, still wrapped around Zayn.

Zayn shook his head just enough for Harry to feel it. He brought a hand up to run across Harry's arm. "No, but if you'd like we can do something else?"

Harry let go of Zayn and came around to face him, smiling blinding. "Like what?"

"Whatever you want?" Zayn appeased easily. "We don't have any more promo until day after next and the weather's nice."

Harry chewed his lip in contemplation. "Do we have to go outside?"

Zayn shook his head easily, "Nope. Whatever you want, Hazza."

"Okay, because I sort of already got is a movie and ordered room service and it'll be here any minute," Harry rushed out.

Zayn couldn't help the fond laugh he produced, drowning in adoration for this charming boy. "What movie?"

Harry kept his gaze everywhere but Zayn when he mumbled, "thatnewnicholassparkswiththesappyendingmaybe."

Zayn's laugh got louder and he stood up and put a hand on Harry's cheek, "You are too cliché for you're own good."

Harry leaned into Zayn's touch and let his eyes fall shut for a second. "You love it."

"That I do," he promised. He dropped his hand from Harry's face and grabbed all his stuff to put it away. Harry jumped when the doorbell rang and ran to get it. The attendant brought in a try full of dishes. Everything from chicken and veggies to fish and chips to chocolate strawberries and other desserts.

Zayn gave the full cart a inspection with a raised brow. Harry took it gladly and dropped a note in the deliverer's hand and closed the door behind him. When he turned around Zayn's stuff was in a small pile and he was fighting to keep a smile from his face.

"What? I was hungry!" Harry explained.

Zayn just laughed his low, raspy laugh and went to the cart to grab a spring roll off a plate. "You're adorable."

"Am not. I'm sexy. Manly. Rugged!"

Zayn chuckled. "Whatever you say, mate."

Zayn walked away with his spring roll and an added eye roll. Harry Styles would be his death, he
knew it. That cheesy smile. Those big, innocent eyes.

No...no. Zayn was not getting hard right now. He tried to adjust himself as smoothly as possible, but judging by Harry's giggle he figured he'd failed at remaining unseen.

Zayn flopped out on the bed and got comfy under the duvet. Harry wheeled the cart to Zayn's side of the bed and then jumped over him, well not so much jumped as fumbled across while rubbing against him, to get comfy under the covers as well.

"I sort of already queued the movie up before I left so if you turn the TV on it'll be ready to start," Harry said lazily against his pillow.

"'Course you did," Zayn teased and turned the movie on. The bright light lit up the dim room. Harry's face went from that soft, light tan he was sporting to a pale blue. The screen flicked soft hues over the plane of his nose and curve of his lips.

He looked so at peace like this that Zayn almost reached out to cuddle him. But he kept himself in check and gripped the sheets in his fists.

As the opening scene played Harry leaned over Zayn, not two inches from his face, to grab a strawberry from the cart. He brought it back to his mouth and took a small, but filthy, bite out of it while he hovered over Zayn.

There's no way around it now, Zayn was hard as steel in his pants. Harry's lips stretched around the juicy piece of fruit. His tongue flicked out to lick up the excess juice that trailed in a slow drip from the side of his mouth.

Once the entire strawberry was gone he dropped the leafy part back on the tray and fell back to his side of the bed. Zayn stared up at the ceiling and tried not to replay the way Harry's lips looked, stained red, two seconds ago. He refused to touch himself, or even acknowledge his massive erection.

He tried for even breathes but got frustrated huffs instead. "Fuck," he breathed out lowly.

"What's wrong Zaynie?"

Zayn's head turned at the mention of his name and regretted it immediately. Harry eyes were nearly black, the green a faint whisper, and his eyelids had drooped down in lust. His lips were still red, but now it was half from the fruit and half from Harry biting them.

"Shit, Harry," was all he could think, much less say. He rolled over so he and Harry were chest to chest and inches apart.

"Say it," Harry pleaded. "Tell me what you want?"

Zayn put a hand to Harry's cheek like he did not a half hour ago. "I want you," he whispered.

"Take me, please," Harry's voice was desperate but firm.

Zayn rolled them so he was laying on top of Harry, one leg pushed between his. "Are you sure?"

"Been sure for a long time."

The little breath Zayn had suddenly disappeared. "What?"

"I've wanted this for a long time. You are so dense sometimes, hun."
"No. No. You're the dense one. I've been in love with you forever and you never noticed," Zayn tried to make sense of it. But then he realized what he said and locked his gaze to Harry's shocked face.

"You said it," Harry's face settled into a look of simple joy. "I've imagined what it would sound like for you to say it, but I never...I've never-" Harry curled his fingers into Zayn's thick hair, "I'm in love with you, too." Harry pulled Zayn down to him and kissed him with purpose. He melded his lips to the soft expanse of Zayn's and let Zayn explore his mouth with his tongue and teeth.

Zayn curled the tip of his tongue to run across the roof of Harry's mouth and then pulled back. "This can't be real."

"If it's not, please don't tell me so. I'm willing to pretend for a while," Harry interjected.

"I'm willing to pretend forever," Zayn confessed. He reached down and pushed Harry's shirt up so he could run his fingers over the ripples of Harry's abs. "Please let me at least pretend this is possible for now."

Harry gave Zayn a quick peck and smiled, "You don't have to pretend if you don't want to. I want to love you for real."

Zayn ran his lips across Harry's jaw, his scruff brushing Harry's skin, "Then I guess this is real, then. Because I want to love you just as bad."

Harry arched up then, pressing his bulge into Zayn's hip. "Please," he begged.

Zayn peeled back the covers and made quick work of their clothes, creating a pile of truths that have yet to be told. He sat back and took a moment to admire the perfection that lay before him, willing and ready. Harry laid, sprawled out, and let Zayn look. He didn't flinch or fidget, but took his own moment to give Zayn's lean body its well-deserved appreciation. When Zayn's eyes raked over Harry's laurel tattoos and finally landed on Harry's flushed cock, he felt a strangle moan work it's way to his lips.

Harry felt his eyes glaze over and go unfocused under Zayn's marveling. He reached out a hand, grabbing for him, so Zayn laid over Harry and granted kiss after kiss to his lips, cheeks, jaw, and neck. "You're making it so hard to believe you're really here right now," Zayn voiced his concerns and held tighter to Harry's hip, like if he didn't Harry would disappear.

"I am here. And you're here. Can you please do something about it?"

Zayn chuckled and got back up to quickly grab what he needed from the en suite. He came back and Harry had a light hold on his hard length. Zayn smirked and threw the condom at Harry. "Lemme prep you and you can slick me up, yeah?"

Harry high-pitched squeak was as good as confirmation so Zayn sat between Harry's bent legs and covered two fingers in the clear liquid. He pressed the pad of his pointer finger to Harry's tight entrance. "Be easy. I haven't had time to do this is a while."

Zayn bent over and kissed the inside of Harry's knee. "Promise." He pushed his finger in slowly and felt Harry's warm walls envelope him. He let Harry have a second before shifting his finger inside him, moving it around to stretch him. Soon he added a second and had Harry arching onto his hand. "Fuck, Haz."

Harry just moaned and pushed down towards his fingers again. Zayn pumped his fingers into Harry with sure movement, making sure to scissor them open every few strokes. Zayn felt the thick muscles
ease and expand, until he could move two fingers inside Harry with relative ease. "Come on, Zayn, please." Harry's words came out with more air than voice, but Zayn got the idea.

He pulled his fingers out and Harry felt around for the package on the bed, ripping it open when he got two hands on it. He let his hands wander down Zayn's body to his cock. His hand pumped over Zayn a couple time before he rolled the condom on and used the lube to make him slick enough to take. Harry kept his hand on Zayn and his other hand on Zayn's back. He used both to lead Zayn to his stretched hole. Zayn groaned when Harry rubbed the sensitive head down his perineum to his entrance.

Zayn pushed past the ring of muscle and then further as Harry's body allowed. Harry's wet hand grabbed hold in the sheets, while his other maintained perchase on Zayn's smooth back. Zayn let his head fall to Harry's chest once he was seated inside him. "Unreal," Zayn spoke to no one in particular. Harry giggled softly and dug his fingers into Zayn's skin. Zayn used the invite and took his first thrust into Harry. Harry keened and his thighs squeezed Zayn's hips.

Zayn kept a quick pace, moving inside Harry with fluid thrusts. Harry's other hand flew to Zayn's hair when he nailed his little bundle of nerves. Zayn's grunt was the only interruption as he kept pushing in at the same angle, causing Harry to sound needy pants against Zayn's skin. Zayn kissed a dark red mark into Harry's neck, right under his jaw, to remind himself tomorrow that this actually happened.

Harry tilted his head so his lips brushed Zayn's cheek and warned, "I'm so close. Make me come." Zayn reached between them and took hold of Harry's leaking cock. He squeezed at the head and pushed the precome down his length. Harry tensed and shot warm juices over Zayn's hand and his own stomach. Zayn pumped Harry a couple more times, carrying him through the shaking feeling of release, before pulling out and ripping off the condom. He jacked himself off until he came over Harry's torso, his cum joining Harry's in a mix of whites.

Harry sat up on his elbows, with great effort, and ran a finger over the mess on his skin. He brought his finger to his mouth and sucked on it, tasting them together. Zayn let out an exasperated moan and hovered over Harry, his finger still working between his lips. Zayn latched his lips to the part of Harry's finger that wasn't in his mouth. Harry laughed around his digit and pulled it out, only to take Zayn's mouth on his.

They let their kisses go from fast and sloppy to slow and sloppy as they settled into the calm of 'after-sex'. Zayn hopped up and grabbed a cloth to wipe up his, and Harry's, mess. Harry sent a quiet thank you as Zayn went and threw the cloth in the sink and the condom in the trash. Zayn came back and curled under the blankets with Harry snuggled into his side.

"You might have to do that again to convince me it was real," Harry joked.

"Don't think I won't."

"I'm praying you will."

***

Zayn fell asleep before Harry. He couldn't sleep after everything so he went over and sat at the table Zayn was working at earlier. He moved his notebook over and found the picture he was working on.

The shading wasn't quite finished, but it was beautiful nonetheless. It had a replica of the snake on Zayn's shoulder sitting around the base of a replica of the anatomical heart on Harry's arm. It looked like the reptile was guarding a treasure. The words across the top said Let Me Protect Your Heart.
Harry sensed the tears before they fell from his tired eyes. He looked back at Zayn, soft and vulnerable, on the bed and felt his heart grow bigger in his chest. He put the drawing back down under the notebook and went back to be where he really wanted to be. Right next to him.

Chapter End Notes

Tissues? Anyone? *raises hand*

I'm so undone right now.
Chapter Summary

Liam is having a rough day on set so he helps himself out.

Top: Liam
Bottom: Liam (Not a typo.)

Chapter Notes

Requested Liam! This one was hard but fun! Hope it's okay :)

I've gotten a few people saying things like "I have some requests but they're too weird or unpopular. you wouldn't do them"
First, I AM A KINKY FREAK YALL! Second, I ship it all. All. Of. It. Third, as long as it's not rape/non-con or under 13 I'm all for it so just ask and I'll try my best!

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS (seriously don't be shy)! MWAH!!
Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes


Here's the pic that goes with this! Look at it trust me visuals are helpful!

***

Liam was stressed. Letting the pressure get to him, like he always did. They were recording the Steal My Girl video today, he and Sophia gotten into it hard last night and she wasn't speaking to him, ignoring his calls, and because he was angry at her he may have yelled at Zayn and now his best friend wasn't speaking to him. Liam was in the small portable dressing room, the others have long since been ready but he told them he'd need some time. It's been a while since he'd been in this fowl of a mood. He was supposed to be on break, but instead he was in the middle of the 'most baren place on Earth' in all black and a leather jacket. Liam wanted to rip what little hair he had out with frustration.

"Boys settle down now we're-" Liam heard a familiar voice nag. He looked up and saw...himself, wait no, yes, definitely himself, but from so long ago he almost can't remember looking like that. His hair was curly, obviously letting it grow out to something like a shaggy dog look. He was in a white shirt with black buttons, and he was scrawny. Tiny in fact, in comparison to his current self. "What's going on?" the young Liam asked, the fear evident in his voice.
"How the hell?" Liam got up, making little Liam flinch, and took a couple steps towards the boy. "Who are you?"

"I'm Liam. And if you kidnapped me people will look for me. I'm a bit famous, you know?"

Liam laughed at..himself? "You have no idea," he said evenly.

"Why did you take me?" little Liam was getting bolder now, more angry, but never still unsure. Little Liam was never emotional, God forbid he show the other boys a weakness.

"I didn't take you. You came to me."

Little Liam looked around, finally noticing the surroundings. "I don't get it."

"Well, I don't get it either." Liam tried not to let the mild hysteria seep into his voice.

Little Liam gave him a long, evaluating once over. "You look like me, but weirder. Better. Hotter."

"Thanks," Liam took with a crinkle-eyed smile. "I worked hard for it."

"So you're what? Me?"

"Then who does that make me?"

Both Liam's turned to see...Liam standing there with a confused face. This one was the opposite than the first in the hair department. He was sporting a buzz cut, hair prickly to look at, but if Liam remembered correctly it was actually really soft to the touch. "Liam Two I guess," Little Liam supplied.

"When are you from?" Liam snapped. He was getting more panicked. He couldn't even fathom this happening ever, but especially not on a day like this.

"What do you mean?" Liam Two asked with a confused face.

"What year? I did that curly thing in like 2011?" Liam asked the youngest, he shook his head, and Liam turned back to the other Liam, "And I shaved my head in like 2012?"

"I'm from October 2012," Liam Two confirmed.

"Hey I'm October 2011!" Little Liam offered.

"And it's October 2014 right now," Liam mused.

"Really?" Little Liam screeched.

"Not possible," Liam Two argued.

"Possible," Liam settled. "But if you're 2011 and your 2012 and I'm 2014. Where's-"

"Me?" A younger, but only just, stylistically similar Liam to his current self, appeared at the edge of their weird circle. His hair was finally something deemed decent, a quiff, but longer than what Liam had right now. He also noticed that facial hair was finally in the mix. But he was leaner, still small in comparison to Now Liam.

"2013, I suppose," Liam introduced for him.
"I guess so. Now what the-"

"He already asked that," Little Liam interjected.

"Well did he," 2013 Liam emphasized the word, "get an answer?"

Little Liam looked between the eldest and the second eldest. "No," he admitted.

"Then what the hell?"

"I have no idea," Liam told them. "This has never happened to me before. I mean actually it must have because you guys are here, but I don't remember it."

"Maybe its the first time it's happened," Little Liam tried.

"That's not how it works," Liam Two shot back, "Time is a circle not a line. There is no first time."

Little Liam just shrugged and said, "Then you tell me what's going on."

Liam Two physically deflated then, "I don't know."

"Then I suggest you stop acting like you do," Liam Three snided.

"Woah, woah. Now come on," Liam calmed them. "I don't know what's happening, but I'm actually glad you guys are here. I'm having the worst day and I could use a good anecdote or something."

Little Liam went and hugged Liam, "You always do this. Never let anyone help you. You've got to stop that."

Liam laughed but hugged him back...hugged himself back, or something. "Thank, but I actually do learn to lean on the boys a lot, so don't worry."

"Oh good. I was worried they'd hate me forever," Little Liam said shyly.

"Hey they never hated you. They love you," Liam admonished.

Liam Two scoffed, "They need you, you mean."

"What is your issue?" Liam Three questioned.

Liam gaved Liam Two a hard look, but then his eyes widened with realization. "Danielle. You're after the breakup."

"Danielle and I break up?!" Little Liam asked, shocked.

"Don't worry, mate. You find someone way better," Liam Three's eyes were full of the fond that Liam felt every time he thought of Sophia.

"Not possible," Little Liam defended.

Both Liam Three and the oldest laughed. "You'll see," Liam assured him.

"You don't want her anyway," Liam Two threw out.

"You're wrong," Little Liam almost shouted.

Liam surged forward and cupped a hand over his mouth. "Be quiet. You want somebody walking in
"You make it sound like we're doing something we shouldn't," Liam Three's eyebrow raised up.

"Well I would do something I shouldn't if I looked like that," Liam Two joked and pointed at current Liam.

Little Liam pulled back from Liam's hand and turned to Liam Two, "Hey you're not bad either. I like me in a year." Liam Two ducked his head in embarrassment, but Little Liam went to him and pulled his chin up. "I like that hair," he tried gently. Liam Two huffed a humorless laugh. "I mean it. I don't know how I went from this," he pointed to his own head, "to that," he ran his hand over Liam Two's short hair, "but it's cool. Edgy. I'm not edgy, but you are."

Liam Three came up behind Liam Two and added his hand to Little Liam's hair, "You'll get used to it."

"Do I?" Little Liam asked Liam Two with wide eyes. Liam Two nodded slowly and smiled gently at his younger self. "Cool," Little Liam breathed, "I bet you're so cool."

Liam Two shook his head, "I'm not. I'm boring. I'm the least favorite member actually. Everyone says so."

"Don't do that," Liam said sternly, "You're important to this band. You keep them together on so many occasions. They owe a lot to you."

"But the fans don't care about that. All they see is Harry's smile, and Louis' bum, and Niall blond hair, and Zayn's eyes. They don't see that I'm actually talented."

Little Liam pounced forward and kissed Liam Two before Liam Three and Four could even blink. Liam Two made a surprised noise but didn't pull back, just let Little Liam move against his lips. The young one moved back and breathed, "I think you're great. So stop that, okay?" Liam Two nodded dumbly, lips still tingling from the kiss. He glanced over Little Liam's shoulder to see current Liam's mouth gaping and Liam Three's turned into a smirk.

"Okay, glad we settled that," Liam Three teased, "But I don't think it's really fair. The young one gets to taste, but we don't?" He wrapped his body around Little Liam's back and used a hand to pull Liam Two by the back of the neck to him. He pushed Liam Two's lips apart gently, making him gasp in air, and giving Liam Three the opportunity to slip his tongue in. He ran it along Liam Two's teeth, feeling the ripples of each tooth as he went. By the time he pulled back Liam Two was breathing hard.

Two looked down between him and Little Liam with glazed eyes. Little Liam blushed, "What? I can't help it. How does someone not get hard from that?"

"We're not as good as that one," Liam Two nodded to where current Liam was pressing his palm down on himself, but otherwise staying out of it. The other two looked back to where Liam was and smiled.

"He's right," Liam Three admitted. "I don't know what I do in just a year, but damn."

"I know right? He looks old enough to be somebody's dad," Little Liam observed. Liam's eyes went comically wide at that. "Not even close."

"You do. You could be a dad. You're Daddy Liam." Liam's mouth fell open again at Little Liam's
accidental dirty talk. Liam Three cracked up, throwing his head back and let his laugh ring out. Little Liam pushed a hand on his mouth. "Shh. Wouldn't want to upset Daddy over there remember, " he teased.

Liam growled at the nickname and it's fluke turn on. He came forward and turned Little Liam to him. "Say it again."

Little Liam's whole body went docile under Liam's hold. "Daddy," he choked. Liam took his mouth in a forceful kiss. He fist a handful of Little Liam's hair, feeling the curls fold in his fingers. Liam broke the kiss and pushed Little Liam so he was sitting on the couch, "Pants off. Now." Little Liam's fingers fumbled with his jeans. Liam turned to Liam Three and grabbed his shirt to pull him close. "Suck him off for me," he whispered. Liam Three nodded and got on his knees in front of the couch. Liam smiled at the only Liam left, who looked scared out of his mind, except for the blown pupils and hard bulge. Liam gave it a quick glance and smirked, "Having fun?"

"Yes," Liam Two said before even thinking about it.

"Yes what?"

"Yes," he swallowed, "Yes, Daddy."

Liam hummed in approval and grabbed Liam Two's hard on. "I needed this so bad today."

"Let me give it to you."

Liam nodded at Liam Two's willingness. "Good boy." Two went to undo his pants, but Liam stopped him. "You're more important than you know. You work too hard. Let me take care of you."

Liam Two whimpered and nodded, accepting Liam's offer. Liam reached both hands down and undid Two's jeans, letting his hands wander every so often. They were interrupted by a strangled moan, both of them turning to see Three on his knees, Little Liam's cock down his throat. The youngest was pressing his fists into the couch to keep still and moaning between broken breaths.

"How'd he learn that?" Two asked.

Liam turned back to him and smiled, "I told you, you learn to lean on the guys. In a lot of ways." Liam Two's eyes turned even darker and he bucked into Liam's hand that had slipped under his jeans. "Now let me show you what an added couple years can do." He dropped to his knees and pulled Liam Two's boxers down to his knees. His hard cock sprang up and Liam took it in his hand and put the other on his hip. He kissed the tip, slow and teasing, making Two shift under his hands. He held his hip tighter and moved down onto his cock. Two made a high-pitched sound that made Liam look up at him. Liam Two was boring holes into Liam's eyes, begging for more.

Liam relaxed his jaw and took the short haired Liam in until his nose hit his stomach. He grabbed Liam's perfectly styled hair, Lou would have a fit, and pushed the last tiny bit down his throat. Liam kept his tongue moving and his mouth open wide to let Liam Two push in gently. If Liam could guess, which he could, the sounds Two was meant he was close.

Before he could come, he heard a loud moan and saw Little Liam's come landing on Three's cheek. Little Liam's chest was heaving and he couldn't keep his eyes open long enough to really see his art.

Three got off his knees and came to where Two was so close. He picked up Liam Two's hand and swiped a finger in the white substance on his face. Then he pushed the finger into Two's mouth, making his eyes fall closed and a small groan slip from his lips. A few more seconds and he was coming down Liam's throat. Liam pulled off and licked up the extra that he didn't swallow while
Liam Two shuddered from oversensitivity. He stood back up and exchanged a look with Three. Three nodded and turned to Liam Two.

"Let's get this off," Three said and pulled Two's shirt over his head. Liam Two kicked his pants off and started pulling on Three's clothes. "Calm down," Three teased. "These clothes are expensive." Two continued his effort, albeit more gently, until Liam Three was as naked as he was. "Li?"

Liam had moved to sit on the couch and pulled Little Liam onto his lap. The young one was kissing at Liam's neck with wet, opened-mouthed kisses. "Yeah?" he answered Three.

"Condoms? Lube?"

Liam pointed to a drawer at the bottom of the desk Lou worked on the boys at. "I think Tommo stashed some there earlier after him and Haz-"

"Ew, don't care," Liam Three interrupted.

"Not what you said a week ago if I remember correctly," Liam quipped.

Three scowled without any real force and modified Liam's statement, "Two weeks and three days since the last time but who's counting."

Liam chuckled, "Well this should hold you over-fuck," Liam cursed when Little Liam pushed his hips down on Liam's clothed bulge, "until the next time."

Two was still letting his hand run over Liam Three's abs, "These are better than mine," he whispered into his chest between kisses.

"They don't come easy."

"But they're worth it," Two smirked and scratched his nails over Three's stomach.

Three grabbed Liam Two by the bicep and gave him a lustful inspection. He pushed his hands away and went to the drawer Liam pointed at. He pulled out a short strand of condoms and a bottle of lube. He threw one to Liam and went back to Two. "I'm going to bed you over that counter over there and take you from behind, okay?"

Two nodded eagerly and tugged Liam three with him to the counter. He turned around and bent over, resting his forearms on the cold surface. "Please," he gasped desperately.

"Jesus, was I always this needy?"

Liam hid his face in his arm and whined pitifully. Three bent over him, rubbing his hard cock against his crack, "No, love, I didn't mean it like that. It's good. You're good." He rubbed his hands gently over Two's upper arms and place kisses down his spine. "I promise." Two nodded into his arms and pushed back against Liam Three's hard cock. Three groaned and grabbed the lube. "You're a little shit, aren't you?"

Liam had Little Liam grinding on him sporadically, making tiny sounds and digging his fingers into Liam's arms. "Hey, baby. Slow down. Don't want you to come before I'm inside you." That didn't help the youngest one to calm down at all. He just moaned and rocked harder. Liam took his small hips in his hands and held him firmly in place. "Behave. Why don't you take my clothes off, yeah?"

Little Liam complied and pushed Liam's jacket off his shoulders and threw it at the end of the couch. He pushed his hands up Liam's torso under his shirt, over the hard muscle and chest hair. "I can't
believe how old I am."

"I'm not that old, love."

"You're so big. You've got all this muscle and your voice is deeper."

Liam laughed lowly at Little Liam's amazement. "It'll come to you one day, too."

"I can't wait."

"Please do. Don't rush things. Don't miss anything. Everything is so new and fresh right now. Enjoy that."

"I want to enjoy you," Little Liam responded with a tiny bite to Liam neck. He pulled Liam's shirt off and moved his hands down to Liam jeans. "Why are these so tight. Is that a thing in your time?"

Liam chuckled, "Yeah, a bit. But mine are nothing compared to the others."

"We all wear jeans like this. Even Zayn? No way."

"Well they definitely get tighter, yeah, but nothing like Haz."

"Oh yeah, of course. I'm surprised Haz isn't wearing leggings by now. He's strange." Liam tried not to think about the times Harry has actually worn leggings, Louis too.

"Very, but he's also a great guy."

"The best actually. Besides Zayn. I like him more."

"Yeah," Liam said quietly, "I know."

Little Liam noticed the change and took Liam's mouth with his. "Do you want me?" he said against Liam's mouth. Liam's lips turned up playfully and made Little Liam stand up so he could pushed his boxers and jeans down together. "Well I guess everything's bigger three years from now." Liam laughed joyfully and pulled the curly boy back to him. He messaged Little Liam's ass in his hands, pulling sighs from his pink lips.

Liam Three had two fingers inside Two's virgin hole. He was pumping them in a swift pace, making Liam Two shuddered and shift restlessly against the counter. "More, please."

"Another finger?"

"No, fuck me. Fuck me now," Two was persistent, pushing back on Three's hand.

"Sure you're ready?"

"Fuck me now, you twat."

"I've never heard so much filth out of my own mouth. I was a brat."

"You were tired of waiting," Liam Two explained. "Please," he huffed.

Three pulled his fingers out and ripped open a condom, sliding it on himself. "Let me know if I need to stop okay." Liam Two just nodded and bit down on his arm in frustration. "Okay," he slicked himself up and pushed his tip to Two's hole. Besides a quiet huff, he stayed still and quiet while Liam Three worked his cock into his tight hole, past the suffocating ring of muscles and into the
"Oi, lube over here," Liam called from the couch. Three held up a hand to tell Liam to give him a second while he pushed all the way in. When he was settled against Two's ass he picked up the lube and tossed it to Liam, shifting inside Liam Two.

Two moaned and let his head fall hard onto counter, his hand coming up behind his head to scratch at his scalp. "More, more, now." Three gripped his hips in his hands and pulled out halfway before pushing back in. Liam Two pushed out a groan and scrunched his eyes shut tight.

Liam reached a wet finger around behind Little Liam to his hole. "It's gonna hurt a little, but don't worry, okay? I'll take care of you."

"Thank you, Daddy." Liam bit his lip to settle his need to shove Little Liam into the couch and plow him into the cushions. Instead he kissed Little's shoulder and neck and chest and then pushed just the tip of his finger inside his entrance. Little Liam instantly tensed at the intrusion.

"Hey, baby, relax for me. Breath, trust me." Little Liam nodded tightly and breathed slow breaths in and out until Liam felt him loosen just a little around his finger. He pushed it in deeper and closed his eyes at how tight he was. "So tight, baby."

Little Liam just groaned and pushed his forehead into Liam's neck. "More," he whispered. Liam pushed his finger in all the way to the last knuckle and swirled it around to stretch him open. "Hurts a little," Liam choked with one eye shut tight.

"Want me to stop?"

Little Liam shook his head and said, "I like it." Liam squeezed Little's hip in his hand hard. "More," Little Liam whispered again.

"You are something," Liam mused and pushed his second finger to his entrance. Little took it better than the first, opening up around Liam's fingers. "Take Daddy's fingers so well, baby." Little Liam pushed back on his hand with a whine. "Don't push, love. Take what I give you." The younger boy made a sorry sound and gripped Liam's shoulders harder. Liam scissored his fingers inside his hole getting him loose enough to take Liam's cock. By the time Liam assessed him ready, Little Liam was squirming and whining a constant stream into Liam's neck and jaw and chest. Liam rolled on the condom and rubbed lube over his pulsing dick.

Liam Three was pounding at Two's bundle of nerves with accuracy only he could. The heat was building in his stomach, adding pressure to his cock inside Liam Two's tight walls. "Gonna come, love. You close?" Two nodded vigorously and scratched across the counter when he couldn't find purchase. Three kept his pace fast and pushed in deeper. Two's hole clenched tight and he came onto the counter with a strangled moan. Liam Three scratched his fingers along Two's scalp and came inside the condom.

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Little Liam was bouncing furiously on Liam cock. He had his nails in Liam's skin and his lips were red from biting and kissing. Liam almost lost it, but needed his little one to come first. He reached down and took Little Liam's leaking cock in his hand. The boy yelled and bounced harder, "Gonna-I can't-I'm gonna come, Daddy."

Liam licked his lips and pumped his hand faster, "Come for, Daddy, baby. Come for me." Little Liam screamed out his own name and shot over Liam's hand while Liam released inside him. "Fuck, baby, yes that's it," he cooed as he shook through his orgasm. Little Liam fell off Liam's lap as soon as he was done, nearly passing out on the couch before suddenly disappearing. "Okay, then," Liam
voiced sarcastically, "At least he came first." Two and Three was still by the counter, Two now turned around, Three holding him and delivering slow kisses to his lips. Liam got up and went to the other boys. He threw away the condom and gave Two a kiss on the cheek and Three a kiss on the neck. "Thank you guys."

Three turned and kissed Liam for real. "That's what we're here for I guess."

"I had fun," Liam Two voiced tiredly. The others laughed fondly and gave kisses to either side of his face. He dissapeared while he was laughing under their lips.

Liam ran a hand through Three's longer quiff. "Really, thank you for this."

Three waved him off, "You're weren't the only one to get something. And since I don't remember this I won't have to think about the fact that I just fucked myself and liked it," Liam gave him a look, "Fine, loved it."

"Yeah I don't know why or how, but I'm glad you guys came. I really needed this today."

"Hard time?"

"Yeah, but mostly just needed a release."

"Sophia been busy."

"Very."

"She's a good girl," Three reminisced.

"The best."

"Better than Zayn?"

Liam tried a laugh, but the fun was gone. "I...don't want to talk about it."

"He's good to me."

"Better than he should be."

"Can't argue there."

Three shrugged, "Had to try." He leaned in for one more kiss and then vanished just as he came. Liam was left alone, but no longer lonely. He cleaned himself up and put his clothes back on. He tried to get his hair back to a pleasant shadow of Lou's work, but just shrugged and left it for her to fix. He stepped out of the dressing room to the other boys, the crew, and tons of extras doing all the things they do, creating a pleasant buzz of hard work.

Louis turned around and yelled, "Finally! What, were you getting one off in there?" Liam flipped him off and came to sit by Zayn at the catering table. Zayn smiled at him and Liam gave his thigh a quick squeeze.

"Let's get to work."
so...much...Liam.... *hearteyes*
Chapter Summary

Zayn can't hide from Louis anymore. But maybe he doesn't want to.

Top: Zayn
Bottom: Louis
Kinks: Being outed. First time. Exhibitionism. Straight to gay.

Chapter Notes

LAST PART! Enjoy the smut you dirty people!

Ps: Is there anyone that wants a song req done?? I'd love to write some stuff to lyrics and plus I hate all my music right now and I need new stuff. Lemme know if you have one in mind!

COMMENT AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Zayn's been calling randomly. Not enough to annoy Louis, only confuse him. He didn't even know how Zayn got his number. The first time he called and Louis answered the unknown number Zayn answered his Hello with an I fucking need you.

After Louis' mild heart attack and then confusion he'd asked Who the hell is this? to which Zayn responded I'm sorry for what I did. I can't stop thinking about your cock.

That night Zayn made Louis come over the phone. Since then he'd been calling every couple of days, at random times of the night, to get off with Louis. Louis has tried to ask what they're doing, or why Zayn was suddenly into Louis, but every time Zayn just insulted him and hung up.

School was complete silence though. If Zayn were a temperate, he'd be freezing. Giving Louis the cold shoulder when he tried to talk to him. Once he even sent one of his bigger friends to threaten Louis to stay away.

Louis was fed up. And it was Wednesday. Who the fuck liked Wednesdays? Worse than Mondays in Louis' book. Zayn was a few yards down the hall with his friends, chatting away like he wasn't the bane of Louis' existence. The reason Louis stayed up late either crying or jacking off every night.

Niall came running up to Louis with a smile splitting his face. Behind him followed the friend, Liam, from Zayn's (completely forgotten) party. He was smiling just as wide but somehow it was less innocent than Niall's.

"Ni? What's he doing here?" Louis demanded.

Niall leaned back into Liam's chest and took his hand. "Um, Lou. You remember Liam, uh, from
"That party where I got smashed without knowing it and then got kicked out of Zayn's house?"

Niall ducked his head, "Yeah that one." Liam put a hand on his waist and gently squeezed. Niall hummed and continued, "We've sorta been going out since then."

"Excuse me?" Louis' eyebrows rose up and what was left of Niall's confidence vanished.

Liam reached around Niall and smiled, "Nice to officially meet you. Niall's quite fond of you, I'd say."

Louis didn't take his hand, didn't even look at it. "Funny. I haven't heard anything about you."

Liam wasn't intimidated, "I know. He was," Liam spared a glance to Niall, "scared how you'd react. Since I'm friends with Zayn."

"Talking about me?" Zayn walked past Louis and up to Liam. Liam let go of Niall and hugged Zayn tight. "What are doing here, mate?"

"Dropping the boyfriend off," he said casually and kissed Niall's temple. Niall practically keened at the affection.

"This one?" Zayn nodded to Niall, "I didn't think one introduction was worth so much."

"I've got to thank you for that, Zaynie."

"Zaynie?" Louis teased.

"Shut up," Zayn threw at him without even looking at him. He turned his attention back to Liam, "Hope he's better than his friends."

"Hey," Niall warned.

"Zayn, come on," Liam tried.

Zayn rolled his eyes, "What? I'm only saying, he is the company he keeps, and if he chooses this one," he thumbed at Louis, still not looking his way, "he can't be much."

"Zayn," Liam said firmer now, "That's my boyfriend you're talking about. And his best friend."

"He's just insecure with the fact that he can't seem to get it up without me," Louis spat.

Zayn finally turned to Louis, his gaze hard. "Shut up, twink!"

Louis just laughed, "So you're into twinks now? Thought it was my beautiful eyes that got you off. Or maybe it was imagining my tiny fingers around your cock that did it, I can't remember."

Zayn was steaming now. "You have no idea what your talking about," he seethed and started to walk away.

Louis grabbed his wrist and spun him back around before grabbing Zayn by the back of the neck and pulling him into a heated kiss. Zayn resisted for a second but then relaxed and then pushed into it. He shoved Louis back against the lockers, cupping the back of his head so he didn't hit it.

Louis groaned and opened his mouth to Zayn, who nudged his tongue past Louis' lips and against
his tongue. Zayn let himself kiss Louis longer than he expected. He just felt so soft, so good, against his mouth, his body.

As soon as Zayn's brain caught up with his body he hit a fist against the metal locker next to Louis' head and separated himself from the flushed, beautiful boy.

"I can't..."

Louis gripped the back of Zayn's shirt tight in his fingers. "But I want you to."

Zayn was looking at Louis like his crystal clear eyes held everything that excited and terrified Zayn. Because they did. Zayn shook his head, begging Louis to walk away and let him forget this ever happened, not that the crowd of people that had gathered at the commotion would let him.

It was that, him being outed without his permission that made him break. Zayn cupped Louis' semi through his jeans. Louis' mouth fell open in a silent moan. "You want me?" Louis nodded slowly, curling a hand in Zayn's hair to steady himself, but Zayn wanted more. "Answer me," he demanded and swayed his hips into Louis'.

Louis sighed softly and breathed, "Yes. I want you."

Zayn hummed his approval and grabbed Louis by the wrist. Louis looked to where Niall was standing, still and shocked, next to a smiling Liam. Zayn pulled him past the crowd of people and down the hall. He passed classroom after classroom and kept going into the library.

Louis tugged him to a stop, "Zayn, as much as I'd love to, we can't fuck in the most quiet room in the building. I'm...I'm loud."

Zayn eyes got darker, if that were possible, and he growled at Louis' admission. He put a hand on Louis' cheek and kissed him lightly. "Trust me."

I shouldn't. You're an ass. You've done nothing but hurt me. Louis followed anyway when Zayn kept walking. They skipped the literary fiction, the biographies, and the poetry section and went to the back hallway where the tutoring rooms were.

Zayn opened the last door and ushered Louis inside so he could close it. They were in the group study room, which held multiple chairs, desks, and a couch.

"They soundproof all the study rooms so people can focus," Zayn commented while he drew the blinds over the window. "And cover the windows. It's like prison when you're doing science," he stripped off his shirt and pants quickly, "but when your science is more," he gave Louis a once over, "hands on, it's perfect."

Louis laughed a little and moved forward to press his lips to Zayn's neck where his tan skin stretched into his shoulder. Zayn coerced Louis' shirt to move up his body and over his head. He let Louis nibble on the column of his throat while he pushed his jeans down, letting Louis kick them off.

Zayn placed a strong hand under each of Louis' legs and hoisted him up to straddle him. Louis yelped but jumped with him so Zayn could lead them to the couch. He put an arm around Louis' middle to hold him close while he laid them down.

Louis instantly rolled his hips up to meet Zayn's with a needy whine. Zayn ran his hand through Louis' hair, "Thank you."

"For what?"
"Making me see. I've never felt this good in my life."

"Just wait. It gets better," Louis envisioned. Zayn bucked at the promise in Louis' voice. He sat back on his knees, took in the boy beneath him for a moment, and then tucked his fingers under Louis' boxers. Louis lifted his hips to help Zayn pull them off.

Zayn just looked him up and down for a minute then said, "I can't believe I didn't do this before." Louis bit his lip and let his eyes go foggy with the praise. Zayn pulled his own boxers down and leaned back over Louis to kick them off. "I don't have anything," Zayn's face was worried, but his voice was just dirty.

"I can prep myself so it doesn't hurt."

"I don't have a condom."

Louis laughed, "Honestly Zayn you could give me the clap and I wouldn't be mad." Zayn laughed too but didn't relax. "You're clean?" Louis asked.

"Yeah, of course."

"Okay, then. You told me to trust you, so here I am."

Zayn's face finally settled, going fond, but then determined. "I'm glad you're going to, you know, prep yourself. I've never done that before."

"Hopefully one day you will."

Zayn moaned and pushed his hips down on Louis', "You can't say that."

"What? That I hope one day you put your long fingers inside me? That I hope you stretch me wide so I'm open for your cock? You'll have to be more specific, love."

Zayn grabbed Louis' wrist and pinned it above his head. "Don't tease or I'll fuck you without prep."

Louis hmm'd, "I'll put that on the list of things to try."

Zayn lowered down to cover Louis' body with his. "I'm going to wreck you. Shut that smart mouth up like I did when I had my cock down your throat."

Louis whimpered and pressed into Zayn, "Please."

Louis nodded dumbly and put three fingers in his mouth, soaking them with spit. He sucked and licked over them until saliva was dripping down his digits. Zayn watched in open fascination as Louis pressed one finger to his hole and pushed it in. Louis moaned and let his eyes fall shut.

"Look at me," Zayn ordered. Louis' eyes shot open and found Zayn's. He pushed the first finger in and out until he was comfortable adding a second. Zayn observed closely, loving how his rim opened up to let another finger in. When Louis pressed the third to his red hole Zayn urged, "It has to hurt by now."

Louis shook his head, "Uh uh. Feels great. Better with someone else's fingers," Louis smiled lazily at Zayn and pushed the third digit in. "I love feeling full like this. Sometimes I take four."
"Four fingers?! That's impossible."

"I'll show you if you want," Louis offered and wiggled his pinky.

"Only if you want me to come before I get inside you, mate," Zayn warned playfully. "Now move. It's my turn."

Louis pulled his wet, sloppy fingers out and spread his legs wider for Zayn, one up on the back of the couch. Zayn hovered over Louis and grabbed his wrist. He pushed Louis fingers to his mouth and Louis sucked them in, getting them wet again and tasting himself.

Zayn brought Louis' hand to his cock. Louis got the idea and wrapped his fingers around Zayn's hard prick, slicking him up with slippery fingers. Zayn groaned at the contact he'd been dying for. "Those pretty hands. I've thought about what they'd feel like. So much better than I imagined."

Louis squeezed in his hand and pumped harder. "Zayn," his voice was shot with lust. "Take me, please."

Zayn nodded and let his eyes fall to where Louis was leading Zayn's length to his hole. Zayn went with him and pushed into the warm entrance. He moaned openly at the sensation. "How is that possible? That can't be normal. You're so tight."

"It's a gift," Louis quipped hoarsely.

"Then give it to me," Zayn sparred. He pushed deeper, feeling Louis take him in. He didn't wait to pull out and thrust in again. Louis pushed a broken sound out and wrapped his arms tighter around Zayn's neck and shoulders.

"Harder, move faster, please." Zayn complied easily, quickening his pace until Louis was sliding on the couch, holding onto Zayn for dear life. "Yeah, yeah, just like that. Harder," he gasped.

Zayn spread his legs wider and used the leverage to pound into Louis deeper. Louis yelled and clenched around Zayn's cock. "Jesus shit, Lou. I'm close."

"Yeah, baby, keep going, right there, me too." Zayn followed Louis' request and pounded in harder the same way. Louis' legs where shaking, his skin rippling with tension. "Oh God, Zayn, so good. So fucking good. Ugh!"

Louis whole body seized up and white ropes pulsed out from his twitching dick. He covered himself and Zayn with cum, rocking back for more as Zayn went to pull out.

"Keep going," Louis begged. Zayn chuckled and shook his head like he was having a private joke, but kept thrusting hard until he came inside Louis' open hole.

Zayn groaned and bit down on Louis' shoulder as he filled him up. He pulled out and fell on top of Louis' docile body. Zayn laughed again.

"What's so funny?" Louis asked tiredly.

Zayn kissed his shoulder and said, "I almost pulled out because I'm so used to women. I've never gotten to come bareback inside someone before."

"Perk of gay sex, I guess," Louis agreed.

"So many perks," Zayn kissed his neck and then kissed it again. And again. Until Louis had a small
purple mark.

"You have no idea."

Chapter End Notes

There it is. My first multi part smut done. Hope you liked it!
Lirry - Award of the Night Goes to

Chapter Summary

Harry went missing at the Brits. Here's what really happened. ;)
Top: Liam
Bottom: Harry

Chapter Notes

Lirry request. They literally wanted a broken Harry-shaped mess...so here you are ;)
I got a couple good song reqs but I'd love more. I'm going to use them to cover ships and pairing I haven't done already. Switch up the tops and bottoms, you know :)

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The club was loud. They'd just won two awards and they were going to get rip roaring wasted! Liam was so glad his liver decided to work again because making it through this night without alcohol would've been hell. Ever since they sat down at their table people have been all over his boyfriend.

Telling him how good he looks. How great his hair is. That his shirt fits him so well. Liam fucking knows his boyfriend looks good okay! He gets it. That's why he fucked him before they came, because he just looked so damn good in nothing but that fancy shirt and his pants.

Harry begged to stand next to Liam in practically every red carpet photo. He pouted for a good two minutes when he didn't get to sit next to Liam. But then Liam sent him a grave warning look and Harry say back and stayed quiet.

Liam's been sending all his ideas of what he wants to do to Harry after they get back. Harry was shifting awkwardly in his chair and clenching his fists around his phone. He sent Liam a quick text, all it said was Need bathroom brb. Liam smirked and mouthed Be good as Harry got up and ran out.

Harry'd been gone for much longer than a restroom trip. And the band's name just got called. The four of them were walking up to the stage. Liam refused to even look back. Harry was in massive trouble when he came back. Liam was furious that Harry was missing this because he couldn't be a good boy and wait.

Liam tried to play it off, when really he was steaming. And more than a little buzzed. Which was never a good combo. Then Harry came running down the aisle looking worried and scattered. Liam sent him a dangerous glare but then settled his face into a serene mask.
Louis and Zayn were having a time with this. Niall was wasted too so Liam couldn't be sure if he was actually laughing at Harry or something else. Liam wasn't laughing. Harry wasn't funny. Harry was in trouble.

He'd sent Harry a very short text when they sat down: *Bad boy*. Harry whined in his seat and begged Liam to look at him. He didn't. If fact he spent the rest of the show amending his previous ideas of what he was going to do to Harry later.

By the time the winner's room came around Liam was giddy, filled with alcohol and filthy thoughts. Harry was still sulking, refused to stand next to him anymore. That's okay, his punishments were just adding up.

Liam was loose lipped and dangerous. Zayn even had to lean over while he was talking and warn him to chill out, 'management was watching'. But Liam ignored it in favor of dirty jokes and games. Harry stayed quiet and docile, just waiting for what was to come.

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Anyway, The club was loud. And Liam had Harry against him, grinding on him sloppily. Harry was whining into Liam's neck and making grabby hands at Liam's shirt.

"Behave, love. You're already in a whole lot of trouble."

Harry just whined louder at that and kissed Liam's neck messily. "Home. Take me home," Harry begged.

"You want your punishment now instead of enjoying a few hours with our friends?" Harry bit his lips, debating it, then shyly shook his head yes. Liam's eyebrows rose in surprise. "Really?" Harry nodded again. Liam accepted it with a nod of his head, "Ok then. Go get a car brought around and I'll tell the others we're leaving."

Harry ran off for the valet and Liam whispered quick goodbyes into the other's ears. They nodded, or smirked, or ignored him for the most part.

Liam exited the club and Harry was practically bouncing the the backseat of their car when Liam opened the door. As soon as Liam sat down Harry climbed onto his lap and kissed his jaw.

The car pulled away and started to drive them back to Harry's place. Liam pushed Harry off his lap and to the other end of the seat. "Sit there. Don't move. Don't speak," Liam ordered in a low, powerful tone.

Harry stilled instantly and looked ahead to the front seat with his hands in his lap. Liam hmm'd and sat back to enjoy watching Harry's tense, hushed body the whole way back. When they pulled up Liam got out and went around to let Harry out. Harry sighed, relaxing a little, and followed Liam up the steps and inside.

Liam turned to see Harry's hands clasped tight in front of him and his lip back in his mouth. "Where were you tonight?" Harry huffed an unpleasant sound and furrowed his eyebrows. "When we won. Where were you?"

Liam's voice wasn't curious, he already knew, but he wanted to hear Harry say it. So he knew why he was being punished. "Bathroom," Harry choked.

"Speak louder, boy, I can't hear you."
"I was in the bathroom," Harry's voice cracked on the last word.

"Doing what? And if you dare," Liam continued before Harry could try, "lie to me it will be so much worse."

Harry's mouth shut again and he reopened it a moment later, "I was touching myself."

"Without my permission?" Liam played at appalled. Harry nodded weakly. "Words."

"Yes."

"How do I feel about you touching yourself without my permission?"

"It's bad, sir."

"That's right. So why, then, would you do it?"

"I couldn't help it. You were telling me all these things and I needed you but we were in public," Harry's voice was getting more desperate.

"I thought I've taught you to wait. But apparently you don't know how to follow orders."

Harry's whine was deflated. He knew he'd messed up. "I do. I'm sorry. I'm good, I promise."

"You're not good Harry, that's why I'm punishing you."

Harry's responding sob was broken. "I'm good, I'm promise."

Liam next words broke the air like a whip, "On. Your. Knees."

Harry fell without question and crawled to Liam. He sat back on his knees and looked up into those dark eyes, still ringed by the golden brown Harry knew and loved, and waited.

Liam took a minute and looked at his boy. Desperate, vulnerable, weak. Liam was going to break him and then make him strong again. "Take off your clothes." Harry scrambled to get up, but Liam pushed him back down by the shoulders. "Did I say you could get up?"

Harry shook his head and folded his long legs back under himself. He shrugged off his blazer and shakily unbuttoned his shirt. Liam made a pleased sound at the sight of Harry's smooth chest, littered with markings of things he'd done, places he'd been.

Harry try his best to stay balanced while he pushed his jeans down without getting up. Liam smirked at his efforts. Harry's cock was knocking against this stomach with every move, making him whine high in his throat. He finally pushed his jeans and pants past his ankles and then settled back down to look up at Liam.

"Very good," Liam allowed.

Harry whole body glowed with the praise after being in such a bad place. "Thank you, sir."

"Now stand up and take my clothes off." Harry shot up like lightening and in moments his hands were all over Liam's body. He let Harry undo his jacket and pull it off, then his shirt. When Harry kneeled again to undo his jeans he stopped him. "No hands," he challenged.

Harry clasped his hands behind his back and used his mouth, teeth and tongue to pop open the button of the tight black material. He grabbed the tab of the zipper in his teeth and yanked it down.
He mouthed at Liam's clothed dick while he had the chance. Liam ran his hand through Harry's hair.

"So good for me, boy." Harry sighed and nodded in Liam's grip. Liam pushed his jeans and pants down and kicked them off. Harry's mouth fell open instinctually when he saw Liam's cock. He wanted it before his brain even told him to.

But he stayed still on his knees. Liam combed his finger through Harry's hair over and over, causing Harry to slowly close his eyes. Harry was so relaxed, his mouth still open and his eyes shut.

Harry choked when Liam pushed his cock into Harry's gaping mouth. Luckily his instincts had been trained so that he opened his mouth instead of closed it. Liam pushed deeper down his throat. Harry took small short breaths, trying to regain his composure.

Liam pulled out before Harry could though and walked away with a, "Come on." Harry started to get up but then got back to his knees and crawled after Liam, to the bedroom. Liam was standing next to the bed, arms folded over his thick chest, waiting for Harry to catch up.

When he saw that Harry hadn't gotten up, he leaned down and gave him one short kiss, "Good boy." Harry smiled, but Liam scowled and Harry's face fell. "You're still in trouble. And now it's time for your punishment. Bend over." Liam pointed to the bed and Harry scrambled to the edge and bent over with his arms out and head laid down on the duvet.

Harry heard a drawer open and shut and then Liam was behind him again. Liam held the middle-weight buffed dark wood paddle firm in his hand. It had barely-there wide bumps along it that you'd barely notice, but Harry surely felt them.

Liam rubbed his hand on Harry's right cheek for a couple second, feeling the smooth, cool skin before he got it hot and irritated. He let Harry relax for a couple seconds then brought the paddle down without warning.

"One, Sir!"

"Good boy." Liam scratched his nails down Harry's side then swung and hit the other cheek.

"Two, Sir!"

Liam continued, hit after hit, until Harry was sobbing into the sheets. His leaking, red prick was rubbing against the rough material with every whack. Harry was going to loose it, but he swallowed hard and steeled his mind. He refused to make Sir mad again.

Harry's ass was as red as his cock. With even darker sections where the ridges dug in with greater force. His lungs were a confusion of huffing and puffing to keep his breath coming regularly. Tears stained his cheeks and his lips were bitten and swollen.

"Get up," Liam's voice rang out. Harry force his weak legs up so he stood in front of Liam, looking a complete mess. "Hands and knees on the bed." Harry nodded silently and crawled up the bed to get into Liam's desired position.

Harry spread his knees and settled himself for Liam to fuck him. But the bed didn't dip and Liam didn't move closer. Harry tried his hardest not to look back, not to move, but he spared a quick glance back at Liam.

Which was a mistake. Liam's face read furious and his hands were fists by his side, still holding the paddle. Harry ducked his head back down and waited for whatever Liam was going to do.
"Harry Styles. Did you fucking finger yourself in that bathroom?"

Harry had totally forgotten about the whole rest of the night. He didn't even realize Liam would be able to tell. But Harry could feel it even as Liam looked at him, his hole was loose and probably still a little red with the force that he fingered himself while reading Liam's texts.

"Yes sir," Harry sobbed again. New tears were coming with his disobedience.

"You're a slut, Harry. Can't go a couple hours without something in your hole. You'd give it up to anybody wouldn't you?" Harry was shaking his head but Liam kept going, "If someone had walked in on you, you would've let them fuck you, wouldn't you?"

Harry's head was heavy between his shoulders but he still used all his might to shake his head no. "I wouldn't. Ever. Only you, Sir. I'm so sorry."

"I don't believe you."

"I'm yours. Only yours. Only you. I'm ruined for anyone but you," Harry pleaded for Liam to understand.

"You're a lot of talk, boy. But no action."

Harry spread his legs wider and arched his back so his hole was on display. "Fuck me, please. Take me. Only yours, I promise."

"See now that's a win win for you," Liam's voice was getting more distant. Harry wanted to scream at the distance, but kept his head down and his crying quiet. "I fuck you so I can prove that you belong to me, but you get fucked in the end, and I don't really see the punishment in there."

Harry's whole body was antsy and twitching. "Anything. Anything you want. Do anything you want."

Liam chuckled and it was closer than before so Harry thanked God for that. "I plan to. I'm going to do anything I want to you. Make you scream, and cry, and call out my name. But you. You don't get any satisfaction from it."

Liam got on the bed then and pressed his cock against the cleft of Harry's ass. Harry moaned and squeezed his eyes shut tighter. Liam leaned over Harry and grabbed his cock. Harry wasn't sure about no satisfaction because Harry was feeling great right now. Then he felt the tight squeeze of the elastic cock ring around his base and he let out a crippled sound of defeat.

Harry wasn't coming anytime soon. Liam would fuck him and he wouldn't come from it. Liam leaned in even closer, his mouth on Harry's neck and whispered, "Sluts don't need prep or lube. What they need is someone to teach them who they belong to."

Harry's nod was a fragmentary gesture of no real conscious movement. He just needed and needed and needed. Needed Liam. So much Liam. Always Liam. "Yes, Sir."

Liam leaned back up and lined himself up with with Harry's only minimally stretched hole. He pushed in hard and deep on the first thrust. Harry's legs trembled beneath him, threatening to fall, but he kept them in their position.

Liam set a rough pace from the start, rocketing into Harry with brutal force. Harry's legs gave out and he fell to the mattress. His hips were the only thing not touching the surface because Liam had a firm hold. He wasn't getting any friction and the force of Liam inside him was so overwhelming he
was about to lose his sanity.

Harry started whimpering; weak, airy sounds emanating from him. Liam leaned over him and pushed him into the mattress. His cock rubbed painfully across the covers and Liam moved across his prostate and Harry screamed. "Sir, please! I need to come please! It hurts!"

Liam didn't hesitate in his rhythm, instead pushed into him harder. Harry was shaking and gripping into the sheets with white knuckles. Liam gave a few more thrusts and emptied inside Harry.

Harry felt the rush of Liam's cum in his hole. He rutted back and forth to keep the feeling of Liam's thrusts once he slowed. Liam pulled out and Harry pushed back with his ass to follow him, but Liam smacked his hand on Harry's sore cheek, making cum drip out and down his thigh.

"Turn over," Liam's voice was laced with sex and he was panting. Harry flipped over and bracketed Liam's body with his legs. "So fucking good for me."

"Yes, Sir. Good for you," Harry repeated in a daze.

Liam puller Harry closer by the back of his legs and settled between them. He gave Harry's now purple cock a wicked grin then reached a hand down and wrapped his fingers lightly around it. Harry groaned and threw his head back on the bed.

"Please, Sir! Ahhhh, I can't! I can't!" Harry head was rocking back and forth on the duvet.

"You can. And you will," Liam confirmed and started moving his hand. Harry's tears were constant now, streams flowing down his face. He was hiccuping for air and his hands were randomly flexing and squeezing on the bed.

Liam pressed his thumb in the slit coated in clear precome. Harry arched off the bed, pushing himself into Liam's thumb and then screaming because of it. Liam ran just the thumb and pointer finger of his hand down Harry's length, teasing. Harry whined a rhythmic *ugh ugh ugh* with each stroke.

"Who do you belong to?"

"You!" Harry screeched, "I belong to you, Sir!"

"Are you a good boy?"

Harry's head nodded so hard Liam thought he might hurt himself. "Yesyesyesyes. Good boy I'm a good boy good boy please for you good boy for you Sir," Harry slurred.

"Then you won't touch yourself without my permission." It wasn't a question but Harry answered anyway.

"Nono sir no never again I won't never again. I promise. Nevernevernever."

Liam pulled the ring off, making Harry's balls squeeze together and his cock slap against his stomach. Harry tried to curl up but Liam pressed his legs into the bed and said, "Come for me," and watched as Harry flinched and shot rope after rope up his chest and even hitting his chin.

Harry shuddered and sobbed through it, his whole body red, from his face to his chest to his cock to his bum. Liam smiled in approval and rubbed his hands on Harry's thighs.

"Good boy. You're so good for me. The best. My boy."

Harry hummed and let his eyes fall closed. Liam grabbed the wipes from Harry's bedside drawer and
cleaned him up, touching lightly over his hole and cock. Harry still whimpered but didn't shy away. His whole body was lax against the covers.

Liam pulled Harry against his chest and curled his arms and legs around him. "My perfect boy. I love you so much." Harry mumbled something but Liam couldn't understand it so he just ran his hands through Harry's hair and let him fall asleep in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

S2G Dom Liam will be the end of me. I want "Death by Dominant Liam" on my Headstone!
Chapter Summary

Liam wants Louis, who's with Zayn...sort of. And then there's Niall who's like....and LIAM.

Straight to gay. Friends to lovers.

Chapter Notes

This is actually a request idea that someone gave me after reading my Larry fic (Let Me Teach You Something) where I may have alluded to Liam having 3 different people in one night ;) (Chapter 27) It's amended to fit our homo fantasies so enjoy

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"This is bad. This is badbadbad," Louis chanted with Liam's lips around his cock.

Liam pulled off with a smile. "Doesn't feel bad."

"Li. My boyfriend's going to kill me," he warned even as he was gripping Liam's short hair and leading him back down.

Liam pushed against Louis' hand and mused, "I thought you said you guys were open," before taking Louis in again.

Louis moaned at the warmth of Liam's mouth and grunted, "We are, or so he says. He's just really jealous."

Liam just hummed his acknowledgment and kept his lips tight. Louis was breathing out high-pitched ahs when the door to his dorm room opened.

"Oh God, sorry. Sorry, I'll just-"

Liam turned around, letting Louis' dick fall from him mouth, to see a scared little blond with lovely eyes in the doorway.

"No. Stay," Liam ordered.

Louis' face twisted into a form of confusion, but Liam got up and tugged the roommate in by the wrist. He stumbled forwards on unsteady feet and fell to the bed when Liam pushed him to sit.

"What's your name?"
"Ni-," he cleared his throat, "Niall."

"Liam this is a bad idea. Niall's not gay," Louis informed him as he put a hand around himself in attempt to stay at least half hard.

"Yeah, I mean you're...you're wow. But I'm not...," Niall tried.

Liam smirked. "Have you ever been with a man before?" Niall shook his head. "Then how do you know?"

"Because he knows, Liam. Don't be a prick," Louis turned to his best friend, "Would you suck Liam's cock?"

Niall inhaled sharply, but just kept his gaze on Liam's face. He stayed quiet for a minute while Liam kept strong eye contact, devouring Niall before his own eyes. "Yeah."

"What?!" Louis demanded.

"Glad to hear that, baby." Niall blushed at the endearment and ducked his head. Liam raised his chin up and kissed Niall's lips gently. "You don't have to be embarrassed. If it makes you feel better I'd love to suck your's too."

Niall moaned quietly but righted himself. "I don't even know your name."

"Liam. Anything else you'd like to know before I give you head?" Niall's eyes went wide and he shook his head stiffly. "Good, because I feel like you're just being a tease now."

"I'm not. I wouldn't-"

"I'm kidding, babe. Relax for me." Liam tucked his fingers into Niall's waistband and popped open the button on his jeans. "You can lay back, or watch. Either's fine. Just make yourself comfortable, okay?"

Niall nodded and sat back to lean on his elbows. Liam pulled his jeans and pants down gently, sliding them to his ankles. Niall kicked off his shoes and then his clothes, recieving a smile from Liam for his eagerness. "Do you know what you're doing?" Niall asked cautiously.

Louis and Liam both laughed at that. "Yeah, love, I'd say so."

Louis leaned into Niall's space and kissed his jaw, "You don't have to do this. But trust me, it's great."

Niall looked into Louis' eyes for confirmation, and when he found it he kissed Louis gratefully. Liam looked between the two, Louis naked and Niall naked save for his tee shirt, with a fond smile. He bent down and licked at Niall's tip, taking his semi in his hand. Niall moaned into Louis' mouth, making Louis pull back and smile down at Liam. Niall took the opening and latched onto Louis' neck, sucking the skin into his mouth.

"I've always fancied you," Niall mumbled between kisses.

Louis' attention snapped back to the blond. "Really?"

"Yeah, but I just didn't know what it meant. Then you found Zayn, and I just didn't know what to do." Niall eyes rolled back when Liam lowered down so his nose was touching Niall's stomach. "Shit he's really good."
Louis took Niall's cheek in his palm. "You should've told me."

"What difference would it, ah fuck, make?" Niall gripped Liam's hair in his hand.

"It makes all the difference. Of course I like you. You're my best friend. I just didn't know I had to choice of anything else with you."

"What about Zayn?"

"I've told you this. We're open."

Niall gave Louis a pointed look as best he could when his stomach was clenching and Liam's tongue was swirling around. "It's Zayn. You're version of open is different than his."

Louis took Niall's wrist and lead his hand to wrap around Louis' hard cock. "Feel that? I'm so hard for you. You did that."

Niall glanced down between them and then back up to Louis' face, awe splayed across his features. "Fuck, Lou." Louis chuckled and kissed Niall again. But it wasn't even a minute before Niall pulled away and groaned, "Li-Liam, fuck, I'm gonna come."

Liam sucked harder and dug his fingers into Niall's thighs. Niall shivered and shot warm cum down Liam's throat. Liam lapped it up before pulling off and reaching up to give Niall a taste of himself. Niall made a shocked noise into Liam's mouth but accepted the kiss and swallowed half his load, leaving Liam to swallow the other half. Liam sat back on his knees, smiling proudly.

"So?"

"I'm gay. I'm gay as fuck. So gay." Liam and Louis burst into laughter. Louis pulled Liam up between them and tugged Liam in by the neck to suck bruises right under his chin. Liam's eyes slipped shut and a smiled played on his lips. Nialls kissed his shoulder and then his chest. Laim's skin was littered with marks when Niall sat back with sudden realization. "Louis never came."

Liam hummed his agreement. "What should we do about that, then?" he teased.

Niall's face burned red, "I don't know."

Liam smiled easily and ran his fingers through Niall's hair. "Why don't you blow him while I open him up, yeah? Keep him nice and hard for me?"

Niall nodded willingly and looked to Louis who said, "Yeah, yeah, that sounds..fuck that sounds great." Louis scooted back on the bed and laid down. Liam got up and dug in his pants for a condom and lube.

When he came back Niall was laying on Louis' chest, smiling up at him. "I've never done this before."

Louis petted Niall's cheek with his thumb. "That's okay. I'll walk you through it."

Niall nodded and scooted down until he was breathing short, hot breaths over Louis' prick. "Don't start out taking too much. I don't want you to choke. Go easy, alright?" Niall nodded and licked his head like Liam did to him. Louis moaned and let his head fall back to the pillow. "Good, Ni, good."

Niall lowered down so the head was between his lips, suckling to get used to the taste. "Hmmm, yeah, Niall. More." Niall obeyed and moved further, a couple inches, and squeezed his lips tight just
how he likes it. Louis moaned again and his hand flew to Niall's hair. He bent one leg wide and looked up at Liam. "Please," he choked.

Liam smirked but didn't waste any time slicking up his fingers and pushing into Louis' tight hole. Louis hips shot off the bed, pushing into Niall's mouth, making him sputter and pull off. "Sorry, sorry," Louis apologized profusely.

"That's okay." Niall's voice was hoarse and deep.

Louis growled at the sound and brought Niall up for a kiss. "Fuck, you're amazing." Niall smiled against Louis' mouth and kissed him harder.

Liam worked two fingers in, pumping them at a solid pace. Louis was panting while Niall kissed his neck and chest, and Liam curved his fingers inside him. Louis arched off the bed and cursed again. "Liam Payne I fucking hate you-again, again," he begged. Liam curved his fingers into Louis' prostate again and Louis keened and dug his nails into Niall's back. Niall groaned and bit down on Louis' nipple.

"The fuck?!!"

Louis' head shot up at the familiar voice. "Zayn," he breathed.

Liam slipped his fingers out and sat back on the bed. "You're Zayn?" Zayn gave Liam a hard look but Liam continued, "If I had you there'd be no open about it. I wouldn't share you with anyone."

Zayn face broke at that, changing from shocked and angry to flattered and confused. "What's going on?"

Niall had his face hidden in Louis neck, peeking over to see Zayn staring at all of them. Louis spoke up, "This is Liam. And, please don't be mad."

"Mad? I'm just-I don't know-fucking confused?"

Liam wiped his hand on the bed to get rid of most of the lube and got up to go meet Zayn by the door. "I'm not confused. I know exactly what I want."

Zayn actually blushed this time. "Liam, right?" Liam nodded and smirked, lust twinkling in his eyes. "Why are you fingering my boyfriend?"

Liam made a contemplative face and then answered, "Because he's hot as fuck. But he is-no offense Louis" he called over his shoulder, "not you."

"You're something, Liam," Zayn admitted. "You have the nerve to hit on me when you just had your hand in my boyfriend's ass. Classy."


Zayn eyebrowed rose up incredulously. "Am I going to taste my boyfriend's cock?"

Liam was actually taken aback by that. "Depends on how well you know his taste."

"Well."

"Then yes. But don't worry," Liam's lips turned up, "him and Niall taste good together."
"Both of them?" Zayn asked unbelievingly. Liam just nodded and kept his eyes locked on Zayn's increasingly darker ones. Zayn looked over Liam's shoulder at Louis laying with Niall on his chest on the bed, then back to Liam's bright eyes. Zayn nodded once and pushed his lips to Liam's with such force that they both stumbled back a few steps. Liam held Zayn tight around the waist and let his tongue wander through Zayn's mouth. Zayn groaned quietly into Liam's lips and gripped Liam by the hair and the collar of his shirt.

Soon Zayn was grabbing at the material and panting, "Off, off." Liam separated long enough to pull his and Zayn's shirts off and then pulled him back in. They stepped backwards towards the bed and Zayn pushed Liam down and fell on top of him. Louis's legs bent up so they wouldn't get smashed and Niall laughed against his skin. Zayn's head turned to them at the sound. He moved up the bed to straddle Louis' hips and looked down at a scared Niall. "Niall," Zayn acknowledged quickly before kissing Louis hard. "Babe, you look so good. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't want you to be mad."

Zayn glanced over his shoulder to where Liam had sat up and was watching Zayn and Louis. He turned back to Louis and teased, "Mad? Look at him. I'd be crazy not to take the chance." Liam chuckled behind him and moved up to kiss over Zayn's back, running his fingers along the slight bumps of his spine. Zayn shifted to put an arm on the other side of Niall and hovered over him. "I didn't even know you were gay."

"Me either," Niall said shyly.

"Can't say I'm not excited at that prospect." Niall smiled shyly up at Zayn. Zayn lowered down and took Niall's mouth on his. Niall was hesitant at first, but then Zayn bit his lip gently and Niall gasped, letting Zayn push inside. Niall gave back to the kiss with heat, carding his fingers into Zayn's soft hair, scratching at his scalp lightly. Zayn hummed in pleasure and gripped Niall's hip in his hand. "I like you," Zayn confirmed teasingly.

Niall was breathing hard and smiling at Zayn. "I like you too."

"This should be fun then," Liam encouraged and pulled Zayn back to sit up and lay back against his chest. He bit down on the soft flesh of his neck and revelled in the sounds Zayn made. Liam slipped a hand down the back of Zayn's jeans, teasing his crack. Zayn pushed back into Liam's hand and let his hands fall to Louis' chest. Louis reached up and stroked Zayn's arms.

"Ni, get the lube and stuff. There in Louis' top drawer," Zayn ordered. Niall scrambled up to get what they needed, coming back with handfuls just in case. Louis laughed fondly at him and nodded for him to drop it on the bed.

"What now?" Niall wondered.

Liam laid his head on Zayn's back and smiled at Niall, "Whatever you want."

Niall opened his mouth, then closed it again and looked up at the ceiling.

"You can say it, Ni," Louis encouraged.

Niall looked between Zayn and Liam before saying, "I really want to see what's under your clothes."

Liam laughed and Zayn couldn't help the fond look he gave Niall. "I think we can do that," Liam suggested. He reached down and undid Zayn's trousers before slipping a hand inside to grip Zayn through his pants. Zayn moaned through tight lips and pushed harder into Liam's palm. Niall got on the bed and reached around Liam to undo his jeans before getting back off and pulling Liam off with
him so they were standing inches apart. Niall tucked his fingers under the material and pushed it down slowly, pulling a smile from Liam. Liam kicked his pants off and took Niall's face in his hands. "Cheeky," he teased and then kissed him.

Niall grabbed Liam's sides and leaned up into the kiss. Niall eyes opened again at the sound of Louis' moans coming from the bed. Both he and Liam looked over Liam's shoulder to see Zayn finally naked as well with both his and Louis' cocks in his hand. Niall unconsciously bucked into Liam's hips, making Liam moan and snap his head back to the small blond boy. "Shall we?" Liam tilted his head to the bed. Niall nodded his agreement and then got on either side of the other boys.

Liam took one of the lube containers Niall brought over and squeezed some on his fingers. He leaned up to whisper in Zayn's ear, "I can't wait to fuck you." Zayn moaned and bucked into his hand, making Louis moan in succession. Liam pushed Zayn over so he was laying on Louis' chest, knees spread on either side of him, cocks caught between their bodies. "Niall, lad, come here. I want you to watch me because you're going to do this to Louis while I do this to you, okay?"

Niall groaned and shook his head emphatically. Liam circled Zayn's hole with two fingers to warm up the liquid before pushing in to the first knuckle. Zayn whined against Louis' chest and Louis' hands gripped tighter to his shoulders while he kissed his hair. Liam pushed in a little further and then swirled his finger around in small circles. Zayn moaned and rolled his hips, making his and Louis flushed cocks rub together in rough friction. Louis' eyes fell shut and his fingers pushed hard enough to leave bruises on Zayn's skin. Liam pushed his finger in all the way and waited for Zayn to adjust. When Zayn's hips started to move of their own accord Liam pumped his finger in and out, soon adding a second. Zayn shuddered and moaned louder into Louis chest. He pushed back for more, but Liam only laughed.

"If you're going to be greedy, then you'll ask for what you want."

Zayn's head popped up and he look back over his shoulder to see if Liam was serious, only to see a waiting expression on Liam's face. Zayn dropped his head back down and pushed back again, but Liam pulled his fingers back, not giving Zayn the depth he wanted. Zayn groaned and huffed out, "Harder. Deeper. More."

Niall's small gasp was the only sound in the room until Liam shoved his fingers in hard, angled down to hit Zayn's small bundle of nerves. Zayn whole body arched and he released a long sound into Louis' skin.

"Again." Liam appeased him and pushed his fingers down into Zayn's spot. "Li, so good so good." Zayn mumbled.

Liam pulled his fingers out, much to Zayn's disapproval, and lifted Zayn off Louis and onto his lap. "Alright Ni, your turn. Get on top of 'im so I can still get to you." Niall whined quietly and did as he was told, straddling Louis' thighs.

"Hi," Louis breathed out. Niall bent down and kissed Louis sweetly and gave his own hi.

"Gimme your hand, Ni," Liam requested. Niall put his hand out behind him and Liam squeezed a good amount of lube onto them. "Just go slow okay. Don't hurt him."

"I'll kill you if you do," Zayn added.

Liam just chuckled and kissed Zayn's neck. Niall reached a hand between their legs and pushed his fingers against Louis' entrance. Louis sighed and let his eyes close for a second, loving the feeling of Niall's rough fingertips.
Liam scoot closer on the bed, Zayn still in his lap, and reached out to run his wet fingers along Niall's perineum and up to his hole. Niall shivered and must've pushed into Louis, because the blue-eyed boy on his back let out a grateful moan.

Liam slipped just the tip of his finger into Niall's hole and waited. Niall was clenched around it, squeezing tight. "Relax, love. Lou, help him out."

Louis reached down and took Niall's red prick in his hand. Niall huffed a needy ugh into Louis' neck and rocked his hips minutely between the two boys.

Zayn ran a hand over Niall's ass, rubbing and squeezing lovingly. Liam used the distractions and pushed his finger in further. The sound that pushed from Niall's throat was high and desperate.

"More," he whispered and pushed his finger further into Louis until it was seated. "Lou?"

"Yeah, love?"

"You okay?"

Louis gripped the smalls hairs at the back of Niall's neck and smiled hazily, "I'm fantastic, Ni, keep going." Niall nodded and moved his finger inside Louis. "Oh God, like that, faster Ni."

Niall sped up, moving his finger in earnest, pulling needy noises from him. Liam pushed his second finger in so slowly the Niall almost screamed in impatience. "Li, Li," he panted, "Faster, please."

Liam started scissoring his fingers while he reached his other hand around and pumped Zayn leisurely. Zayn let his head fall back on Liam's shoulder and breathed a quiet moan into the air.

Niall added another finger and pumped them both. Niall was trying his hardest to keep his hand from shaking, but Liam's fingers were so deep and Louis to was tight, and Zayn's grip on his ass was needy, and Niall was about to explode.

"Now, fuck, I need more now."

"So willing, babe. God you're pretty," Liam tapped Zayn's thigh and he scooted off him and onto the bed. "I want you to ride Lou while Zayn fucks him."

"What about you?" Zayn asked.

Liam picked Zayn's hand up in his and kissed his knuckles. "I'm fucking you dear."

Zayn swallow his moan and shivered. "Okay," he choked. Liam leaned in for a quick kiss. Niall had already slicked Louis up, rolled a condom on him, and scooted up so he was nudging at Niall's hole in his eagerness.

"To be honest, Nialler, I'm not sure how you thought you were straight. Look at you. You were made to take me." Niall pushed his hands down on Louis chest and lifted himself up. Louis lined himself up and nodded for Niall to sink down.

Niall's head fell back when Louis entered him and his quiet whine extended until he was sat on Louis' lap. He let his head lull forward and mumbled, "So full."

"You okay, babe?" Niall just nodded. "I'm going to move my legs okay?" Niall nodded again. Louis bent his legs, shifting inside Niall and making him whine again.

Zayn scooted up close to Louis and kissed Niall's shoulder, "You're doing so well, mate." He took a
condom and rolled it on before lining himself up. Then he aimed his slick length and pushed into Louis in one smooth motion, used to the familiar feeling of his boyfriend's tight hole. "Louis," Zayn hummed in appreciation, "always so tight, Lou."

"Go ahead and move Niall, if you're ready," Liam urged. Niall used his thighs to lift up and slide back down slowly, both he and Louis moaned out. Niall couldn't stop then, bouncing little bounces again and again, relishing in the drag of Louis on his walls.

"Zayn," Liam whispered in his ear after a little nibble, "give it to him, babe."

Zayn nodded and pulled out to his tip before pushing back in. Louis yelled a long 'fuck' as Zayn slammed into him, consequently moving him inside Niall, and making Niall groan and move faster. Zayn's rhythm went fast and hard while he held Niall's hips and moved him in the same pace as him.

Soon Zayn was grunting, "Liam, need you."

Liam moved behind Zayn and ran his lips softly along the shell of his ear, "I will ruin you for anyone but me."

Zayn whined, his face scrunching up with desire, and clenched Niall's hips harder. Liam pushed Niall down so he was laying of Louis' chest. Niall screamed out at the change in angle when Louis hit his prostate.

"Fucking hell, yes!"

Liam pushed Zayn down on top of Niall and spread Zayn's cheeks. He ran his pinky over Zayn's open hole teasingly.

"Jesus Christ Liam, get inside me. Now!"

Liam laughed darkly and rolled a condom on, using some lube to get himself wet for Zayn. He didn't wait or take a moment to be gentle, just rammed into him full force.


"Move with me," he told Zayn, who nodded weakly. Liam pulled out and when he pushed back in Zayn pulled out of Louis. They moved opposite each other to create the perfect friction for everyone.

Zayn was still moving Niall on Louis in time with him and Liam, but soon let go when his grip got weak and he had to hold himself up so he didn't crush the other boys.

Louis writhed beneath them, stimulated to the hilt in both ways. He felt the heat in his stomach building and he warned them, "Gonna come guys, need to, fuck, so close."

Niall kissed Louis hard and whispered, "Come inside me." Louis groaned and shot into Niall's virgin hole, shaking through his high.

Zayn was next, shooting into Louis when Liam hit his prostate with brutal force. He yelled out and rocketed back and forth between the two boys as he scratched his nails down Niall's back.

That sent Niall off, shooting between his and Louis' stomachs with a whine. He went limp on top of Louis so Louis played with his hair and kissed his forehead.

Liam pulled Zayn out of Louis and laid him out on the bed. He pounded into Zayn relentlessly until his shot his load inside Zayn, who twitched from overstimulation. Liam pushed in deep as the last of
his orgasm ran through him before pulling out and laying between Zayn and Louis.

He pulled Zayn onto his chest and then put his arm under Louis' head for him to snuggle into Liam's side, Niall still on top of him.

"This could be a thing," Louis whispered.

"I will be if I have any say," Liam agreed.

Louis tilted his head and kissed Liam lazily with a tired smile spread across his face.

Chapter End Notes

I really like group 1D smut *heart eyes*
Late night television could be to blame. Or maybe it was the whiskey. It could have been the lack of sleep, or even their general curiosity and love for each other. I'd blame Louis, but whatever was to blame that night, these five boys were about to embark into territory they'd never been to before.

The five of them were laying in the back room of the bus were the lounge was equipped with a large couch, a small couch, and a huge bed that took up the entire back wall. No one wanted to sleep yet, so no one had ventured to the bed or back to their bunks.

"I hate this show," Zayn remarked quietly from where he was laid on the couch, legs on Harry's lap and head on Liam's. Liam was leisurely running his fingers through Zayn's hair while Harry rubbed calm circles into his thighs.

"This show hates you," Louis shot back playfully.

Zayn just threw a lazy middle finger without even looking at Louis and snuggled further into Liam's lap.

Louis was sitting on the smaller couch with Niall curled into his side. Niall was yawning into Louis' shirt and rubbing his eyes, trying to stay awake so he 'didn't miss anything'. Louis chuckled and
kissed the top of head in affection.

Liam's hand wandered to Zayn chest, playing small patterns into his skin. Zayn sighed contentedly and turned to smile up and Liam. Liam returned the gesture easily and cupped Zayn's cheek in his hand with a small laugh.

"Hi," Liam greeted.

"Hey," Zayn breathed.

"Tired?" Zayn shook his head but curled up so his face was pressed to Liam's stomach and his legs pushed into Harry's stomach, kneeing him on accident.

"Comfy?" Harry quipped.

"Very." Zayn tone was the equivalent of sticking his tongue out, but when he reached a hand down and took Harry's in his, Harry all but forgave him.

Louis looked down to where Niall is gazing lovingly at the boys on the other couch. "They're quite lovely, aren't they?" he whispers

Niall nodded into the curve of his neck, "I could watch them forever, I think."

"Want something to watch?" Louis asked. Niall smirked up at Louis, so Louis looked over at the others and said, "Hey Haz?"

Harry's eyes left their current spot on Zayn's chest and shoulders and looked at Louis, "Yeah?"

"Looks like Liam and Zayn are quite cuddly."

Harry scoffed, "I know."

"Jealous?"

Harry's eyes took on a hard look then. "No, why would I be?"

Louis laughed easily, "Because I know how much you love to be in the middle and right now you're not."

"Leave him alone, Lou," Liam warned.

"Why would I do that? Attention is what he wants. He needs it. And you're not giving it to him."

Liam instinctively reached a hand out for Harry, who accepted it. "I give him plenty of attention."

"Not the kind of attention he deserves, mate."

Zayn was looking up at Liam with wide eyes, waiting for his response. Niall was looking at Louis, shocked by his game. Liam looked to Harry, who was looking back at him with a quiet need.

"What do you want Harry?"

Harry eyes brows furrowed as he looked between Liam and Zayn before swallowing thickly and whispering, "You. Both of you." Zayn's gasp didn't go unnoticed by Harry, who's cheeks turned crimson with embarrassment. "I'm sorry," he backtracked quickly.
Zayn sat up and scooted over to Harry, "Don't be. You know I'd give you anything you want Hazza."

Harry didn't look up until Zayn took him by the chin and pulled his face to him for a kiss. Harry squeaked but responded, melting into Zayn's touch and sighing with content. Liam's mouth hung open behind them in disbelief.

He let Zayn kiss Harry for a minute or so more before pulling Zayn off him and squeezing between them on the couch. "Mine," he growled.

"I'm sorry," Harry quickly mumbled.

"Don't be. Just kiss me instead," Liam explained.

Harry bit his lip and nodded, pulling Liam over to sit on his lap. Liam ran sure hands over Harry's bare shoulders and arms, making him shiver. "Don't be mad at me. At Zayn. I like kissing him," Harry tried.

"I like you kissing him too. But I like you kissing me more."

Harry hips bucked on instinct and Liam smirked down at him before taking his lips between his own. Harry moaned into the kiss and wrapped his fingers in Liam's thin vest.

"Like this better?" Louis whispered to Niall. Niall nodded dumbly in response and shifted next to Louis. Louis looked down to see Niall pressing him palm on himself. "Here, let me. You enjoy the little production I've created," Louis offered as he pushed Niall's hand away and pull him into his lap. He spread Niall's legs just a little and reached his hand underneath the soft material of his joggers. "No pants? Niall Horan you're begging to get fucked," Louis teased.

Niall gasped and pushed back on Louis' lap, making Louis groan from the friction. Louis pulled Niall's cock out got a firm grip on Niall, then sat them back in the their seat to watch the show.

Harry reached a hand over blindly while he kissed Liam to find Zayn, and when he found him, ran his hand over his chest and down to his thigh. Liam bit his lip and Harry dug his fingers into Zayn's thigh.

"Li, Li, kiss me," Zayn threw out when he was tired of waiting. Liam broke apart from Harry, who whined at the loss, and smirked at Zayn.

"I thought you wanted Harry."

Zayn nodded, "I do. Want you both."

Liam looked between the two, deciding right then if this was really happening. Once he decided, he climbed off the couch and turned a lustful gaze on the two boys. "Clothes off."

Both Zayn and Harry hurriedly ripped off what little clothing they wore at night and then stood before Liam, waiting. Liam put a hand on both boys hips and brought them close, "Haz? I'm going to fuck you. Because we all know you're a cock slut," Harry blushed but didn't deny it, "Zee? I remember you told me once how much you love it, so I'm going to let you fuck my face."

Zayn groaned and rolled his hips into Liam's side. Harry let his head fall forward and he kissed Liam's neck sweetly. Liam pushed them both back and went to his bunk, coming back naked and with a couple condoms and a bottle of lube.
He handed Harry the lube. "Haz, get them covered," he held out three fingers, "because I don't plan on going easy." Harry mewed and squeezed plenty onto Liam's fingers. "Hands and knees so Zayn and I can see properly."

Harry scrambled to get on his knees on the couch and arched his back so his hole was on display. Zayn laughed darkly, "Fucking eager." Liam hummed his agreement and settle between Harry's legs.

Louis had a slow pace going on Niall's cock, and easy up and down that kept the blond boy hard but not pushing him closer to the end. He didn't want Niall coming too early and missing anything. Niall was staring at the scene in front of him in awe. It's like Liam either didn't give a fuck or he'd forgotten they were even there. Probably the former.

He couldn't believe Harry was so willing, begging basically, to be fingered open while everyone watched. It made Niall sweat with anticipation. Harry was so pretty already, but right now, flushed and whiney, Niall wanted to see him ravished.

Liam pushed his pointer finger in Harry's smooth, tight entrance until the second knuckle was buried. Harry groaned and let his head fall between his shoulders.

"Does it hurt?" Zayn asked, unsure.

Harry shook his head and breathed, "More."

"I bet you finger yourself all the time, don't you Hazza?" Liam asked, already knowing the answer. He'd walked in on one or two instances himself, and knew that Louis had caught one as well.

Harry didn't response so Liam pushed his finger in all the way, hard. Harry moaned and squeezed his eyes shut. "Yes, yes. I do. All the time."


Harry was pushing back on Liam's finger and shaking his head in revolt to Liam's questions. Zayn came around to Harry's front and kneeled on the couch. He picked Harry's head up and kissed his cheek, then the other. "Do you think about me?"

Liam pushed a second finger in and Harry's answer was pushed out of him. "Yes, fuck, I think about you. And Niall. And Louis. And Liam. Liam's fingers, fuck, so big." Harry had let his head fall from Zayn's grip and it was hanging between his shoulders again.

"You think about us all?" Harry nodded weakly while Liam continued his forceful thrusts with three fingers. Harry was rolling his hips and squeezing the couch cushion under his palms. Zayn gripped a handful of Harry's hair and pulled his head up harshly so Harry was looking at him. "You're a slut, H."

"Only for you guys. I've just," Harry breathed out harshly, "I've always wanted you. All of you."

"Fuck," Niall breathed and let his head fall back on Louis' shoulder. Louis' hand moved faster over Niall but still kept a calm pace.

"Hear that?" Louis asked. "Hazza wants to fuck us all," he laughed a little. "God he's brilliant, isn't he?" Niall nodded and picked his head back up to watch.

"Li, do you mind? I like this position. And I think Harry does too. How about you fuck him on his
knees and I fuck his face just like this?"

Liam groaned and pushed his hips against his hand inside Harry. "Zayn," Liam moaned, "Harry, do you want Zayn in your mouth, down your throat, while I fuck you?" Harry responded with a push of his hips and then he let his mouth fall open as he looked up at Zayn. Zayn groaned and wiped his thumb over Harry's cheek. "Go ahead, Zee," Liam coaxed.

Zayn lead his tip to Harry's lips and pushed in. Harry's mouth fell open wider to accommodate and he moved his head down on Zayn's length. Liam pulled his fingers out and rolled a condom on himself, using light touches so he didn't push himself any closer than he already was. He rubbed small, soft circles in Harry's hip and gave Zayn a nod before he sank into Harry in one slow thrust. Harry squeaked around Zayn's cock, the high vibrations pulsing up his spine. Zayn pushed in harder and felt Harry's jaw go slack, so he held a hand under Harry's chin to keep him steady and fucked into his mouth in sync with Liam's thrusts into Harry's tight hole.

Niall was squirming on Louis lap, Louis' hand on his cock a steady reminder of how close he was. Niall kept pushing back on Louis, making him groan at the friction. Louis took a firm hold on Niall's hip and moved him in a better rhythm while his hand moved over Niall's prick. Niall had one hand squeezing his own thigh and the other was slid behind Louis' back and scratching weakly at his shirt when Louis twisted his wrist.

Harry was rocking back and forth between Liam and Zayn's thrusts, unable to do anything but clench his fingers on the couch and his hole around Liam's cock. Zayn's fingers were bruising Harry's jaw now, but he loved knowing that everyone could see what Zayn did to him tomorrow. Harry tried his best to keep his tongue flat and his cheek hollowed, but when Zayn hit the back of throat harder Harry instinctively swallowed around him and Zayn shot warm cum into Harry's mouth. Zayn groaned through his teeth and pushed his fingers into Harry's cheeks, feeling himself slide in and out, as he rode out his high. Harry tightened his lips as Zayn pulled out and then swallowed Zayn's load with a smile. Zayn chuckled hoarsely and let go of Harry's head so it fell limp between his shoulders again.

Liam ran a big hand up Harry's spine as he kept his thrusts fast and hard inside Harry. His stomach tightened with his impending orgasm and he raked his nails on Harry's skin on the way back down to his hip. Harry was shaking, trembling under Liam's touch. "Li, gonna come," Harry warned.

"No you're not," Liam reprimanded and reached around to grip the base of Harry's bouncing cock tight in his fist. "Not yet. Not until I say." Harry whined but nodded nonetheless. Liam pushed in a few more times before emptying into Harry's sensitive hole. He pushed in, flush with Harry's ass, and stayed until his body went limp and he laid over Harry's back, making them both fall to the couch. Harry's moaned as his cock rubbed against the material of the cushion, but Liam still had a firm hold and Harry couldn't move to get the last bit he needed to go over the edge.

"Liam, Li, please. Need to come," Harry begged.

Harry felt Liam shake his head on Harry's shoulder. "Look over there. At Niall and Lou." Harry's head tilted so he could see where Niall was rocking frantically into Louis' hand, eyes glued to Harry's flushed face, and to Louis, biting his lip and pulling Niall back onto him while his eyes shifted from Liam to Harry and to Zayn, who was slumped back on their couch with a lazy smile. "Do you want them?" Harry made a needy sound and tried to shift his hips. Liam just held tighter. "Words, Harry."

"Yes, please. I want Lou and Ni. Want to make Ni come." Niall's moan trickled through the air to Harry's ears and he smiled. "Niall," he spoke directly to the blonde now, "Want you. Please Ni."

"Why don't we take this to the bed, because I'd sure like a shot at Lou and I know Louis' been
watching Zayn all night," Liam suggested. Zayn perked up at his name and looked over at Lou, who blushed and licked his lips.

Zayn nodded and stood up to go over to where Louis' hand had slowed on Niall and leaned down to whisper to him. "Come with me." Louis held Niall by the waist and stood them up while Niall groaned at the lack of touch.

Louis gave him a chaste kiss on the cheek and pulled them both to the bed with him. He turned and threw a quick, "Coming boys?" over his shoulder to the other two. Harry squirmed under Liam, who laughed and got up. Harry was standing in milliseconds and took hold of Liam's wrist, pulling him to the bed on the far wall.

Two-fifths had already come, but five out of five were about to have some fun.

Chapter End Notes

Cliffhanger? Not really cause it's not like you don't know what's coming. Which is lots of *whispers* sex, if you weren't sure. Part 2 soon!
Ziam - You Don't, I Do

Chapter Summary

When the girlfriend's in town, the boys go down.

Top: Zayn  
Bottom: Liam  

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry it's been forever since I updated. I'm like crazy at the moment so forgive me. I still have my list and I'm working on it. And I still plan to write the half shots once I get to 15k!

This is a Ziam request that I just personally love!

COMMENT AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The boys were standing backstage, in a huddle, waiting for the show to start. Harry had his arms around Louis' shoulders, Niall had his head on Louis chest, Louis' arms around Niall's waist. Liam was shaking. Vibrating. Zayn had been playing his fucking games all night.

Right before sound check he came up behind Liam and put a hand down the back of his pants teasing him until Liam was leaning back on Zayn, Zayn's arm around his waist to hold him up. Niall had come running around the corner and pushed Zayn back off of Liam, "Sophia's coming."

Zayn smirked and pulled his hand away, giving one more kiss to Liam's cheek. Liam groaned and shook his head to clear it. Sophia rounded the corner with a smile and a, "There you are!" Liam cleared his throat and returned with, "Here I am." Sophia laughed and hugged him.

The guilt was minor by now. Liam's been doing this thing for years, this 'fuck me and then pretend it's not a thing' thing. Liam's been through two major girlfriends and a few lovers, but Zayn was always there, even when he went and got fucking engaged.

What really got him was the pretending. Pretending that they weren't doing what they were doing. That he hadn't fallen for Zayn years ago. That he wasn't in love with the raven-haired boy. That he wouldn't drop Sophia in a heartbeat if he asked. That he wouldn't shout his feelings from center stage for all the fans to hear if Zayn gave him permission.

But no, instead Zayn would just tease, and taunt, and infuriate Liam to no end with touches, whispers, and kisses. He'd rile Liam up until he was red-faced and straining in his pants, and then he'd take Liam home and make him forget his name, much less his girlfriend's.
Tonight was no different. Liam was hard during sound check, hair and makeup, and now they were two minutes from showtime and Zayn was whispering exactly what he wanted to do with Liam's strong legs later. Liam gripped Zayn's hip and whined into his neck.

"One minute guys!" A stage hand called. They all stood up and formed a proper circle. They were settled, like they always were after their backstage cuddle, but now was when they pumped each other up for the upcoming few hours.

They enacted their pre show ritual, laughing when everyone messed up the words as usual. They lined up behind the screen, bouncing with energy. Zayn snuck up to Liam and nibbled at his earlobe.

"Can't wait 'til after the show," Zayn purred.

Liam leaned back but grumbled, "Can't. Soph is here." Zayn just laughed and went back to his spot.

The screen went up and the opening notes for Midnight Memories rang out. The entire set Zayn did that slow, sultry thing with his hips. And that dark, mysterious thing with his eyes. Liam was fighting the urge to drag Zayn backstage by his luscious black hair and ride him so loudly the entire stadium could hear.

Sophia was sat in the front row, on the inside of the barricades by the catwalk. She was on her phone mostly, but anytime she'd look up to smile at Liam, Zayn would make his way over and whisper something nasty in his ear.

The one time Sophia actually waved when Liam got close enough, Zayn pulled Liam to him and whispered, "I'm thinking no prep tonight, not even slick myself up, just push inside you. I'll probably have to gag you so Soph doesn't hear you scream for me."

Liam's knees actually buckled under Zayn's words, but he played it off as a dance move and walked away from Zayn before Liam made his clothes magically disappear.

After the show the boys were in two separate cars: Harry, Louis, and Niall in one, and Liam, Zayn, and Sophia in the other. Sophia had her legs across Liam's lap and was leaning back against the wall of the car. Zayn sat across from Liam, smirking at him.

Liam wanted to cry and beg Zayn to take him right in front of her. He kept his shaking arms crossed over his chest and his eyes were shifting between Zayn staring at him and Sophia telling some funny story about what she and Lou did before the show.

Liam was trying to work out in his head how he was going to leave Sophia in their shared room alone all night so he could be with Zayn. He could try one of the usuals: 'Zayn's homesick', 'we had a fight and I have to talk to him', 'we're all having a guy's night tonight', but Liam knew those excuses had grown old months ago.

Zayn's hand crept up his thigh slowly until it settle right over his semi-hard cock. He traced the tips of his fingers over his bulge, making his eyes flutter shut for a moment, and making Liam bite his lip to keep from moaning.

Sophia had her head laid back and was still laughing about something Liam lost track of a while back. Liam pinched his side where his hand was tucked to take his mind off of knowing exactly what Zayn felt like, imagining it was his hand instead.

When they pulled up to the hotel Liam practically shoved Sophia to floor in his haste to get out of the car and into some fresh, Zayn-free air. But Zayn was right on his tail, crowding him as he made his
way out of the car. Zayn went to pass him, but not before whispering "Steam room. Ten minutes."

Liam gulped and watched Zayn sway through the back door of the hotel and out of sight. Liam turned to see Sophia just now leisurely making her way out of the car.

"Love?" Liam tried. Sophia looked up at the endearment. "I'm massively sore from tonight. I think I'm gonna hit the steam room for a bit before I lay down."

Sophia linked her arm with Liam's and walked them inside. "Okay, baby. I'll probably just read for a bit." Liam gave her a kiss on the cheek, but then she led his mouth back to her and gave him a proper kiss before heading for the elevator.

The steam room was down the hall, past the pool, and was only available to premier guests that had the access code programmed into their room key. Liam swiped his card at the door and went in to the area with the towels and lockers. He didn't see Zayn, but he started undressing anyway, grabbing a towel and wrapping it around his waist.

"Could've gone a bit slower. Not enough time naked in my opinion."

Liam jumped and turned at the sudden sound of Zayn's voice. "Hey." Liam's voice was rough from unvoiced sexual tension that had built up over the last six or so hours.

Zayn smiled, really smiled, not smirked, or grinned, but smiled at Liam. "Hey."

Liam could help it when his eyes crinkled and his lips opened to show his teeth. "I want to be mad at you, but you look so good."

Zayn laughed and quirked an eyebrow, "If that's all it takes to get you to stop being mad at me, then I'll be sure to look good everyday."

"You already do," Liam responded without even thinking.

Zayn laughed again and came you to place his hands on Liam's bare chest. "I've been aching for you all night."

"You?!" Liam exclaimed, exasperated. "I've been hard since sound check. And you with your fucking nibbling, and your touching, and your whispering," Liam was running his hands over Zayn's body now, "I thought I was going to explode."

Liam's hands found their way under Zayn's shirt. Zayn took the hint and pulled it off, then shrugged his jeans down, so he was left wearing only his pants and Liam's intense gaze like a blanket.

Liam licked his lips. "Zayn." Zayn could hear the desperate edge in his voice already. Liam was needy and Zayn wasn't even naked yet. Zayn quickly rectified that as he pulled his pants off and tossed them over by their clothes.

He grabbed a towel as he pushed Liam back through the sliding door and into the cloudy room. Liam wrapped his arms around Zayn's hips and pushed their hard lengths together. Zayn groaned and leaned forward to kiss Liam.

"I told Sophia I'd be back."

"She can wait. You're mine and I'll keep you as long as I like," Zayn growled. Liam swallowed and nodded.
Zayn kissed his cheek sweetly and dropped his towel on a bench before sitting back against the wall. Liam let his eyes roam over Zayn's tan skin and taunt muscles. He will be forever grateful for those boxing sessions Zayn loved so much.

Zayn head was set back against the wood and his hands rested on his thighs. His skin was already getting a wet layer from the steam and his cock was standing proud against his thigh.

Liam moved to kneel between Zayn's legs. "Zayn," he breathed again. Zayn didn't say anything, or even nod, he just spread his legs enough to let Liam settle close and put a hand in Liam's hair.

Liam nearly purred and leaned into the touch before bending down and taking Zayn into his mouth. The heat of the room only added to the heat of his mouth and Zayn couldn't help but buck up at the feeling. Liam didn't sputter or whine, he just hummed and loosened his jaw.

Zayn griped Liam's now slick hair tighter and pushed up again. Liam's hands wrapped around Zayn's calves and he squeezed the muscle under his fingers. Zayn rocked into Liam's mouth and moaned when he slid down his throat.

Zayn pulled his off, earning a whine from Liam. "Wanna come inside you." was all he had to say to wipe the frown off Liam's face. Zayn pulled him up next to him on the bench and ordered a short, "Lay down."

Liam shuffled back and laid down on the bench. Zayn kneed his legs open enough that one fell off and one of Liam's feet hit the cement floor. Zayn leaned over his head and grabbed his towel. He folded it up and lifted Liam's head to place it underneath.

Liam smiled up at him with kind eyes and used the leg against the wall to wrap around Zayn's hips. "Come here," he summoned. Zayn lowered so Liam could press their lips together. While Liam enjoyed the taste of Zayn's tongue, Zayn reached his hand down and pulled Liam's towel away so it laid flat on the bench instead of around Liam's hips.

Liam shifted under Zayn, asking for more. Zayn pulled back and reminded Liam, "I warned you you weren't getting prepped tonight and I was serious. I want you tight and needy, babe." Zayn would never really hurt Liam, and was only doing this because he happen to hear Liam fingering himself open this morning before they left the hotel.

Liam moaned and wrapped his arms around Zayn's shoulders. "Relax for me. I don't want to hurt you," Zayn added. He lined himself up and teased Liam's quivering entrance with the tip of his prick. Liam edged his hips forward, making Zayn really push against his rim.

Liam let his eyes fall shut at the feeling. Zayn kissed one cheek, then the other, then his jaw, and then one pec, and finally the other. Liam's body melted with the affection and Zayn felt his hole loosen up.

He used the opportunity and pushed his head past the ring of muscle. Liam was vice-like on Zayn cock, nearly pushing him back out. Zayn kept up the little kisses, then adding a few tender bites and swipes of his tongue, until Liam allowed Zayn to push further.

He sheathed his cock in Liam warm walls inch by inch. Liam was still holding tight to Zayn's shoulders, nails digging in while he swallowed Zayn inside him. They both let out a heavy breath when Zayn's balls pressed against Liam's ass.

Zayn had to squeeze his eyes shut and count to ten to keep from pummeling Liam's hole, he was so tight around him. Liam was puffing out little breaths and his leg around Zayn's hips kept twitching
every few seconds.

"Let me know," Zayn offered.

Liam just nodded and said, "Go ahead." Zayn let out a relieved sigh and pulled out halfway, then pushed back in slowly. Liam groaned and arched off the bench. "Fuck, Zee. So full."

Zayn hmm'd and lowered to his forearms, so his face was an inch from Liam's. "We'll always have this."

Liam broke into a tiny smile, barely a tilt of his lips, but to Zayn it was a glaring acceptance of who they were to each other. "I want to."

Zayn felt Liam stretching around him, adjusting to having something inside him, even though he wasn't prepped. He started a slow, easy rhythm that had short huffs falling from Liam's lips.

"Harder, babe." Zayn accepted Liam's request and thrusted into Liam, pushing Liam's body back and forth on the slick wood. The air was thick and making it hard to kept even breathes, as if Liam's unyielding grip on Zayn's cock wasn't doing that already. Now their skin was wet and sliding against each other, which made it easy to move faster.

Zayn had picked up to a punishing pace, as he pounded into Liam with gasping breaths. Liam was moaning and grabbing at Zayn's back futilely. He couldn't get purchase on the damp skin, and only succeeded in leaving little red lines in his wake.

"Za-ayn, fuck, fuck, Zayn," Liam gasped as Zayn shoved against his spot. His nails embedded themselves into Zayn's shoulders permanently it seemed, and his chest rose up to hit Zayn's. "Harder, keep going."

Zayn had no problem giving Liam what he wanted. Zayn could feel the tightness in his stomach and knew Liam was feeling it too, if his clenching hole was anything to go by.

Zayn hit Liam's prostate harder, over and over, until he spilled all over his stomach, his cum sliding down his abs because of the sweat as Zayn kept pushing in. He lasted three more thrusts before emptying into Liam's still tight hole. He shivered and scratched at Liam's triceps as he rode out his high.

Zayn pulled out and used Liam's wet towel to clean him up before he sat back against the wall again, chest heaving. Liam was breathing just as hard and couldn't seem to move out the position his limbs had fallen into when Zayn got up.

They sat in comfortable silence for a minute before Zayn couldn't take it anymore and said what he always did, "Don't go."

And Liam said what he always did, "I don't want to."

Zayn wanted to skip the rest of their routine, but couldn't bring himself to do it. "Then don't."

Liam sighed like he was hoping Zayn was opt out too. "I have to."

"You don't."

"I do."

"One day you'll say that to me in a different way."
That was new. Liam hadn't expected that. The smile that overtook him was almost painful it was so big. His hands clenched in excitement that he barely contained. "I hope so."

Chapter End Notes

Top Zayn all day boi! Yumyumyum!!!
"I love this new hair thing Lou's been doing with you," Harry compliment and touch his fingers lightly to Louis' styled quiff.

"Yeah, mate, me too. But I can never imagine trying to do it without her so it'll never look this good on a normal day," Louis informed him.

"Come on, your hair looks good every day, fringe or quiff," Harry tried.

"Well thanks, Haz."

Niall was sat three seats down, all the way on the end, waiting for Google to get their shit together. They were supposed to record an acoustic version of Steal My Girl for everyone to watch after their live stream, but so far they were just sitting on hard stools and waiting for the cameras to work.

Louis and Harry were all the way on the other end. Zayn and Liam were getting cozy in the middle and Niall was stuck on the end. He hated when they put Louis and Harry together, which they rarely did thank God, because Harry's always been willing to forget what Louis did to him. He seems to forget the nights he spent crying, when Niall was there for him.

Niall was always afraid that Harry would leave him and go running back to Louis if he ever asked Harry to. And when they were next to each other Harry couldn't help but flirt with him.

"Love the top today, Lou. Scoop necks are my favorite on you."

Louis smiled kindly at Harry, "I know, Haz." Harry just blushed and turned back to the front. Louis sighed and ran a hand across Harry's shoulder, "Why do you think I wear them?"
Harry bit his lip but didn't look back at Louis. "Because you know you look good in them."

Louis shook his head enough for Harry to see in his peripherals, "Because you think I look good in them," he amended.

"Alright boys we're ready!" a Google worker announced.

Thank fucking Heaven, because Niall was this close to ripping his barely blonde hair out. They performed the song, Niall subconsciously stiff during his parts, and moved on the actual interview.

Niall was delighted when Harry claimed the spot next to him and nudged his shoulder with a wink. They spent the entire interview playing around and flirting and teasing. Niall’s favorite part was when Ben said Harry and Niall were the only two single lads. Harry had a right laugh about it.

Afterwards Louis whispered something in Harry's ear, something that had Harry nodding enthusiastically. Niall loved Louis, but today he wanted to ruin his perfectly styled hair, that Harry loved so much, until he cried.

Niall pulled Harry out of the room and into the quiet hallway. "What the hell, Harry?"

Harry looked genuinely confused and replied, "What?"

"Can you keep you hands to yourself for five minutes?" Niall knew Harry was a touchy guy, he always has been. But now that Harry was his, it was his favourite and his least favourite thing about him.

"Not if you're standing there looking like that," he smirked and placed his big hands over Niall's hips.

Niall huffed and tried to keep his smile off his face, but when Harry leaned in and kissed his neck, Niall sighed and wrapped his arms around Harry's shoulders. "What about Louis?" he mumbled into Harry's shoulder.

"What about him?" he scoffed.

Niall shook his head in the crook of Harry's neck, "Sure you don't want him?" He tried not to sound like a petty, jealous boyfriend, but let's be real, that's exactly what he was right now.

Harry pulled back with his eyebrows drawn together, "Why would I..." he paused when he saw Niall was serious, "Babe, I don't want anyone but you."

Niall pushed the hair by his ear around with his fingers, "But Louis has good hair and scoop neck tees."

Harry laughed, eyes crinkled and lips drawn tight over his teeth, "And? He's also got a cruel sense of humor and no room for anyone but himself and his ego." Niall was still playing with his hair so Harry took his hand and intertwined their fingers, "You're really afraid I want him back?"

Niall couldn't look Harry in eye so he stuck to glancing up at him through his lashes. "Maybe," he whispered.

Harry's face turned from teasing to serious so quickly that Niall's had to blink a couple times and make sure he was seeing it correctly. Harry nodded once and pulled Niall by the wrist down the hall, trying a few doors until one opened.

He pushed Niall inside and shut the door calmly behind him. Niall waited in the darkness until he felt
Harry's hand rubbed harshly against his jeans over the zipper. Niall moaned with the pressure and let his hand find Harry's chest.

"Hazza." Niall wasn't begging yet, he just needed Harry to do something, talk or something, because only having a hand wasn't enough.

Harry seemed to understand Niall's request because he moved close so his chest was flush with Niall's, his hand the only thing keeping them apart. "I don't want anybody else. Ever. Understand?"

Niall nodded and then realized Harry couldn't see him so he hummed and said, "Yeah, alright," quite unconvincingly.

"You still don't believe me, do you?"

Niall laid his head on Harry's chest next to his hand and sighed heavily, "I don't know."

Harry flicked open the button on Niall's jeans, "I guess I'll have to prove it to you then."

Niall's sigh gave Harry all the permission he needed to tug Niall's jeans and pants down to his ankles. He threw Niall's shirt off in the dark. Niall mewled at the kisses Harry laced over his chest and shoulders. He couldn't stand still any more so he got to work stripping Harry of his clothes, too.

Niall could feel Harry's chest rising and falling calmly. He traced his fingers over where he knew tattoos were even though he couldn't see them. "Are you mine?" Niall whispered through the dark.

"Completely, love," Harry answered instantly. "And you're mine," Harry reached around and grabbed Niall's ass, "And I will take you." Niall gasped when Harry's finger slid between his cheeks and ran over his hole.

He brought his hands up to Niall's mouth and used his thumb to guide his way until he parted Niall's lips and pushed two fingers into the warmth of Niall's mouth. Niall sucked on Harry's fingers until drool was rolling down his chin, his tongue lapping at the curves of the digits in his mouth.

"Thirsty?" Harry quipped and pulled his fingers out. He trailed the back of his hand down Niall's arm, around to his back and back to Niall's twitching hole.

"Haz," Niall breathed. Harry brought Niall closer and felt how hard he was. His own erection was rubbing against Niall's stomach, making him groan and press his fingers into Niall. "Shit, Harry."

Harry pressed his lips to Niall's shoulder. "Alright?" He felt Niall shake his head. "Don't give out on me or I'll have to hold you up against the wall." Niall groaned and nodded fervently at that. Harry's fingers were gently working Niall open. "You want me to push you against the wall? Wrap your legs around me while I fuck you?"

"Mmm, yes Harry."

Harry picked Niall up under his thighs and Niall crossed his ankles around Harry's waist. Harry turned them around and put one arm out so it would hit the wall before Niall. Once his hand touched the wall he pushed Niall against it with a huff.

Niall's arms wrapped tighter around Harry's neck and he ground his hips into Harry's. Harry pushed back instinctually, needing to feel Niall closer to him. He brought his fingers to his own mouth this time, not wanting to waste time.

Harry licked them until he was satisfied he wouldn't hurt Niall and brought them back to play with
Niall's entrance before quickly scissoring them open, stretching Niall for him.

Niall starting rolling back on Harry's fingers, arching away from the wall and into Harry's chest. "Hazza, give it to me. Please, don't tease."

"Okay, fuck, okay," Harry allowed and lifted Niall up higher on his body. He lowered one hand to where his cock was sliding between Niall's cheeks when Niall shifted back and forth. Harry held Niall still with the hand under his legs and lined himself up. "Be good. Relax."

Niall scoffed, "I know how to take your cock, Harry."

Harry laughed, his dimples caving in, "Fair enough, but without lube I need you to go easy. Got it?"

Niall nodded, then realized Harry couldn't see him and said, "Fine, but I'll fuck myself if you don't soon."

Harry nuzzled into Niall's neck and murmured, "Wouldn't want that," and pushed his flushed head past the tight ring of muscles. Niall threw his head back, hitting it against the wall, and moaned as Harry slid against his walls.

Harry only waited a few moments before thrusting in gently. Niall clenched and then unclenched, letting Harry in deeper. Harry took it and pushed himself flush with Niall's ass. Niall let his head fall back to Harry's shoulder.

"Come on Haz, enough games. Just fuck me, please." Harry dug his fingers into Niall's skin under his legs and hummed as he started a hard rhythm inside him. Niall was pushed up the wall a little bit with every thrust.

Niall's arms and legs were a vice around Harry's long body and they moved together, working each other closer to the edge. Harry pounded into Niall a couple more times and groaned as he came inside him. Niall pushed down on him harder, riding him through his orgasm, before Harry took Niall's leaking cock in his hand and pumped him to his release. Niall shouted a desperate, "Uuugghh!" and shot cum over Harry's hand.

Harry pushed Niall up so he could slide out and then gently set Niall on the ground on weak legs, keeping an arm around him for support. Niall leaned forward and put his forehead on Harry's sweaty chest. "Mine," Niall whispered.

"At least now you know," Harry added. Niall hmm'd and snuggled closer to Harry, blocking out Louis and anyone else that could keep Harry from him.

Chapter End Notes

Possessive and quick and hard. My fave.
Comment and Kudos

Chapter Notes

No smut...just extra thoughts and such.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

I don't think I can explain to you how important comments are to me. I feed off of them. Not just in the conceited way (although...yeah), but also it lets me know if that particular one shot was good or total shit. Honestly I would love comments that said "That fucking sucked" as much as one that says "That fucking rocked" because it helps me as a writer. If you think I suck as top!Zayn lemme know. If you love the way I write bottom!Niall lemme know. Now remember how kind I am to y'all and don't send hate, kthanks!

Also more specifically, If I used certain phrases or words too much LET ME KNOW! Because I probably don't notice, and I know when I'm reading other fanfics and I read the word slowly thirteen times in two paragraphs I wanna scratch my eyes out. Another thing, since I am in fact female and don't have many male parts that would give me better insight into the world of fabulous gay sex (which I'm forever jealous about btw), I would love for those gay (bi, pan, whatever) men out there that read my shit to tell me if I'm missing something or explaining something incorrectly, or whatever. OR OR OR what about positions I'd never think of. OR! what about dirty talk I'd never think of.

GIVE IT ALL TO ME! BRING IT ON!

Tons of kudos right after I post something will certainly let me know you liked something. If my kudos don't go up after I post something I'll assume you didn't like that one as much and I probably won't do many of that particular ship and top/bottom combo.

And I know I say this a lot but if you want a certain ship or combo YOU HAVE TO TELL ME! I can't read your mind and I have no shame in my smut so neither should you. REQUEST STUFF!

Thanks so much for reading my PSA!

Love y'all super duper a lot,

Xoxo

Chapter End Notes

Got it? Good :D
Saturday night. Niall's least favorite night of the week. It was busier than Friday, probably because all the pompous businessmen had the day off and at night had the energy to use Niall. On Friday he got all the drunk blokes that had enough whiskey in their systems not to be ashamed of who they are for an hour. But Saturday. Saturday was when all the cheating husbands and high-powered closeted VP's came around. They always wanted to top, and by the time Sunday morning rolled around Niall was sore and tired. They were forceful and sometimes harsh with him, leaving a bruise or two, and tossing the money on the bed without even looking at Niall again.

Niall got a text from his boss that he needed to be in 'his room' in ten. He didn't need ten, he was already there, open and sore from the last guy. But he'd had the time since the tall brunet walked out to change the sheets (using one of many sets his 'house' kept on hand) and air the room out. Niall didn't bother getting dressed again. He sat at the top head of the bed cross-legged and waited for his next guest.
There was a small click of the door opening and Niall took a deep breath and pasted on a small smile and cute eyes. The bloke walked into his room and gave Niall a once over, the once over Niall got at least half a dozen times a night but never got used to. He seemed to approve because he pushed off his jacket and started undoing his slacks. (Niall never understood why businessmen couldn't wear normal clothes on the weekend.) He pushed his pants down and slid his shoes off. He folded his slacks in half and set them on the chair all while Niall waited on the bed.

"Hi there," Niall finally piped up once the guy was standing at the edge of the bed.


Niall turned over and backed up so he had room to get on all fours. The position was pretty much routine on Saturday. All these men wanted to fuck, but didn't want to have to see the person they were fucking. Then maybe they wouldn't have to face up to the fact that they were having sex with someone other than their wives. Niall parted his knees and braced himself on the sheets. He felt the bed dip behind him and shivered when the guy's cold hands took hold of his hips.

"I hope you're prepped."

Niall nodded and reached over to the nightstand and handed the guy a condom. Niall listened to the crinkle of the wrapper and the slight squeak of the rubber. He looked lazily around his immediate area, noticing that there was a chip in the headboard. A weird shadow that look like a flamingo cast over the pillow. The guy entered Niall without any warning and Niall humph'd and gripped the sheets to stay on his knees. Niall didn't even get half hard by the time the guy finished and left him there, used condom at the foot of the bed next to the money.

***

Sunday was Niall's only day off. He made sure to make it to the late service at his local church, sitting in the back and keeping quiet during worship. He didn't really talk to anyone, but he just felt like if he missed even a single Sunday he'd lose any measure of humanity that still remained inside his used body. He'd made a deal with Jesus a long time ago: Niall was welcome to visit any of his houses anytime he wanted, but there was no way God was letting him into his home when the time came.

The sermon was about God being there even when you couldn't see or feel him. Niall didn't know about that, but he did know that church was well lit and filled with smiling people, which he rarely saw in his everyday life. He never took notes, but remember every single message. Last week the preacher talked about losing faith. Two months ago he did this really good one about whether God would rather have a smiling face and a fake heart or a frown and real heart. At the end he pretty much left the question open for the people to decide, but did say that God can see your intentions and that if you're faking it he'll know. Niall felt really bad about the fake orgasm he pulled for the cute, blond guy two days later.

Niall sat through the sermon, just enjoying the powerful voice of the man in the pulpit. When it was over Niall stayed in his seat like he always did, waiting for everyone to leave so he could enjoy the big empty room with Jesus on the cross at the front. He admired the dark wood of the benches in front of him, the large piano, drums, and couple of guitars that filled the back of the stage. When his eyes settled on Jesus' bleeding body he couldn't look away. Niall thought his life was bad, but that guy bled to death. Or maybe not, Niall wasn't really sure about the details.

"Hey, are you new?"

Niall's gaze was torn away from the bleeding Jesus to a short guy with shining blue eyes and soft
brown hair. He had a tight black tee shirt on and even tighter black jeans. He was sporting a pair of bright blue Vans and quite a few tattoos. Niall'd seen him at the church before, quickly thought that he wished he'd come around as a customer, then moved on because that would never happen. Now he was staring blankly at the cute boy, blinking over and over.

"Maybe not?" the boy corrected awkwardly and laughed, smiling lightly. Niall's blood drained when he smiled. It was like the room got a little smaller all of sudden, and this guy with the kind eyes took up so much more space.

Niall shook his head and stood up. "I'm not new. I'm not here. I'm-I'm not making sense, I'm Niall," he finally pushed out.

"Niall," the boy repeated with a kind gaze, "That's different. You're not from around here are you?"

"Uh not originally, no. But I am now."

"That's cool. So you go to this church every Sunday, then?"

Niall hadn't had this long of a conversation since he was a kid. He wasn't sure what to do. What do you do in this sort of situation? Keep talking. Say more things that aren't really that important. Should I talk about him more? "I'm Niall." Niall mentally facepalmed.

The boy just laughed, "I heard. I'm Louis. 's nice to meet you."

Louis. Like he was french or something, but Niall could tell by his accent that he wasn't. "Your eyes are blue," ...?? What am I doing?

"That's true. So are yours. They're very nice." Niall blushed. He knew he did because his face got all hot when he blushed and right now it was blazing. Louis just chuckled and pointed back towards the door. "Want to grab some food with me? I'm stuck here all day but I have like an hour for lunch."

"Why are you stuck here?"

"I do work for the church on Sundays. Cleaning up, organizing, easy stuff."

"Wow your job is way easier than mine." Niall tensed when he realized he mentioned his job, but Louis just smiled.

"They don't actually pay me for it. My real job is much harder."

"You work for free?" Niall was shocked. The idea of not getting paid was awful to him, but Louis didn't seem to mind.

"They've been good to me over the years, so I give back. It's fine, Niall, I don't mind," Louis was trying to understand Niall apprehension. When Niall just stood there, wide eyed, Louis continued. "You don't have to eat with me. I was just offering."

Niall snapped out of his inner rant and smiled sadly, "I would like to, but I can't."

"Oh okay, you're busy, that's cool." Niall noticed the dejected sound of Louis' airy voice and wanted to kick himself.

"Oh no actually, Sunday my only day off, but I'm broke right now so I was just going to go home and eat soup or something."

Louis raised an eyebrow, "Soup? Oh no. I'm taking you to lunch. Pick your place. Anywhere you
Niall shook his head and put his hands up in front of him, "I can't do that. Thank you but no-"

"You're coming with me. I'm going to wine and dine you until you stop that nervous thing with your fingers," Louis pointed to where Niall hadn't noticed he was crossing and uncrossing his fingers, "and decide you like me." Louis grabbed Niall by the arm and pulled him gently out the door into the bright afternoon sun. "If you drove we'll come back to get it," Louis said as he kept walking and dragging Niall with him.

"Are you always so persistent?"

Louis laughed loudly at that. "Only when I see something I want." Niall tried not to let the words go straight to his pants, but he ended up adjusting himself as they walked anyway.

Louis' car was nice, shiny. Niall didn't really know much about high end brands, never needed to, but he could tell this car was worth more than his entire existence.

"Woah," Niall awed as they stopped in front of it.

Louis waved him off. "Get in loser, we're going anywhere you want." Louis laughed like he made some hilarious joke, but Niall didn't get it so he just chuckled awkwardly and got in the passenger seat. Louis slid in, looking much more comfortable than Niall felt. He pressed the start button (since when do cars start without keys??) and put it in reverse. He pulled out of the parking lot smoothly, hand shifting gears every couple seconds. "So? Where to?"

Niall remembered he was supposed to choose and got flustered. "I like Nando's," was all he could think of. He hadn't had Nando's in months, not since his 'Christmas bonus'.

"Nando's? You've got the entire world in front of you and you pick Nandos?" Louis glanced over at Niall with an incredulous look. Niall took a moment then nodded seriously. "Okay, then. Nando's it is."

The drive was only about fifteen minutes, but Niall seemed to know so much more about Louis when he got out of the car than he did about his own father. Louis loved tea. And Big Brother. And cool socks, which Niall could've guessed by the pair he was wearing. He refused to be called hipster even though he wore too much black and listen to indie bands. Niall couldn't stop smiling, even offering a few things of his own. Nothing deep, but more like I like your socks or I like Love/Hate myself.

They ate too much chicken, if there is such a thing. Niall mentioned that he couldn't decide between flavors so Louis order some of each. Niall's mouth dropped with the waiter scuttled off to put in the order. "You didn't have to do that. I would've decided."

Louis smiled kindly, "You shouldn't have to."

Niall's face was blazing again. Fuck you, face. He lowered his head and played with his fingers. "Well, thanks."

The chicken was good. Really good. Better than most of Niall's meals. When they finished Niall sat back in his chair and ran a hand through his hair.

Louis was looking at him fondly. "Is there anything else you want, Niall?"

Niall looked up at Louis' sudden change in tone. Now he sounded serious, and Niall confirmed it
when he saw Louis' looking at him intently, like he could read his mind. "Um, I'm fine for now. Thanks."

Louis' lips turned up a little and he nodded minutely, "Just tell me, whenever you want something, and I'll give it to you."

Niall's throat was dry. All of sudden the air in the room was thick was sexual tension. Where the hell did that come from? Niall's mind was spiraling with all the things he wanted from Louis. He cleared his throat, and then cleared it again because apparently dirty thoughts are harder to get rid of then Niall thought. He shifted in his seat, pressing his palm to his bulge, and hoping Louis wouldn't notice.

Judging by his smirk, he noticed. Also judging by the hoarse, "Check, please," he called to our waiter, Niall was pretty sure he noticed. Louis quickly paid and ushered them out of the restaurant. Louis had a firm hand on his lower back until they got to the car. He turned Niall around and pushed him against the door with his body.

Niall's hands went to Louis' hips instinctively. Louis leaned in and kissed Niall hard, taking Niall's bottom lip between his teeth for a moment. Niall groaned and licked into Louis' mouth. Surprisingly Louis didn't fight him, just let Niall move them through the kiss as he pleased. Louis pulled back, breathless and flushed. Niall wanted to devour him right then, but Louis started talking and Niall couldn't possibly see what was so important.

"Wanna drive?"

Oh. That's cool. Niall nodded and Louis pushed the keys into his hand. Niall rounded to the other side and quickly hopped in the car. Niall looked at the keys, then at Louis. Louis smirked and said, "You don't have to use them. The button's pretty cool." Niall smiled and gave Louis the keys back and started the car.

"Hey, Cathy," Louis spouted out of nowhere.

/Hello, Louis. Where to?/

"Take me home, love."

/Of course, sir. Take a left out of the parking lot and continue-/ 

"Shut up, Cathy," Louis added quickly. The GPS went silent and kept the directions on the screen. "That's better. I don't want her interrupting me."

Niall turned at the corner on the screen before saying, "Interrupting wh-oh okay." Louis leaned over the middle and grabbed Niall through his jeans. Louis laughed and flipped the button open and the zip down. He pushed his hand in between the layers of fabric and rubbed circles into his bulge. Niall was trying his best to focus on the instructions the GPS was giving him, but when Louis pulled his length out and got a proper grip on him Niall missed his turn and cursed. The screen rerouted him and he took the next turn.

Louis reached up and nibbled on his earlobe then whispered, "I knew you weren't new." Niall just grunted in response, unable to make sentences in his current predicament. "I've seen you at church every week. Always alone. You come in after everyone else and leave after everyone else. I see you looking at that cross with those beautiful blue eyes." He pumped Niall lazily and kissed just under his ear, making Niall shudder. "I swore last week, when you wore those gray jeans with the rips in them and that white shirt with the black letters, that I was going to have you someday. Then you walked in
today in these," Louis raked his short nails up Niall's thigh, "and I had to have you right then."

Niall eyes were blurry with lust, unsure if he was still following the directions or not, but then Louis pulled away and smiled, "Oh good. We're here. It's the dark brick one." Niall nearly threw himself out of the car when Louis pulled his hand away, but saw the house up on the right and praised the Lord. They practically ran up to the door and then up the stairs to where Louis's room was. Niall tried to admire the decor but then Louis was taking his pants off and Niall didn't really care about the drapes. Niall was shrugging out of his clothes so fast he gave himself rub burn. Niall tripped trying to unlace his high-top Chucks and Louis bellowed a laugh with crinkly eyes and thin lips. Niall would trip down fifty flights of stairs if Louis would laugh like that again.

Louis took Niall behind the neck and kissed him with a smile still on his face. Niall's hands were roaming over all of Louis' skin, learning him. Niall couldn't get enough of the foreplay. He never got foreplay in his job, so Louis' lips on his neck felt like flying. Louis pulled them back to the bed and pushed Niall down on it. He stood at the end watching Niall for a second with dark eyes and a lick of his lips. Niall immediately turned over and got up on his hands and knees.

Louis made a disgruntled sound and said, "Babe? What are you doing?" Niall suddenly felt so insecure. He mumbled and started playing with the sheets, fiddling with his fingers. "No, it's fine, I mean the views great, but I'd," Louis huffed and turned Niall over on the bed and climbed on top of him, "I'd like to see your face when you fuck me, love."

Niall's eyes went wide, "What?"

Louis back tracked, "Unless you wanted to bottom. That's cool. I'd definitely fuck you. Hopefully if I don't tonight you'll let me someday." Louis was rambling now, but he didn't want Niall to think he didn't want him. Cause I mean...he wanted him. Like wanted him. But Niall was acting like he'd never had sex before and that scared him.

Niall put his hand over Louis' mouth. "I want to fuck you. I do. I've just never been asked which I'd prefer before."

Louis nodded with realization, "Well you've been with some dicks, sorry, but not really." Louis rocked his hips gently on Niall's lap. "Tonight you can do whatever you want to me, okay?"

Niall's hands went to Louis' hips and he dug his fingers in and moved Louis on top on him in circles. "Are you sure?"

Louis pursed his lips in consideration, "Well, I have to go back to work tomorrow so maybe don't leave any major wounds, but yeah."

Niall laughed and brought Louis down for a kiss. He trailed his other hand up Louis' arm and then scratched down his bicep lightly. Louis moaned into Niall's mouth then reached over to the drawer by his bed. He returned with a condom and lube, but also something else. Niall soon saw it was a silk scarf and gave Louis a confused look.

"Tie me up," Louis suggested. Niall's hips bucked up, making Louis smile smugly. Louis got off and laid down on the fluffy duvet. Niall took the scarf from Louis and kneeled by the top of the bed. Louis stretched his arms up and smirked.

Niall gave Louis one more kiss, sort of upside down because of their positions, before tying Louis' wrists to the headboard. Niall came back to Louis with the lube in his hand. Niall kissed a line from Louis' knee to the curve between his thigh and stomach.
Louis fidgeted under Niall so he put a firm hand on his chest. "Be still." Louis stilled instantly and let Niall's hand run over his chest to his abs, then down past his hard cock and to his waiting hole. He popped open the lube with his free hand while he traced light circles around Louis' entrance. Louis spread his legs wider and hmm'd shortly, asking Niall to hurry up. "Okay, love," Niall relented and slick his fingers up. Louis kept pushing his hips down impatiently so Niall didn't waste any time and pushed the tips of two fingers into Louis' hole.

Louis made a long, needy noise and gripped the scarf in his fingers. Niall chuckled and bent over to lick a strip up Louis' hard prick. Louis moaned and rocked his hips between Niall's fingers and tongue. Niall kissed little pecks all over Louis' length while he worked his fingers deeper. "Needy," Niall commented without really thinking about it. Louis moaned and pushed down harder on Niall's fingers, pushing them in to the knuckle. Louis huffed a quiet fuck when the widest part of Niall's fingers stretched him.

"Niall, Ni, baby, open me up," Louis requested. Niall spread his fingers inside Louis' tight walls. He felt the warm, smooth edges of his hole against his skin. His rim was tight around him, but inside Louis was soft and yielding. Niall wanted more inside him, so he added lube to his ring finger and pushed it in alongside the other two. Louis cried short little puffs of air, but murmured yesyesyes as Niall's fingers scissored him open in different directions. "Fuuuuck, Niall, fuck me. Now, fucking now."

Niall pulled his fingers out and grabbed the condom off the bed. He tore it open and hastily rolled it down himself, groaning at the friction then used the lube left on his fingers to slick himself up. It wasn't nearly as much as Louis usually used, but in the moment Louis was way past waiting for Niall to be wet enough. Niall led himself to Louis' hole and pushed in hard. Then he could only braced his hands on either side of Louis' chest and drop his head in pleasure. "Oh God, Louis. Fuck, I can't-I forgot how good this feels."

Louis hummed his assent and pushed Niall closer with his foot. Niall lowered to his forearms and kissed Louis' jaw, then his cheek, and finally his lips, slow and sweet. He started a smooth rhythm made more of circles than strokes. Niall lower down more so he was flush with Louis and changed his angle so he could find his spot. He tried a couple thrusts and then found it, rewarded with Louis' loud moan and his legs moving up to wrap around his waist.

It gave Niall the space to get that much closer, which he used and pushed in deeper. Louis was moving with Niall, rolling up to meet his thrusts and pushing Niall's head into his prostate harshly each time. Louis' ankles crossed around his waist, shoving up with each push. Niall kissed Louis' neck and breathed, "Gonna come."

Louis nodded and added his own, "Close."

Niall rubbed circles into Louis' hip as he kept kissing his neck. "Can you come untouched?"

Louis moaned. "I can try. I haven't in years, though," he panted.

Niall ran his lips over Louis' jaw to his ear, "I know you can," he pushed faster, "Come for me."

Louis rocked his hips harder, his fingernails making crescent shapes on his palms. Niall's pace was punishing, trying to push Louis over the edge.

Louis was mumbling little things Niall could barely make out. Fuckfuckfuck. Good, so good. So close. Niall latched onto Louis' neck and sucked on the soft skin until it was hot and red. He bit down harshly and Louis pulled in the restraints and came onto his stomach with a scream of Niall's name. Niall rocketed for a few moments then stilled as he came inside the condom. He ran a shaky hand over Louis' red chest before pulling out. They breathed hard, breathy sounds filling the
"Love?" Niall looked over at him.

Louis glanced up at the ties and Niall laughed, "Right, sorry." He leaned up and untied Louis' wrists, which fell heavily to the bed above his head. Niall took them in his hands and rubbed soft circles into them. "Thank you," Niall whispered then kissed one of Louis' wrists.

Louis pulled out of his grip and then pulled Niall to lay on his chest. "Don't ever thank me for something I'm pretty sure I enjoyed more than you," Louis rubbed a hand over his face, "I can't believe I came like that."

Niall hummed and kissed his chest. "It was really hot. I hope you don't mind, but the standards have been set really high now."

Louis barked a laugh, "I'm not doing that everytime."

"That would get boring. I was thinking of so many other ways I could make you come from just my cock."

Louis hit Niall's arm and rolled them so Louis was hovering over him. "That's funny that you think you're going to fuck me everytime."

Niall just shrugged, "Nah, I'm excited to see what you can do."


Niall sighed a long even breath out. "Are we being serious?"

"Well I kind of was, but you don't have to worry, love, I'd never hurt you."

"No not that. I meant about doing this again."

Louis' face was filled with soft kindness when he said. "Again and again and again. And I'll take you back to Nandos, or Dinner, or Paris, or back to Ireland, which is where you're from I assume, judging by the accent."

"Don't make promises you can't-"

"I plan to keep them."

Chapter End Notes

This sounds like a fic idea doesn't it?? Whadda think?
Chapter Summary

Zilo sex tape leaks.

Top: Zayn
Bottom: Liam

Chapter Notes

This request was literally a picture. They sent it to me and was like...that's it. Write it. I was like..okay. hahaha. Turns out I actually /really/ like this one!!

Only like ten more chapters and then I'll put the half shots at the end and then I'll start on Volume II i guess. That's so much smut! I'm awesome. Well y'all are awesome be 90% of these are requests from your genius minds! Love ya! xo

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes
"Do you think this is funny?"

Louis and Zayn were trying to keep from full on laughing while Liam sat there with fear frozen on his features.

"Nope, not funny at all. Fun, yes, but funny, no," Louis teased. Zayn burst then, laughing at Louis and their managment, but for two different reasons.

"Your indiscretions will not be tolerated here. This could be the end of your career boys."

"Then do something about it!" Liam shouted.

Zayn pulled Liam gently back to the couch they were sitting on and put a hand around his waist comfortingly.

"We made it through the weed video, my bullshit tweets, Harry coming out. You really think this
will end us?"

"This is completely different Louis and you know that. This can't be brushed off as boys will be boys. Three members of One Direction making a sex tape isn't something you throw under the rug."

"I don't know, Zayn seemed to like the rug." Zayn elbowed Louis, but wore a shit-eating grin.

"Need I remind you that all of you are in long-term relationships with upstanding women. Zayn you're engaged for Christ's sake!"

"Yeah like I have been for four years now," Zayn rolled his eyes.

"Sophia's fine," Liam finally added to the conversation. "She knows and she's fine."

"Sophis knows?" Zayn sounded impressed.

Liam nodded, "Afterwards I felt so bad. I had to tell her, but she understood. I can't imagine how I got someone like her." Liam put his head in his hands.

Louis reached over a put a hand on Liam's knee. "Come on now, you've got nothing to worry about. That woman loves you more that anything. And she gets it."

"Your fans won't," the partially bald man interjected. "They'll be disgusted, repulsed, by what you've done."

"Really? Have you read the fanfiction they write?" Louis quipped, "I think we'll be giving the fans a gift if it gets leaked."

"This will never see the light of day, we guarantee you that."

***

One Direction members Liam Payne, Louis Tomlinson, and Zayn Malik's sex tape leaked yesterday. It features the boys in quite a few compromising positions. Due to its graphic nature we can't show any clips, but we do have a few screenshots from the video. The woman with the sky high heels reported while the five boys lounged in Harry's livingroom. Pictures from the video popped up on the screen, featuring the three of them naked, parts blurred for TV, and bent in all sorts of ways.

Harry spit his tea all over his rug while Niall laughed hysterically and pointed at the screen. Harry composed himself enough to say, "A sex tape?! The fuck guys?" Louis knew Harry was talking specifically to him first. After they broke up, because Harry wanted to come out and Louis didn't, things were strained. Now that Louis was being so cavalier about a gay sex tape with him and two supposedly straight band members, Harry had to wonder what the hell was going on.

"Wait this isn't a joke," Niall asked no one in particular.

Louis just shrugged, making Harry fume further. "It just sorta happened," was all Louis could think to say.

"Just sorta happened?" Harry was standing over Louis now. "I am the king of just sorta happened. That shit doesn't just sorta happen!"

Zayn stood up between the two, "We didn't leak it, I swear, but we were warned that someone might. We thought it was taken care of."

Liam's fists were clenched on the arm of the couch and Niall had sobered quite quickly and had an
arm around him. "Soph is going to kill me."

"You guys can make it through this," Niall encouraged. "She knows you've slept with guys before."

"No she knows about the tape," Liam waved that notion away, "I just promised no one would see it."

"Sophia knows about you guys? And she's...like..."

"She's the love of my life, Niall. And she's okay, yes."

"Well I would've loved to be in the same loop as Sophia then, because apparently she gets to know things about you guys before I do!" Harry yelled.

Louis stood up, "You don't get to know anymore! What I do is none of your business!"

"Who's fault is that? You couldn't handle being out! You couldn't bear people knowing you loved me! But a gay threesome flys right on by, no problem?"

"That's not why I ended it and you know it! I was happy for you being able to come out, but you refused to wait for me!"

Harry threw his arms up and turned his back on Louis. Zayn tried to soothe the conversation, "What happened was no one's fault but our fucking management. If we're mad at anyone, it's them. Not each other." Louis took a couple deep breaths and sent a sad smile to Zayn before leaving Harry's flat. Niall pulled Liam up and they left too. Zayn put his hand on Harry's arms and asked, "What do you need?"

"Alone. I need some time. Call me in a few hours, okay?" he said without looking back at Zayn. Zayn made a sound of assent and grabbed his keys and left. Harry fell back on the couch with a groan. He pressed play on the TV and the woman kept talking about the scandal that was his best friends. 

_The boys management couldn't be reached for comment but we did hear from a source close to the boys that they don't seem to o put out by the leak. Maybe there's more than one gay member of One Direction?_

Harry could've laughed if he wasn't so frustrated. He turned off the TV and let his head fall back on the couch. He looked at the ceiling for an acceptable amount of time before running to his room, grabbing his laptop, and sitting cross-legged at the head of the bed with the bright screen on his lap. He googled the tape, but only came up with blurred pictures and Perez Hilton's ignorant opinion. He huffed and turned to somewhere he tried to avoid but knew he'd find the answer. Tumblr.

He searched it and found the link to the full video in minutes. It popped up and asked him to confirm he was of age to be watching the video. Harry accepted it and waited for it to load. He's seen all the boys in compromising situations, so he knew it wouldn't be anything he hadn't witnessed before, or even partook in. What he was scared of was seeing Louis with someone else. Harry made sure to keep himself far away from Louis' love life after they broke up, it hurt too much to see him bring other people home. He even started to feel bad for El. He'd started to feel like one of those fans that refused to believe in Larry and shipped Louis and Eleanor. Now he was going to see Louis do things to Liam and Zayn that he'd experienced himself, and missed so badly. The video seemed loaded enough to Harry clicked play.

^V^V^
He recognized Zayn's room instantly. The sharp pieces of art, the dark comforter. There was a plate with a lighter and a small pile of ground weed on the bedside table and a bong sitting next to it. Louis came into frame with bloodshot eyes and a wide smile. He was adjusting the camera in only a pair of tight dark blue pants. When it was where he liked it he backed up enough to see Zayn and Liam kissing at the top of the bed. Liam had a firm hold on Zayn's long hair while Zayn's hand wandered across Liam's firm chest.

"Hello there," Louis addressed the camera. It was set at a corner of the bed so it sat at an angle in the frame. "I suppose I'm saying hi to myself because I'll be the one watching this later." He loosed a laugh that tickled a soft spot in Harry's memory. Louis was almost abnoxious when he was high, but at least he was free. "Zee and Li are here too," Louis stepped out of frame and said, "Say hi to me boys." Zayn flipped off the camera without taking his mouth from Liam's. Liam skewed his eyes to the lense and smiled into the kiss as a greeting. They were both pushed chest to chest, also wearing just a thin layer to cover themselves.

Louis practically floated to the table and took another deep hit from the still burning stained-glass bong. He blew the smoke out slowly and sighed peacefully. Zayn turned around and brought Louis to stand between his leg at the side of the bed. Louis lowered the bong to Zayn's mouth and helped him take a hit. Zayn smiled up at Louis as he held the smoke in and turned back to Liam. He pressed his mouth to Liam's and Liam opened his mouth to welcome the smoke and Zayn's tongue inside. Smoke filtered out from between their lips. Louis put the glass back down and climbed on the bed behind Zayn.

Liam's hand immediately moved from Zayn's hip to Louis', pulling them together. Louis kissed over Zayn's thin shoulders and smooth back slowly, pressing lips intentionally each time until he reached right behind his ear. Liam kissed Zayn's lips while Louis sucked on the soft skin a couple inches away until Zayn moaned and pressed back on Louis. Louis took the hint and let his hand skim over Zayn's skin down to his pants. He slipped his fingers past the waistband and disappeared under the material. Zayn groaned into Liam's mouth and rubbed a thumb over Zayn's nipple, making him dig his nails into Liam's hair and break from his mouth to breath.

"Fuck guys," Zayn panted and let his head fall down to the pillow. Liam and Louis both chuckled and continued their attention. Zayn was rocking with tiny movements between the two boys. "Lemme. Let me touch," Zayn asked and reached a hand down the back of Liam's pants. Liam squeaked then moaned when Zayn squeezed Liam's ass in his palm. He brought Liam closer and grinded their hard ons together with Louis' hand still stuck between them. Liam let Zayn lead him for a minute while he caught up, and then joined him in grinding against each other. Louis played his fingers on Zayn's cock while they humped against each other and kept his mouth working on Zayn's neck, leaving a few dark marks. Zayn stopped suddenly and turned to Louis, "I wanna taste you."

Louis moaned and nodded before getting up from the bed. He pulled Zayn up next to him and kissed him. Zayn pulled Louis' shorts down to the floor and dropped to his knees. Louis sat down on the edge of the bed and ran his fingers through Zayn's soft hair. "Look so good on your knees, love." Zayn hummed and kissed the tops on each of Louis' thighs. He kissed back and forth slowly, getting closer to Louis' proud cock. When he reached it he licked a strip from the base to the tip and took the head between his lips. Louis stuttered a breath and put his hands on either side of Zayn's face. "So good. Missed this."

Liam crawled up behind Louis and sat back to chest with him. Louis tilted his head and took Liam's mouth on his. "Hey," Liam smiled.

"Hi," Louis returned fondly.
Liam ran his hands up and down Louis' sides while he kissed him. He reached around and pushed Zayn's head further down on Louis' cock. Zayn moaned and took it eagerly. Louis groaned at the new warmth and let his head fall back on Liam's shoulder. Liam rubbed circles into Zayn's hair and kissed softly on Louis' shoulder. Zayn lowered further until his lips hit Louis' hips. Louis let out a stunted uughh and rocked up into Zayn's mouth. Zayn licked around Louis sloppily, making spit drip out back onto Louis' dick. Liam took his hand from Zayn's hair and reached between Louis' legs to fondle his balls. Louis' hips shot up and he fucked into Zayn's mouth harder.

"Close," was all he had to say for Liam and Zayn to double their efforts, Liam reaching further to play with Louis' hole and Zayn sucked hard on Louis' pulsing length. Another minute and a broken moan made it's way from Louis' mouth as his eyes squeezed shut and the muscles in his arms tensed. He shot into Zayn's mouth and rocked between Liam's body and Zayn's mouth as he rode out his high. Zayn pulled off and smirked as he stuck his tongue out to show Louis' cum sitting on his tongue. Then sitting up on his knees, he brought Liam forward to push Louis' seed into his mouth.

Liam moaned and took Zayn's gift with and chuckle before swallowing. Louis fell back against Liam's chest bonelessly. Liam circled his arms around Louis' waist and kissed his cheek sweetly. Liam nodded to the weed. "I want another. Will you light it for me?" he asked Zayn.

Zayn nodded and packed a little more into the bong and lit it for Liam while he held it to Liam's mouth. Liam inhaled, making the water bubble, then inhaled again when Zayn pulled the plug out. The smoke filled Liam's lungs and he fell back to the bed, bringing Louis with him, coughing out the smoke when Louis' weight hit his chest. They laughed together and rolled so they were laying on their sides, chest to chest. Zayn took a hit while it was still hot and quickly shotgunned it into Louis' mouth so he wouldn't be left out. He placed it back on the table and laid down behind Liam.

"I'm so hard lads," Zayn voiced.

Liam reached behind him to palm at Zayn's bulge, "Let's take care of that then."

Zayn pushed his pants down and off hastily and leaned into Liam, "I want you."

Liam's eyes fell shut and he nodded, "Yeah."

Zayn scooted to the top of the bed and said, "Ride me and Lou'll suck you off."

Liam moaned and Louis smiled at Zayn's suggestion. He sat back against the headboard and propped a pillow behind him. Liam sat up and leaned back on Zayn's chest. Louis tucked his fingers into Liam's waistband and pulled his pants down to revealed Liam's hard cock to the world. Zayn didn't wait to grab Liam in his hand a leisurely stroke him. Liam sighed and put a hand over Zayn's to squeeze tighter.

Louis got off the bed and disappeared from the frame. He came back with a bottle of lube and a wicked grin. "Can I?" Zayn nodded and Liam flipped over so he was on his knees, straddling Zayn, his mouth next to Zayn's cock. Liam looked up to Zayn before laying open-mouthed kisses to Zayn's shaft over and over. Zayn clicked the bottle open and coated all four fingers gingerly. He tossed the bottle to the bottom on the bed and kneeled behind Liam and smoothed his dry hand down Liam's back, making him arch into the touch, putting his ass on display. Zayn growled Liam's name in lust and pushed his hands up and down Liam's shoulder blades.

Louis kissed right at the curve of Liam's ass and then placed a finger at Liam's hole. "Haven't done this in a while. I bet you're so tight, Li," Louis commented. Liam groaned and let his head fall to Zayn's hip while he kept mouthing at Zayn's thick cock. Louis pushed his finger in smoothly, Liam pushing back on it greedily. Louis huffed a laughed and pushed another in beside the first. Liam
moaned and clenched his hands in the sheets by Zayn's legs. He took Zayn back in his mouth and suckled on the head. Zayn didn't push him, just let him play with Zayn's leaking tip.

Louis pushed his fingers in and out while he spread Liam open from the inside out. Liam was making tiny sounds around Zayn's prick, causing Zayn to scratch at Liam's back to keep from pushing into his mouth. Louis added the third finger and pushed until it was seated deep inside him and waited for Liam to adjust. When Liam rocked back on Louis' hand he pumped his fingers deep inside Liam's hole.

"Can you take four Li?" Louis asked softly.

Liam pulled his mouth off Zayn and whined, "I don't know."

Zayn put a finger under Liam's chin and tilted his face up to look at him. "I know you can," Zayn whispered.

Liam looked at Zayn for a long moment in silence before nodding, "Yeah, Lou, go ahead."

Louis kissed Liam's back and pet the smooth skin over his spine when he said, "You're amazing, Li."

Liam keened under the praise and spread his knees a little to make more room for Louis. Louis twisted his three fingers inside Liam to make sure he was stretched before pulling out to the tips and placed his pinky in the semi circle with his other fingers and pushed in slowly. Liam made a broken sound in the back of his throat as Louis' fingers split him open. Zayn ran a hand soothingly through Liam's hair and muttering encouragements like Look so good, Li. You're doing so well. Can't wait to feel you. Liam hummed and kissed Zayn's hand where it was pressed to his cheek.

Louis moved his fingers around and curled them to press into Liam's most sensitive spot. Liam whole body lurched and he moaned over Zayn's lap. Louis smiled and pressed in again. Liam voice sounded like he might cry when he stuttered a "Lou, Lou, please." Louis shh'd him and pulled his fingers out. Liam groaned at the air that filled him and quickly turned back around to sit on Zayn's lap. "Need it," was all he said before lining Zayn up and sitting down on him harshly. Zayn's hands flew to Liam's hips and he moaned out Liam's name.

Liam started a slow but hard rhythm, shooting up and down on Zayn's lap. Zayn's head fell back against the headboard and he dug his fingers into Liam's hips, surely leaving bruises. Louis scooted up the bed and straddle Zayn's thighs to take Liam's bouncing cock in his hand. Louis huffed and bit his lip to keep his sound in check, but Louis wasn't having it. He lowered down and put just Liam's tip in his mouth. Liam's movements had him slipping deep into Louis' mouth every couple seconds. Louis hollowed his cheek and gripped Zayn's thighs to keep himself balanced as Liam fucked his mouth and Liam fucked himself on Zayn's cock.

Louis was half hard again and getting stiffer as the moments passed. He took himself in his hand and pumped his hand quickly over himself. Liam started getting chaotic with his thrusts, letting the boys know he was close. Zayn was almost silent which meant he was close too. Liam stopped his big up and down rhythm and kept Zayn deep inside him so he was brushing over his prostate everytime he rocked back on him. Louis lowered down more and sucked hard, tasting Liam's precome on his tongue.

Liam gripped Louis' biceps in his fingers and came down his throat as he desperately pushed back on Zayn. Zayn bit on Liam's shoulder and pushed his hips hard against Liam's ass as he filled him with his seed. Liam whimpered but pulled off of Zayn and pushed Louis back on the bed and took his twitching cock in his hand. Liam jacked him off until Louis was shooting up his own stomach.
Zayn laid down beside Louis and pulled Liam to him. Liam ran a finger through the cum striped across Louis' abs and fed some of it to Zayn. Zayn sucked Liam's finger into his mouth and moaned quietly at Louis' taste. Louis wobbled off the bed in a daze and disappeared again. He came back with a damp cloth and clean all three of them up before throwing the towel to the floor and going over the camera. He couldn't stop smiling as he waggled his eyebrows and said, "Pretty good, huh?" Then the camera video went black and the time bar reached it's end.

^V^V^V^V

Harry stared at his computer, cum covering his hand, and his mind a minefield of emotions. He grabbed the laptop in both hands and catapulted it at the wall. It hit with a loud crack and then fell the floor in two pieces, the screen shattered and keys missing. Harry pulled his pants back up and got off the bed. The wall started out a nice blue color, but then it turned red, and Harry couldn't figure out why until he looked down at his hands and saw his bloody knuckles. He put his hands on the blood stained wall and leaned on them heavily. His head fell between his shoulders as tears started to fall from his tired eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Did ya like this one?? Please lemme know cause I liked this one.
Liam's not gay. But the bar tender catches his eye and takes him places he never knew.

Top: N/A
Bottom: N/A
Kinks: straight to gay. Hand job.

This turned into a multi part real quick. A Niam request for all you you Mr and Mrs Horan shippers! It'll have three maaaaybe four we'll see. For now a little prelude to a great affair.

COMMENTS AND KUDOS FOR REAL! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Liam laughed at his friends. "Okay guys, very funny." Louis and Zayn just looked at him before they pulled him into the gay club. "Seriously mates, enough jokes. I'm not having my stag party at a gay club."

"Oh yes you are," Louis affirmed.

The lights were low but pulsing to the beat of the song. People were everywhere, packed into small spaces dancing together. Some were seated on lounge chairs with drinks and smiles.

"This is supposed to be my week night as a single man and I'm not spending it in a place that I'm guaranteed not to get any.

"You never know, Li. I bet any guy in here would fuck you," Zayn encouraged.

"That's not the problem," Liam quipped, "It's that I wouldn't fuck any of them."

"Oh come now, Lili, don't knock it till you try it. At least have a drink. If you get a good snogging before the end of the night, then so be it."

"But I'm married," Liam insisted.

"Not yet," Louis pointed out, "Don't condemn yourself before its time."

Liam laughed sarcastically and hit Louis in the shoulder. They led him to the bar and Liam leaned on the wood, trying to get the bar tender's attention. When Liam caught his eye he waved him over. The blond nearly skipped over to where the three were standing.

"What can eh getcha?"
Liam smiled at the pleasant accent. "Irish?"

"Born and bred," the boy smiled.

"I've never been, but I'd love to go. I might take Sophia some day," Liam pondered to himself.

The blue-eyes boy gave the three of them a once over and said, "Are you guys thirsty or..."

"Yeah course," Louis spoke up. He ordered his drink and Zayn followed before turning Louis around and pushing him against the bar.

"You look good tonight," he whispered in Louis' ear.

"I look good every night," Louis responded and bit down on Zayn's ear.

Liam couldn't stop watching the light-footed Irish lad make his friend's drinks. He must've been staring because the boy said, "If you're going to stare you could at least ask my name."

Liam blushed and looked down, "I wasn't, I mean, I'll just take a beer please." Liam mumbled out.

"Lemme guess," Niall talked over the music, "You're straight but your gay friends brought you as a joke."

Liam huffed a laugh and looked back up to him, "That obvious?"

"You could stand to loosen up a little. It's just a club. Get a little drunk, dance with somebody, go home. Like any other place."

"But they're blokes."

"Yeah, and? You don't think a single one of them is attractive? From a non-gendered point of view."

Liam looked around his immediate area but couldn't find someone who stood up against the bar tender's light eyes and flushed cheeks. "There's no one out there," he flicked a thumb behind him, "that I want."

"What about in front of you? Anyone you'd consider?"

Liam swallowed at the proposition. "I don't, umm, wow, your really, but umm..."

"It's alright mate. You couldn't take me home even if you did think I was attractive. There are rules. The owner would have my head," he said then laughed to himself.

"I would. I mean take you home. If I were, you know.."

"Gay? It's not a curse word."

"Gay yeah. I would but I'm not."

"Okay then. Now that we settled that," the blonde said and placed the three drinks on the counter. "Name's Niall by the way." And with that Niall sauntered away to take care of other customers.

Liam looked over to see Zayn's face buried in Louis' neck and Louis looking at Liam with a knowing smirk. "He's cute," Louis teased.

"Shut up," Liam shot back.
Liam took a long swig of his beer and made his way into the crowd of dancing people. Hopefully Niall was right. That it was like any other club. Liam loved to dance and he would hate to leave without dancing with someone, even if it was a guy.

He was on the floor for maybe two minutes before he felt hands on his waist. He looked over his shoulder and saw bright green eyes and a blinding smile. "Dance with me?" the taller guy asked. Liam nodded and felt the guy pull him gentle side to side to the rhythm. It felt weird being the one in front so Liam turned them around so they were back to chest but Liam was in control.

"This okay?" Liam asked, unsure. The guy just nodded and let his held fall back to Liam's shoulder. He inhaled the guy's cologne and decided he liked it. Maybe he'd ask the brand and pick some up.

They danced against each other for a few songs before Louis came bounding up to him. "Dance with me, Li. Zayn wants to dance with this one," he thumbed towards Liam's dancing partner.

Liam looked between Louis and the other guy. He nodded so Liam leaned in, "What's your name?"

"Harry. Yours?"

"Liam."

Harry smiled to show he heard and said, "You can dance with your friend now."

Liam grabbed Harry's arm before he could walk away. "My other friend wants to dance with you."

Harry looked behind Liam to where Zayn was giving Harry a once over. Harry blushed but nodded.

"Don't get too comfy, Goliath, he's still mine," Louis warned.

Harry just laughed and nodded again. Zayn took Harry by the waist and pulled him to his chest. Louis pulled Liam back to the bar and they sat and waited for Niall to get back their way.

"Enjoying yourself?" Louis asked with an eyebrow raised.

Liam flushed and pinched Louis' side, which earned him a yelp from the boy. "He just came up to me, so I let him."

"You wouldn't believe how many times I hear that a night. But I wouldn't have expected it from your mouth," Niall joked at he came to stand in front of them. "What can I get ya?"

Liam was mumbling something about taking it the wrong way, but Louis just talked over him and ordered a round of shots for them. Niall nodded and reached behind him for the bottle. He flipped two shot glasses up on the counter and poured.

"Really, though. I didn't, it's not like-"

"Look, mate. I don't judge," Niall said with a shrug. He started to walk away so Liam followed.

He got a couple seats down and wedged himself between two other people to talk to Niall. "I wasn't even attracted to him, I promise."

"What's your name?"

"Liam."

"Look Liam, you don't have to explain yourself to me. I'm not your boyfriend."
The word bounced around in Liam's chest, ricocheting against his heart and swiping across his lungs. Boyfriend. It sounded nice when he said it.

"What was that?" Liam pretended he hadn't heard.

Niall leaned a little closer while he shook a tumbler and said, "Its not my business."

Liam shook his head, "The other thing."

Niall pulled back and smirked, "I'm not your boyfriend."

Yep, he wasn't crazy. It sounded nice. Really nice. Liam had used the word hundreds of times. Sophia has introduced him as such plenty, but it sounded different coming from Niall's pink lips.

Liam coughed and mumbled. Niall chuckled, "You're going to have to speak up in here, love."

"One more time," Liam asked.

Niall poured the last of his current drink order and leaned on the counter. He looked Liam over and bit his lip. "Boyfriend." Liam visibly shivered but tried to cover it with a cough. Niall caught it though and said, "Would you rather me say I was your boyfriend?"

Liam stuttered a breath. He didn't think past the single word coming out in that Irish lilt, much less an entire sentence that put Niall in a relationship with him.

Niall pulled Liam's hand to him and pulled a pen from his pocket. He scribbled something and pocketed the pen again. "I don't get off for another four hours, but if you're still here lemme know." Liam looked to his hand and saw Niall's number scrawled on his skin in awful handwriting. He started to shake his head but Niall beat him to it. "Or don't. Your choice. But don't sweat it off 'cause I never write twice."

Liam was so busy running his finger around the pen marks he didn't notice that Niall walked away, just looked up to see him gone. He just got a guy's number. A blond-hair, blue-eyed guy's number. He came back to Louis at the bar and sat down with a smile.

"Well I was going to ask where you went off to, but judging by that smile you finally let some bloke blow you in the loo."

Liam thought about hitting Louis, but he couldn't stop smiling so he figured the gesture wouldn't hold the same weight. Instead he just picked up his shot and downed it.

"Liam Payne is that a phone number?"

Liam tucked his hand behind his back as a reflex and shook his head. "No."

"It is," Louis laughed and pulled on Liam's arm, "Lemme see! I can't believe you got a man's number. I haven't even been asked tonight." Louis said it like it was some sort of travesty, even though Liam happened to know that all the numbers Louis and Zayn collected got burned at the end of the night before they made love. Louis looked at the number like it was a puzzle. "Who's it? That curly-headed one you danced with. He's cute."

"You think everyone's cute."

"Not Zayn, he's fine as fuck. Way too hot to be cute. And you're changing the subject."

"What subject?" Liam tried.
Louis clicked his tongue and pointed exaggeratedly at the number on Liam's hand. "Who is it? Did you kiss him. I bet you did. Was it good?"

"Louis stop. I didn't kiss him. I couldn't even if I wanted to, he's working."

"Holy shit, the bar tender?! I definitely thought he wrote you off as a twat."

"What?" Liam asked, shocked.

"Well you sorta seemed like one there for a minute."

"I did not."

"Ya did. But hey, it worked for you, didn't it?"

"I didn't work. I'm not using the number."

"Uh huh," Louis needled.

Liam spent the next four hours getting rip roaring wasted and dancing with anyone in arm's reach. He was determined to get his mind off the number on the top of his hand. But he kept checking on it every once in a while to make sure he wasn't rubbing it off.

Louis and Zayn spent most of that time sucking face or disappearing only to come back flushed and giggling. They crowded into Liam's space, sandwiching him in, and rocking with him. Liam was antsy and couldn't stop grabbing at their bodies.

Zayn leaned forward to get close to Liam's ear, "If you can get Louis hard again in the next two minutes I'll pay for your gas for a month."

Liam laughed but nodded, accepting the challenge. He gripped Louis' hips tighter and pressed into him from behind. Louis squeaked but just pushed back for fun. Fun turned to a bit more serious when Liam reached around and gripped Louis through his jeans. Louis moaned without thinking and bucked into Liam's hand. Liam leaned down and sucked on Louis' weak spot at the juncture between his neck and shoulder.

Zayn growled, warning Liam not to leave a mark, so he pulled off and kept to kissing his over heated skin. Liam felt Louis twitch, but he wasn't even half hard when Zayn made a buzzer sound in Liam's ear.

"Times up! Good try though, Li. And thanks," Zayn called as he dragged a slightly disoriented and completely horny Louis away again.

Liam huffed then turned at the sound of a joyful laugh. "Do all straight guys go around handing out groping sessions?"

Liam ran a hand through his hair as he said, "God no. I didn't. He's not mine."

"I hope not, cause the other guy just stole him away."

"There together," Liam said like that would explain it all.

But Niall just quirked an eyebrow, "And you always get in on their action?"

Liam was making a fool of himself in front of a complete stranger. "No, I don't. I don't want them."
Niall stepped a little closer and leaned in enough to whisper, "What do you want?"

Liam subconsciously swayed with Niall when he back up, making himself fall forward a step. "You," he admitted before he could stop himself.

Niall grabbed Liam by the wrist and pulled him in. He wrapped his arms around Liam's shoulder and felt Liam melt against him. Liam inhaled Niall's scent, letting it seep into his system. He couldn't get enough. His brain must've short circuited because then he was sucking Niall's skin between his teeth and nibbling to see if he tasted good too.

Niall groaned and pushed into Liam. Liam made an indignant sound and bit down harder. Niall full on moaned at that. "Follow me," Niall requested and wrapped an arm around Liam's waist and ushered him towards a set of stairs. Niall led the way upstairs and through a door. On the other said was a small apartment.

"You live up here?"

"Yeah, my commute to work is fantastic. Boss is an ass though," he said and gave Liam a cheeky look.

Liam laughed as he looked around at the comfortable space. It was filled with sports memorabilia and music stuff. He paused when he saw the guitar. "You play?"


Liam went over to where a drum set was sitting and saw pieces of music scattered over the toms. "A bit? I play a bit. You must be really good."

Niall just hummed and laid his hand over Liam's on the drum. "You're stalling."

He was. He was half hard and confused and trying to decide if just asking for a blowjob and then leaving would be bad form. Probably. "Yeah. Kind of."

"We don't have to do anything," Niall assured him. "But I would certainly love to see what's underneath that shirt."

Liam blushed and felt his cock twitch in his now too tight trousers. "Can you go first?"

Niall chuckled and took his shirt off. Liam scanned over the milky skin, the small indentions of muscle. He wanted to see if his chest and stomach tasted different than his neck. Niall must've seen lust in Liam's eyes because he moved his hand to his waistband and pushed his fingers just below the fabric.

"How about what's under here? Wanna see?" Liam swallowed down his moan and nodded minutely. "Then come find out."

Something inside Liam broke at that. a challenge, a secret, a hunt. All things he wanted from Niall. He went over and pulled Niall's hand away before replacing it with his own. He pushed inside Niall's pants and wrapped his fingers around Niall's semi. They moaned together, Liam at the feeling of Niall's cock, and Niall at the feeling of Liam's hand.

"Liam," Niall breathed. Liam loved how his name sounded rolling off Niall's tongue in need.
Good start??

Ps: HAPPY THANKSGIVING AMERICA AND WHEREEVER ELSE ITS TURKEY DAY TOMORROW/TODAY!! Enjoy gorging on food and enduring awkward extended family chit chat. Xo
Chapter Summary

Liam's not gay. But the bar tender catches his eye and takes him places he never knew.

Top: N/A
Bottom: N/A

Chapter Notes

Part two done already! It's just getting good too! Enjoy :D

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Niall let his head fall to Liam's chest. Liam stiffened and his hand froze, but then Niall bucked into his grip and Liam moaned. Niall put a hand to Liam's chest next to his hand when Liam's grip got tighter. "Li-liam." Niall's breath whooshed out of him when Liam pulled him closer by his cock. "Liam," Niall wasn't sure what he was asking for when Liam was making pain and pleasure shoot through him at the same time.

"Shut up," Liam commanded. "If you want me, then you'll have me." Liam took his hand out and stripped Niall of his clothes. "Lay down. On your stomach."

Niall shook his head and said, "Don't tell me what to do."

Liam nearly snarled and crowded into Niall, pushing him back against the edge of the bed. He grabbed Niall's hips and rocked against his half hard cock with his clothed bulge. Niall couldn't help the moan that shot from his throat at the rough pain of his jeans mixed with the sweet pleasure of friction on his erection.

"I'm giving you the option now. If you want me then stop talking and do what I say, if not then I'll leave."

Niall bit his lip and contemplated. Liam was breathing heavy and his pupils were blown out. He could still feel his rather large hard on when he shift his hips. "Okay," Niall nodded.

"On your stomach," Liam ordered. Niall crawled on the bed and laid down, his cock rubbing against his comforter. Niall heard the shuffling of clothing and then Liam was straddling Niall's thin hips. Then he felt something smooth against his back and Liam growled, "Gimme your hands."

Niall whined but put his hands behind his back. Liam wrapped them together and then tightened his
belt so Niall couldn't move them. "The fuck?"

"Don't pull. You'll leave marks," Liam leaned down and whispered in Niall's ears, "Unless you like the marks. So everyone will know that I fucked you, that I had you writhing under me."

"Ugh, Li-liam, don't," Niall whined but had no real force as he arched back into Liam.

Liam wrapped his fingers around the layered belt and pulled so Niall's arms were pulled away from his body. "God look at you. I had no clue boys could be so pretty."

Niall wanted to tell him off. Tell him that Niall wasn't pretty, he was hot, or sexy. And to stop pulling on the binds, but then Liam was running his hand softly over the curve of Niall's ass and suddenly Niall felt sort of pretty.

Liam got off the bed and Niall whined before he could think not to at the loss. Liam chuckled and cooed, "I'm right here, baby. Just taking my clothes off so I can take you nice and hard." Niall buried his head in the bed and moaned. He must be insane. Since when did he get needy and whiney in bed?

Liam loved it though. Fed off the little noises that Niall thought he was hiding. Sophia was good for Liam. Knew just how to move her hands, what to say to get Liam over the edge. But Niall was on a whole other level. He was pushing Liam closer and closer without even meaning to.

The bed dipped again with Liam's weight as he pushed one of Niall's leg open so it bent out and left Liam room to settle between them. Liam was hoping the the drunken nights where Louis or Zayn shared far too much information about their sex lives would be enough to help Liam through this.

He ran his hands up Niall's sides to his ribs and felt his pulse heavy and quick under the skin. He closed his eyes and let the rhythm of Niall's body filter through his brain. Liam must've started rocking to the beat in his head because Niall started moving against him at the same pace.

Liam let his cock rub over Niall's ass a few times before taking one hand and pressing his length between his cheeks so he could slide back and forth through his crack. Niall moaned at the sensation and his hands gripped at air. Liam raked his nails down Niall's side as he rocked harder while Niall arched so hard his hips came off the bed.

"Lube," Niall whined, "Need your fingers, please."

Liam laughed, but the sound was harsh and cruel, "Not tonight, love. Tonight my fingers will only be as wet as you make them." With that Liam shoved two fingers in Niall's mouth. Niall eyes fell shut and his whole body melted into the bed. "Yeah, baby. Look at you. You love having me in your mouth. Your lips look so good stretched around my fingers," Liam pushed another in next to the two, "God I bet you could take four. So needy."

Niall's face was bright red and his forehead was gathering sweat, but he licked around Liam's fingers with gusto and zero finesse. Liam pulled them out when Niall started to just suck on them.

He gripped his left butt cheek in his palm and dug his nails in to the soft flesh. Niall's whole body jerked into Liam's hand and Niall buried a moan into the bed. Liam pulled his cheeks apart and played two wet fingers at Niall's tight pink hole. Niall did moan then, loud enough for Liam to appreciate.

"Liam, just do it," Niall ordered.

Liam clicked his tongue and moved his fingers down to the soft skin right before his balls. "How bad
do you want me?"

Niall was shaking his head but needy sounds kept falling from his lips, "Don't tease, dammit Liam. Just fuck m-"

Niall was cut off when Liam's wet hand landed on Niall's ass with a smack. Niall whimpered an aborted sound and couldn't help when his body shifted back and forth so he could rut into the sheets. "Fuck, you love when Daddy spansks you." Niall couldn't retort to that before Liam landed another spanking, even harder than the first. Niall whole body was on fire and his hips were humping between the bed and Liam with abandon.

Liam delivered blow after blow while Niall's movements got faster and less steady. When Liam spread his cheeks wider and place a smack right on Niall's hole Niall's body tensed and he dug his nails into his palms as he colored the bedding and his stomach with cum.

Liam instantly stopped his ministrations and growled at Niall, "Did I say you could come?" Liam's voice was lethal.

Niall was breathing hard with the side of his sweaty face pressed to the comforter. "N-no."

"No what?"

"No-no Daddy," Niall choked out.

"You'll regret that."

"No, Liam, please. Don't do anything to me. Get off," Niall started squirming under Liam.

Liam just laughed and bent down so his mouth was next to Niall's ear, "I will get off. You, however...well we'll have to see how good of a boy you can be."

Niall's mouth produced a mix of a sob and a moan as he felt himself start to fill up painfully fast again.

"Liam, just please, be gent-"

Liam's hand came down again, "What's my name?"

"Daddy, daddy, please. I'll be good. Fuck, don't hurt me."

Liam scratched his finger nails lightly, over and over, down Niall's bright red ass. Niall cried out in pain, but arched into the touch. He was whispering things Liam wasn't sure he knew he was saying, like: yesyesyes. daddy so good. please.

*Liam let Niall's vulnerability sink in. Liam did that. Liam had Niall rubbing one off against the bed just from spanking him. Liam had Niall begging without even subconsciously deciding to.*

"I will ruin you," Liam promised.

Chapter End Notes

It's just getting started so hold on tight ;)
Chapter Summary

Liam's not gay. But the bar tender catches his eye and takes him places he never knew.

Top: Liam
Bottom: Niall

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Pretty heavy BDSM in this one. Not for the faint of heart.

This one has been popular so I'm glad yall are enjoying it! ;)

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

"What are you gonna do?" Niall squeaked as Liam got off the bed.

"First of all I'm going to shut that mouth up." Liam returned and flipped Niall over to look at him. His hole body was flushed, his chest almost cherry. His cock was getting hard again fast despite the rough play and hard orgasm he just went through. Niall's eyes went wide as he saw Liam raising the small bundle of cloth, Liam's pants, to his mouth. "Open up."

Niall gritted his teeth and shook his head. Liam took Niall's prick in his hand and squeeze just this side of too hard, making Niall gasp, and pushed the fabric into his mouth. Niall struggled against the belt around his wrist and tried to push the underwear out with his tongue but it was no use. After another minute he fell back to the bed in defeat and sobbed, looking at Liam with dark eyes.

"I'll take it out when I've decided you've been a good boy. For now, I've got something else in mind." Liam got off the bed again as Niall watched with desperate eyes. He open Niall's dresser drawers and shuffled a few things around before finding what he was looking for. He walked back to the bed with two soft ties bunched up in his hand. Niall struggled against the belt around his wrist and tried to push the underwear out with his tongue but it was no use. After another minute he fell back to the bed in defeat and sobbed, looking at Liam with dark eyes.

"I'll take it out when I've decided you've been a good boy. For now, I've got something else in mind." Liam got off the bed again as Niall watched with desperate eyes. He open Niall's dresser drawers and shuffled a few things around before finding what he was looking for. He walked back to the bed with two soft ties bunched up in his hand. Niall struggled against the belt around his wrist and tried to push the underwear out with his tongue but it was no use. After another minute he fell back to the bed in defeat and sobbed, looking at Liam with dark eyes.

Niall wrapped one around Niall's head to cover his eyes, pulling it tight and then kissing his temple. "Look so fucking good, baby." Niall sobbed again and arched up in search of friction that didn't come. Liam just clicked his tongue and said, "I'm glad I grabbed the second one, because it looks like you're going to need it." Then Niall felt the smooth material against his cock and he thrashed around, screaming things into the gag in his mouth.
Before Liam tied the tie around Niall's length, he leaned down so he was inches from Niall's face. "I need to know right now baby boy, do you want me to stop. If you want me to I will, but if you let me have this I'll make you feel so good, you'll beg me to come back night after night." Niall whimpered but Liam kept going, "If you want me to stop nod your head right now."

Liam backed up and waited, running a slow hand over Niall's chest. Niall was breathing erratically, but his head didn't move. Liam moaned, "I knew you were a good boy. Daddy's baby. You're so God damn beautiful like this." Niall whimpered again and shifted his hips on the bed. "You want this?" he rubbed the tie across Niall's leaking tip, pulling a moan from the blonde, "You want me to tie up your cock so you can't come until Daddy says so?"

Niall moaned again and threw his head back into the bedding. Liam hummed his approval and tied the fabric under Niall's balls, just tight enough that it slowly started turning red from lack of blood. Niall's body twitched with sobs as wet patches started to form on his blindfold.

Liam gripped Niall's hips and flipped him back on his stomach and then pulled him up so he was on his knees with his shoulders and head buried in the bed. "Look at you. I can't get enough of this beautiful ass, I've never seen someone that needs it so bad before." Liam said as he ran his hand up Niall's thigh to his ass. "And now my hand's dry again. Since you insisted on misbehaving I'll have to wet my own fingers."

Niall whined and protested while he craned his neck and pushed his mouth blindly towards Liam. "No, no, baby. You had your chance," Liam said as he pushed Niall's face back into the duvet, "Now Daddy's going to open up your tight hole and fuck you until you scream."

Niall arched so hard Liam thought he might break his back, so he ran a soothing hand up and down Niall's spine while he sucked on three fingers. When he felt Niall relax under his touch he brought one finger to his hole and pushed it in. Niall groaned and clenched his fists to keep still. Liam hummed and kissed Niall's hands in approval and pumped the first finger a couple times before adding another.

Niall turned his head so his face was pushed into the bed and moaned a broken sound as Liam thrusted his fingers in harshly. "Okay, baby. Do you want a third or do you want that tight hole to stretched around Daddy's cock." Niall groaned and his voice cracked but didn't try to actually say anything. "Put out three fingers if you want another or two if you want my cock now."

Niall's hands scrambled until they settled with two fingers held out. "Good boy," Liam praised and Niall preened. Liam leaned over to the bedside drawer and filtered through it until he found the small box of condoms and a couple tubes of lube. He brought them both back to the bed and opened the condom before rolling it down his length with a groan.

Niall whined and his hands grabbed at Liam at their tight angle so Liam leaned over Niall and kissed his shoulder, "I'm right here. I can't wait to be inside you." Liam reached for the lube without looking and slicked himself up. He sat back and lined himself up, rubbing his flushed head in the rubber back and forth over Niall's hole. "Lemme hear you, baby. How badly do you want Daddy's cock?"

Niall started crying again and moaned needy words that came out as unknown noises because of the fabric. Liam let his eyes fall shut as he pushed his cock past Niall's exhaustive ring of muscles and into the depth of his warm, welcoming hole. Niall's whole body went soft when Liam bottomed out inside him. Liam rubbed small circles into his hips as he waited for Niall to adjust.

Liam smiled when Niall started circling his hips against Liam. He pulled out and waited, his tip suffocated inside the tightest part of Niall, until Niall's torso shook with tears again and then he shoved back in with brutal force. Niall's whole body curved with the movement, his chest hitting the
Liam held him up in a bruising grip while he pounded into Niall at full force. Niall was writhing and crying and making wrecked sounds as his body shook and his hole clenched around Liam's punishing cock. Liam reached around and touched two fingers to Niall's purple dick. Niall screamed and shied away from the touch but then when Liam look his fingers away Niall bucked forward to find them.

Liam smirked and slowed his thrusts. Niall shook his head frantically in the sheets and pushed back on Liam's cock. Liam tisked and reached down again, delivering a light smack to Niall's prick, making it bounce against his leg. Niall screeched and hit his head against the bed as he scratched at his palms, leaving red lines in his wake. Liam kissed Niall's back and wapped his hand down on Niall's aching erection again.

Niall's whole body seized and shuddered as he came dry and fell down to the bed, pulling off of Liam in the process. Liam undid the belt and gently turned Niall over before he pulled the gag out and the blindfold off. Niall's eyes were bloodshot and glassy. Niall he mumbling things that Liam couldn't understand but liked to listen to anyway.

Liam untied the tie around Niall's cock and pulled off the condom. He took both of them in his hand. Niall's body just barely arched off the bed and he only let out a small squeak at the pain, too far gone to really feel it. Liam rocked against him as he came, followed closely for a third time that night by Niall.

Niall's eyes fell shut and and his fingers played patterns in the surface of the bed until Liam took his hand and pulled him close so they could lay together. They stayed like that, Liam whispering affirmatives at Niall, until he opened his eyes and started to breath normally again.

Niall flinched away from Liam and scooted back on the bed so they weren't touching. "Get out."

"Wha-"

"Get out," Niall croaked, raw but forceful. "Get out or I'll call security to escort you out."

Liam sat up on the bed and reached for Niall, but he curled further away. "I'm sorry. I didn't know what I was doing."

"Please leave. Get out right now. Leave." Niall got up on shaky legs and slowly walked to where Liam's clothes were. He bundled them up and dropped them on Liam's lap. "Get out."

Liam grabbed Niall's pants since his were wet with Niall's saliva and scrambled towards the door. Niall opened the door and pushed him out, slamming it behind him. Liam stared at the wood for a long minute before realizing he was still naked and quickly redressed himself. His mind couldn't make sense of what just happened.

He walked, coma-like, back down the stairs and into a trashed and dimly lit empty room. He felt his pockets and thanked God his phone hadn't fallen out. With shaking hands he dialed Zayn's number and walked outside. As soon as he got outside he saw Zayn and Louis leaning on the car, making out, and Liam hung up the phone and pocketed it.

Zayn looked over at his arrival, "The fuck happened to you, mate? The place closed like ten minutes after you disappeared and we tried calling you but they kicked us out."

Liam didn't answer, instead he just opened the back door of the car and got in. Louis and Zayn looked at each other before getting in as well. Liam let his head fall back on the seat and empty sleep
take over as he thought about his baby upstairs all alone.

Chapter End Notes

Do you hate me? Am I awful?

Well fine then, I won't write the final part...jk I'll do it! One more part coming to you soon!!

Xo
The next night Niall blew off the club and stayed upstairs all night watching porn. He watched all his favorites and barely raised his flag to half mast. He pumped and fingered himself through nearly two hours of video, but couldn't get there. He fell asleep horny and upset.

The next night he went back to the bar and let the first bloke who complimented his hair get upstairs. He needed someone, anyone, to take his mind off Liam. This guy wasn't as big as Liam, or as fit, but maybe that's why he picked him. The guy was good, probably really good if Niall was into it, but he wasn't. He let the guy finish and shoo'd him away without coming himself.

The next day Niall gripped his hair in his hand and finally decided to look into everything. He sat down with his laptop and looked up Dom/sub porn. He made it two minutes into the first video before soiling his joggers. He slammed the laptop shut and cried.

The next day he sought out the address of an under the radar place that might be able to help him. He swung open the big iron door and walked into a surprisingly well lit lobby with a smiling secretary.

"Hello. Do you have an appointment?" she asked as Niall approached.

"Uh, yeah. I called earlier about this being my first time," he informed her in a hushed tone.

"Of course, I remember. Right this way Mr. Horan."
"If you could, don't use my name."

"Oh I apologize. I assumed that was a fake name. Most aren't willing to share their real names in the first place. What would you like to be called?"

Niall bit his lip and shut his eyes tight as he choked out, "Baby."

The woman gave a small kind laugh as she led them down the hall, "That's for your Dom, but I meant for those of us not Treating you."

"Oh right, sorry. Um, Mr...uh, Glass is fine."

"Don't worry, Mr. Glass, it's your first session so it'll be short and sweet. Well, here's your room. Your profile has been given to your Dom ahead of time so I'm sure you'll enjoy it. Have fun." She opened the door and Niall walked through to see so many things he couldn't think straight.

There were chains hanging from the ceiling and whips, cuffs, straps and so many other things lining the walls. in the middle was a flat table with restraints. Niall heard the door on the other end open and in walked a man in a pair of tight black pants and nothing else. He was well built and had short brown hair, just like Niall requested. In his hand was a folder.

"Get undressed." Niall opened his mouth to speak, but was cut off. "Don't talk. Sit down." Niall hesitantly made his way to the table and stripped his clothes before he sat on the edge. "Niall?" Niall nodded. "Sign these release forms." He handed Niall the folder. Niall gulped but put his John Hancock on the couple of papers. The man must've seen Niall's fear because he said, "Look at me." Niall's eyes shot up, "You'll be fine. I'll take good care of you."

The man set the folder on a shelf on the far wall and grabbed a long leather strap off the wall. "Lay down."

"Um, excuse me?"

"Yes?"

"You read my profile, right?"

"I did."

"So you know...um, what I want?"

"Baby, I know exactly what you need. Now lay down, or I'll be forced to punish you."

Niall whimpered and nodded. He laid back on the slightly cold surface and closed his eyes, taking long calming breaths. He couldn't believe he was doing this. But he told them his safe word and he can duck out at any time. He has to know if this is for real. If this is the only way he can get off from now on.

Niall felt the leather strap against his shoulders and opened his eyes. The man, his Dom, was pinning his shoulders to the table. He pulled it tight and buckled it so Niall couldn't move. He let out a studder of breath when he tried. Then his legs were being being pushed wide and his ankles locked into the restraints on the table.

Niall pointed and flex his feet at the sensation. Finally one more strap was buckled over Niall's hips and wrists. He could feel the haze start to settle already and they'd barely started.
"Already so pink for Daddy. Look how good you look, baby."

Niall loved the words but the voice was wrong. He whined his frustrations and chewed on his cheek trying to get comfortable. Niall watched as his Dom picked up a fabric blindfold, just like he asked for, from a shelf. Niall watched as he put it on until it went dark. Then he let his eyes fall closed, his mind going back to that night, the feeling of Liam's fingers tying the knot.

Now that visuals were gone he could imagine the rough hands running over his chest were little softer and belonged to someone else. The hand trailed down to his cock, hard and standing proud, and pressed it down against his leg. Niall arched as best he could in the binds and moaned.

Then the hand squeezed around his cock and Niall's whole body flinched in pleasure. "Yeah," he whispered.

"Love when Daddy touches you, don't you? You're so hard for me. You want it so bad, don't you, baby? Tell me how bad you want it."

Niall could barely breath, much less form coherent sentences, when the man was toying with his cock and teasing his balls. But Niall knew if he didn't try he'd get punished, so he just spoke whatever was in his mind.

"So good. I love it, Daddy. It hurts. Please, Liam, it hurts." Niall clamped his mouth shut when he realized what he said.

But his Dom didn't seemed to mind, or politely ignored it. "I know you love it when it hurts. I can tell you want it really hard. Daddy'll be sure to make it hurt."

Niall whined and tried to curl in on himself but couldn't. Next thing he knew he felt a bunch of long strips on his stomach. A second later it was gone and replaced with a sharp smack across his torso. Niall yelled and thrashed on the table. The flogger came down again, swiping across his chest. Niall groaned and dribbled precome down onto his hip.

His mind was twisting and dark. He could make sense of what was happening. He couldn't stop hearing Liam's voice in his head and feeling his touch even though he wasn't there. "Liam, Li, please."

"What do you want, baby?"

It wasn't Liam's voice that spoke, Niall knew that, but he heard his voice anyway. "More, please, Daddy." The flogger came down harder this time followed closely by another hit. Niall was finally feeling what he felt that night, but now instead of hating it and pushing it away, he asked for it, begged even. He didn't want to waste time he could be getting more, asking him to stop.

Hits were raining down all over his body now. His thighs twitched and his hands were balled up into fists. He was producing a steady stream of precome and shifting his hips like he could feel Liam inside him. He asked over and over, "Daddy, please. I'm so close."

"Don't you dare come until I say."

"Liam, please it hurts. Let me come. Oh God, it hurts so bad."

Then the man's hand was back to his cock, squeezing the base with a tight grip, enough to hurt just on the right side of good. "Beg me to come."

Niall moaned and shuddered, "Please, please. Let me come. I need- I'm a good boy. Please, I'm so
Niall screamed when the hand started moving at a brutal pace over his aching cock, making him spurt cum up his abdomen to his chin in seconds. The hand slowed and then disappeared. Then his ankles were unbuckled, followed by his waist, and then his shoulders. Last to come off was the blindfold.

Niall's eyes adjusted to the light and saw the man standing over him with the supplies in his arms. He delivered it back to the shelves and came over to help Niall stand.

Once he was steady and redressed, the man gave him a clap on the shoulder. "Hey mate, I don't know your life, obviously, but I hope this Liam fellow is taking good care of you. Your one of the more interesting clients I've had."

Niall left with more questions then he came with.

***

The next day Liam had sex with Sophia five times. She ended up calling sick to work because Liam refused to let her leave until he came. Which he didn't. Sophia moaned and squealed and orgasmed all day, but Liam couldn't seem to get what he needed from her. He waved it off as guilt.

The day after that he stayed in bed, under the covers, alone in their house, all day. He made it all the way to two pm before his mind wandered too far and bright blue eyes and a red blush crepted into his vision. Liam came three times that day.

By the fourth day Liam was a mess. Sophia and Louis and Zayn were in his ear about the wedding. It was only three days to the biggest day of his life but he couldn't muster up the enthusiasm every seemed to have. Liam told Sophia and work he was just sick and trying to get better by the big day. She cooed at him and made him tea and tucked him in before she went to work.

Liam only stayed home for an hour or so before his entire brain was about to explode. He had to get out. The streets were nearly empty and the wind was bitter, but Liam felt better now that he was out of that place. His walk took him past a little shop that Liam tried to ignore, he really did, but entered anyway.

"Hey there, what can I help you with today."

Liam's head snapped away from a shiny pair of intricate lace-up cuffs to the store associate. "Just looking. Thanks."

"Let me know." With that he was left to explore. Liam went down aisles of stuff: clamps, vibrators, whips, plugs, masks. Liam was pressing the seam of his zipper thinking about Niall's milky skin bound in a vibrant blue rope he saw.

He left with a few new toys and a million new questions.

***

Liam was getting married tomorrow. Sophia was spending the day getting her nails and eyebrows, and whatever else happens when women do that sort of thing together, done. Louis and Zayn were taking him out tonight. Just for a casual night at some pub for good food and good beer and good chit chat.

Right now it's only four and Liam was literally itching in his skin. Instead of going away, the urge to
see Niall had only be growing all week. Before he even realized it, he was in the car and driving downtown to the gay bar with the low lights and hot bar tender.

The doors were unlocked but there was only a couple people inside. Apparently it's a lounge during the day. Musicians were playing where the DJ would soon be. Cocktails were being served instead of shots. But the same blond hair was setting the glasses down on the wood.

Niall looks up at a new customer standing there and froze when he saw the person he'd dreamt about every night since, and gotten off to dozen of times this week.

"What are you doing here?" Niall choked out.

"I'm getting married tomorrow."

Niall wasn't expecting that. "Oh."

"I'm getting married to a beautiful, sweet, sexy, smart woman and I'm dreading it."

Niall looked even more confused than before. "I'm sorry to hear that."

"I'm getting married tomorrow and I can't stop thinking about the bar tender. The good boy who made me feel more alive than I've ever felt in my life." Niall swallowed at 'good boy' but kept a still face. "I know you hate me for what I did, and I can't apologize enough for taking advantage of you, but thank you. You've made me see something so important about myself. I'm a completely different person than I thought."

Liam leaned on the bar and let his head fall between his shoulders. "I can't get married. Not knowing what I know now. Sophia deserves someone who can love her in every way, and that's not me anymore," Liam's voice lowered as he leaned in and continued, "I loved being inside you. I loved the feeling on your dick in hand. I can't stop seeing your face in my head. Tying you up and hearing those noises. God, baby, you were so amazing for me."

Liam stopped rambling and looked back up at Niall.

Niall was panting but trying to keep his breath even. His face was flush and sweaty. His hands were fists on the wood. Liam gave him a long once over and growled. "Are you hard right now?" Liam asked in that voice that Niall knew meant trouble. He nodded shortly. Liam's eyes darkened in that way that made Niall's heart flip inside him.

"I can't," Niall whispered, his voice cracking. "This is bad."

Liam's entire body deflated and he took a step back from the bar. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have come."

Liam turned and walked away from the bar.

Niall scratched his fingers through his hair, his face scrunching up in indecision. He let Liam get all the way to the door before calling out to him.

"Daddy. Please stay."

Liam's eyes fell closed and he released a breath before turning around. "Baby."

Chapter End Notes
Please please please lemme know what you think!!

We're getting close to 50 chapters yall! Then the half shots and then I'll be starting volume II! What?!

Also after I'm done with this volume I'll reorganize the chapters into ships. You're welcome :D
Ziam - Bad Marks

Chapter Summary

Zayn's marks are awful and when Daddy finds out he's furious.

Top:
Bottom:

Chapter Notes

Daddy!Ziam request. Enjoy!

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Zayn held the piece of paper in his hand and glared at it. His marks were...well not good. Bad. Awful. His boyfriend was picking him up today so he wouldn't have to tell his parents until tonight. But honestly Zayn would rather tell his parents than his boyfriend.

Daddy would be so disappointed. Zayn shivered thinking about his boyfriend's reaction to his failing grades. He shoved the paper deep in his bag and resolved not to bring it up.

"Hey, baby," Liam said as he pulled up the curb, "How was school?"

"Boring. How was work?" Zayn asked and got in Liam's posh luxury car. He'd never know how he got a fit older man with a huge house and beautiful car to fall for him, but he tried not to question it. Instead he just made sure he was extra good for Daddy to show his appreciation.

Liam leaned across the seat and gave Zayn a quick kiss. "Fine. Do you need to call your mom?"

"Nah, I already texted and said I was going to the library to study and I'll catch the bus."

"Well now we'll have to study at least a little so I don't feel so bad for lying."

"Li," Zayn whined, "I've been at school all day and now I'm with you and the last thing I want to do is study."

"Zayn," Liam warned, "You know you have to get good marks so you can go to uni and do something amazing."

Zayn huffed but didn't talk back, "I know. But can I at least blow you before you make me do homework?"

Liam laughed a good-natured sound, "Baby, I would love that."
Liam was pushing into Zayn's mouth while sweet words fell from his lips. "God, Zayn you're so fucking perfect. I can't believe you're mine. My baby boy. So pretty."

Zayn moaned around Liam's cock, making Liam push harder and choke him. The resulting tightness around the head of Liam's dick was what sent him over the edge, pulsing and sending warm cum down Zayn's throat. Zayn sucked and licked, making sure he didn't waste any of Liam's seed. When Liam pulled out Zayn made a show of swallowing Liam's load and smiled up at him with a blissed out smile.

"You always taste so good," Zayn admitted. Liam groaned and lifted Zayn up to stand in front of him. He pulled him in and kissed him, tasting himself on Zayn's tongue. Zayn hummed and wrapped his arms around Liam's neck. He lifted one leg so it wrapped around Liam's hips and made a sound, letting Liam know he wanted to be picked up. Liam chuckled and picked Zayn up under his thighs and carried him to the kitchen table. Liam deposited him in a chair and tucked himself back in his pants before he went back to the door to grab his backpack.

"Time for a little work," Liam called back.

Zayn groaned, "I'd rather you work me."

Liam rounded the corner with his school bag. "Cheeky." He set it down on the table and unzipped it. Zayn laid his head on his arms on the table and smiled up at his perfect boyfriend. Liam pulled out his books and paper and then reached in the bottom for some pens, only to pull out the crumpled up paper Zayn had completely forgotten about. Liam gave it a once over with curious eyes. Zayn took a moment to realize what he was looking at, but by the time Liam looked at him again he knew. "What the hell is this?"

"Um, nothing?"

"Zayn," Liam's voice was steel. Zayn shuddered in fear, "Don't you dare lie to me. The punishment will be far worse."

"Its my, its, um, my marks," Zayn stumbled out.

Liam nodded once and set the piece of paper on the table. Zayn waited with baited breath for whatever was coming next. Liam just looked at Zayn. Just stood there and looked at him, unblicking and silent. Zayn wanted to fall to his knees and beg for mercy, but he was frozen. "Go get your paddle from my room."

Zayn squeaked but ran to follow his instructions, not wanting to be in any more trouble. When he got back Liam had his trousers undone but otherwise he looked the same. Except that there was a fire, a heat, in Liam's eyes that actually had Zayn whimpering as he approached. Liam didn't say anything, but held his hand out for the paddle. Zayn handed it over and stayed still, waiting for the next instructions.

"Knees." It was like a dam broke and Zayn's knees finally gave out as he fell to the floor. Liam closed the gap and grabbed a handful of Zayn hair, yanking it back so Zayn's head tilted back painfully to Liam up at him. Liam's face was a mask of still perfection. Zayn wanted to kiss his lips and his shoes at the same time. "You weren't going to tell me, were you?" Zayn closed his eyes so he wouldn't have to answer, but Liam was having none of that when he spit so it landed on Zayn's cheek. "Answer me!" Liam said with a harder yank of Zayn's hair.
"No, Daddy, I wasn't. I'm sorry," Zayn whined.

"You know not tell the truth is the same as lying to me, Zayn."

"Baby," Zayn begged.

"No, Zayn Malik," Liam emphasized the words, "You have been very very bad. Only my good boy gets to be called Baby by his Daddy."

"Good boy," Zayn whimpered.

Liam pulled Zayn with him by the hair as he reached for the paper with the same hand that the paddle was in, "Is this good?"

"N-no," Zayn cried.

"Exactly. You haven't been a good boy. So now Daddy has to punish you."

"Please, Daddy. I'm sorry."

"Not yet you aren't."

Liam pulled him to the table and lifted him up under his armpits roughly. "Pull your trousers down."

Zayn slide his jeans and pants down to mid-thigh and ran his sweaty palms over his thighs. "Bend over the table."

Zayn made a broken sound and pleaded, "Over your lap, please, Daddy. I don't like the table."

Liam growled and pushed Zayn down by the neck to bend over the table, "It's funny that you think you have any say in the matter, Zayn." Liam put the crumpled piece of paper right where Zayn could see it. Zayn let himself be maneuvered so he was laying on the edge of the table, his semi hitting the edge, and his legs spread apart. Liam grabbed Zayn's ass tightly in his hand and dug his nails in. "Your ass is mine." With that, Liam delivered the first of many blows to come. Zayn gritted his teeth and settled in for a long session.

Twenty spankings in Zayn was crying, a small pool of tears collecting on the table and a small pool of precome on the floor. Zayn's legs were shaking as he clenched onto the edge of the table to hold himself up. Ten more spankings and Zayn wasn't holding himself up anymore, his waist digging into the table now, holding all of his weight. Liam was breathing a little bit hard too.

"Thirty for the bad marks. And ten more because you lied to me, Zayn. Then ten more because of your disobedience since we got home." Zayn was way past fighting it, he just hummed and let his eyes fall closed. He felt himself fall a little deeper and another drop of precome slipped to the floor.

"Yes, Daddy," Zayn murmured.

Forty spankings in Zayn's whole body was flying. He could feel the paddle and Liam's hand alternately, but it was more of a distant feeling in comparison to Liam's interspersed comments. _So beautiful. Can't wait to fuck you when you're so raw. I'll never have enough of you, Zayn._ Zayn didn't realize he was mumbling until Liam finished the last spanking and leaned over to hear him better.

"I love you too, baby."

Zayn eyes opened again at the name. "Daddy."
Liam turned him over and picked him up bridal style to carry him upstairs, his pants still halfway down his legs. Liam set him down gently on the bed and brought a pillow to push it under his hips. He stripped Zayn of his clothes and kissed every inch that he could reach. He threw his own clothes on the chair in the corner of the room before coming back to Zayn with lube. He ran his hands up and down Zayn's body, leaving love bites over each of the tattoos on his torso. He licked up the gun on his side and bit the edge of the barrel. Zayn just hummed and smiled lazily at Liam.

Liam dribbled lube over two fingers and pressed them to Zayn's entrance. He rubbed around the tight pucker to warm it the liquid while he leaned over and licked over Zayn's balls. Zayn moaned high in his throat and rocked down on Liam's face. "Okay, baby, settle down. Daddy's gonna take care of you, yeah?" Liam licked light patterns from Zayn's base to his tip as he pushed one slick finger in. Zayn spread his legs wider in response and mewled. Liam only waited a couple seconds before pushing the second finger in, making Zayn arch off the bed and moan at the friction against his walls.

Zayn tried to categorize the different sensations, but couldn't get past the overwhelming pleasure that was liamliamliam. He felt Liam's talented fingers brushing along his insides, stretching his ring and poking around his prostate, but never straight on it. Liam was teasing. Zayn whined and wiggled his hips, trying to get Liam's fingers to hit his spot, but Liam just chuckled and pulled his fingers out a little. Zayn made a sound of protest when his plan backfired. He reached for Liam, who was still kissing down his thighs. Liam moved up to kiss Zayn's lips, pushing his fingers deeper and finally giving Zayn that feeling when he pressed into his little bundle. Zayn moaned while all the muscles in his thighs tensed.

"Da-daddy, in me. Please, get inside now. I'm gonna come."

Liam knew Zayn had to be aching by now, his dick a bright red and laying heavy on his stomach. He took pity and pulled his fingers out to lube himself up. He folded Zayn in half and pushed into his boy. Zayn arched and threw his head back as a moan flew from his lips into the hot air of the room. Liam played his hips in circles, deep inside Zayn, letting his head brush over Zayn's prostate every couple of seconds. Zayn was twitching and digging his nails into Liam's shoulders while he tried not to come. With the pace Liam set, Zay knew he wouldn't have to hold off long. Liam had a bruising grip on Zayn's thigh and he was grunting with every brutal thrust.

"Daddydaddy, fuck. Come in me, Liam." Liam pushed Zayn's legs back further and pushed in and stayed against the burning skin of Zayn's punished ass. Another few seconds and Liam let his eyes fall closed and a whispered of Zayn's name trickle off his lips as he filled Zayn up inside. Zayn was rocking desperately as best he could and begged, "Lemme come. Need to come. Daddy, fuck, please."

"Come for me, baby," Liam cooed. Zayn arched off the bed one last time and shot his seed over his and Liam's chests. Liam rocked in while Zayn rode his high, pulling out when Zayn whimpered from oversensitivity. He let Zayn's legs go and scooped him into his arms as he fell to the bed. They laid chest to chest with Zayn's head buried in his boyfriends neck.

"I'm sorry for lying Daddy. I'll do better in school, I promise."

"I know, baby. I believe you."

Chapter End Notes

Ps: To the 9 people that have Author Subscriptions to me, you are the Knights of my
Round Table!! I love love love you guys! You're the real MVPs xoxo
Zianourry - Uncharted Territory (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

OT5 get up to no good on the big bus bed.

Top:
Bottom:
Nipple play.

Chapter Notes

Here's the second chapter I promised a long time ago to the ot5 shot! Have fun!

Ps: I'm loving the comments on my stuff lately! *blows kisses*

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

Zayn lowered Louis down on the bed and settled between his legs, "Bet you taste good, Lou."

"Bet you can find out."

Zayn bit down on the sliver of skin showing above Louis' shorts, "Shut up."

Niall pulled off his joggers that were already sitting low on hips from Louis' unfinished hand job.
Harry came over and pushed his body flush to Niall's back. "Hey," Harry whispered in his ear.

Niall smiled and turned to face him, letting his naked hips brush lightly against Harry's. "Hey, Hazza."

"You're so beautiful."

Niall blushed deep red and lowered his face to hide in Harry's neck. He latched his lips on Harry's Adam's apple and sucked gently. Harry groaned and swallow, feeling it move under Niall's lips.

Liam ran a hand up Zayn's back and leaned over to bite the shell of his ear. "Suck me off."

Zayn sat up from Louis and turned to Liam, "Let Louis do it. He hasn't gotten to touch you all night." Liam raised an eyebrow as Zayn got off the bed and pulled Louis to sit up. "Louis suck Liam off."

Louis groaned and muttered, "Please would be nice," but set to work licking up Liam's shaft. He played with Liam's balls and pressed kisses the warm, soft skin making Liam twitch in Louis' face. "Gay sex is dangerous," Louis mused.
"I'd love to make a Payne joke here, but I don't want anything thrown at me," Harry called out.

Louis picked up a small throw pillow and launched it to where Harry was standing at the end of the bed. "Just for thinking about doing it."

Harry huffed but Niall kissed his cheek and put their foreheads together. "I'm still really hard and I haven't come and neither have you, so if we could get on that," Niall reminded him.

Harry nodded eagerly and laid them down so Niall was straddling his hips. He pulled him in by the neck and kissed his soft lips, tasting Niall's unique taste. Sweet like candy, but tangy like good beer. Perfect.

Harry felt something hit his face and flinched before noticing it was a condom and packet of lube. Zayn was smirking down at them. "You're welcome," he quipped before going back to the others and dropping their supplies on the bed. "Scoot back Lou. I wanna ride you." Louis didn't hesitate to follow Zayn's request as he laid back on the pillow. Liam leaned over and whispered something in Zayn's ear. Zayn muffled a moan and bit his lip as he swayed back into Liam's space. He opened his eyes again and looked down at Louis with blown pupils. "Liam wants to fuck you while you fuck me."

Louis' mouthed open but nothing came out. Instead he just nodded and frantically pulled off his clothes, throwing them off in the corner. "Can I stretch you?" Louis asked Zayn, who nodded and climbed up to Louis and got on his hands and knees facing away from him. Louis groaned and kissed right at the curve above Zayn's ass. "Now that I think about it," Louis said as she scooted closer, "I bet you taste good too."

With that Louis buried his face in between Zayn's cheeks and sucked at his rim. Zayn arched into it and moaned, loud and long. Liam laughed and sat down in front of Zayn to kiss him. Zayn took the kiss with pleasure and let Liam push his tongue in. Liam used his mouth while Louis used his hole. Zayn was rock hard and feeling that overwhelming feeling already.

"Louis, hurry and do it already before I come," Zayn pleaded. Louis pulled his tongue out and grabbed one of the lube packets. He covered two fingers and hastily pushed them both in barely past the tips. Zayn whimpered in pain anyway and clenched around Louis.


Liam detached his lips from Zayn's neck and nodded to Louis before reaching under Zayn and taking his cock in his hand. He glided his hand slowly up and down Zayn's prick to distract him from the intrusion. When Louis felt Zayn loosen around him he pushed a little further while he scissored Zayn open.

Harry had his thumb deep inside Niall while Niall fucked himself back on it with need. Harry pulled out the slick digit and replaced it with two long fingers. Niall moaned and moved down to suck on one of Harry's sensitive nipples. Harry arched into it while he pushed deeper into the blond boy, the edge of his rings pressing against Niall's entrance.

"I'm ready, Harry, please, fucking Christ," Niall ordered before attaching to Harry's other nipple. Harry twitched with pleasure and pulled his fingers out and grabbed the condom. Niall saw it and stole it from him before throwing it behind him with a wicked smile. "Not tonight. Tonight I'm want to feel everything."

Harry had to think about dead puppies to keep from shooting his load right then. His hand scrambled for the lube and thanked God when he found it. He slicked himself up and pressed his tip to Niall's
Zayn was mewling every time Louis curved his fingers and hit that spot. Liam's hand moved down to press on his prostate from the outside, making Zayn shuddered in pure lust. "St-stop. I'm gonna come."

Louis just chuckled, "Go ahead. I'll just make you come again when I'm inside you."

Zayn groaned and let his head fall to Liam's shoulder. "Stop," he begged again, quieter this time. He felt Liam shake his head and then press harder on Zayn perineum. Zayn choked a moan and shot his load on Liam's wrist and the sheets.

Louis pulled Zayn back and let him lay down. "Well be back to him in a minute," he told Liam and then moved to straddle him. "You wanna open me up, Daddy?" Louis asked with a devilish glint in his eye.

Liam growled and squeezed Louis' perfect bum in his hands. Liam brought two fingers to Louis' mouth and ordered, "Suck." Louis took them happily and got them wet to his satisfaction before pulling off with a pop. Liam reached around and circled Louis' puckered hole. "How rough do you want it, baby?"

Louis trained a long glance on Liam's face before licking his lips and saying, "Split me open."

Liam dug his nails into Louis soft flesh and pressed both fingers in to the hilt in one go. Louis arched into Liam's chest and threw his head back with a moan. Liam pumped his fingers fast and hard, stretching Louis out at a punishing pace.

Niall rolled his hips around in little circles, adjusting to Harry's size. Harry clenched the sheets in his fists and waited patiently for Niall to give the go ahead. Niall took his time, rolling slowly back and forth. Harry would just barely brush over his spot when he pushed back, making more precome dribble out and down his cock.

"Niall, can I-fuck, can I move, please."

"Yeah, Haz. Move."

Harry sighed his relief and took Niall's hips in his large hands. He planted his feet and pushed up into Niall while Niall played Harry's hard nipples between his fingers. Harry wanted to smack Niall's hands away because he was so sensitive but it felt so good he couldn't.

Niall was bouncing due to the force of Harry's thrust, his flushed cock hitting Harry's abs with every up movement. "Jesus, Harry! Right there," Niall cried out and Harry changed his thrust to angle at Niall's most sensitive spot.

Louis reached behind him and batted Liam's hand away. "Are you gonna fuck me any time soon. I'm stretched, okay?"

Liam bit Louis' shoulder harshly, making him squeak, and then pushed Louis down before rolling on a condom and pushing in within a matter of seconds. Louis had barely caught his breath when Liam started pounding into him, making Louis jolt back and forth on the bed.

Zayn was staring at them with dark eyes. He was so tired and sore that he hoped if he laid quiet enough they wouldn't notice him. His hopes were dashed when an airy version of Louis voice said, "Zayn get the fuck over here. Your ass is mine."
Liam slowed down to a reasonable pace and reached out for Zayn when he made a weak sound of protest. "One more time, Zaynie. I know you can."

"Li, I can't."

"Don't you want Louis' fat cock to fill you up," he encouraged as he slowed down even more and leaned over to kiss Zayn's lips. Zayn groaned but nodded and got up to settle over Louis' hips.

"Hey, babe," Louis greeted with a sweet smile, "I'll make you feel so good."

Zayn nodded again and kiss Louis' cheek as he reached beside them and got a condom and the open lube packet. He slid the condom down Louis' length and kissed the tip when he finished. Louis rolled his eyes, but his blush gave him away. Zayn slicked him up, adding a flick of the wrist for fun, before lining Louis up and sinking down slowly.

Harry ran his hands up and down Niall's sides as he watched sweat collect at Niall's hairline and his chest get more and more red by the second. Harry could feel himself leaking into Niall's hole, adding to the wetness of the lube and making his thrusts smooth and easy.

Niall's whole body was languid on top of him. He had his hands of Harry's chest and just let himself be used by his best friend and bandmate.

Liam started to up his pace again even before Zayn was ready. Zayn stuttered out a breath when Louis was forced deeper into him. He laid back on Liam's chest and let Liam's movement start to move him as well. Liam brought a hand up to wrap around Zayn's waist so he could move Zayn in time with him.

Louis gripped Zayn's thin thighs in his hands and let eyes fall closed so he could just enjoy the ride. Liam and Zayn worked together to bring them all closer to ecstasy.

"Haz, Haz, I'm close."

"I know, Ni. Hold on, me too."

Niall whined and just continued to move with Harry's thrusts. When Harry pushed particularly hard on Niall's prostate he clenched around Harry's length and bared down on him, making Harry groan and shove in deeper while he filled Niall's hole. Niall felt the splash of Harry's cum coating his insides and shuddered as he followed, his cum landing up Harry's stomach, coloring his butterfly tattoo.

Louis was the first the come with a staccato version of Zayn's name and the word Daddy falling from his lips. Zayn was having trouble breathing with the abuse his hole was taking. Liam reached around and gave Zayn two good tugs before he was arching back, his eyes squeezing shut, and coming with a broken ah. Liam bent Zayn over so he laying on Louis and took Louis' hips in his hands. With better leverage he rabbited into Louis tired body until he groaned and shot into the condom.

Sweat and sex filled the air as the boys sprawled out on the bed, ignoring the used condoms and half used lube packets on the bed.

"You're all bloody brilliant," Niall fonded. Harry snuggled up to Liam, letting the older lad spoon him, when Niall crawled to lay on top of Zayn, with his head in Louis' neck, sending a chaste kiss after his compliment.

"I can't believe we just did that," Zayn sounded awed.
“Raise your hand if you've never been with a boy before now,” Louis wondered. Louis, Niall, and Zayn raised their hands. "Liam?!" Louis shrilled, "I mean Harry," Louis waved his hand around, "obviously, but Payno I had no idea."

"For good reason. It's none of your business, Tommo."

Louis huffed, "Touchy."

Harry turned his face to Liam and breathed in his ear, "Thank you for not telling them." Liam just kissed him quick and pulled him closer.

"Well now I know who to go to if I'm lonely," Louis added.

"Pick me," Niall mumbled tiredly.

Louis chuckled, "Every time, Nialler."

Niall hummed, content with that answer. They all seemed to be content as they drifted off together.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorta dead. Waaaahhh! group 1D sex has me on the floor (or my knees I mean...)

Pps: I'm gonna make sure to finish any multi parts I started and never finished before starting the next volume of smut.
Zarry - Abstinence

Chapter Summary

Zayn is the face of abstinence, but you should never judge a book by its cover.

Top: Harry
Bottom: Zayn

Chapter Notes

My phone died and I didn't have my request list so I just wrote something for ya. Enjoy!

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

Don't forget when I finish this to find Volume II to keep our little game rolling.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

'The only safe sex is abstinence. Saving yourself for marriage is the only way.'

Harry snorted at the black-haired guy on television. He'd sat on the remote and changed it to some channel that was doing a special featuring the new face of abstinence. Something with a Z. Zack. Zen. Whatever. Point was the remote was somewhere in the couch and Zack wouldn't stop talking.

'Your body is a temple. Treat it with the respect it deserves. Don't let someone talk you into something you'll regret.'

Harry laughed, "The only thing you regret is not getting your cherry popped at a proper age." He turned to the TV with a serious face, "I'd love to solve that for you," he teased the screen. Zeke was cute, hot maybe, if he wasn't wearing that God awful shirt, buttoned up all the way with a plaid tie and those ill-fitting trousers. Harry could stand to teach a thing or two to this unfortunate soul.

'Keep yourself pure for the day your spouse says I Do. It will all be worth it. I can't wait for the day my wife shares my name and then my bed.'

Harry almost puked. Ugh, straight people make no sense to me. He finally found the remote and turned the TV off. He had to get ready for the party tonight anyway. Some underground band got signed and his friend works at the label so he got Harry an in. All he knew was there'd be free booze and plenty of hot musicians.

He shuffled through his closet and found the perfect outfit, although it took some effort to get the jeans on. Two hours later, including a half an hour break for pre-party shots, and Harry's hair was ready, which meant he washed it, and his boots were zipped. He hailed a cab and set off for a fun night.

***
Six shots and two mixed drinks in and Harry was having so much fun. The brunette in the corner with the shining blue eyes was calling his name, maybe literally Harry couldn't really tell. He sauntered over, only to be knocked into halfway through the room by...by Zee...Zaaa...Zolof?? Whatever.

But he wasn't in stiff trousers and a button up. Actually Harry loved what he was wearing. Tight black jeans with the knees ripped out. A loose white tee that hung low enough to show a pair of lips and some wings on his chest. Over that was a fitting black leather jacket with a patch on the arm of some brightly colored logo. And instead of his hair being gelled back into a clean style it was tossed into a loose fringe that swept around his head like a halo.

"Holy shit! It's the face of abstinence!" Harry squealed.

The raven-haired man's eyes went wide for a second before he was being pushed back against the wall and a hand was over his mouth. Harry groaned at the force, loving being handled. "I'm shocked. Someone at this seedy party actually watches that shit."

"I sat on the remote," Harry mused once he'd wiggled his mouth from under his hand.

The older man nodded with an understanding hum before leaning in to whisper, "You'll tell no one you saw me here."

Harry leaned in to the dark voice and whined his assent. He pulled on his jacket when the man pulled away, "Wait Zack. Don't go."

"Zack? You really weren't paying attention?"

Harry smirked, "I was too busy looking at your lips and imagining what they'd look like around my cock." The dark-eyed man's mouth fell open in shock. "Yeah just like that, a little wider," Harry teased.

He clamped his mouth shut and eyed Harry up and down. "It's Zayn," he informed him, "and what makes you think I'd do you any favors if you can't even remember my name?"

"Well how about you take me upstairs at by the end of the night I'll have your name on repeat."

Zayn groaned and pushed Harry into the wall by his shoulder. "I know you didn't catch my name, but you had to at least catch the gist of the message. I'm supposed to be pure," he snipped.

"Babe," Harry mocked before nibbling on Zayn's bottom lip for a second, making Zayn push him back again, "What I feel right now is pure. Its one hundreds percent need. Pure, unadulterated need to ride you into oblivion."

Zayn chuckled and pushed Harry back. "What's your name?"
Harry raised a brow. "Baby, princess, slut, oh God you're so tight. Whichever you prefer."


Harry gulped down the need to fall to his knees and choked out, "Harry."

"Harry," Zayn tried it on his tongue, "Good name. A proper name."

Harry flushed, "Thank you."

"Now, Harry. Tonight you'll do exactly as I say. If I tell you to bend over, you bend over. If I tell you to make yourself come using just a single finger, then you do it. Understand?"

Harry pressed the heel of his hand down on his now prominent bulge. "Yeah, yeah, I understand."

"You can call me Zayn, Daddy, Sir, yeah right there more please. Whichever you prefer," Zayn mocked Harry's words.

"Okay."

"But I have one rule."

Harry was afraid to ask. "W-what?"

"We don't stop until I'm satisfied." Harry suppressed a moan and nodded in agreement. "Take off your clothes," Harry started ripping at the fabric covering his body but Zayn stopped him, "Slowly. Show off for me. I know you've got some gifts under there."

Harry slowed his hands and let Zayn watch as he removed his clothes. Once his shirt was off he licked his thumb and rubbed it over his nipple, making it pebble and a small moan escape. Harry ran his hands down his chest to his jeans. He tucked the tips of his fingers under the waistband and scratched at the sensitive skin before undoing his jeans and sliding them off. He turned around and peeled his pants off, bending over to pull his pants and jeans from his feet.

He stayed bent over and brought a hand to his ass to spread his cheeks for Zayn. He pulled the skin taunt with his fingers and played the longest finger over his hole while he groaned.

"Stop. Come here. Take my clothes off."

Harry stood up with an quiet, "Yes, Sir," and went to stand in front of the dark-haired man. He ran his hands under the jacket and over Zayn's shoulders to slide it off his body to the floor. Zayn bared down on Harry with an intense gaze. "Zayn, you can't look at me like that or I won't be of much use."

Zayn chuckled and took a heady fistful of Harry's hair to pull back so his neck was exposed. He bit down harshly on the column of Harry's neck and said, "You haven't been of much use thus far. I'm still fucking clothed."

Harry whimpered and his knees buckled but he caught himself and reached his hands out blindly for Zayn's shirt. Zayn let him go when Harry pulled on the cotton to lift it over his head before looking down at it in his hand. "Sir?"

"Yes, baby?"
"Can I wear it while you fuck me?"

Zayn groaned and smiled, "Maybe. We'll see how well you do until then."

Harry ran and put the shirt on the edge of the bed and went to work on his tight jeans. He yanked them down his legs and finally let himself fall, too. He sat back on his knees and licked up the line of Zayn's bulge, sucking on the outline of his head. He pulled the elastic down to reveal Zayn's hard length and didn't let it bounce once before he enveloped it in the warmth of his mouth while he pulled Zayn's pants the rest of the way down.

Zayn hummed and then hissed as he bucked into Harry's mouth. Harry sputtered and pulled back an inch or so before taking a deep breath through his nose and going down further. He stayed there, with Zayn's cock deep in his throat, while he looked up at his with lust-filled emerald eyes.

Zayn wanted to let go, to pulled Harry off so he could come all over his smooth skin and in his hair, but he wanted Harry's tight hole to be the reason he came. He pulled Harry off, but picked him up and pushed him back on the bed. "Open yourself up. Keep those lovely, long legs apart so I can see. Okay, baby?"

"Yes, Sir," Harry said and spread his legs open. He sucked two fingers into his mouth and lapped his tongue around the curves of his digits. When they were shiny with spit he brought them down to his hole and circled his entrance with the tips.

His head fell back to the bed, but Zayn was quick to reprimand, "Look at me. I'm making you feel like this so look at me."

Harry's head popped back up and he kept his eyes trained on Zayn's black ones, and his tongue when it ran slowly over his pink lips, while he pushed his fingers in. He groaned but fought to keep his eyes open as his fingers went deep, grazing lightly over his prostate. Harry spread his fingers open and kept them safely away from his most sensitive area so he didn't come early.

Zayn watched as Harry pumped two then a third dry finger into his hole while he huffed short puffs of air and nibbled on his lip. Zayn smirked but gave a fond look to the boy on the bed, "Open your mouth. I want to hear every sound, angel."

Harry's mouth fell open in to an O and a long, low moan trickled out when he pushed his fingers in to the hilt and curled them to press into his walls. Zayn's satisfied tilt of his lips had Harry pushing back on his fingers for more.

"Do you have anything?" Zayn spoke in a measure tone, but Harry could hear the force he was using to keep his voice steady.

He took a couple shotty breaths and nodded, "In my trousers."

Zayn chuckled, "Planning on getting fucked tonight?"

"One can only hope," Harry shot back.

Zayn rolled his eyes before finding Harry's jeans and searching the pockets. He pulled out a condom and small packet of lube. "Cherry flavor? Seems to me like you're dying to taste." Harry moaned and rocked harder on his fingers. "Well in that case, come here and slick me up." Zayn tore open the condom and rolled it over himself.

Harry scrambled to get on his knees and crawled to the edge of the bed where Zayn was standing, cock proud, waiting. Harry took him in his hand and pumped him while he licked at the flushed tip.
Zayn let his head fall back for a second at the sudden friction, but quickly came back to watch Harry's mouth close around his head. He opened the lube and trickled it on his shaft for Harry to spread.

Harry popped off and moved down to lick from Zayn's base to his head with his tongue wide and flat on the hot skin. The flavor had Harry rutting in the air, looking for friction that wasn't there. He reached down for his own cock and keep a light hand around himself to ease the tension. He wiped his hand around a few more times to make sure Zayn was wet and then stilled his hand and looked up for further instruction.

"You look so good, baby. Why don't you give my balls a little suck too."

Harry's body arched at the suggestion and he bent down and took one then the other in his mouth and sucked. Zayn let out a strangled sigh and squeezed Harry's shoulder in his hand. Harry let them fall from his mouth only to buried his nose right in the middle and nuzzle into them. Zayn's fingers pressed harder on Harry's skin, blunt nails digging in.

"Baby," Harry's head snapped up at his name, "Put my shirt on like you wanted and you can ride me in it." Harry whined as he nodded and leaned over to grab the white tee shirt. Zayn cleared his throat and Harry looked back. "I don't get a thank you? Doesn't seem like you want it."

"I do. Thank you, Sir. I'd love to wear it, thank you."

Zayn nodded his permission and Harry slipped the shirt on. It wasn't tight, but definitely fit tighter than his normal shirts, the sleeves wrapped around his arms just right but the collar was loose and hung low enough to see his swallows. He closed his eyes and grabbed the material in his hands with a smile.

"Thank you," he said again.

"Of course, baby. Now budge over so I can come up." Harry scooted over and let Zayn get on the bed. Zayn sat at the head with his back against the headboard, pillow arching his body a little. His legs spread lazily and Harry kneeled between them, hands in his lap.

Zayn summoned him with two fingers and Harry crawled up to straddle his hips. Harry circled his arms around Zayn's shoulders and let Zayn line up with his hole before sinking down with a quiet sigh. He stayed sat on Zayn's lap for a minute, head tucked into his neck, before breathing out a content, "I could sit here forever. Just keep you deep inside and stay here."

Zayn rubbed up and down Harry's back gingerly and then ran a hand down to Harry's hole and pressed the pads of his fingers to the stretched rim. Harry whined and pushed back into the touch. "Show me how much you love having my cock inside you, Harry."

Harry moaned low in his throat and nodded against his shoulder. "Yes, Sir." Harry sat back up and lifted himself up until he felt Zayn's head just inside his entrance and sat back down. Zayn's fingers pressed into Harry's back through the shirt and he loosed a moan that made Harry shiver. Harry bounced on Zayn's cock faster, the muscles in his legs tensing and flexing with the workout.

Zayn looked down between them and pulled the hem of his shirt up and pushed the material up Harry's torso so he could see his cock bounce against his stomach. Zayn brought his hand down and flicked his finger against Harry's cock when it hit back down on his stomach, making Harry stutter in his movements and groan into the air.

He quickly regained the rhythm and bounced harder. "Again, please, Sir." Zayn licked his lips and
flicked his finger on Harry's leaking shaft again. Harry choked a sob and let his head fall back as he rode Zayn with abandon. Zayn open his hand and laid a soft smack across Harry floundering dick. "Ugh, yessirplease," Harry breathed.

Zayn delivered another hit, harder this time, that sent Harry's aching cock sideways into his hip and back up. Harry's hole clenched on Zayn's cock and made Zayn buck in deeper while Harry groaned long and loud and his back arched into Zayn's chest. Another hit and Harry was coming, painting his and Zayn's chest with white streaks.

He rode Zayn until he felt the hot pulses of his cum fill the condom, and then rode him until he started to soften inside him, and couldn't stop riding him even though his hole was sore and his body was shaking. He kept a quiet mantra of "yessir yessir yessir" up until Zayn huffed from sensitivity and stilled Harry's hips with hands. Harry's head fell forward to Zayn's chest as he pulled off and then fell the bed, breathing ragged.

Zayn slid down so he could bring Harry to him and curl his arms around him. After a few minutes, used to regain their breathing, Harry spoke up, "Your show?"

"What about it?"

"Abstinence is key?" Harry quoted.

"Please, I'm sure you say a lot of things at your job you don't mean," Zayn sighed. "They don't know I've had sex, much less that I enjoy regular sex with men. I needed a job and the money."

"But you're lying."

"I'm telling them what they want to hear. They don't care about me as a person, just want I provide for them. A pretty face."

"You do have a pretty face." Zayn laughed softly and kissed Harry's hair. "But I hope one day you quit this gig. It's not who you are and I quite like who you are." Zayn just hummed in response and pulled Harry closer.

Chapter End Notes

Absolutely no hate or judgment towards those who wait or religious folks. I love me some Jesus and I think waiting is a noble and cost-worthy notion. Xoxo
Harry messed up and has to convince Niall to forgive him.

Top: Harry, Niall.
Bottom: Niall, Harry.
Oversensitivity. Hand job.

Niall didn't know what to do. He'd never seen his boyfriend like this. Harry was always so happy. Cheeky, but happy. Right now he was pacing back and forth, grabbing handfuls of hair in his hands, and hitting his fists into the wall.

"Babe, what's wrong?"

"Shut up!" Niall flinched in shock and his mouth fell open. Harry never talked to him like that. Harry looked almost crazy, eyes bloodshot, in all black.

"What did I do?"

Harry looked at him then, with surprise all over his face. "What?" He came over and held Niall's face in his hands, "Oh God, honey, nothing. It's not you," Harry leaned in and kissed Niall hard. Too hard. Niall made a sound of protest, but Harry just held his face tighter.

Niall pushed on his chest and Harry fell back a step, breathing hard. "What the hell, Harry."

"I fucking need you, Ni," Harry came back to kiss him, but Niall held his face a couple inches away.

"What's wrong?"

Harry's eyes got darker, like just thinking about whatever was plaguing Harry's beautiful mind was hurting him. "I, I'm so lost," he confessed in a dead voice.
Niall ran his hands into Harry's hair, "What do you mean, love?"

Harry was shaking his head and looking at Niall with a sadness he'd never seen in those eyes before. "I don't deserve you."

"That's not true. You're amazing. You're perfect for me."

Harry pulled Niall close and tucked his head into the curve of Niall's neck. "I'm so sorry."

"What happened?" Harry was shaking his head again and didn't answer. "Haz, what happened?"

"She didn't mean anything." Niall froze in Harry's arms. Harry must have felt it because he fisted Niall's sweater in his hands and held him tight. "I didn't want to. I don't even remember it."

Niall couldn't move, couldn't think. Couldn't make sense of what Harry wasn't saying. "What?" Harry wouldn't pull back so Niall tugged against his grip. "What did you do?"

Harry let his hands fall in defeat and couldn't look Niall in the eye when he said, "Some girl. After the concert last week. I went out with Liam and Zayn and we got smashed. I don't remember her, but she sent me some pictures the next day of us."

"Let me see."

Harry was caught off guard by Niall's request. "No. No I couldn't do that to you."

"Let me see the fucking pictures, Harry."

Harry's hands were twitching in debate, "You don't want me to."

"I do. I want to see it." He didn't want to. He knew he didn't. But he had to. He couldn't not see it. To prove that Harry couldn't possibly be telling the truth. "Give me your phone."

Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone to hand it to Niall. Niall unlocked it and flicked through his messages until he saw it.

There he was.

The angle was her point of view. She must've been sitting on something because she had one leg propped up and the other spread out. Harry was on his knees between her legs, face buried, eating her out. He nearly gagged but swiped to the next. It hurt more than the first. It was barely different, but in this one Harry was looking up at her, and the camera, with those eyes.

Those eyes that he looked up at Niall with. Those eyes that were dark with lust and need whenever he sucked Niall off. He loved the way Harry's eyes looked when he was on his knees for him.

Niall inhaled a shaky breath and felt his eyes start to water. No. He wouldn't cry. He wouldn't-The tears spilled over onto his cheeks. They felt like fire against his skin. He gripped the phone tight in his hand and turned away.

He wanted to hate him. He was so angry, but even more, he was so hurt. Like everything Harry'd ever said was null and void. He could feel the venom of betrayal flooding his veins.

"How'd she taste?" Niall spat out. As soon as he said it, the sound of words itched under his skin.

"Don't you dare." Niall turned at the sound of steal in Harry's voice. "I love you. This is nothing in comparison to how much I love you." Harry crowded Niall back against the wall, "Don't pretend"
like this changed how much I love you."

Niall put a hand to Harry's chest but didn't push him away. He could barely see through his tears and he could feel how fast Harry's heart was beating. "I don't know. How do I know?"

Harry pushed him harder into the wall, "Don't you dare fucking doubt me, Niall. I can't apologize enough for this, I know that. But I refuse to let you doubt what you know."

Niall cupped his hand around the back of Harry's neck, pulled him close, and set their foreheads together. "I want to believe you."

"Let me prove it," Harry nearly growled.

Niall took a long moment, looking at Harry's eyes and trying to see the eyes in the photo, but he didn't. All he saw was Harry. The same Harry that he wrote songs with that will never be heard. The same Harry that he taught how to play guitar.

"You can try," Niall allowed.

Harry took his permission and slid a hand up his back, making Niall arch in his touch. His ass pressed into the wall and his chest pressed into Harry's. He kissed him with everything that was floating around inside his head. The guilt. The confusion. He just needed to show Niall that he still loved him.

He slid his hand back down and squeezed his cheek, making Niall moan into his mouth. Harry leaned into Niall's ear and whispered, "Turn around."

Niall bucked into Harry before turning to face the wall. Harry manhandled him into a posture he liked: legs spread, back curved, ass out, hands on the wall. Niall let his head fall to rest on the wall while Harry's hands roamed his body. Harry snuck under his shirt and scratch and the skin over Niall's abs. Niall arched harder off the wall and Harry hummed his approval before sliding his hand down to Niall's jeans.

He unbuttoned and zipped them down then slid his hand over the semi Niall was sporting. Niall groaned and rocked into Harry's hand. Harry pushed harder and massaged small circles into the fabric. He took his hand out and pulled Niall's jeans down to the floor, followed by his pants. He fell to his knees and kissed Niall's left cheek and then his right.

Niall bit back a needy sound when he felt Harry's mouth so close to his favorite spot. He did moan out when Harry spread his ass open and licked across his tight hole. Harry loved oral sex. It was probably one of his favorite things in the world. And the noises Niall made when he got eaten out or sucked off almost always sent Harry over the edge before he even had Niall inside him.

Niall didn't disappoint this time either. As soon as Harry set his lips to Niall he was rewarded was a high-pitched moan. Harry swirled his tongue along the puckered skin before pressing the tip of his tongue against the entrance. Niall grunted and pushed back on Harry's face, his face pressed against the wall and his eyes shut tight.

Harry smiled while he pushed his tongue inside Niall's hole. He loved the feeling of the tight muscle of his rim twitch against his tongue.

"Oh Jesus, Haz, yes."

Niall's accent was already taking over. His words became more vowels and less consonants, which only served to make Harry double his efforts and push his tongue in until he was stretching Niall
"Shit, keep going." Harry curled his tongue and licked over Niall's little bundle. Niall moaned and encouraged, "Right there. Again." Harry obliged and pressed his tongue against the fleshy nub. Niall rocked back on Harry's face while a hand flew out and grabbed a handful of his curls, pushing his face deeper.

Harry played his tongue in figure eights, pressing hard into Niall's prostate with every swirl of his tongue. Niall was riding his face by the time he shouted out Harry's name and splashed the wall with his cum.

Harry sucked on his rim while he rode out his orgasm and then sat back, undid his pants, and tugged himself once and twice before groaning and coming over his hand. Niall turned around and fell to the floor, his legs splayed out on either side of Harry's waiting form.

They both waited until Niall caught his breath and then Harry spoke up, "Thank you."

Niall shook his head, "If you think you're done then you're wrong," and rushed forward to grab Harry and pull him to the bed.

Harry fell back and pulled Niall down with him. Niall pushed his legs between Harry's and wasted no time in stripping his clothes and sticking a dry finger inside him. Harry groaned and spread his legs.

"You're such a whore, Harry. You go give it to some slut at a club and then can't wait to take more from me," Niall growled.

Harry moaned and threw his head back into the pillows. "Ni, I'm so sorry."

"No you're not. You got what you wanted. You can have anyone you want, can't you?"

Harry was shaking his head in denial. "Just you."

Niall bent down and licked over Harry's hole and his fingers before pushing a second one in. "Just me what?"

"You," Harry whined, "Only want you."

"Could've fooled me, Styles." Niall was pumping his fingers in a rough pace, jamming into Harry's prostate.

"Oh God, babe, please. Fuck me."

"No."

Harry's head popped up, "What?"

"You can't have me. Not tonight."

Harry rolled his hips back on Niall's fingers, "Please, Ni. Please don't do this."

Niall reached a hand back and brought it down on Harry's thigh with a smack, "Don't you dare," Niall mocked his words. "You cheated on me!" Niall nearly screamed, "If I say you can't have me then you can't have me."

Harry nodded quickly and stretched his foot down to wrap around Niall's leg. He pulled on his leg,
urging him to come closer, and Niall relented. He scooted forward so Harry's thighs were laid over Niall's while Niall pumped his fingers furiously inside Harry's sore hole. Harry came with a scream and his nails embedded into the skin on this leg.

Niall didn't take his fingers out but instead took Harry in his hand and licked over his still wet head. Harry whimpered and flinched back from Niall's grip, which only made Niall pull him harder. Harry squirmed and gripped the sheets.

"Ni, it hurts."

"Good. I hope it hurts as much as you hurt me."

Harry whined and choked a quiet, saddened sound. "Hurts," was all he could get out.

Niall felt some of his anger fade and his love return. He leaned over and kissed Harry's knee while he slowly moved his hand up and down Harry twitching length. Harry breathed deep so he could lay there and take what Niall was giving him.

"Look at you," Niall awed, "Such a slut. It hurts, but you still love it."

"Yeah, Ni, I love it so much."

Niall twisted his wrist and Harry came for the third time with just a dribbled that trickled down onto Niall's fingers. Niall fell to his side, his sticky hand laid on Harry sticky stomach. Harry just let out a shaky breath and nuzzled his head closer to Niall.

Niall pulled Harry in by the waist and bit his neck lightly, "I'm so mad at you."

"As long as you love me," Harry whispered.

"I love you."

Chapter End Notes

I loved Dom Niall! finally!!
"Wait, which one was A?" Zayn asked again with the guitar in his hand.

Niall reached around from behind and readjusted Zayn's fingers with light, soft touches into the position of the A chord. He wormed his arm under Zayn's on the other side and strummed the guitar. "See? Easy."

"Easy for you," Zayn scoffed.

Niall smiled and kissed Zayn's cheek, "You'll learn."

"Only if you teach me," Zayn said and leaned back into Niall. He was sitting between Niall's legs on the floor in front of the couch. They were watching some romantic comedy until Zayn begged for them to do something else.

Niall picked up his guitar and started fiddling with the strings. Zayn loved watching Niall play. So in his element. He made Zayn want to play, too. So he asked to learn. Again. Zayn randomly asked Niall to teach him every so often. Niall would get through explaining frets and teach maybe two chords before Zayn would give up.

"I'll teach you whenever you want."
Zayn tilted his head back and kissed Niall's pink lips, "You always say that."
"I always mean it. You just don't want to learn."
Zayn nuzzled into Niall's neck and huffed, "Because it's hard."
"You're hard," Niall teased childishly.
"I wish," Zayn teased back.

Niall trailed his hand down from Zayn's side to his crotch. "We can make that wish come true."
Zayn chuckled and his eyes crinkled up like they do when he's genuinely amused. "Please, love, don't tease."
"But where's the fun in that?" Niall asked and bit lightly on Zayn's jaw. Zayn abandoned the guitar on the couch and turned so he was straddling Niall's lap. Niall feigned surprise, "Oh, okay, then. We're serious now."

"As a heart attack," Zayn murmured and leaned into take Niall's lips on his. Zayn molded them together before pressing his tongue to the seam of Niall's mouth. Niall open with a sigh and Zayn licked into his lips and over his tongue.

Niall played with Zayn's tongue and lips while Zayn worked on pushing Niall's pants down his legs. Niall lifted up and let Zayn pulled them to his knees. Zayn's hand came back and found Niall's semi, giving it a few good rubs before taking him properly in his hand.

Niall let his head fell back on the couch and his eyes fall closed. "Zayn," Niall breathed. "Now who's teasing."
Zayn laughed and kissed right on Niall's Adam's apple. "You're just going to sit there and let me do as I please. I'll get you so hard, so hard that you're dripping, then, when you're begging for me, I'll let you fuck me. And you won't come until I do." Zayn twisted his wrist and pulled hard on Niall's cock.
"Ugh, shit, Zayn. Yes, okay, yes."

Zayn went from kissing to nibbling on Niall's neck while he stripped himself of his trousers and pants. Niall's hands wandered the new uncovered skin with inquiring fingers. He traced the curve of Zayn's hip around to his bum and pulled him in closer. Zayn grounded his hard on into Niall's while he slid his hands up Niall's shirt. His fingers played across his chest and over his nipples until Niall was rocking into him and loosing little huffs of air.

Zayn's hands snapped to Niall's hips and held him still, "Behave."
Niall groaned and gripped Zayn's shirt in his palm. "You're kidding, right? How the hell am I supposed to sit still when you look like that on top of me?"
Zayn dug his blunt nails into the soft skin over Niall's slim hips, "If you have any plans of being inside me tonight, you'll sit there and be good."

Niall held Zayn's gaze in a challenge, but finally sighed and put his arms out besides his head on the couch and shrugged, "Do what you want."
Zayn smirked and licked over Niall's collar bones. He pulled his shirt over his blonde hair and threw
it behind him. Niall tugged at his hem and made a small urging sound. Zayn relented and let Niall take his shirt off. They both sat there, naked and hard, smiling at each other.

"You're very handsome," Zayn complimented.

Niall slid his hands up Zayn's sides to his chest. "Zayn, stop," he blushed.

Zayn kissed him, deep and long, "Never." He backed up and pulled Niall down by the legs so he was laying down on the floor. He crawled back up beside him and grabbed a pillow off the couch before tapping Niall's hip with a, "Lift up."

Niall complied with a smirk and Zayn pushed the pillow underneath him. Zayn straddled him again and leaned over to deliver one more sweet kiss before shoving two fingers in Niall's mouth. Niall made a surprised noise but took them all the same. When his slender fingers were nice and wet he pulled them out and brought them to his waiting hole.

Zayn's mouth fell open as he pushed one finger inside himself. Niall's hands flew to his ass and kneaded the soft flesh. Zayn moved his finger around and added another. A deep moan fell from his mouth as he pumped his fingers in and out. Niall stretched his hand and felt the edge of Zayn's rim being stretched around his digits.

Niall rubbed along the molded muscle and shifted slightly under Zayn. "I'm trying to be good here, Zee, but I need you so bad. So please hurry up."

Zayn breathed a small airy laugh and pulled his fingers out. He scooted down so he could bend over and take Niall into his mouth. Niall bucked up at the warmth. Zayn growled and scratched over Niall's chest. Niall moaned and gripped the edge of the pillow below him to keep still.

Zayn swirled his tongue and made sure to get Niall as slick as possible. When saliva was falling out of his mouth and back down Niall's hard prick he pulled off and lined himself up. He and Niall shared a long moan as Zayn lowered down onto Niall's length.

Zayn rocked in little waves to let himself adjust while he ran a rough hand slowly over himself. "Fuck, Nialler, I don't know how I take you every time."

"But you always do. Take me so well, Zee."

Zayn's tilted his hips up and lifted off Niall so only his tip was stretching Zayn's entrance. "Baby, I'd much rather do this than learn guitar."

Niall laughed and ran a hand down Zayn's thigh, "I'd be crazy to pick a guitar over you, Zayn."

Zayn lowered down hard, skin hitting skin with a smack. The sounds of their bodies together only got louder as Zayn rode Niall recklessly, cock bouncing between his and Niall's stomach. Niall was twitching but holding himself still.

Soon Niall was releasing broken moan after moan, begging Zayn to "Let me move. Please. I need to fuck you."

Zayn just pushed his hands into Niall's hips harder and rode him faster. Zayn threw his head back and let himself be impaled on Niall's dick again and again until his stomach clenched and he told Niall, "Come with me."

Niall gasped and then yelled Zayn's name as he filled him with his seed. Zayn sat down hard and stayed there, moving in tiny circles, while he came. Niall's chest was slick with white by the time
Zayn pulled off him and fell next to him on the floor.

They both breathed hot, needy air into each other's space until Niall reached up to grab a shirt and wiped them off before he pulled the blanket off the back of the couch to wrap it around them. Zayn tucked them in and pulled Niall close.

"Tomorrow. Tomorrow, I swear I'll start learning guitar."

Niall just hummed his agreement and kissed his temple. "Okay, babe."

Chapter End Notes

Fluff and smut and cheekiness and Ziall I'm dead whatever I'm fine *kills over*
Zouniam - We Own You

Chapter Summary

Master Louis takes his slave, Niall, over for a play date with Liam and his Master, Prince Zayn.

Top: Liam. Louis.
Bottom: Niall.

Chapter Notes

I really like this prompt. Very interesting. Only a couple more chapters until I start Volume II!! And I've decided to open VII with a part two to Sunday Kind of Love! Whoop whoop!

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Liam pulled his tight shorts from the middle drawer of his dresser. They slid against his tan skin and fit snugly over his strong thighs and butt. He loved how well they fit. Prince Zayn had him remeasured just last week and the new version of his uniform showed off everything Zayn loved to see.

Liam went downstairs to the dining room for breakfast where Zayn was sat at the head of the table. The place to his right was set with plates and silverware for Liam.

He came to Zayn and pecked his cheek with a kiss. "Good Morning, Your Highness."

Zayn smiled and rubbed his thumb across Liam's cheek, "Hello, lover. How are you this morning?"
"Very well." Liam stood with his hands crossed casually behind his back while Zayn looked him over.

He ran a hand gently over Liam's hips, "The new uniform fits you well."
"Thank you, sir."

"Please, sit." Liam took his spot at Zayn's right hand and a plate of food was immediately placed in front of him. "Liam?"

Liam looked up from his food at his name, "Yes, sir?"

"I'll be having a friend over tonight so I'd like you to use the rest of the day making yourself presentable for company."
Liam knew what that meant. Every so often Zayn would allow Liam to enjoy the company of other men. He loved Zayn, above and beyond anyone else, but Liam also loved the experience of new men.

Liam smiled wide, "I can't wait, sir." Liam and Zayn ate slowly, enjoying the quiet of the morning before Zayn was whisked off to do his royal duties for the day and Liam was prepared for the night ahead.

***

Niall and Harry were wrestling when Louis walked in. As soon as they heard the door they sprang up and stood straight with their hands cupped behind their backs.

"Boys," Louis laughed, "Having fun without me?"

Niall giggled and Harry hit him quickly in the side, "No, Sir," Harry answered.

"No, Sir," Niall added with another giggle.

Louis hummed and sauntered over to stand in front of the pale blond. "My little Niall, how are you fairing so far in your new home?"

"Very well, Sir. Thank you."

Louis pulled Niall in by the back of his neck so he was inches from his face, "I know you're still learning about how I do things around here, but a general rule to go by is that you're mine. That means I touch you whenever I want, however I want. You'll come when I call and you never, ever touch yourself when I'm not there. Understand?"

Niall nodded quickly, "Yes, Sir."

Louis' face softened, "You're beautiful, Niall. I can't wait to see what you can do."

"Me either," Niall smiled.

Louis chuckled, "Actually I've got a opportunity for us to find out. I'm going to visit a friend tonight and I was going to take Harry here," Harry smiled at his name, "but I have a feeling you might like a party. So Harry is going to take you to get ready while I finish up some work."

"Yes, Sir."

Louis pulled Niall in by his chin and kissed him, "Good boy. Now before all that, I'll have to take you to my room and break you in," and walked out with Niall following closely behind.

***

Louis and Niall were in the back seat of the blacked out car. After Louis took Niall back to his room and made his come twice Niall was generous with his affection. He clung to Louis most of the day, when Harry wasn't showing him how to shave properly or how to sit on your knees so it doesn't hurt.

Now he was practically in Louis' lap and playing with his fingers. Not that Louis minded. He loved that everyone could tell that Niall was his. That he made Niall happy.

Louis picked out Niall's clothes this time since he couldn't trust him yet to pick something Louis liked. Niall was wearing a pair of tight, light blue jeans and a low cut white vest. Underneath was the
uniform he had all his boys wear: a pair of women's underwear. Tonight happened to be a striped blue and yellow pair with a bow right in middle.

When Niall first slipped them on he just laughed, but then Louis started touching him, touching the fabric, and Niall decided he liked panties a lot. And he like that Louis liked him in panties a lot.

They pulled up to the royal palace and drove around to a back door. The car door swung open and Louis gave Niall's cheek a kiss and his ass a squeeze before Niall hopped out. Louis smoothed his suit down and got out after. They were ushered inside and led to a room on the second floor. Louis knew there were many bedrooms in this area of the mansion, but Zayn liked to mix it up so he never knew which one they would use.

Turns out it was one of Louis' favorites this time. The room held a four poster King bed with far too many pillows. The curtains were thick and blocked out any outdoor light. There was a couch on the wall in front of the bed that Zayn and Louis would be using.

Louis sat down on the couch and Niall immediately sat down on his lap. "Hi there," Louis teased.

"Hi."

"Are you scared?"

Niall bit his lip, "A little."

Louis carded his fingers through Niall's barely blond hair, "Don't be. We've both discovered how much fun you are in bed. And I trust Zayn with my life. And his slave, Liam, is magnificent." Niall didn't answer, but nodded. Louis put a soft palm to Niall's cheek, "I'm here, love, and we can go slow at first."

"Sir?"

"Yes, baby?"

"Will you fuck me tonight?"

"I don't think so. Not while we're here."

"Oh."

"But if you're good, when we get back home, I'll fuck you until we both come and then I'll eat you out and make you taste us together."

Niall rocked on Louis' lap and hummed his approval. "Yes, please."

Just then the door clicked open quietly and Zayn entered, followed by Liam. "No Harry tonight?"

"Not tonight. This is Niall. He's new and I think you'll like him. I do."

"Not tonight. This is Niall. He's new and I think you'll like him. I do."

"Sounds like fun."

Zayn put his hand on Liam's lower back and Liam moved forward to Niall. He held out a hand and Niall looked to Louis. When Louis gave his permission, Niall took Liam's hand and followed him to the bed. Liam pressed his shoulders and Niall sank down, laying back on the covers.

Zayn came and sat next to the Louis on the couch. Louis leaned over and Zayn pressed a sweet kiss to his lips. "You seem tired," Louis noted.
"Needed this," Zayn admitted.

Louis hmm'd his understanding and put a light hand on Zayn's knee. Zayn relaxed back into the couch and pressed his knee to Louis'.

Liam pulled Niall's vest off and then his jeans. Liam was about to pull Niall's panties off when Louis cleared his throat.

"Niall?"

"Yes, Sir?"

"No one makes you come but me. Don't come, and when Liam's finished, come over here to me and I'll make you come."

Niall unconsciously rolled his hips and nodded, "Yes, please, Sir."

"Good boy."

Liam gave Niall's panties a good look and added, "Cute," before he pulled them down and tossed them over with the rest of his clothing. He smirked when he saw Niall was already hard and flushed. "Master Louis must have fun with you," he teased gently.

Niall squirmed but smiled, "Loads."

"Liam, be gentle. He's new, remember, love," Zayn reminded.

"Of course, sir."

"And Liam?" Liam turned around to see Zayn, "You have far too much clothing on." Liam chuckled in only his skin tight shorts and walked over to stand in front of Zayn.

"Take them off for me?"

Zayn smirked and licked his lips before running his hands up Liam's firm thighs and under the material. He scratched lightly over the sensitive skin right at the crease of his hip. Liam sighed and let his eyes fall closed. Zayn curled his fingers over the waistband from the inside and pulled until Liam's shorts fell to the floor. He smiled when Liam's hard on sprang up, kissing the head gently. "Go on," he encouraged and nodded to the bed.

Niall watched the encounter and Louis' reaction to it closely. He wanted to learn so badly. Liam came back and pulled Niall so he was sitting on the edge of the bed, legs hanging off. He went around to the side of the bed and pulled lube and a condom out from the nightstand before coming back and standing between Niall's legs. Niall kept glancing back and forth between Liam and Louis, making sure he was doing alright, but felt better when he saw Louis smile and take himself out of his trousers and into his hand.

He and Zayn sat next to each other with their cocks gripped loosely in their hands. Zayn tucked his foot behind Louis' and leaned over so his head was laying on Louis' shoulder. Louis shooed Zayn's hand away and took his length in his hand, pumping them slowly in tandem. Zayn moaned quietly and settled into Louis' side.

Liam pumped Niall, flicking his wrist with every repeated movement. Niall squirmed and furrowed his eyebrows, "Liam, please don't." Liam stopped his ministrations and gave Niall a concerned look. Niall bucked into the air, looking for friction, "No don't stop, but please don't tease because I'll
Liam tried to keep his fond laugh from bubbling out, but when he heard Louis' and Zayn's from behind him he couldn't. Niall huffed and curled his arms around his body in protection. Liam leaned over and kissed Niall's quivering lip. "Hey, don't worry. I'll go easy."

Niall nodded hesitantly and wrapped his arms around Liam's body. "Liam, can I ride you? I want to show Master Louis how good I am."

"Sure, Ni." Liam climbed up the bed and laid down next to Niall. Niall looked over to where Louis was watching his every move. Louis' eyes were black and his hand was moving faster over him and Zayn. Niall straddled Liam and leaned over so he was laying on Liam's chest and his hole was on display. He heard Louis' soft groan and smiled down at Liam. "Do you need to be stretched."

"Not really, but you can if you want. I think they'd enjoy it," he nodded back to their Masters on the couch. Liam nodded in agreement and slicked a couple fingers up with lube. He pushed them both into Niall's loose hole and scissored them open. Niall moaned and let his head fall to Liam's chest. "Your fingers are bigger than Master Louis'."

"But his move more skillfully. I've had them inside me and I nearly lost it."

"I know. Today I nearly blacked out when he stretched me open," Niall bragged while he pushed back on Liam's fingers.

"We can hear you, boys," Louis informed them.

Niall smirked and said, "He did this thing once he had three inside me that made me feel like I was split in half."

Louis scoffed, "I'm flattered my little one, but speaking about me as if I'm not here isn't something I appreciate. Liam if you would, kindly punish him for me."

"How many, sir?"

"I think three should do. It is virgin flesh after all."

Liam pulled his fingers out and Niall sat back up so he could look at Liam in confusion. Next thing he knew he felt a red hot sting on his ass. Niall yelped and lurched forward. Liam held his hip still and brought his hand down again. Niall whined and wiggled on top of Liam's lap. Liam sighed at the friction and delivered the last spanking. Niall screamed and dug his nails into Liam's chest. "Please, Sir."

"Learn to be more respectful, Niall. But honestly I love seeing how red your little ass is so I think I might spank you regularly."

Niall didn't hate the idea. Actually, he could feel himself so close to edge from the burning sensation that covered his smooth skin. "Yes, please, Sir."

"Liam, I think he's about to burst. You should hurry up and get inside him before he explodes," Zayn teased.

Niall whined and grinded on Liam's hard cock. Liam squeezed Niall's hips hard enough to create temporary red marks and then reached for the condom. He ripped it open and rolled it down himself before slicking himself up and lifting Niall up to line up with his hole. He lowered Niall down until his hips hit the red skin of Niall's ass. Niall moaned and arched with Liam buried inside him.
Louis ran his thumb over Zayn's slit and Zayn squeezed Louis' knee. "Lou, you'll make me come before they do."

"Good. Then you can sit back and enjoy the show." Louis sped up and pumped Zayn faster. He squeezed him in his hand and reached his other hand over to play with Zayn's balls. Zayn arched off the couch and came over Louis' hand. Louis brought his hand up to Zayn's mouth and Zayn sucked on his fingers until they were clean of his cum. Then he pulled Louis in and kissed him so he could taste what he did.

Louis moaned and palmed himself as Zayn moved his tongue around inside his mouth. His attention was brought back to his slave when Niall loosed a skin tingling moan. Louis looked to see Niall riding Liam in earnest while Liam matched his rhythm.

"Master Zayn, may I please come?" Liam asked quietly.

Zayn tilted his head up so he could see better, "I don't know, Li. I'm not sure how badly you want it." Liam groaned and kept pushing into Niall, who was desperately bouncing on Liam's cock.

"Please, sir, I'm so close," Liam pleaded.

"You know how much I love to see you fuck a twink. So why don't you show me how badly you really want to come."

Liam moaned and planted his feet on the bed, gripping Niall's hips harder. "Don't you dare leave marks on what's mine, slave," Louis growled at Liam.

"I'm sorry, sir," Liam apologized and loosened his hold on Niall before bucking into Niall's hole. Niall threw his head back and moaned out. Liam didn't stop his assault while he begged Zayn to "Let me come, please, Master Zayn. Please, Your Highness, please."

Zayn finally relented and allowed, "Okay, lover, come on." Liam sighed in relief and then gasped as he shot warm cum into the condom.

Niall jumped off as soon as Liam came down and rushed over to where Louis was still stroking himself. He plopped down gracelessly on his lap and humped against his body with need. "Sir, please. Make me come."

Zayn got up and went to lay with a spent Liam on the bed. Louis ignored his pleas and asked instead, "Have you had fun tonight?" Niall buried his face in Louis' neck and nodded but Louis wouldn't have it. "Answer me, Niall."

"Yes, Master Louis."

"Good. Liam treated you alright? He surely made you hard enough," Louis concluded.

"Wish it was you," Niall declared.

"Me what?"

"Inside me. Wish I could feel you again."

Louis looked over his shoulder at Zayn and Liam curled up half-asleep on the bed, then back to Niall's red face. "Well then, baby, put me inside you."

Niall didn't hesitate to take the permission and line Louis' leaking prick up with his puffy entrance.
and sink down. They moaned in unison and instantly met with an easy rhythm. They rocked together until Louis squeezed Niall's smooth sack in his hand and ordered, "Come with me."

Niall screamed Louis' name and shot over his own lap and onto Louis' shirt. Louis groaned and filled Niall's hole as they rode out their orgasms together.

Niall didn't pull off or away, instead he pressed his body to Louis' and said, "Stay, please, Sir."

"Only a moment. We have to head home soon."

Niall nodded and snuggled closer, Louis' softening dick still inside him. Louis rubbed small circles into Niall's hot skin and hair until they fell asleep like that.

Chapter End Notes

Such happy happy slaves ;) Master Louis and Zayn have me weak
Harry put his arms around Zayn's waist from behind and set his chin on Zayn's shoulder. "Daddy, I'm so excited! Paris is beautiful in the summer. Thank you for taking me."

Zayn turned and pet Harry's cheek, "Of course, baby. We haven't taken a holiday in a while and you deserve it."

Harry smiled wide at Zayn's affection. "Can we have those chocolate croissants I love?"

"Sure, but first we're going to drop off our stuff and settle in. You'll love where I booked us."

Harry pecked a quick kiss on Zayn's lips, "I bet."

They took a cab out to the outskirts of Paris. The houses became more spread out and more extravagant. The driver took them up a winding road draped in an awning of green trees until they saw a huge white and gold villa with a long front side pool and arched windows. Harry audibly gasped at the sight. Zayn smirked in approval and waited for Harry's excited response.

"Oh my God, Daddy! This is perfect!" Harry wrapped his long arms around Zayn's neck.

Zayn chuckled and hugged Harry tight, "I'm glad you like it, baby."

"I love it," Harry confirmed.
Zayn pulled Harry into his lap, ignoring the reprimanding look from the driver, "You really love it?"

"I love it, I swear."

Zayn kissed his nose, "Good. Then you can show Daddy how grateful you are when we get inside."

Harry purred and pushed down on Zayn's lap, "Love to."

The driver helped them unload their stuff and left them to their devices. Harry spent a good ten minutes running around the place screaming 'I love it!' at the top of his lungs.

Zayn pressed the intercom button and called, "Haz. Come upstairs. The bedroom with the blue door is ours."

Zayn waited a moment, heard the echo of a faint Coming Daddy! from somewhere, and laughed.

Sometimes Zayn couldn't believe his boyfriend was real. He shone too bright for this world. Zayn could hear Harry's feet padding on the thick carpet in the hallway. He poked his head around the corner of the open doorway and smiled, "Hi."

Zayn held out a hand, "Come here, baby." Harry went to Zayn and kissed him. Zayn trailed his hands up Harry's spine, then back down to his ass, and grabbed a handful. Harry yelped and smiled into the kiss. "Are you happy?" Zayn asked.

"So happy," Harry reassured.

"Then so am I."

Harry laced his fingers through Zayn's hair, "Pick me up?" Zayn huffed a laugh and gripped under Harry's thighs to lift him so he could twine his forever-long legs around Zayn's waist. "There's a bedroom down the hall that has a bed on the balcony. Fuck me there."

Zayn groaned and pulled Harry against him. "I think that's a great idea." Zayn walked Harry and him down until Harry pointed at the open room. He led them through to the balcony and Harry pushed the door open with his back. To the left was a day bed with two thick gold pillows. The balcony went up to Zayn's waist, plus they didn't have any neighbors for miles, so Zayn didn't hesitate. He dropped Harry down on the bed gently and went to work on his pants.

"Let me?" Harry requested. Zayn nodded and Harry pulled open the button on Zayn's trousers and slid the zipper down. He slid off the soft fabric so it sat as mid-thigh and looked up at Zayn with a mischievous grin. He leaned in and licked over Zayn's bulge while he kept eye contact. Zayn groaned and fought to keep his eyes open. "Love you, Daddy."

"Love you, baby boy," Zayn ran his fingers through Harry's hair and pulled just hard enough to earn a small moan from the taller one. "Want me in your mouth, love?"

Harry nodded, pleased, and tucked his fingers inside Zayn's pants. Zayn's hard on sprang up and Harry took a moment to kiss his flushed head before taking him in his mouth. Zayn groaned at the sudden warmth. Harry's pink lips stretched tight around Zayn's length, his tongue working patterns on the thick vein along the underside of his cock. Zayn bucked forward in Harry's mouth, making him moan and his eyes fall shut.

"Take me so well, babe. Hands behind your back. I'm going to fuck your face."

Harry's hands obediently clasped behind him and he steadied himself for Zayn's promised actions. Zayn grabbed two handfuls of Harry's hair and brought him down so his lips were kissing Zayn's
Harry relaxed his throat and took in as much of Zayn's taste and smell as he could.

He always loved when Zayn was in his mouth. Like the weight on his tongue took the weight off his shoulders. When he was on his knees the rest of the world was off his back. Zayn took Harry to this place of ease just by shoving his hard cock down Harry's throat.

Harry was pressing the seam of his zipper by the time Zayn pulled out, earning a gasp from Harry. "Take your pants off," Zayn ordered breathlessly. Harry gave himself one more moment to admire Zayn's leaking dick before shoving his jeans and pants down his legs. "Shirt, too." Harry smirked and pulled his top off.

He sat back on the day bed, fully naked, while Zayn stood above him with just his cock on display. Zayn was going to fuck him fully clothed and if that didn't make Harry even more horny he'd be dead. "Daddy, please," he said as he extended his arms out for Zayn.

Zayn looked kindly down at his boy but said, "Run to our room. Grab the lube."

Harry sprang off his knees, his butt wiggling as he ran. Zayn watched him go, fueling future wank sessions for weeks. Harry found the bag and nearly ripped it apart at the zipper. He found their stash of lube and grabbed the tube. He could feel his hole clenching in anticipation and just needed to be bent over and fucked...like now.

He ran back to find Zayn leaning against the balcony with a languid hands on himself. Harry rushed to him and covered Zayn's hand with his own empty one. Zayn moaned lowly and leaned forward to capture Harry's bitten lips in a kiss.

Harry pushed into it with need for moment before gasping against his lips, "Need you."

Zayn nodded and pushed Harry back to the bed. Harry fell so he was sitting and looked up at Zayn in waiting. "Hands and knees," Zayn's stern voice rang out.

A wave of desire washed over Harry as he clambered to get in position. He arranged his limbs so he was on all fours, his back arched so his ass was on display. Zayn moved behind him, but didn't touch him. Harry bit his lip and waiting patiently for Zayn to do something, but he didn't.

"Daddy?" Harry whined.

Zayn's hand finally brushed just barely over Harry's flushed skin. "Yes, my love?"

Harry couldn't demand, and didn't want to complain, but needed Zayn to get a move on already. "Please," was all he could think to say.

Zayn chuckled and answered, "Please, what?" Harry groaned and arched his back more so his hole was available for Zayn to see, hoping he'd get the picture. But Zayn just hummed quietly and said, "Is that how we ask for things we want?"

Harry shook his head and fried the thin mattress on the bed, "No, sir."

Both of Zayn's hands found Harry's body now, one running up his side as the other cupped his bum. "You know all you have to do is ask for what you want, baby."
Harry took a deep breath before asking, "Please fuck me."

"Is that all you want? Just a quick fuck? Anyone can give you that, baby boy, why do you need me?"

Harry was shaking his head in objection as Zayn was talking, "No. You. Need you."

"Why me?"

Harry's body swayed on the day bed as he tried to formulate sentences, "Want more. Want you to love me."

Zayn made a disapproving sound, "Of course I love you," both of his hands moved to Harry's ass now, messaging circles while he waited for Harry to work out the hazy mess in his head.

"Yes, love you," Harry's brain was getting more and more fuzzy with Zayn touching him and telling him he loved him, but he wanted him to understand what Harry wanted, "Want you inside because you love me. I, I, Daddy," Harry's voice was cracking now over tears.

Zayn kneeled on the bed and leaned over to curl his arms around Harry's warm body, "Shhh, baby. Just tell me what you want."

Harry rocked back into Zayn, the head of his hard on poking the crease of his ass, making him moan. He dropped his head between his shoulders and breathed out, "Make love to me."

Zayn hummed in approval and scratched lightly down Harry's front before he sat back and grabbed the lube by Harry's hands. "You're so good, baby."

Harry wiggled back on Zayn, trying to be as close as possible to his source of all things light. "Thank you, Daddy."

Zayn slicked up a couple fingers, but knew fingering Harry would just be for fun because he opened him up before the flight and Harry liked to feel the stretch around Zayn's dick so he often went with minimal prep anyway.

He pushed them both in together, pulling a mewl from Harry's lightly shaking form. Harry widened his legs as much as possible so Zayn could settle closer between them while he worked his fingers open inside him. Soon Harry was sitting back on Zayn's fingers and making tiny noises that Zayn wasn't sure he was aware of.

"Haz?"

Harry's head popped up suddenly like he forgot there was a world around him. "Daddy," he acknowledged quietly.

"Give me your hands." Harry fell instantly so his chest was pressed to the mattress, his face sideways against he bed, and brought his hands behind his back. Zayn used the little bit of lube on his fingers to slick himself up before taking hold of Harry's clasped wrists in one of his hands. He wrapped his other hand around Harry's soft waist and pushed into his hole in one smooth motion.

Harry arched into it and moaned against the bed. "Yeeeess, Daddy."

Zayn smiled down at his boy, folded nearly in half, body postured perfectly for him. He pulled out and used his hold on Harry to pull him back while he pushed forward. A stilted moan fell from Harry's mouth as Zayn buried himself deep inside him.
"Yes, Daddy, please."

And how could Zayn say no to that? He shoved into Harry's needy hole with force, pushing and pulling on Harry how he liked. Harry's body naturally arched harder so his entire chest was flat on the bed and Zayn was flat against his open ass.

Zayn could feel the familiar bubble of heat in his stomach. He tightened his grip on Harry's waist and pushed so he could leverage himself to angle into Harry's sensitive bundle. Harry cried out and clenched around Zayn when he hit it, only spurring Zayn to go harder.

Harry's entire body went lax under Zayn's control while he used him. Zayn looked over Harry's tight, flushed body as he spoke, "You're the best, baby. Absolute perfection. Perfect for me. Look at you. God, do you realize what you do to me?"

Harry thought he might black out from the praise and the way Zayn was bruising his hip and hole alike. He couldn't even considering making proper sentences now, but he tried to say whatever came to his head to show Zayn how grateful he was.

"Dad, Daddy, love you, hmm, please. Inside so good. Ahh love it. D-daddy." His body shook with overwhelmed sobs. He didn't know how much more he could take before his mind gave out and took him there.

"Want Daddy's seed, baby?"

Another sob wracked Harry's body and his head nodded furiously against the cushion. "Please, Daddy fill me up. Need it," he choked out.

"Don't come even when I do. Wait until I tell you."

Harry nodded but whined at the new instructions. Harry's body might actually shut down if he didn't come soon. Zayn's fingers tightened on Harry's wrist and waist, sure to leave bruises. He pistoned inside Harry at a punishing pace, moving Harry's body like a rag doll.

He groaned and Harry's name swirled off his tongue as he filled Harry's twitching hole with cum. Harry didn't stop his rocking even when Zayn stilled, pulling Zayn's orgasm out from him. He kept pushing back on Zayn's dick as Zayn came down from his high, hissing at the sensitivity.

Zayn clenched Harry's hip in his hand to still him as he pulled out, but Harry was unconsciously humping back on air now. Zayn backed up on his knees and spread Harry's cheeks between his hands. He watched Harry's open, red entrance clench on nothing, tightening and opening again.

Soon a trickle of cum dripped out and slowly down between Harry's legs. Zayn lurched forward and caught it before it dripped to the bed and licked up to Harry's hole.

"Uuuggghh, Daddy," Harry screamed.

Zayn smirked lazily against the hot skin of his rim as he pushed his tongue inside and sucked his own cum out onto his tongue. He nipped and played with Harry's engorged muscle while Harry's whole body spasmed.

"Need. Need t' come. Ah, Daddy come. Pleasepleasepleaseedit."

Zayn didn't stop his ministrations as he pushed a finger in next to his tongue and pulled Harry's rim apart. Harry's knees gave out and he fell to the bed, Zayn quickly following so he didn't lose the taste he craved.
Zayn finally pulled out and moved up to whisper in Harry's ear, "Come on, baby."

Harry's body barely twitched, but when Zayn reached under him he felt the wet patch on the bed. Zayn pushed himself back in his pants and pulled Harry's limp body so he was laying on his side so Zayn could cuddle up next to him on the bed.

Zayn petted his hair, watching Harry's close eyes and blissed out expression with satisfaction. Harry hasn't been able to go to his headspace in a while. Lack of time and privacy. That's why Zayn booked this little holiday. To give them all the opportunity they needed to love each other.

Zayn laced kisses up and down Harry's face and neck, pressing his lips to Harry's swollen ones until Harry blinked slowly and nuzzled closer to Zayn's body.

"Hey, baby," Zayn greeted.

Harry smiled and tried to focus his eyes on Zayn's, "Hi, Daddy." Harry's voice was deep and raspy, like he'd swallowed rocks before he came.

Zayn huffed a quiet laugh and kissed his forehead. "Feel better?"

Harry hmm'd and tilted his head so he could kiss Zayn's chin. "Thank you."

"No need. I love it just as much as you do."

Harry snaked his arms around Zayn's body and intertwined their legs. "I love you."

"Always, baby boy."

The Parisian sun shone, but the brightness of its rays were pale in comparison to the light on Harry's face as Zayn held him close and rocked him to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

FUCKING DADDY ZAYN AND BABY HARRY OH HELLO DEATH WELCOME TO MY LIFE!
Chapter Summary

Louis and Liam both have girlfriends. But neither of them are here right now.

Top:
Bottom:
Kinks: friends to lovers. Straight to gay. FWB. Hand job. Helping hand.

Chapter Notes

MERRY CHRISTMAS!! Here's my gift to you: the last full one shot of Volume I!!
Please enjoy and thank you so much for you love and support! Xoxo

Stay tuned for half shots. Then Volume II starts with a Part 2 to Sunday Kind of Love!

Also, I've done this before, but if you've requested something a while back and never saw PLEASE tell me again 'cause sometimes a req can get lost in the hubbub.

And, last and final chance to nominate ships for half shots!

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"El, please," Liam hears Louis' desperate voice say into his phone.

Liam tries to keep his eyes on the television and out of Louis' conversation, but Louis sounds upset, and Liam hates when Louis' voice sounds like that.


Louis hangs up and plops the phone down next to him. His head falls back on the long couch at the back of their bus with a sigh.

"Alright?" Liam tries.

Louis' head pops up like he forgot Liam was there, "Uh, yeah, fine."

"You sure?"

Louis looks at Liam for an extra minute before sighing again. "It's just frustrating."

Liam turns his body on the couch so he's facing Louis, his knee bumping into Louis' thigh. "What is?"

Louis relaxes some, pressing his leg against Liam's in search of comfort. "Eleanor. She's never here
and we're both so busy I never get to see her."

"I know. I go crazy when Sophia's gone for a while."

Louis waves his hand towards Liam, "Yeah, and when I ask her if she wants to get off on the phone, or over Skype, she gets weird and refuses."

Liam nods, surprised by the sudden turn of conversation. "Oh, that's sucks, mate."

Louis scoffed, "Yeah, no shit." He sighs, can't stop sighing apparently, like just talking about his predicament is taxing him. "Like, when she's here, it's great, but when she's gone, I go crazy. I wouldn't just hook up with some random chick, but she makes it so hard."

"Did she say why she won't do it?"

Louis rolls his eyes, "Said it makes her feel dirty." Liam couldn't help the bark of laughter that erupts from him before he can clap a hand over his mouth. "Yeah, cheers, mate."

Liam puts the hand that was over his mouth on Louis' small knee, "I'm sorry, Lou. Its not funny I know." Liam settles further into the couch and bites his lip before he says, "Why don't you and your hand spend some quality time?"

Louis rolls his eyes again. So much sarcasm is coming from him tonight. "Like that's not a nightly ritual, Liam. But even you would know it looses it's charm after a bit."

Liam accepts that much, "Fair. What about porn?"

Louis shrugs, "Works well enough, but I've always liked something a bit more personal. Which is why I'd like to get off to her voice or her face, but she's so fucking stubborn. Like she doesn't even care that I'm here without her and practically gagging for it."

Liam's cock gives an involuntary twitch when Louis voices how desperate he is. He gulps down the sudden lump in his throat and says, "I'm sorry, really. I don't know how to help you," a lie, "I haven't found a better solution," another lie, "Soph has been gone for three weeks and I might loose my mine soon."

Louis laughs, "Well we're just two sad puppies, aren't we? Two horny, lonely, sad puppies."

Liam laughs too, but it's more forced. "Yeah," he mumbles.

"That's okay," Louis pats his knee sympathetically, gets up from the lounge, and lazily points a thumb behind him, "I'll just go back to my bunk and wank before bed," Louis turns and starts to leave with a, "Here's to orgasms, Li."

Liam groans before he knows what's happening. Louis freezes in his tracks and Liam curses himself. Liam tries to adjust his semi before Louis turns around, but he's caught in the act when Louis whips around and his eyes go directly to Liam's hand.

"Liam?"

Liam is shaking his head weakly, "No. No, go to bed."

"Liam?" Louis insists, "Are you hard?"

Liam's face colors bright red, "Go away." He tries to make it sound demanding and firm, but his voice breaks on the last syllable and he has to turn away from Louis so he's facing the TV again.
Louis is smirking as he comes back to the couch. Liam's hand is still covering himself but Louis can tell that the awkward conversation hasn't caused Liam to flag at all. "You are. Jesus, Liam, are you really so horny?"

Liam finally releases himself, but only to flip Louis off, "Go on, okay? I told you already I'm going out of my mind."

Louis laughs but not harshly or sarcastically like before, "I didn't realize," and sinks back down to the couch, "I'm sorry for being mean."

Liam nods, "Please don't tell the boys. They'll just take the piss, okay?"

Louis concedes, "Yeah, I won't."

Liam seems utterly relieved at the news, "So...night then. Um, if you could, I'd like to, uh," Liam gestures to his crotch.

Louis looks from Liam's face to his joggers, to his own matching problem in his pants. "Or?" Louis draws out the word, like he has more to say but wants Liam to guess.

Liam's panic starts to rise again, "Or?"

Louis shoulders twitch in some sort of shrug, "I could help."

Liam's entire brain melts inside his head. "What?"

Louis' hands starting flying in gestures that don't make sense to distract from his nerves, "I could get you off."

Liam has to press his palm down on his bulge to stave off any embarrassingly early discharges. "Shit, Lou, don't say that."

Louis laughs again, sounding more like himself, "You're really needing it. Wow, I had no idea."

"If you're going to tease then just go away," Liam snaps.

Louis puts his hands up in surrender, "I honestly want to help."

"And in return?"

Louis tilts his head back and forth lightly, "If you were to return the favor I'd be eternally grateful."

"I can't believe you're asking me for a handjob," Liam might sound a little overwhelmed, which makes sense because he feels a lot overwhelmed. Liam's never ventured into this territory before. This place with secret, casual sex with the boys. He's heard plenty of rumors and seen way too many tweets about what people thought went on, but as far as he was concerned that was ridiculous. Until now. Now it sounded ridiculous, but not ridiculous at all. It sounded like heaven. Someone else's hand on him. Not having to bring himself to the edge with his own, aching familiar, touch.

Louis must've been talking while Liam's mind was losing itself, "Sorry. What?"

"You should probably stop biting your lip, mate. Looks like your bleeding."

Liam puts a hand to his mouth and sure enough he comes back with a tiny spot of blood. He's been so turned on that he didn't even notice. That thought alone just adds to the arousal already sitting in
his gut. "Louis," he groans quietly as he shuts his eyes tight.

Louis' there in a second. Liam feels his hand, light but sure, on his shoulder. "Liam, I can help. I won't tell."

This is it. The moment. Liam has to decide everything right now. Will he cross this line? Is it worth it? Is this cheating? Does this make him gay?

But before he gets a chance to contemplate any of that he feels Louis' touch again. This time on his chest. Louis' fingers are trailing down his shirt. Then a weight is pressed on his lap and Liam finally opens eyes to find Louis straddling him with a smirk on his face.

"I could see your brain thinking too much." Louis presses his body down on Liam's lap, grinding on his erection, and making Liam bite back a moan. "You shouldn't do that."

Liam's hands find Louis' hips and hold tight, pulling him down again to feel that sweet friction of another person against him.

Louis is the one that moans this time, and steadies his hands on Liam's chest. "Need it," Louis requests.

Liam can barely see any blue left in Louis' devious eyes, replaced instead by black lust. He lets his hand fall between them to palm over Louis' hard cock through his pants. Louis keens at the feeling and his head falls back a little, involuntarily.

"Feels so much better than by myself," Louis admits.

Liam chuckles and presses down harder, "Thanks, I think."

Louis pushes into Liam's hand and huffs, "Can we move this along? I've been hard since that little noise you made when I tried to leave and I could really go for an orgasm right now."

Louis starts pulling at his shorts, tugging to get them off. "Wait," Liam stops him.

Louis' whole demeanor changes when he hears the hesitancy in Liam's voice. He scoots back a little so he's not pressing on Liam's lap so much and says, "We don't have to, Liam. Just tell me to bug off and I'll go do my customary one-man routine."

Liam rubs his thumb where it's still sitting on Louis' hip, "No. I just, I've never seen...you," Liam emphasizes the word, "before."

Louis scoffs, "Li, we've changed in front of each other hundreds of times."

"No, I know, but I've never seen you hard before."

"Oh," Louis catches on, "Well then we'll both be out of our depths, won't we? I've heard rumors Payno, but now I'm about to find out if they're all true."

Liam huffs a laugh, "They are true. Every single one."

Louis hits his chest playfully, "Lotta talk."

Liam pushes his hips up into Louis, "I'll prove it."

Louis' answering smirk is all the reassurance Liam needs that this is okay. He goes back to pulling Louis' shorts off. He gets them to his knees before Louis has to stand to kick them off. Liam can see
the hard line of his dick in his underwear and admits he wants to see it.

Louis doesn't make him wait, pulling his pants down and kicking them off too. His hard cock slaps his stomach and Liam can see how turned on he is. He's thick and a little flushed and his foreskin is pulled back so it's just barely touching his wide, proud head.

Liam actually makes a pleased sound at the sight, but then realizes and coughs to cover it up. Liam takes the opportunity to strip himself down as well.

Louis watches his hands move, sure and quick, over his body. Liam's fit as hell, Louis would be blind or lying to say otherwise, but he's never thought of his body in this particular way before. Like it's touchable, something to play with and do things to.

Liam's pants are on the floor with his jogging bottoms a moment later and Louis actually licks his lips at seeing Liam's dick big and hard against his hip. Louis' glad he and Liam are both uncircumcised, because he doesn't know how to give a handjob otherwise.

Liam actually reaches out a hand and pulls Louis back to him by the waist. Louis fold his legs easily and sits on his lap again, their cocks a couple inches apart. Another inch is taken away when Liam scoots Louis closer and leans up to kiss him.

Louis' taken by surprise, but soon gives back into the kiss. Their lips push against each other harshly, both used to dominating, until they find a rhythm and Louis bites Liam's lip, only to have Liam press his tongue to Louis' teeth with a quiet growl.

Louis allows entrance, but then the battle for dominance begins again with their tongues. They fight until Louis pulls back breathless and smiling, "Kissing a guy is so different than kissing a girl."

Liam nods in agreement, gulping for breath before saying, "Just thought we should get that out of the way so it's not awkward."

Louis kisses him again, short and sweet. "Great idea.

Their cocks have been so close to touching while they kissed, but Louis' been consciously holding back. That is until Liam reaches behind him and pushes him forward by the grip on his ass.

Louis arches into the touch and moan at finally have skin on skin contact on his prick. Liam likes that reaction a lot, so he pulls Louis in again and kisses him while he rubs their hard lengths together.

Louis' hands fly to his hair and grip the short hairs at his crown, rocking against him in pleasure. "Touch me. Please, Li."

Liam's never heard Louis sound like this before. He's heard Louis whine, he's even heard him in the next hotel room with Eleanor, but like this, saying Liam's name like that, just switches something inside Liam, and he takes Louis's now pink cock in his hand.

Louis' back curves beautifully as he bucks into Liam's fist. Liam swipes his thumb along the slit on Louis' tip before moving down his shaft slowly. Louis' resounding groan comes out stilted and choked.

Liam pulls Louis in by his neck to whisper, "You like it, don't you? My hand on you."

Louis' nails rake down Liam's built chest, making Liam arch into the mix of pain and pleasure. "Yes."
Liam's hand is rough and dry, but Louis can't seem to mind. Plus the precome dribbling out now should smooth the glide soon. One of Louis' hands holds it's claim on Liam's pec, while he licks the other and slides it between them to grasp Liam in it.

Liam's hips jolt unconsciously and his hand squeezes tighter around Louis. "God, Lou."

Louis smiles at the way Liam sounds right now. He buries his face in Liam's neck and starts kissing the column of his throat while he pumps Liam at the same pace he's getting from the brown-eyed boy.

Their hands are both moving furiously fast, getting each other off in time. Liam is murmuring little compliments about how soft Louis' skin is and how warm he feels in his hand, while Louis works on leaving a large, purple mark near his ear.

Liam flicks his wrist and Louis has to pull off his neck to warn him, "Close. I'm so close."

"Me too, Lou. You're so good."

Louis squeezed his fingers just under the lip of Liam's head and more precome drips out onto Louis' fingers.

Liam's fingers dig into Louis' hips as he says, "God I'm gonna come, Louis. Fuck, I'm-" before shooting warm, white ropes over Louis' hand and his own stomach.

Liam's hand reflexively grips Louis tight as he forces it to keep rhythm, making Louis shudder and come as well, biting Liam's shoulder to muffle his cry of ecstasy.

Liam strokes him until Louis is shuddering breaths and pushing away from him. Louis falls next to him on the couch and let's his limbs spread out, his leg overlapping Liam's.

Liam relaxes back into the couch and tilts his head to look at Louis' heaving chest and pink cheeks. Louis feels him watching and looks back, smiling cheekily and rocking his legs against Liam's.

"That was fun," Louis says once his air supply returns.

Liam thanks God for Louis. It could've been awkward, or even devastating, but Louis isn't about to let a friendly favor ruin their relationship.

"Really fun," Liam answers and grins back.

Louis runs and hand through his hair and adds, "Next time I want you in my mouth."

Liam groans and curls up to hide in Louis' side, his mind running with images of Louis' pink lips stretched around him.

Chapter End Notes

Welp that's it. Hope this has been as fun for yall as it has been for me!!

Please if you haven't said hi yet please comment and lemme know what you think. And please please please don't be embarrassed. I don't kink shame and I'm into pretty much anything.
See you in VII!
**Half Shots (Part 1)**

**Chapter Summary**

Nouis, Ziall, Lirry, Ziam, Narry half shots.

Bottom: Niall. Liam.

**Chapter Notes**

Part one of three of the half shots! There's five in each!

This set has Narry, Lirry, Ziall, Nouis, and Ziam!

Enjoy!!

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH!! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Nouis:

"Lou, don't tease."

Louis kissed Niall's rim one more time and pulled back with a smile. "I don't know what you mean. I'm just being thorough."

Niall huffed and reached down to lace his fingers in Louis newly trimmed hair. It was soft from the fresh cut and swished against his bare thighs. Louis got the hint and brought his mouth to Niall's hole again, this time pushing his tongue inside and feeling the stretch of his rim.

Niall groaned and spread his legs wider so Louis could settle closer. Louis took the invitation and spread Niall's cheeks wider so his tongue could get in deep enough that Louis could run the tip along his smooth walls.

Niall always got antsy when Louis used his mouth. Whether it was a kiss, a blow job, or this, Niall could barely keep still when Louis set his mouth to work.

"Jesus, Lou. Just like that."

Louis loved how Niall's voice got all husky when he was trying to contain himself. Louis flicked his tongue inside Niall and felt the soft bump that would get Niall right where Louis wanted him.

"Ah, shit! Lou Lou!"
Louis smiled and he pressed into the nub again. Niall's legs shook with the effort of keeping them wide. Louis took mercy and gripped his thin thighs, pushing them back and burying his face deeper.

Niall's whole body lurched as Louis' teeth just barely grazed his sensitive entrance. "Gonna, Louis, shit, close."

All his words were coming out in choppy huffs now. Louis was beaming with pride that he did that. This strong, talkative lad brought to a mumbling heap because of him.

Louis sucked hard on the loosening muscle of Niall's hole and swirled his tongue around to stretch him open. He pressed his tongue one more time, hard, and kept it there, sending shockwaves of pleasure up and down Niall's body until he clenched his hand in Louis' hair and his hole around Louis' tongue and came across his stomach with a cry.

Ziall:

Niall was folded in half on the kitchen table, the plates and silverware swept to the floor. Zayn leaned over him and pinned his thighs to this stomach while he brought two fingers up to Niall's mouth.

Niall obediently sucked them in and moaned quietly at the feeling of having a part of Zayn inside him. Zayn slowly pushed his fingers in and out a few times, relishing in the texture of Niall's tongue on his skin.

Zayn pulled his fingers out and ran them down Niall's chest, pinching a red nipple between his wet fingers on the way to his already fairly loose hole. Niall had begged Zayn to fuck him before the endlessly round of interviews today and Zayn had relented.

But once was never enough for the blond. Teasing Zayn all through their dinner in hopes of another round before bed. He'd gotten his wish and now Zayn had both fingers pushing into his loose heat.

"Yes," Niall whispered at being filled. Zayn hummed his agreement and scissored his fingers open, stretching him for good measure. "I'm good, Zaynie. Please fuck me. Come on."

Zayn kissed one collar bone, then the other, as an answer and pulled his fingers out. He spit in his palm and rubbed it over his erection as he kissed over the rest of Niall's pale chest.

Niall wiggled back towards Zayn, making him chuckle and bite his nipple playfully, "Behave. You'll have me when I'm ready."

Niall groaned but stilled, gripping Zayn's shirt in his hand and pushing Zayn's pants down further with his foot. Zayn lined up with Niall's greedy entrance and pushed so his head was stretching the tightest part of his boyfriend but no further.

Niall whined when he realized Zayn wasn't moving and clenched on what he had inside him already. Zayn's forehead fell to Niall's chest and he said, "Do that again."

Niall smirked and clenched tight around Zayn's hard on again, effectively pulling him in another inch. Zayn pushed in while Niall sucked him in and a few moments later Zayn's hips were flush with Niall's ass.

"Zayn, so full."

"Love it, don't you? So needy. Couldn't even wait until after dinner, God, your such a slut," Zayn's smooth voice washed over Niall in waves.
Niall nodded, loving the words he was hearing, "Needed you. Need you all the time."

Zayn starting a gentle rock in and out of Niall's red hole. Niall keened and rocked back to match him. They moved together on the smooth wood table, Zayn's moans muffled in Niall's neck while Niall felt no need to quiet his.

"Harder, Zee. Fuck me."

"Yeah, love," Zayn assented and pushed harder, aiming for Niall's little bundle inside him.

He hit it a couple thrusts later and Niall's arm wrapped tighter around him and he pushed out a breathless, "Shit, yes."

Niall dug his heals into Zayn's thighs and pushed down harder, pushing Zayn further inside him. Zayn felt the heat building and fucked Niall harder still, pushing him up the table a little bit each time.

Zayn's leaned up and bit down on Niall's earlobe, "Gonna come, Ni. Fill you up."

Niall clenched and groaned, " Jesus, please, Zaynie. I need it."

"Are you gonna come for me. Color yourself with your seed so I can lick it up. I know you taste so good."

Niall scratched over Zayn's thin shirt and shot ropes of white seed in between them. Zayn pushed deep and came inside him with a groan as they both rode out their highs.

Lirry:

Liam kissed Harry's lips one more time before pushing him down to his knees with a smirk. "Say your sorry." Harry shook his head in defiance while he looked up at Liam with dark eyes. "Say it. Or I'll have to punish you."

Harry refused. Liam tisked and donned the mock version of a regretful face. "Ok, baby. If you can't behave then Daddy will have to teach you."

Harry nodded this time, curls bouncing around his flushed cheeks. "Yes, Daddy."

Liam eyes fell shut at how wrecked Harry's voice was without even having Liam in his mouth. "Well? Go on."

Harry's hands snapped to Liam's dark jeans as he undid them and pushed them and his pants to his knee. Harry hmm'd when Liam hard cock sprang out, licking along it with a smile.

"No," Liam chided. "You don't get to play." With that Liam grabbed two handfuls of Harry's long hair and pulled him down his cock until he felt his tip his Harry's throat. Harry gagged but didn't pull away, instead relaxing so Liam could push him further. "That's right, baby. Take Daddy's cock like I know you can."

Harry hummed happily when his nose brushed the hair on Liam's pelvis. Liam groaned and scratched at his scalp in reward. Harry stayed there, swallowing around the thick head in his throat, until Liam pulled him back so he could gulp a breath and be pushed down again.

Harry's eyes started to water and he looked up at Liam again, pupils blown black. Liam held Harry's head halfway down his length and rocked into his mouth. Harry flattened his tongue and pressed it
along the underside while Liam fucked his mouth, the uncut skin of his cock pushing and pulling against his lips.

Harry sucked in and hallowed his cheeks, making Liam moan at the new tightness. Liam moved his hands to press his thumbs into Harry's dimples, feeling his cock through Harry's cheeks.

"So good, baby boy. You're gonna make Daddy come, Haz."

Harry moaned, sending vibrations that made Liam's knees weak. Liam's thrusts were reckless now, surely fucking away Harry's voice. He moved his hands back and pushed Harry down all the way while he shot warm cum down his throat. The two moaned together while Harry swallowed Liam's load.

Ziam:

"Fuck, Zayn, more."

Zayn froze with three fingers inside his boyfriend. "Are you sure, Li? We've never done four."

Liam nodded furiously, tries pricking his eyes. "Please."

Zayn smiled wide at this brave, beautiful boy under him. "I love you."

Liam's eyes opened again an he smiled back at Zayn, "Love you. Now can you please do something."

Zayn chuckled and reached for the lube, shifting his fingers inside Liam and grazing his prostate.

"Oh God, right there."

Zayn raised a brow and cheekily pressed just barely into the spot. "Here?"

Liam moaned, pressing down for more, but Zayn drew his fingers back so they were barely inside. He dribbled lube over all of them, pinky included, and pressed the tips of them all to Liam puffy entrance. "Ready?" Liam's head nodded so fast Zayn was sure it had to hurt. "Okay. Okay," Zayn reassured himself more than Liam. He pushed his fingers in slowly, watching the muscles constrict around his digits. "Relax, babe."

Zayn kissed the inside of Liam's thighs, stopping to suck on the soft skin to distract Liam from the burn. He pushed deeper, halfway in and turned his fingers in tiny half circles to stretch Liam out.

Liam groaned and reached out for Zayn. Zayn granted his request and took his hand, pushing deeper until his fingers were seated inside him. Liam released a relieved sigh when he felt the ends of Zayn's fingers in him.

"How's it feel?"

Liam took a long breath before answering, "Full. Not like your cock, but like more stretched and less stuffed."

Zayn hummed in understanding and kissed the bruise he left on Liam's thigh. "You look great. You feel great."

Liam cheek burned with color at the affection and he hungrily clenched around Zayn's fingers.

"Move, please."
Zayn ran his lips along the crease of Liam's hips and whispered, "Course, love."

Zayn pumped his fingers in a solid but gentle pace, spreading them when he was deepest so he could feel as much of Liam as possible.

"Yeah, Zayn, keep going. Feels so good." Liam was making these little huffing sounds when Zayn pressed in, and Zayn felt desire build inside him.

"Li, fuck you sound so needy. You're gonna make me come."

Liam moaned and threw his head back into the pillow. "Come with me, Zayn," Liam pleaded.

Zayn nodded, then realized Liam had his eyes closed and said, "Look at me." Liam's eyes open groggily as he strained to focus on Zayn's face. "Gonna come with you, Lili."

Liam smiled lazily and swirled his hips in tiny circles. He yelped when three of Zayn fingertips pushed into his little bundle of nerves. Zayn smirked and angled his fingers in the same way as he fucked Liam with all four.

Liam was whimpering in minutes, begging Zayn to, "Make me come, please. So close."

Zayn moved a hand over himself in time with his thrusts into Liam. He could almost imagine it was his cock inside Liam's quivering hole. "Me too, babe."

Liam arched his back off the bed as the heat swirled in his groin. "Zayn, Zayn, ugh, Zaynzayn."

Zayn pumped himself faster, so so close from listening to Liam's cries. "God, yeah, Liam." Zayn shot cum over Liam heavy, red dick as he came. When Liam felt it he moaned and came, his joining Zayn's on his stomach and cock.

Narry:

Harry raised his hands over his head. "Good boy," Niall cooed. Harry squirmed with the praise, chest flushing the same shade as he face. Niall tied the rope around his wrists and then to the bed. "Try it out." Harry tugged gently on the rope. "Good. You look so lovely, baby. Black is definitely your color." Harry hid his face in his shoulder and smiled wide. "No, now, come on, baby. Lemme see you."

Harry took a deep breath and looked back to Niall. Niall scooted back off the bed and admired his work. Harry was tied to the bed and gagged with one of his head scarves. His skin was flush and his cock was leaking. Niall had to palm himself to relieve some of pressure his hard on was causing.

Niall grabbed the camera off the dresser and held it to his eye. "I had no idea when I got you this, that'd it be a present for me, too."

Harry whined and arched off the bed. Niall snapped a couple photos and smiled, "So pretty, baby."

Harry brought his knees up to shield himself. Niall dropped the camera, "What's wrong, love? I thought you wanted Daddy to have some pictures of you over our break."

Harry nodded, but didn't move his legs. "Then what's wrong?" Niall walked over to the side of the bed and took the gag out.

Harry huffed and said, "I'll come too soon if you keep talking."

Niall chuckled and put the gag back. "But I'm pretty sure that's the point. You're always so pretty
when you come. It'll make for great pictures."

Harry pulled on the ropes and curled his toes in the sheets. Niall snapped some more photos, "So good, baby. Move your legs back or I'll have to tie them too."

Niall was pretty sure that didn't help the coming too soon thing, but Harry shakily extended his legs anyway. Niall kept clicking the button with every twitch and move Harry made.

Niall held the camera with one hand and ran light fingers up Harry's leg with the other. Harry preened and moaned as Niall's fingers danced dangerously close to where Harry was dripping onto his laurels.

He played tiny circles into his skin as Harry writhed on the bedding and whined behind the fabric in his mouth. Niall focused the camera on Harry's cock and wrapped his pale fingers around it. He took more photos as he pumped Harry painfully slow, playing with the head when his fingers moved over it. Harry lurched off the bed and tucked his face into his shoulder again. Niall clicked a photo of it before ordering, "Don't hide, baby. Lemme see you."

Harry turned to Niall again, black overwhelming his eyes. Niall stepped back from the bed again and stood at the end. "Jesus, Haz. You're beautiful. I'm so hard just looking at you." Harry's breathing stuttered and he rolled his hips off the bed. Niall snapped photos. "There's so many things I want to do to you. I can barely stand not to touch you when we're around people." Harry rocked up into the air seeking friction that wasn't there. Niall snapped a few more.

"You're so good for me. Know exactly how to make Daddy happy." Harry was desperately rocking on the bed. Niall snapped.

"You're so close, I can tell."

Preen.

Snap.

"Gonna come for Daddy?"

Whine. Arch.

Snap.

"Come for me, my good boy."

Harry cried and released, his cock twitching and spurting cum up his torso. Niall held the shutter button down and captured dozens of photos of Harry's heaving chest, twitching legs, dirty stomach, scrunched face.

Chapter End Notes

Just cum cum so much cum! :D I'm not mad about it
Chapter Summary

Zarry, Niam, Zouis, Lilo, Larry half shots.

Top: Harry. Louis.

Chapter Notes

Part two of three! How’d yall like the first set?!

Btw all you jerks who read it and didn't tell me I labeled one wrong. You wouldn't gone without a true Zouis shot if someone hadn't told me so :p

Here's: Zarry, Niam, Zouis, Lilo, and Larry!!

COMMENTS AND KUDOS AND REQUESTS! MWAH! Xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

How'd yall like part one?! Here's the second of three! Enjoy xoxo

Zarry:

Harry pressed his hand into the middle of Zayn's back. Zayn's chest fell to the bed, his cheek digging into the bedding, as Harry thrusted into him from behind.

"So tight, Zee. Can't believe you let me in without prep."

Zayn groaned and arched his back, pushing onto Harry, "Harder, Haz."

Harry made a small sound of acknowledgment and moved his hand from the middle of Zayn's back to his shoulder. He gripped tight, fingers leaving marks on Zayn's smooth skin, and pulled Zayn back and he pushed forward.

Zayn moaned out and huffed, "Yeah, keep going. Harder."

Harry leaned over him enough to put his other hand on his other shoulder and pistonied into Zayn with force. Zayn mewed and nearly fell to the bed when the new angle caused Harry to brush his prostate and Zayn to clench.

"Jesus, you're so tight. Zayn you're so good. Feel so good," Harry mused as he let go of one shoulder to let it trail along Zayn's shivering side. Harry kept his harsh pace as he reached around and took Zayn's leaking length in his hand.
He laid his chest over Zayn's back and stayed deep as he rocked into Zayn's vice-like hole. Zayn was twitching in his hand, so close that Harry's glide was smooth with his precome. Zayn was pushing back unceremoniously, probably unaware of the tiny whines that fell from his lips when Harry was flush with his ass.

"Har-Harry, shit, Hazza."

Harry smirked and kissed the tattoo at the back of his neck, "Gonna come?" Zayn nodded, his head heavy between his shaking shoulders. "Come on, Zaynie. Wanna feel your warm seed on my hand."

Zayn clenched tight and seized up as he shot into Harry's fist and onto the duvet. Harry moaned at the grip on his cock, leaning back up and taking Zayn's hips in his large hands. He rocketed into his oversensitive entrance until he shook and filled him up.

Niam:

Niall bent over the kitchen island, the tile cold on his hot skin. Liam played the tip of the toy against Niall's rim. Niall sighed happily and spread his legs wider.

Liam teased affectionately, "Someone's in a hurry."

Niall pressed his palms to the edge of the counter and looked back over his shoulder at Liam looming over him. "Liam, shut up and please give it to me."

Liam rubbed small circles into Niall's hip with his thumb. "Okay, mate. No need to get testy."

Niall made an unapproving sound at Liam jovial attitude towards Niall's neediness. Nevertheless Liam relented and pushed the vibrator past the tight ring of muscle until it was halfway inside. Niall closed his eyes and took a long breath while he brought his bottom lips into his mouth and chewed on it.

"What's wrong, Ni?"

Niall shook his head quickly and huffed out, "So big. I didn't realize." Liam started to tug the toy out with an apology, but Niall clenched down on it and blurted out, "No! Don't take it out!"

"I don't want to hurt you," Liam worried.

Niall pushed down, trying to take the toy in more," No. Doesn't hurt. Please, Liam, more."

Liam moved his hand down and spread Niall's cheeks open." Sure?"

Niall pushed back on the toy with a smirk, "Sure." Liam's fingers were slippery with the lube that generously coated the vibrator as he pushed it in until just the battery end stuck out. "Jesus, shit, Li. So fucking full," Niall moaned, all the air whooshing out of him.

"Love it, don't you? Being stretched so wide."

"Yes," Niall breathed his head falling forward to the granite.

Liam leaned back and took a good look at Niall red, puffy entrance stretched around the toy. "God, you should see yourself. Its so big, Ni."

Niall clenched in reaction to Liam's words. "Feels good," Niall admitted in a daze. Liam pressed the toy in with the flat of his hand, making Niall arch off the counter and groan. "More."
Liam appeased him and pulled the toy out harshly only to shove it back in, grazing Niall sensitive prostate.

"Fuckfuckfuck," Niall mumbled, "Again, please, again."

Liam fucked Niall hard with the fake dick, pulling needy whines from Niall with every thrust. Niall's fingers were white where they gripped the edge of the counter.

"Almost there, Li, don't stop."

Liam leaned down and kissed the dip of Niall's back where a thin layer of sweat was collecting. He tasted salty and sweet on his tongue. "Gonna come, Ni? Make yourself come from your new toy?"

Niall groaned and raised up on his toes, "Yeahyeah, gonna, fuck-" Niall shot between his stomach and the counter, spreading his cum across the surface as he continued to rock on the dildo until he was trembling and oversensitive.

Zouis:

"Shh," Louis clasped a hand over Zayn's mouth. "My family is right around the corner and you're being awfully loud," Louis murmured in Zayn's ear as he shallowly thrusted inside him.

Zayn mewled again at the danger of it all, fucking when Louis' mom, brand new step-dad, and younger siblings were watching a movie in the next room.

Louis had Zayn pressed against the kitchen wall, legs spread, hands gripping nothing on the smooth wallpaper. They were supposed to be cooking, but Zayn just looks to edible standing there with his apron and covered in flour.

"Pwss, Woo," Zayn's muffled plea filtered through Louis' fingers. Louis had Zayn's flimsy blue pants tucked under his butt cheeks just enough so he could fuck into him, but not enough that if someone were to come in they'd be unable to cover up.

Louis took his hand away only to stick two small fingers in Zayn's mouth. Zayn moaned and sucked on them, cheeks hollow and eyes drooping. Louis held him by one hip and rocked easily into his barely prepped entrance.

"You wouldn't mind. You'd love if my mom, or Dan, or even Lottie, caught you like this. Sitting back on my cock like a greedy whore," Zayn whined around Louis' fingers, "You know how good you look like this, and you want every else to see it, too. Don't you?"

Zayn melted against the wall, body languid and open for Louis to use as another desperate sound spilled from his lips. Louis growled at Zayn's neediness and gripped his hip tighter, feeling his hip bone under his finger, as he shoved in hard enough to make Zayn's knees weak.

"Shit, baby, you're so tight. Zayn, you're gonna make me come."

Zayn wiggled back for more, back arching off the wall. "Mff," he tried. Louis pulled his fingers out and Zayn gasped a short breath, "Yeah, Lou," Zayn whispered, "Please, come inside me. Wanna feel it."

Louis brought his fingers down and pressed on Zayn's engorged rim, making him keen and stutter in his rhythm of pushing on Louis' cock. Louis kissed his shoulder and pushed his pointer finger in along side his cock, pulling a much too loud moan from Zayn.
Louis bit his shoulder in reprimand and order in hushed tone, "Shut up. Don't disrespect my mother's home. Spread your legs and take a quiet fucking like a good boy."

Zayn opened his legs and bit his lip harshly between his teeth as Louis alternated pushing his finger and his cock inside Zayn. Louis moaned into Zayn's neck at the friction and the new level of tightness.

Louis could barely keep his stance with the electric pleasure running up and down his spine and curling around his stomach. "So close, Zee. Fuck you're so good."

Zayn nuzzled back against Louis's face and pressed his fists against the wall, trying to behave when Louis was punishing his prostate. "Gonna come, Lou," Zayn barely got out before he covered his tip with his hand and came into his fist, cum trickling over his fingers. Louis shuddered when Zayn's hole fluttered tighter and came into him.

Lilo:

Louis' hand slipped under the blanket he and Liam were snuggled under. The other boys were lounging on the other couch and chair watching a movie. Liam had an arm around his shoulder and Louis' head was settled in the crook of his neck. Liam's breath caught when Louis ran the tips of his fingers over Liam soft cock through his sleep shorts. Louis smirked and pressed a little harder. Liam shifted and pulled Louis in closer.

Louis let his hand slip under Liam's waistband and his fingers curled around Liam's length. He felt it twitch in his fist and hid his smile in Liam's shoulder. Louis ran his hand slowly from base to tip, squeezing over the head. Liam squeezed his shut and muffled a groan as Louis stroked him leisurely.

Liam buried his mouth in Louis' hair and said, "Menace."

Louis barked a laugh, bringing the boys attention to him. Louis made an 'oops' face and hung a leg over Liam's lap so he was practically sitting on top of him. The others lost interest quickly and Louis kept his hand moving.

Liam was hard in his grasp in minutes and Louis was grinding on his thick thigh to get some relief for his own hard on. Liam's hand moved lower, under the blanket, to the swell of Louis firm ass. Louis released a tiny sound when Liam squeezed and he moved his hand faster on Liam's shaft.

Liam's head fell back to the couch and as he massaged Louis' plump cheek in his palm. Louis preened and humped harder against Liam's leg.

Liam lifted his head again to whisper in Louis' ear, "Are you gonna come like this? Against my leg like your fifteen?"

Louis whined and squeezed Liam in his hand, pulling a moan from him, and saying, "Are you really letting my jack you off in front of our best friends while they watch a movie?"

Liam chuckled lowly and pushed up into Louis' hand in answer. Louis pushed him down by the hip and pumped Liam until his mouth dropped open and his nails dug into Louis ass as he came onto his stomach. Louis brought him through his orgasm and kept his rhythm against Liam's thigh.

"Li," Louis breathed, "'M close."

Liam grabbed both of Louis' cheeks and pulled his down hard as he rocked the smaller boy on top of him. Louis shook and came in his pants with a whimper.
Larry:

Louis ran his fingers determinately into Harry's bouncing curls while Harry rode him in their blacked out car outside the VMAs. Harry dragged Louis out during the dinner and begged him to fuck him.

What Harry wants, Harry gets.

Louis scraped his nails down Harry's back, making him arch beautifully into him and a whine fall from between his bright pink lips. Harry's thigh were burning, but more prominent was the burning low in his stomach that told him that if Louis kept pushing into him like this he'd explode.

"Lou," Harry choked, "Lou, hun, grab a thing," he sputtered and pointed in the general direction of the side of the car. while barreling down on the thick cock inside him.

Louis tried to focus on Harry's words instead of the heat surrounding his prick, "What? Why?"

Harry slowed a little, but was too close to stop completely, trying to reach for the tissues in the door. "I don't want to come on my suit." Louis groaned at the new angle, bucking up and hitting Harry little bundle dead on. Harry fell forward on Louis' chest, arm outstretched towards the tissues, "Oh, babe, like that."

Louis hitched his hips again and Harry sat down hard, both of them moaning at the feeling. Harry pleaded again, "I need to get one, Lou."

"Hazza that would be so fucking hot. I'd parade you around, your cum staining that fancy shirt, so everyone knows what I did to you."

Harry fingers still strained towards the soft white facial tissue, and he'd stopped doing any work by now, but he need to come so badly.

"Looouu, stop. Please, let me get one," Harry begged, but Louis was relentless.

Harry laid loosely on top of Louis until he flipped them over and pinned him to the seat. "You never could hold out for long when you rode me. So close, so soon."

Harry but his lips and whined while he nodded his agreement. Louis used his position of power to rocket into Harry at a furious pace. Harry slid back and forth on the seat while Louis used his body to get off.

Harry's arms and legs tensed up and Louis snatched a tissue from the door, folding it over Harry's tip just in time for him to come into it. Louis squeezed more cum from him while building his own orgasm. He crumbled up the used Kleenex and threw it to the floor before grabbing Harry's hips and thrusting in deep, filling up his mewling boy and fucking it into him until it coated his twitching cock.

Chapter End Notes

Last (like very last like done forever) part coming up. Then Volume II and I really hope yall with follow me to that little venture!

Xoxo
Zouis:

The sunlight peaked through the sheer curtains of the lake house and lit up the sharp angles of Louis’ cheeks. Zayn ran a soft hand down his chest, stopping to pinch his nipple between his fingers, before making his way to where Louis was stiffening up quickly between them.

Lazy morning sex was probably Zayn's favorite way to wake up. And with Louis' hands on his skin and the promise of his tight hole, Zayn was having a glorious morning.

His hand snuck down to run along the length of Louis, tickling his balls, and then tracing the puckered skin of his rim. Louis clenched and muffled a moan when Zayn's fingers pressed firmly to his needy entrance.

Zayn rubbed some of the lube coating his two fingers around before pressing one inside, kissing
Louis' chest as he pressed his finger deeper. Louis arched up against Zayn's mouth and squeezed Zayn's torso between his thighs. Zayn dragged his finger in and out of his boyfriend until he was loose enough for a second, which he added along with a love bite to his neck.

Louis keened and gulped down the sound in his throat as Zayn stretched him open. Zayn leaned back to see his fingers buried deep inside the older lad, pulling on the ring of muscles, working them open. Louis shifted his hips down more so he could push Zayn's fingers into that spot, breath hitching when he was successful.

"Naughty, Lou. Just using my fingers for your own pleasure."

Louis smiled happily, too hazy from morning-ness to do much else. Zayn traced Louis chest tattoos with his lips as he pulled his fingers out and played with Louis' heavy sack. Louis wrapped his legs around Zayn's waist and reveled in the pleasure.

"Zayn?" Louis hummed without opening his eyes.

"Yeah, baby?"

"Fuck me, please."

Louis' request was quiet and smooth, but Zayn still squeeze Louis' balls in his hand in reaction to the blunt wording.

"Shit, yeah." Zayn reached for the lube and slicked himself up before pushing gently and easily into the brunet boy. Louis sighed a long breath as Zayn entered him. He looped his arms heavily around his neck and pulled him down into a kiss.

Zayn rocked in a liquid rhythm in and out of Louis while they molded their lips together. They worked for each other, pressed together in long, sweet movements. Louis whimpered when Zayn lowered down and angled into the soft bundle of nerves.

"Good, baby?"

"Yes," Louis breathed, his head digging into the pillow, his body still swaying back and forth with Zayn.

Zayn reached between them and picked Louis' leaking cock up in his hand. He stroked him in time with his fluid thrusts, pushing them both closer. Louis pulled Zayn down until they were skin on skin from face to toe and shot his load between them. Zayn kept his hand and body moving, making Louis clench in pulses of sensitivity, and coming inside him with a whisper of his name.

Narry:

Niall groaned louder, Harry's fingers pressing firmly into his prostate. "Harry, please let me come!"

Niall begged.

Harry just chuckled and wrapped his lips around Niall's leaking tip. He hummed happily at his taste, licking through the slit and making more precome trickle into his mouth. Niall bucked up into Harry's mouth, but Harry pinned him down with a hand on his hip. His other hand went to where the shiny silver ring was wrapped tightly around his base, red balls sitting heavily inside it.

Niall keened as Harry's fingers grazed over the cock ring, brushing along his overheated shaft. Harry pulled off Niall's prick, a string of precome connecting his lips to the head, smirking filthily down at the blond. Niall groaned and pushed down on Harry's fingers inside him. They were still pressing on
his spot and Niall thought he might explode.

"Please, Hazza, it hurts."

Harry hummed like he was thinking it over, but just trickled two finger along his length, tracing the veins that were pumping blood uselessly and filling his dick. "No."

Niall whined at Harry's answer and wiggled his toes into the sheets, "Fucker, shit, I can't-god I-fuck."


Harry pressed almost painfully into Niall prostate now, playing it with two fingers. Niall stopped breathing and felt his whole body relax under Harry. Then cum was flooding from his tip, dripping down his cock and collecting on his hips and stomach. He wasn't spasmng or twitching like he does when he comes, he wasn't quite there, but the release was there, the stream of white still spilling out of him.

"Look at all if it, Ni. So much inside you," Harry sounded awed. Niall shifted, antsy with strange sparks of pleasure, as he coated his skin.

Zilo:

Zayn pulled against the ties that held his hands to the headboard while Liam laid under him and thrust up into him. Louis ran soft hands up and down Zayn's sides, making him shiver and then groan when Liam pushed up again.

"Guys," Zayn pleaded, "Fuck, Liam, don't stop.

Louis leaned over Zayn and kissed behind his ear, tasting the small amount of sweat that covered Zayn's skin now. "How's he feel, Zaynie? How good is Liam's cock inside you, baby?"

Zayn hands balled into fists and he pulled on his restraints again. When it came to no avail he let his head fall between his outstretched arms with a sigh and a whispered, "So good."

Louis scratched lightly at the tight skin over his hips, "What was that?"

Liam bucked up and pulled Zayn down on him. Zayn moaned and curled his toes, "Feels so good, Daddies."

Louis nipped at his shoulder as Liam smiled up at him. Liam kept Zayn sitting down on him as he cooed, "Made to take me, baby. Look so good with my cock up your arse."

Zayn bounced harder, thigh muscles straining, until Louis pushed him down by his shoulders, making Zayn moan, and holding him there. "Don't come too soon, love. Don't you want me inside you?"

Zayn tried to lay back on Louis but jerked when his ties kept him from moving further. Louis tried to soothe him with kisses down his back and a calm, "Don't worry, love. Breathe." Zayn nodded and settled himself. Louis tickled his fingers lightly over Zayn's sides in approval, "That's it, baby."

Zayn tried to lift up off of Liam's dick, but Louis held him in place. Zayn made a confused sound and looked back at the blue-eyed boy. "Wha-"
"No, honey. I want you to take me and Liam together."

Zayn clenched hard around Liam, making him buck up again, when visuals assaulted his mind. "I can't," he tried weakly.

Liam quickly sucked a finger into his mouth then brought it behind Zayn and pressed gently to his stretched rim. "Yes you can, Zaynie." He pushed his finger into Zayn until his second knuckle rested inside him. Zayn groaned a stilted sound at the intrusion.

"Daddy, please," Zayn whined, but rocked back on his finger. Liam smiled as Zayn's need and pushed another finger alongside the first. "Shit," Zayn voice squeaked out.

Liam pulled on his rim and added a kind, "Relax," until Zayn loosened around him and his hole became flexible. "Come on Lou," Liam encouraged.

Louis gave one more kiss to Zayn back and grabbed the lube. He slicked himself up more than he normally would so he wouldn't hurt his boy and pressed his head to where Liam's fingers were pulling on Zayn. As Louis slipped inside, Liam slipped his fingers out, and Louis groaned at the near suffocation around him.

Zayn gripped the soft ties around his wrists and clenched his teeth until Louis was seated inside him. Louis wrapped his arms around Zayn's waist and kissed all over the back of his neck and shoulders. "So good, God you're perfect."

"How's it feel, Zee?" Liam asked.

Zayn took a long breath to calm himself before pushing out a strained, "Full."

Louis and Liam both chuckled at Zayn's answer as they rubbed every inch of skin they could reach. "Tell me when I can move, love," Louis requested.

Zayn nodded and said, "Move," in a hoarse voice.

"Sure?"

Zayn nodded again, more firmly this time, and Louis shifted slightly inside him. "Oh God, yes," fell from Zayn's lips, much to Louis and Liam's amusement.

"Good?" Liam inquired.

Zayn rocked a little and clenched around both of the cocks inside him. "Yesyes, please."

Louis pushed in harder before pulling out, only to push in again. All three moaned at the friction it caused. Liam moved his hips just enough for Zayn to feel it while Louis took over thrusting into Zayn's engorged hole.

No matter how Louis and Liam moved, Zayn was so full that something was pressed into his prostate at all times. Zayn whimpered and looked down at Liam's soft, dark eyes. Liam cupped his cheek in his hand and rolled into him.

"Gonna come?"

Zayn nodded at Liam and clenched again. Two more thrusts and Louis spilled inside Zayn, splashing his insides with his seed. Zayn moaned at the feeling and shot over Liam's stomach and his own chest.
Louis pulled out and Liam took hold of Zayn's hips tightly and piston into him until his cum joined
Louis in painting his hole. Liam pulled out slowly amongst Zayn's tiny sobs, and felt their mixed
cum trickle out after him.

Narriam:

Harry was on his hands and knees with his pretty pink lips around Liam's thick cock while Niall
thrust into his hole. Liam had a handful of his curls in his fingers, using them to guide Harry up
and down his length. Harry moaned around the thick prick pressing down his throat as he sat back
eagerly on Niall's dick. Niall had Harry's hips firmly in his hands while he drove his hips against
Harry's ass.

"Jesus, Hazza, yeah, yeah," Niall chanted with each rock forward.

Harry hummed in response, sending vibrations through Liam and making him move faster. Niall
reached around and took Harry's pink shaft in his hand. Harry mewled and swallowed around Liam
reflexively. Liam scratched at his scalp and moaned Harry's name as he shot down his throat.

Niall pulled Harry off Liam and up to kneel flush against his chest while Liam fell loosely to the bed.
He rabbited into Harry, who whined and let his head fall onto Niall's shoulder.

"Ni, so close."

Niall pumped him with purpose as he buried deep inside him and spilled his warm cum. Harry
moaned at the feeling and sat back, desperate for release.

"Make me come," Harry begged.

Niall squeezed Harry's leaking head in his fist harshly and leaned in to whisper, "Come on, Harry."
Harry bucked forward one more time before shooting into Niall's hand.

Zianourry:

Zayn laid under Niall while Liam laid over him. Zayn was unmoving on the bed while Niall rocked
back and forth, sliding into Liam on top of him and then sitting back on Zayn inside him. Louis
hovered over Harry, sitting on his face with Harry's cock in his mouth. They were all sharing the
massive king bed in Louis and Harry's flat.

Louis rolled his hips in tiny figure eights while Harry's tongue curled to flick over his sweet spot.
Louis mouthed at his tip, tightening his lips just under the head and sucking hard. Harry groaned, lips
vibrating against Louis' rim.

Zayn wrapped a couple fingers around Niall's base, feeling every time he met Liam's ass. Liam had
his feet planted on either side of Niall and Zayn's hips, angling his body so Niall brushed his prostate
with each motion. Niall was going insane, frantically pushing back and forth between the two boys.

Louis sank down Harry's cock and flattened his tongue along the length, little puffs of air brushing
over Harry's tight balls. Harry nibbled on Louis' puckered muscles and sucked, his taste filling
Harry's senses.

Louis played two fingers inside his mouth in a V on either side of mouth. Harry groaned at the
friction and shot into Louis' mouth. Louis swallowed before pulling off and giving a chaste kiss to
his spent head. Harry pressed his tongue flat against Louis prostate in retaliation and Louis tensed
and spurted come into Harry's neck and chin.
Niall was pulsing with the need for release as he ricocheted back and forth from one warmth to other. Liam threw his head back and pumped himself a few times before spilling over his fist. Zayn rolled his hips higher to meet Niall's movement and shot inside him with a choked sigh.

Niall spread his arms out beside him and fist the sheets in his fingers while he thrusted manically until he pushed up and shot deep into Liam's quivering hole.

Chapter End Notes

#sorrynotsorry for the longer Zilo I really wanted double pen but it took longer than I thought. Sue me.

Xoxo
THE FIRST CHAPTER OF VOLUME II IS UP!! GO TO MY WORKS AND CHECK IT OUT! ITS A PART TWO TO SUNDAY KIND OF LOVE AND ITS PRETTY GREAT (if I do say so myself)!

ENJOY

Xoxo

End Notes

Here's all the social media stuff. You can send in requests on Twitter or Tumblr. I know Tumblr allows anonymity so that's nice! I'd love to talk between posts, see what yall are thinking as I'm writing. Maybe even get some input on where my stories go!

Tumblr or Twitter

Add me and I'll follow back real quick if you ask!

MUCH LOVE! MWAH!! Xoxo

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